The War Illustrated_1916-07-01 2
The War Illustrated_1916-07-08 17
The War Illustrated_1916-07-15 32
The War Illustrated_1916-07-22 47
The War Illustrated_1916-07-29 62
The War Illustrated_1916-08-05 77
The War Illustrated_1916-08-12 92
The War Illustrated_1916-08-19 109
The War Illustrated_1916-08-26 124
The War Illustrated_1916-09-02 139
The War Illustrated_1916-09-09 154
The War Illustrated_1916-09-16 169
The War Illustrated_1916-09-23 184
The War Illustrated_1916-09-30 199
The War Illustrated_1916-10-07 214
The War Illustrated_1916-10-14 229
The War Illustrated_1916-10-21 244
The War Illustrated_1916-10-28 259
The War Illustrated_1916-11-04 274
The War Illustrated_1916-11-11 289
The War Illustrated_1916-11-18 304
The War Illustrated_1916-11-25 319
The War Illustrated_1916-12-02 334
The War Illustrated_1916-12-09 349
The War Illustrated_1916-12-16 364
The War Illustrated_1916-12-23 379
The War Illustrated_1916-12-30 395

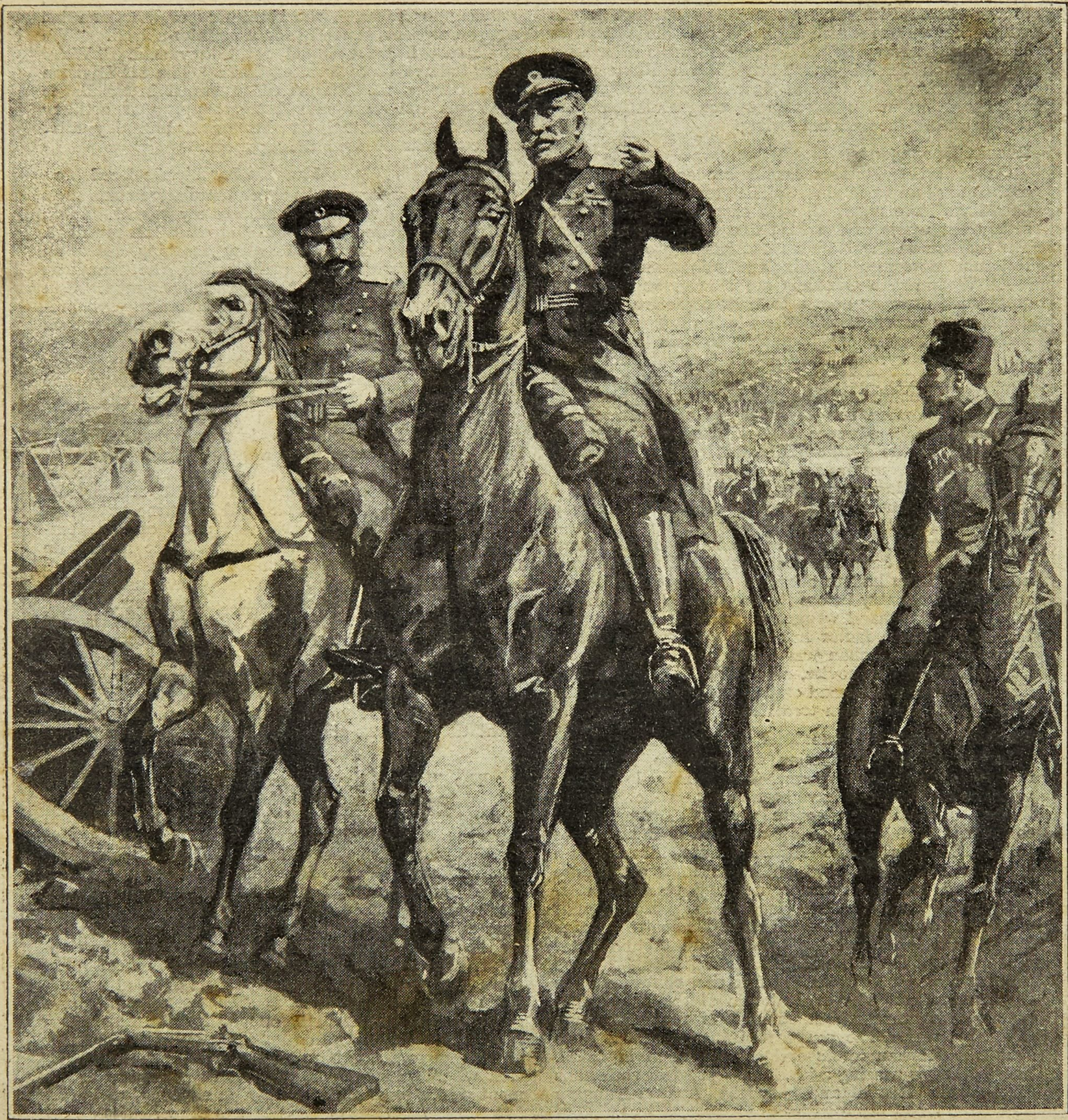
The War Illustrated, July 1st, 1916.

Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Tactics of the Great War By Major Redway

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 4

General Brussiloff, the Russian Commander, Surveys a Field of Victory

No. 98

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE pace of the war is quickening, and events on various points are rapidly approaching a climax. In France the opinion is general that a tremendous and possibly decisive fight lies right ahead. People are somewhat tired of talking of the "great push," for it has been promised so long and has been so slow in coming. All France believes that it is now at hand.

The situation generally looks more hopeful for the Allies than it has done for many months. At sea the activity of the British Navy, while the German Fleet continues in harbour, is best proof to the world of how the Battle off Jutland really went. The King's visit to the Grand Fleet and his cheering message to his sailors have done much to wipe out the bitterness caused in the Navy by the first unfortunate Admiralty despatch on that fight. "The British Navy never stood higher in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen," said the King in his message of congratulation. He rightly voiced the national feeling.

Russia Resurgent

On land the Russian armies are continuing their conquering advance in Galicia and Poland. The Canadians have regained, with surprisingly little loss, nearly the whole of the long line of Hooge trenches. The position on the Italian front has improved, heavy Italian reinforcements holding up the Austrian offensive.

At Verdun the Germans are slowly, and at very great cost, drawing nearer to their objective. Greece is assuming a more hostile attitude towards us, and the Allies at Salonika are preparing to take a stronger line, if necessary. In East Africa General Smuts has made a new conquest, and the British flag now flies over Wilhelmstal, capital of the Usamara Highlands.

Public attention has been largely concentrated on the remarkable advance of the armies of General Brussiloff on the southern Russian front. They have recaptured Czernovitz, to the south, after a week of desperate fighting, while to the north they are, as I write, within striking distance of the great railway centre at Kovel. The Austrian losses up to date—killed, wounded, and prisoners—cannot be less than 350,000. They have also lost vast supplies of ammunition and have had to abandon great areas of fertile agricultural country before the crops could be gathered in. Every first-hand witness of the fighting is agreed that the decisive factor has been the Russian heavy artillery. One German war correspondent, describing the attack on Czernovitz, wrote: "The gun fire was like hell—as if a thousand craters were vomiting on the town. The whole town trembled."

The Objective of Brussiloff

Important as the Russian successes are, it is well not to over-estimate them. The principal Russian victories on this front have been so far on the Austrian flanks. The Austrian centre west of Tarnopol still continues, as I write, to offer a sustained resistance to the Russians. The Austrians are hurrying up supports and are taking up fresh lines of defence north and south. From a military point of view there are certain obvious dangers in pursuing your enemy to the north and south while his centre remains intact. On the other hand, there are certain great possibilities. The Russians in the Lutzk district are pushing a wedge between the Austrian centre and the German armies. The evident aim of the Russians is nothing less than to surround the main Austrian Galician Army. The purpose of the Austrians is to split the Russian forces and destroy them in detail. The fighting is nearing a head. Its progress so far has reheartened Russia and brought Austria-Hungary once more face to face with the vision of defeat.

The victory of the Canadians at Hooge on the night of Tuesday, June 13th, is another proof of the dominance of artillery as the winning factor this year. It will be remembered that the Germans, after an almost unprecedently violent bombardment, stormed the line of Canadian trenches in the foremost parts of the Ypres salient and captured a line about 3,000 yards long and 800 yards deep. This captured position was of first importance, for it dominated a large part of the direct road to Ypres.

The Canadians fought with great courage, but were overwhelmed by the rain of heavy German shells. Burning for revenge, the remainder of the Canadian Army Corps made ready for a counter-attack. "We don't care if we're wiped out," they said. "We're going to have those trenches back." The 1st Division—the famous 1st Division which fought in the Battle of Ypres last year—was brought up. Our artillery fire was concentrated on this point, and day after day our guns outfired the Germans.

Laurels for Maple Leaf Men

The weather favoured us, for there were some days of cold, wet days and dark, stormy nights. Pitch darkness, rain and storm are the essentials for night attack. Early on the Tuesday morning, after an absolutely overwhelming artillery fire, the Canadians moved forward, plodding through the deep mud. Gun fire and infantry advance had been so exactly synchronised that our guns had barely ceased before our men were in the German trenches.

The Würtembergers held the German line. They offered a desperate but vain resistance. They were broken in small parties by our gun fire, and these small parties were destroyed or captured one after the other. The Canadians lost comparatively few men. Their advance was a great effort. Some of the companies had been in the trenches for twelve out of fourteen days. They had waited for the right moment. Then they struck hard and true.

I am expecting to hear more soon of the Australasians along the Flanders front. The Anzacs do not believe in a waiting policy in war. They are keeping the enemy very much alive, and are paying a price for doing so, as their casualty lists show.

The news from Verdun, taken by itself, is not altogether good. The French have made some gains, and several mighty German attacks have been repulsed with heavy loss. But the Germans willingly endure a score of repulses at one spot for a small advance, and gradually they draw nearer Verdun. At one point they are less than four miles from the city.

Creeping Nearer Verdun

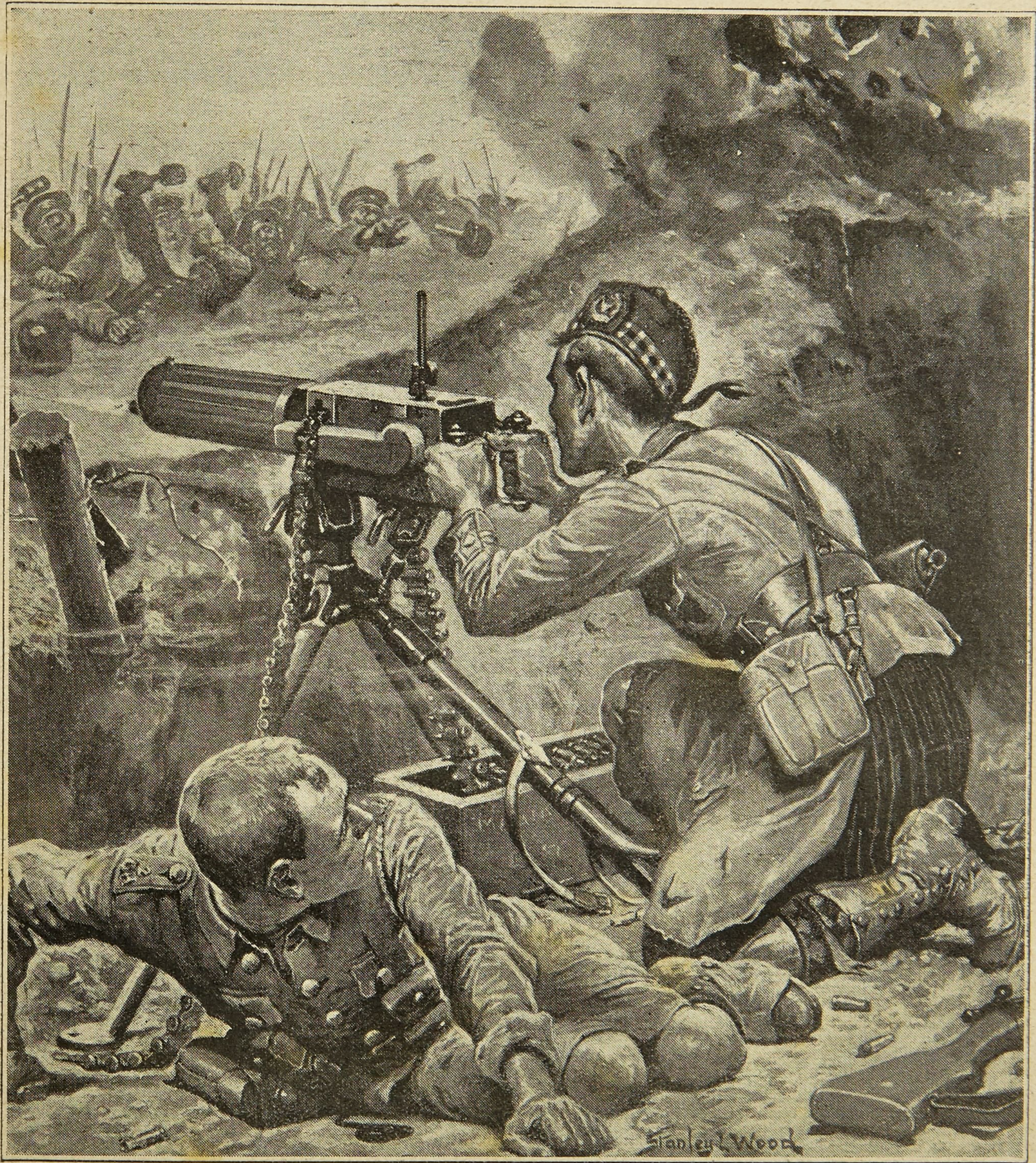
"The French have been forced to give ground, but they have accomplished both materially and morally an achievement that will have a profound influence on the future progress of the war," writes Mr. Warner Allen, the official British correspondent at the French front. One gladly admits this. But if we were to regard the Verdun position alone, it would be difficult to be cheerful about it.

I am hopeful, however, that Verdun is being handled by the French command as one factor in a big development. The German forces are being concentrated more and more here. They are being "bled white." Even Germany's tremendous shell reserve must have suffered from the demand for food for the guns. Can it be that Joffre is waiting for the culminating moment at Verdun to strike hard at other points? Can it be that what looks to outsiders as slow, unwilling retirement under pressure is really high strategy, as daring as anything modern war has had to show?

1st July, 1916. No. 98. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



A GALLANT DEED THAT WON THE MILITARY CROSS.—The Germans with a view to rushing our trenches took in their barbed-wire and made a gap. Sec.-Lieut. James Reid McGregor, of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, went to one of his machine-guns, and finding all the team killed or wounded, worked the Maxim single-handed and held off the enemy.

THE TACTICS OF THE GREAT WAR

The Theory of the Art of Conquering the Enemy Popularly Explained

By MAJOR GEORGE W. REDWAY

As a sequel to his illuminating article on the Strategy of the Great War, published in The War Illustrated *of February 12th, 1916, the Editor has asked Major Redway to contribute a complementary explanation of the Tactics of the Great War. In the following article the distinguished military expert expounds with admirable lucidity the nature and effects of Higher Tactics, together with the combination of qualities requisite to make a great captain, and also the qualities and duties expected of commanders of troops in the lower ranks who are concerned with Minor Tactics. Siege Tactics and Tactics of Open Warfare are illustrated, and light thrown upon that phase of military operations, so obscure to the uninitiated layman, where Strategy and Tactics overlap. The new understanding given by this and the former article will greatly increase the intelligent interest with which civilians can follow the daily story of the War.*

A FEW months ago the writer attempted to expound to readers of The War Illustrated the strategy of the Great War. To-day he essays a brief explanation of its tactics—a much more difficult task. In strategy we have to deal with only one man, one will, one intelligence—namely, the commander-in-chief. In tactics we have to investigate the action of each body of troops. For example, French strategy is directed solely by General Joffre, but tactics bring into play the activities of two-score British and French generals and their subordinates. For tactics mean fighting, whereas strategy is "a power that differs from the mere ability to fight." But "the thing of the highest importance in war," says Clausewitz, "will always be the art of conquering the enemy in battle." How to do it is the affair of tactics. Now the ordinary general will place the greatest reliance on superiority in numbers and weapons, but the great captains of history have won their battles by the Higher Tactics, which "originating in the forethought and inventive faculty of the commander, effect great results with small loss and make skill compensate for inferiority of force."

The fundamental difference between the struggle of armies and the jiu-jitsu of individuals is that a general has to act through a mass of men organised in bodies under leaders of varying ability; his brain may conceive, but his arm cannot strike; the military machine is human, and "*humanum est errare*." When, therefore, we acclaim a Napoleon or a Wellington, we are only giving his due to one of those rare spirits who, amid the distracting conditions of battle, can devise plans and overcome the inevitable friction in getting them executed, and do it all before the enemy can divine his purpose and take steps to thwart it. A combination of mental, moral, and physical qualities of a special kind is the obvious requisite for such a task and, throughout the chain of command, similar qualities are demanded in a less degree from commanders of troops who in the lower ranks are concerned with what are called Minor Tactics.

Modes of Attack and Defence

The first question a commander bent on fighting has to decide is whether he will attack or defend. Then the form of attack is to be determined—envelopment (turning a flank), or penetration (piercing the centre). In defence the question is—active or passive? In any event a nice adjustment is required of fire action and shock action; the latter with sabre and bayonet, the former with rifles, grenades, machine-guns, and artillery. The framework or design of a battle is disclosed by a commander's initial distribution of his troops.

In all circumstances a military eye for ground is essential, for whether attacking or defending the cry is always for cover from the enemy's fire with a clear view of the ground occupied by the enemy's forces, who must present a good target. In defence, entrenchments render the shooting more effective and prevent the enemy coming to close quarters; in attack all obstructions must be swept aside in order to deliver the assault.

A thousand details go to make up the tableau of a modern battle waged under these conditions and restrictions. In former times the combat was over in a day, but decisions had to be come to instantly. To-day a battle may last a week, or a month; but the greater complications are compensated for by a more leisurely procedure. The longer a fight lasts, however, the fewer the opportunities of using the chief weapon of a battle leader—surprise; for the air is thick with observers in machines, who carry back photographs and descriptions of the opponent's tactical arrangements. Formerly a general could ride about and view the scene of battle, but now he must be content to receive reports by telephone. Constant and reliable information, however, is indispensable to a commander in battle, since however satisfactory his preliminary dispositions may be, he can only deliver the *coup de grace* with that body of troops he has preserved intact—his general reserve—and the time and place for the decisive blow has to be fixed on the basis of news from the front.

To give troops their just due, we should weigh precisely the situation and strength of the opposing forces before the action begins; consider the orders issued and received during the action; note the changes of position at various points from hour to hour, or day to day; reckon the casualties and captures, the guns lost or damaged, and the ammunition expended. The victor is he who remains in possession of the battlefield.

Machines and Methods in Modern War

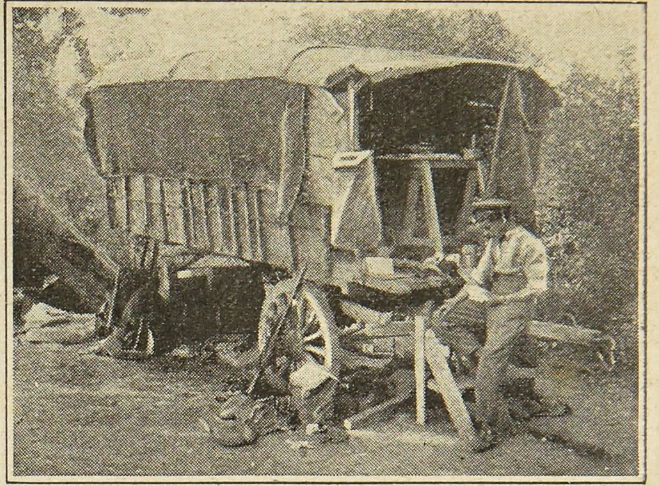
But years often elapse before the world is informed of these details, and even then, in the case of great battles, very few laymen can devote the necessary time and attention to digesting them. From all these circumstances so little is known of the tactics of a campaign that it becomes easy to beguile the public with mere phrases. Generally the catchword of the moment has to do with weapons. One authority will say "Battles are won by shells," another will assert that "The day of the bayonet is past," a third proclaims that "Machine-guns have replaced the rifle," and so on. It is a dilemma from which it is difficult to extricate the general reader, because the intricacies of the subject demand a more detailed treatment than space affords in popular publications.

From the despatches of Sir John French and Sir Ian Hamilton, supplemented by such books as "Canada in Flanders" and "The First Seven Divisions," we may gather some details of many battles on different kinds of ground in the first year of the war. These details may be generalised by saying that siege tactics are combined with the tactics of open warfare even on the same front. One unit may have to assail "trench block-houses with armoured cupolas, armoured dug-outs, and batteries of machine-guns protected by regular works." Another may be fighting in underground galleries by the light of torches and electric flares, beginning with hand-grenades and ending with automatic pistols and knives—what the French call Apache warfare. Elsewhere a bombardment is followed by an

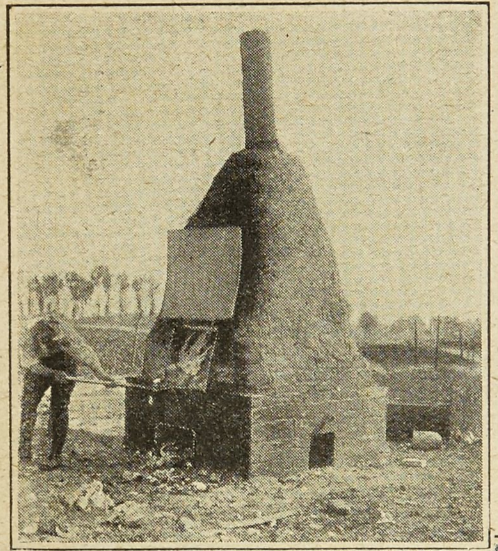
[*Continued on page 460*

Wattle and Maple with the Rose La France

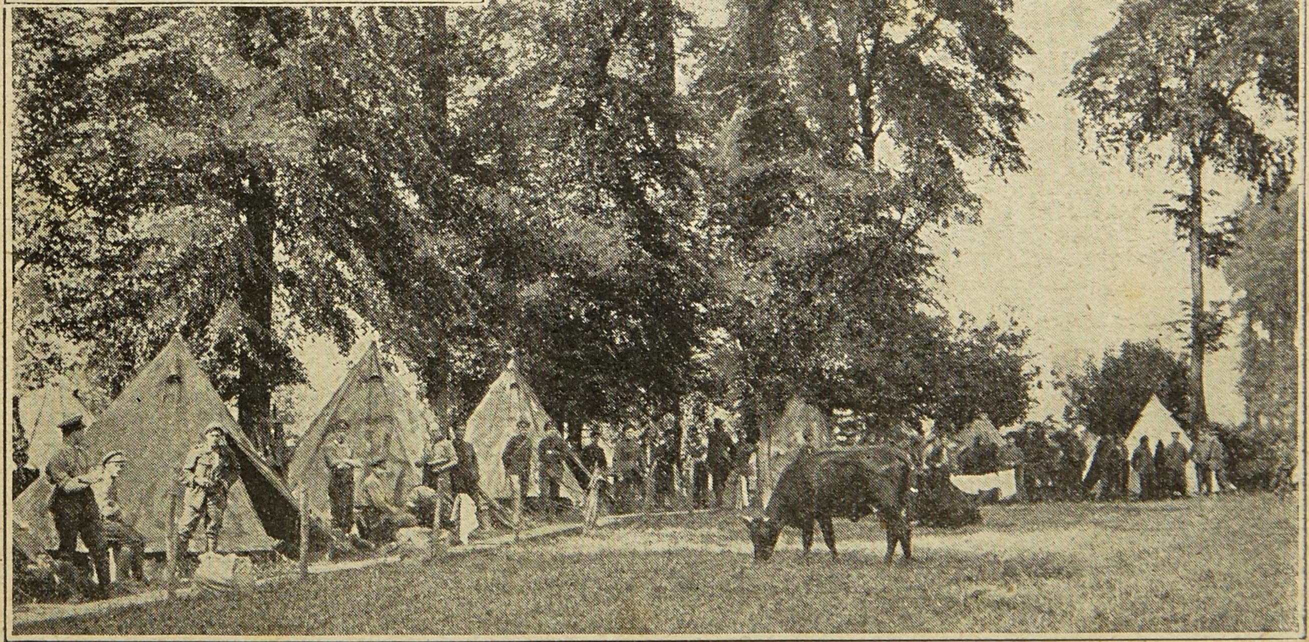
With the gallant sons of the Maple Leaf. Sorting out the rations in a Canadian camp behind the lines.



A Canadian field post-office. After their heroic endurance at Hooge the brave Empire troops welcomed news from home.



Australians at work behind the lines on the western front. These stout-limbed giants found filling sandbags and digging trenches comparatively easy labour.



Winnipeg Battalion of the Canadian Forces in reserve. Early in June the Germans captured the Canadian trenches south-east of Zillibeke at terrible cost. On June 13th the splendid Canadian troops made a spirited attack and regained all the lost ground. Inset: Canadian soldier burning rubbish in a field furnace on the western front.

THE TACTICS OF THE GREAT WAR

(Continued from page 458.)

advance across a plain in skirmishing formation for an hour before the objective is reached. Three lines of German trenches being captured and many prisoners, a rest is taken before a further advance—again in skirmishing order—over perfectly open ground, until the attackers are held up by a machine-gun two hundred yards distant. Then they are driven to earth, and there remain from noon till nightfall, when a retirement takes place under cover of darkness. Such were the proceedings of General d'Urbal's Tenth French Army, which operated a year ago on the right of the First British Army south of Loos. In Mesopotamia the expeditionary force marches under cover of advanced, flank, and rear guards, so that it cannot be taken by surprise, and when the advanced guard comes in contact with the enemy it is reinforced, and so becomes part of the first line of attack. "The cavalry of the advanced guard, after drawing fire from the enemy's trenches on the sand-hills, moved eastward to cover our right flank, sending a patrol to the west to watch the villages near the river bank." The main body then comes up alongside the advanced guard, and a general attack is delivered, the artillery devoting itself partly to keeping down the fire of the enemy's guns and partly to demoralising the enemy's infantry.

Tactics in Mesopotamia

The general's function in battle is thus explained: "After watching the course of the engagement for some time, I came to the conclusion that it would be advisable to abandon my original intention of turning the enemy's right. I therefore sent word to General Fry, with the 18th Brigade, to engage the enemy's right and centre with a frontal attack, while General Delamain, with the 16th Brigade, turned his left flank and captured the fort. At the same time I reinforced General Delamain with a battalion from the reserve." The link between the general and his troops was furnished by the Divisional Signal Company, and during the action three Indian sappers swam the Tigris and hauled a steel cable across for the construction of a "flying" bridge. The advance had commenced at 11 a.m. over an absolutely level plain without a vestige of cover, and at 11.15 a.m. the 82nd Battery opened fire on Muzaira'ah at a range of 2,750 yards. Ten minutes later the enemy opened rifle fire from the village and trenches covering it, and at 11.45 a.m. the 76th Battery came into action at 3,800 yards range. Two of the enemy's guns then shelled the 76th Battery from the north end of Muzaira'ah, the flashes only being visible, but they were silenced in ten rounds and did not reopen fire, being subsequently captured intact. The infantry were meanwhile steadily advancing and all guns got to closer ranges. The 2nd Norfolk Regiment and 120th Infantry came under some enfilade fire from trenches on the enemy's right, but the prompt switching of fire on to that flank by the 82nd Battery and by guns from the river vessels put an end to danger from that direction. Meanwhile, the 110th Light Infantry executed their turning movement against trenches on the north of Muzaira'ah, and when at 12.50 p.m. the whole of the 2nd Norfolk Regiment were merged in the firing-line, the village was stormed at the point of the bayonet, the enemy not waiting to receive the charge. The pursuit through the palm-groves was vigorously carried out.

Similar Plans on All Fronts

These actual examples of the tactics of to-day show us at least what is expected of a general in command of a force of all arms, and the principles are in no wise affected by the numbers employed. It is therefore probable that we shall find, when official reports are available from German, French, Austrian, Italian, and Russian headquarters, that similar plans were made and carried out in all theatres with more or less success.

But in every encounter if one side is to win the other must lose, and the cause may be either a faulty plan or errors in executing a good one; certainly the larger the force the more prolonged the battle, owing to the strength of resistance, the *vis inertiæ*, and the larger area to be brought under control. Where a small force would be driven headlong from the field, a large one repairs its losses from its ample reserves and recommences the contest; failure at one point is redeemed by success at another. As the fight goes on the supplies run out on both sides, and replenishment ceases while the roads are choked with ambulances, and then the physical and mental exhaustion of troops and leaders preludes the close of the struggle.

The task of a modern generalissimo is to decide upon the day when the nature of the country, the condition of his troops, and the state of his hospitals and supply depots permit him to challenge his adversary to an encounter which may last hours, days, or weeks. All that was heretofore said of the manœuvres of generals on the battlefield still holds good, but can only be applied by brigades, divisions, or army corps, each on its own ground. The generalissimo can do no more than issue the sort of appeal that Joffre issued in August, 1914, and manipulate the reserves as did the French commander when he formed fresh armies in the front and on the flank of his enemy, utilising railways and motor transport during the progress of the fighting. And it is at this point that strategy and tactics begin to overlap and merge into one another, for when battle is joined on a large scale the troops put into the fight can only move forward or backward; any application of force to a flank can only take place by bringing up the strategic reserves, and so the front expands until—as occurred in France—further extension is prevented by a neutral barrier or by the sea.

Two courses are now open—the renewal of the offensive in the form known as penetration, or a relapse into passive defence. In attack, the enemy's front may be pierced by a wedge formed of artillery and infantry, thus creating two flanks against which fresh troops may operate. A new tactical situation is thus created, and the battle may be recommenced. But if either the means or the resolution be wanting—and there exists a curious reluctance to put the fortunes of a great army to the crucial test—the opposing lines will mutually resort to defensive measures, in which the preservation of the remaining troops rather than the destruction of the enemy will become the dominant object. Then will ensue the sort of subterranean warfare which is still going on in France, with intermittent spells of local activity above ground serving no better purpose than that of keeping alive the fighting spirit of the troops.

Inventions of Siege-War

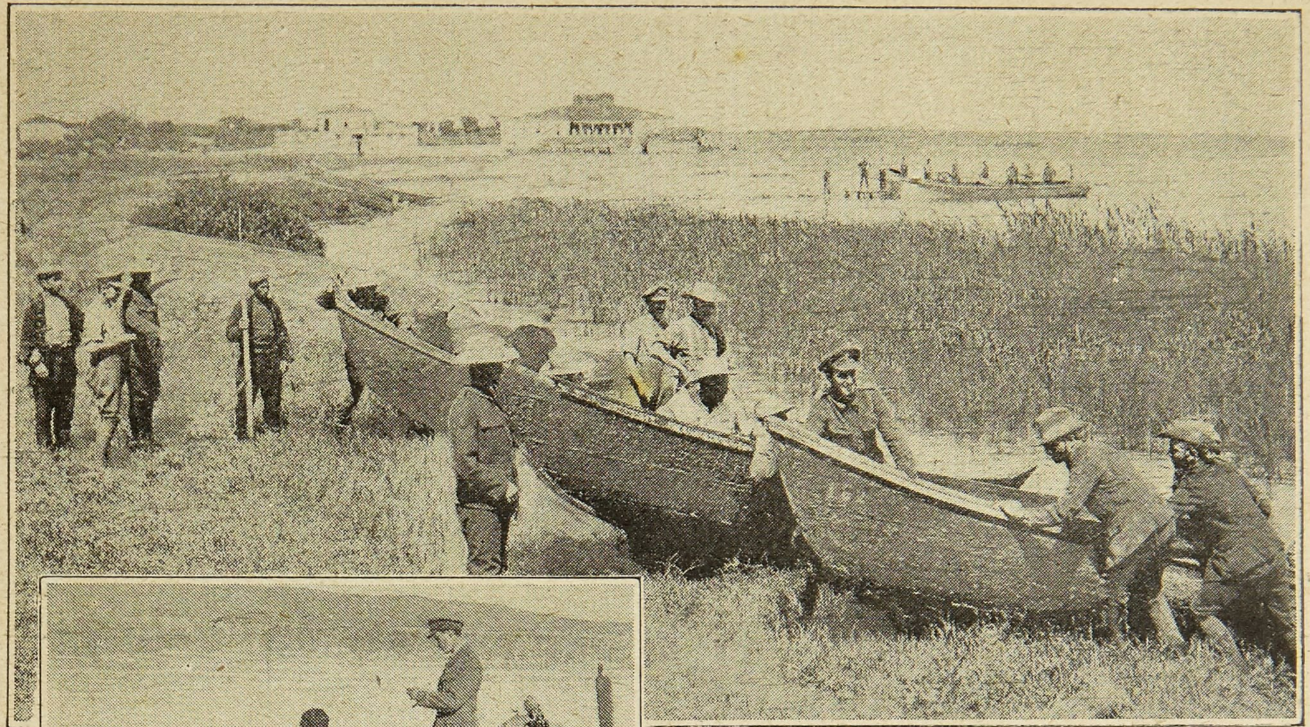
During this long period of recuperation the inventor comes to the fore with all manner of appliances for discharging high explosives, poisonous fumes, or liquid fire at close quarters. The original "fire-trench" is converted into an underground dwelling, and collective action gives place to individual initiative, to raids and guerilla fighting.

It is at this stage of the campaign, when the Higher Tactics seem to be in abeyance, that armies tend to become demoralised; strange doctrines flourish unchecked, as that knobkerries are better than bayonets, that armour is a necessary part of the soldier's equipment, and that success in battle depends on which side can best afford to waste the most costly ammunition. And it is when tactical inspiration is lacking that leaders are apt to lean more and more on the mechanical side of the art of war and to resort to frontal attacks and column formations. The latest example of this bludgeon-work, as Wellington called it, is now being exhibited by the Germans before Verdun.

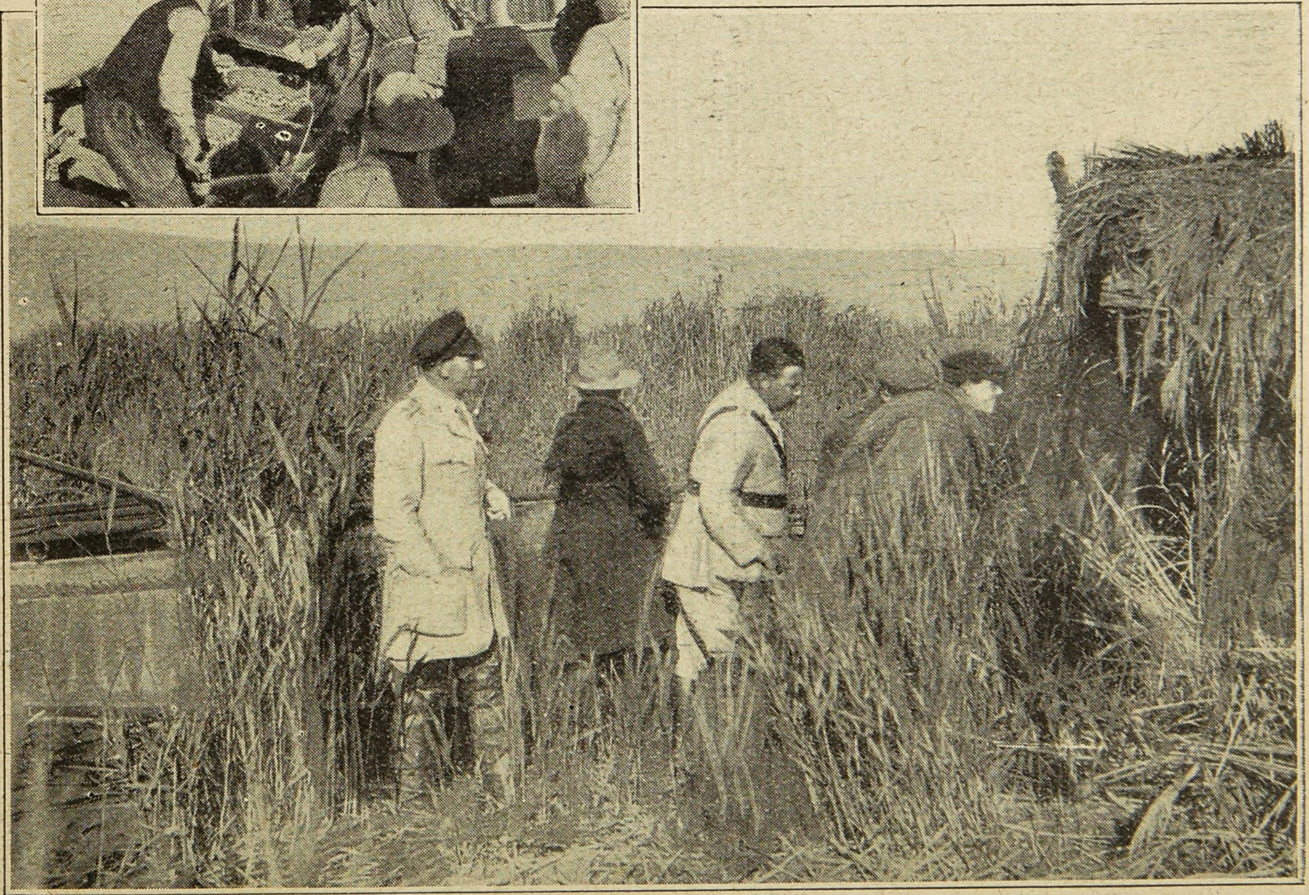
THE BADGE OF COURAGE

The question of bestowing medals upon our soldiers and sailors who have fought in the Great War is already engaging public attention, and it is quite evident that people will not tolerate the dilatory methods which, in this respect, prevailed in the past. Fortunately, largely by means of the much-abused Press, they have the means of impressing their desires upon even the most obtuse Government, and, if necessary, they will do it in this connection we hope. The Peninsular War lasted for about six years, from 1808 to 1814, but yet the medals for it, at least those of the junior officers and men, were not issued till 1849, or forty years or so afterwards. By that time, of course, many of the "recipients" were dead. In the Navy it was the same, or perhaps worse. Lord Howe's victory, "the glorious First of June," was in 1794, but, except in the case of admirals and captains, the services of the officers and men engaged therein were not officially recognised until 1849.

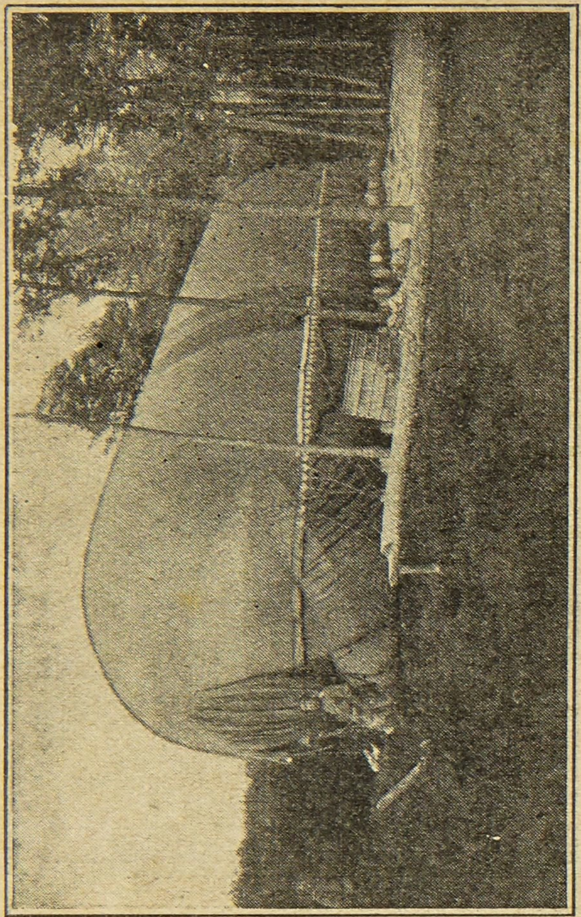
Hunting the Spy in Levantine Backwaters



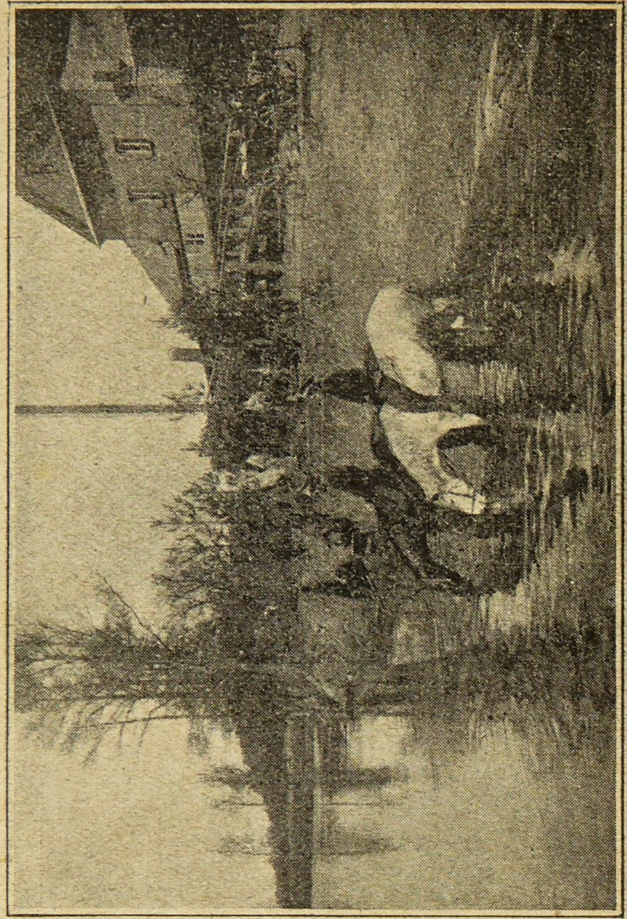
Fishermen plying their work on Lake Langaza, near Salonika, must carry a permit and submit to its inspection by officers of our motor patrol. This photograph shows boats being hauled up because their owners disregarded orders.



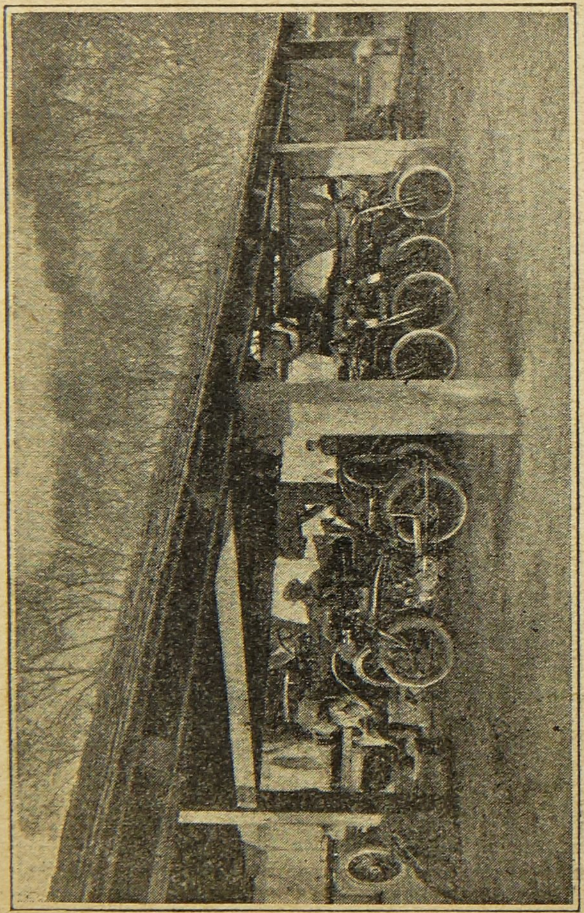
British motor patrol searching a floating hut on Lake Langaza for possible spies. Inset: Fishermen showing their permits to an officer of the British motor marine patrolling the lake. Note the machine-gun mounted for'ard.



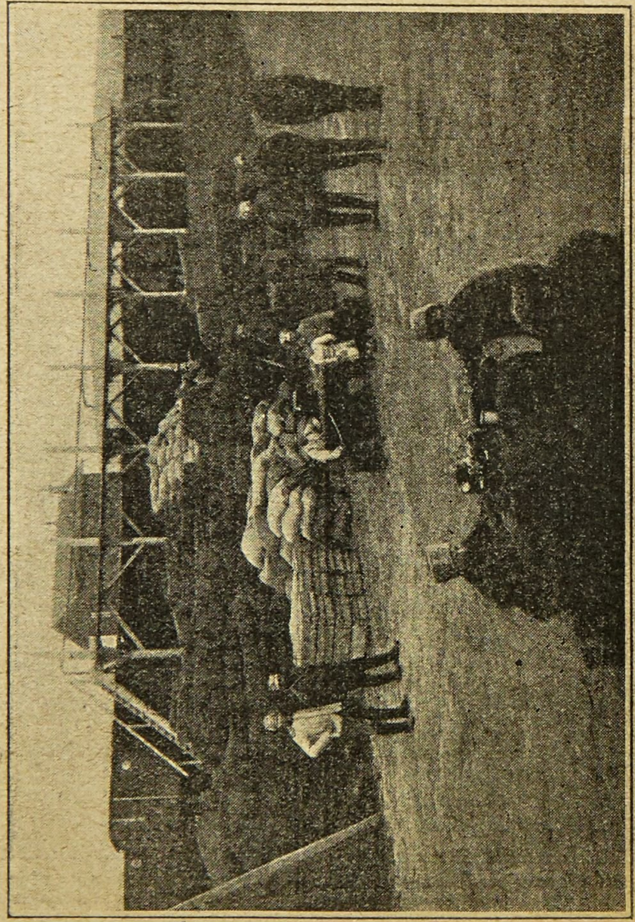
Observation balloon, used for "spotting" batteries of hostile artillery and range-finding, deflated under cover of a wood. Two Russian sentries stand on guard.



Watering horses at a picturesque backwater along the Russian front. Slav cavalrymen, who are being utilised to pursue retreating Austrians, resting after a successful attack.

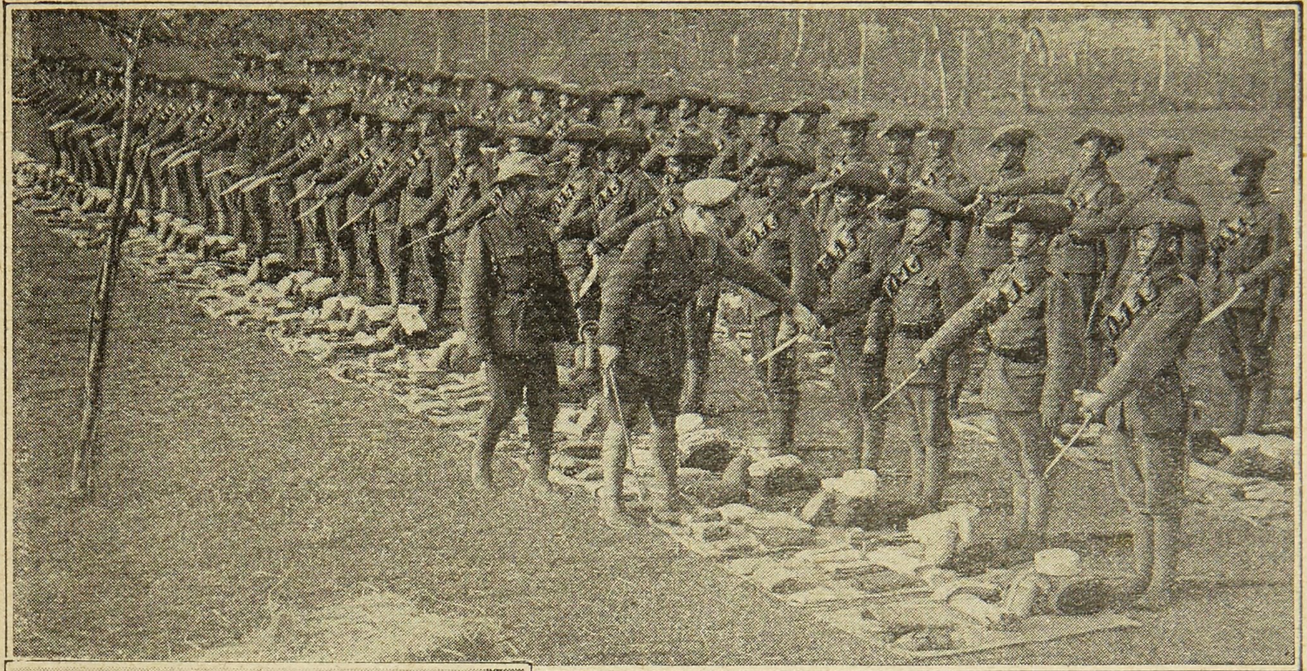


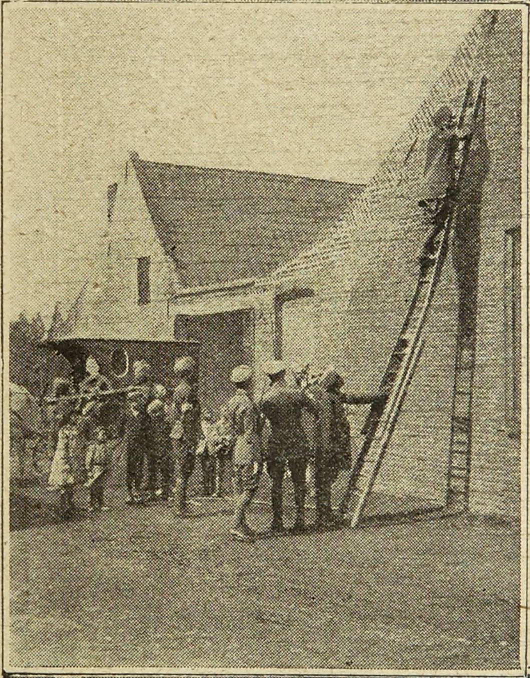
Motor-cycle shed on the Russian front. Automobiles have played a tremendous part in the great Russian advance into Austrian territory. *(Exclusive photographs.)*



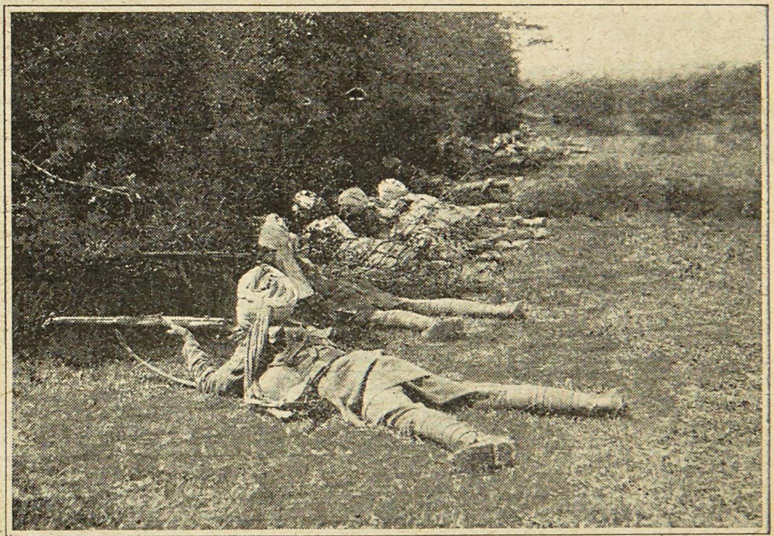
FOUR PHASES OF THE VICTORIOUS RUSSIAN ARMY.—Military stores, for the most part bundles of fodder, piled up along a rail communication with General Brussiloff's armies.

Sikhs, Gurkhas and Jodhpurs in War Array

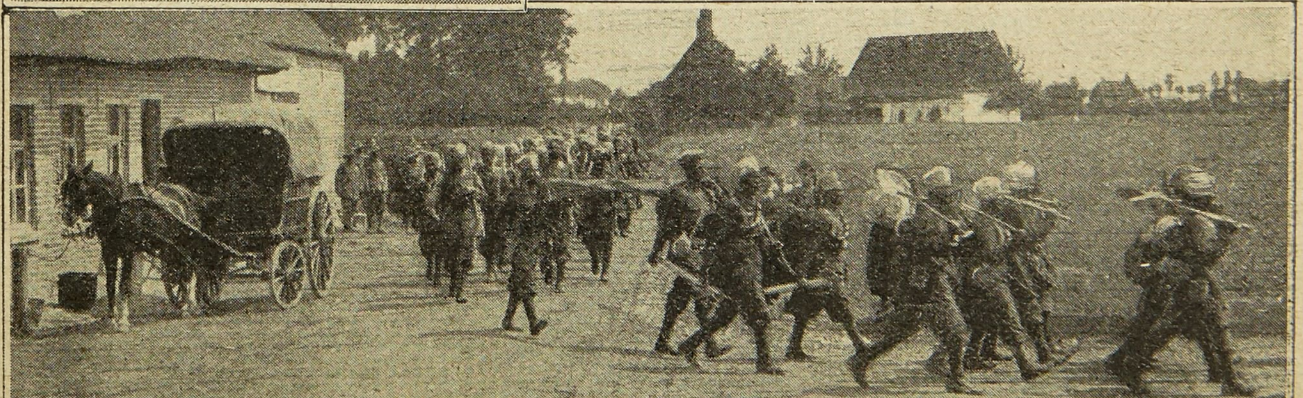




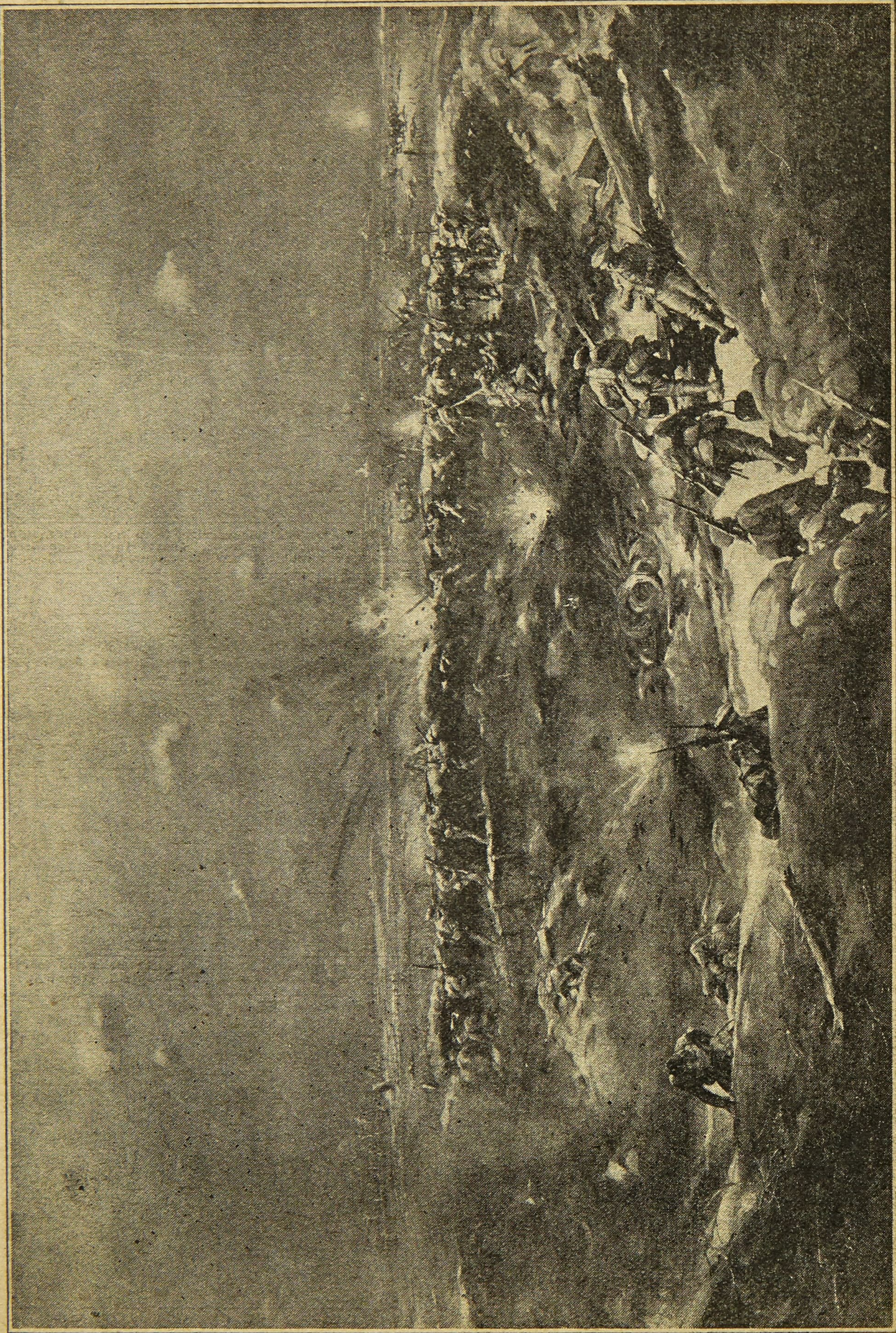
The Gurkha shows his kukri. Redoubtable warriors from India undergoing kit inspection prior to advancing to the front. Inset: Indian signallers erect telephone communication with headquarters.



Patrol of Jodhpur Lancers, screened by natural earthworks and forest undergrowth, about to attack the enemy.

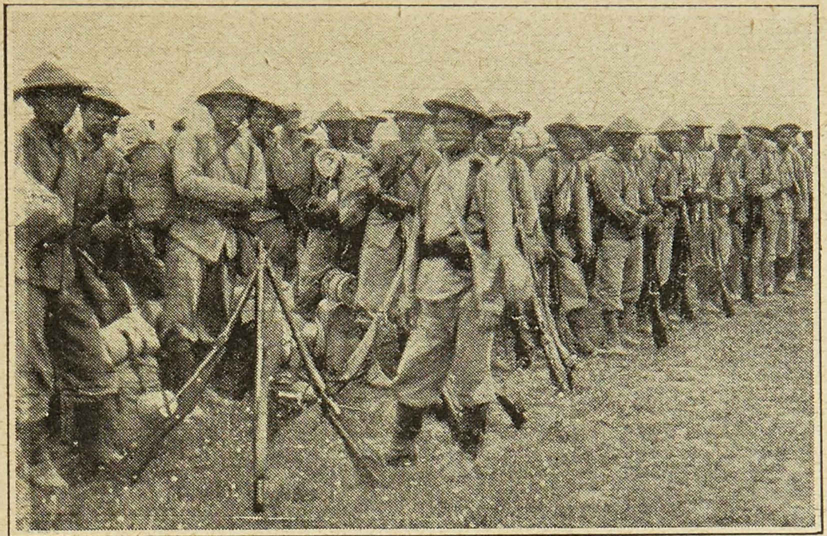


Tired, dusty, but still marching with noble dignity, a company of Sikhs are on their way to billets after a spell in the trenches. A group of French women, with the new generation of France in their arms, regard these overseas warriors with affectionate pride, particularly this company of Sikhs, the identical one commanded by Lieut. Smythe, who gained the V.C. (Crown copyright.)



A STRUGGLE FOR THE LOWER REGIONS.—The stationary position of armies brought about by siege warfare has developed the art of mining to a degree of intensity unknown in all previous conflicts. In the struggle for Vimy Ridge several mines were sprung under the German positions, and the resultant craters were occupied by the redoubtable Lancashires. In this comprehensive illustration such a mine-crater is being held against a German night counter-attack. A parapet was erected on the lip, and this is being stormed by parties of the enemy, seen on the right. In the crater itself lie dead and wounded, while fresh troops moved forward with supplies through a gap in the foreground.

East Joins West to Uphold Freedom's Cause



Annamites from Cochin-China, part of the French Colonial Marine Infantry, who have arrived at Salonika to fight for the Allies. They wear light cane hats covered with khaki cloth.

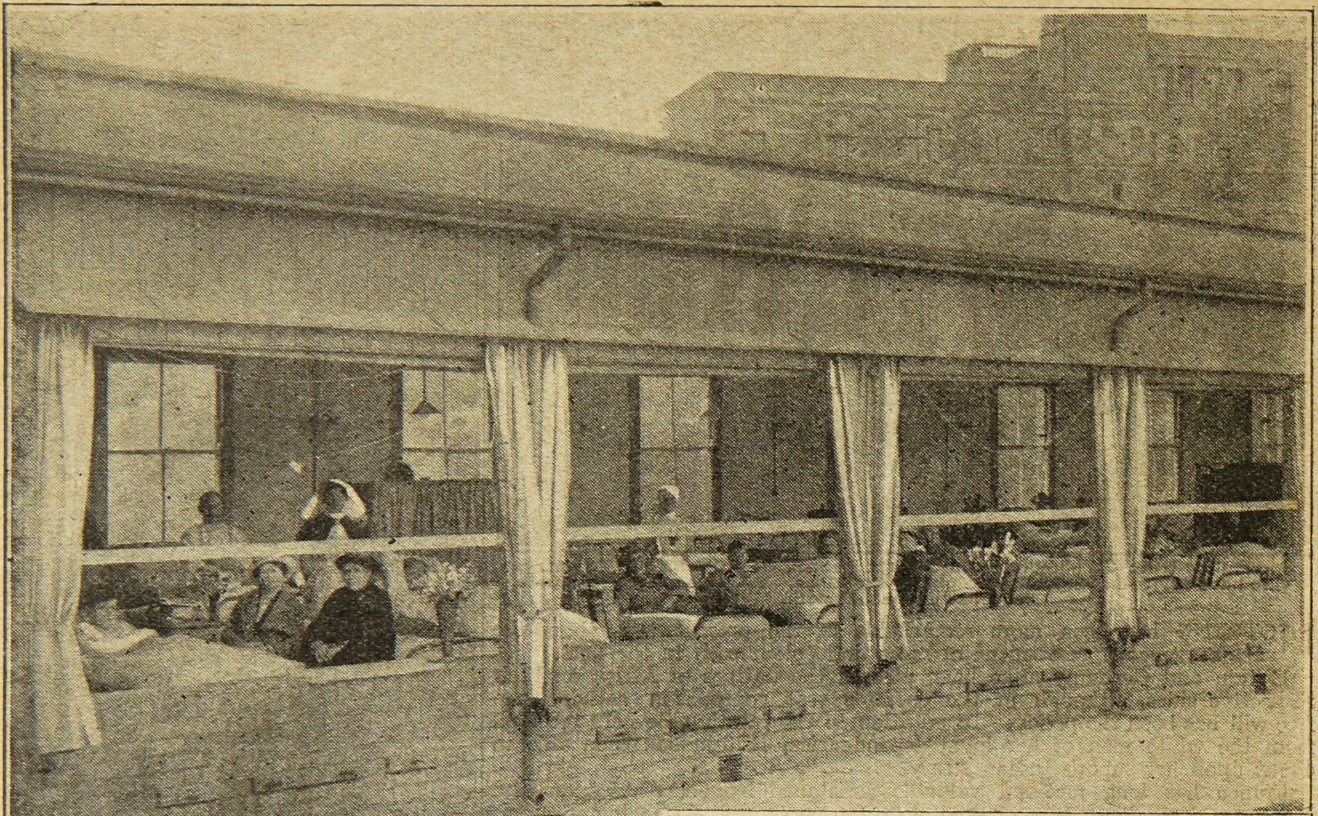
NOTHING has been more remarkable in the present war than the heterogeneous assortment of races and colour seen in the field.

Britain and Germany alike have utilised the natives of Africa on their respective sides, although in the enemy's case compulsion rather than free will has been the policy. In addition to the inestimable help received from the white men of her loyal dependencies, Britain has been able to count upon her superb Indian Army.

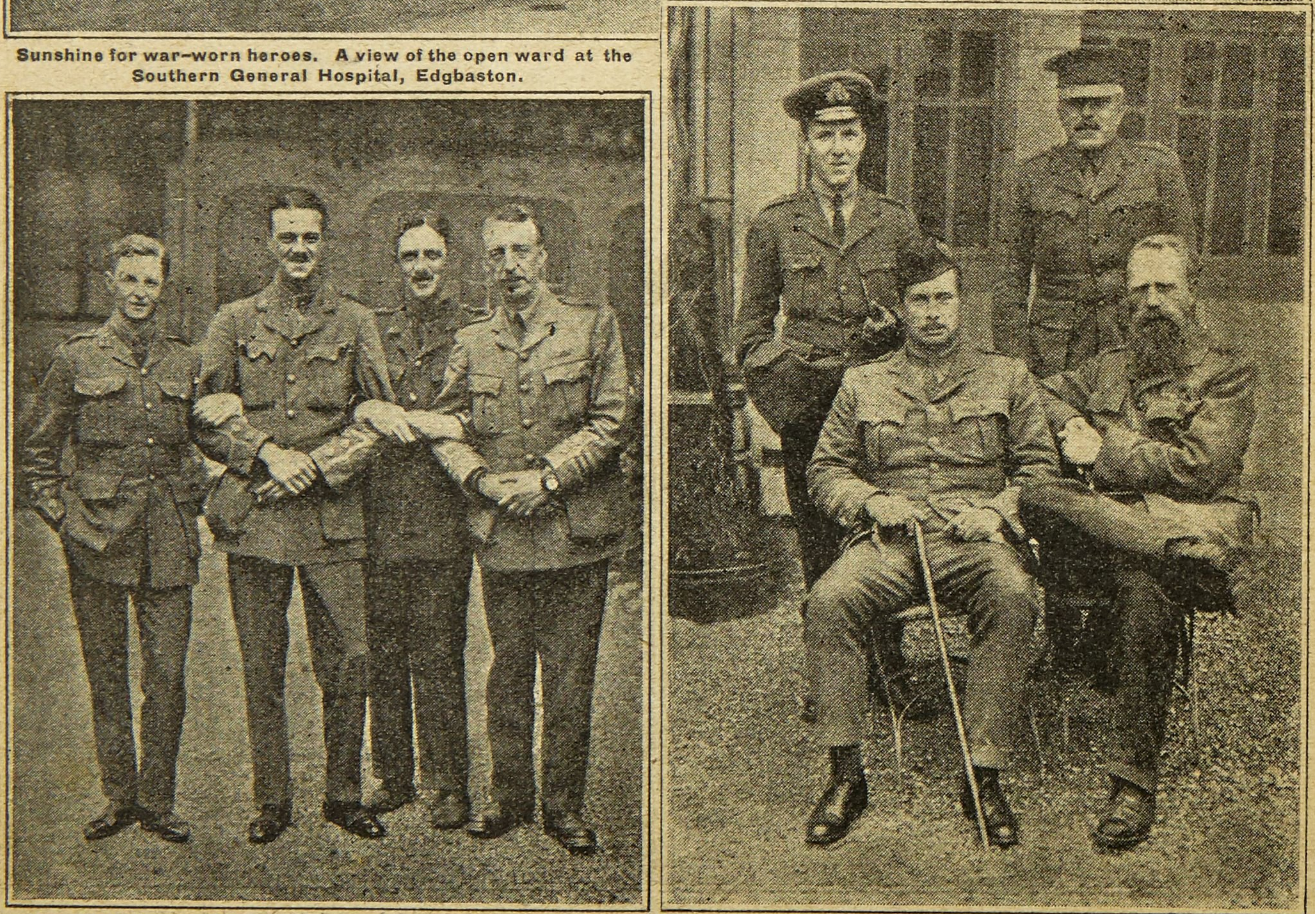
France has long received valuable assistance from her Algerian and Moroccan dark-skinned warriors, and to-day we have the amazing spectacle of Chinese troops arrived in Europe to fight on the allied side. A detachment of Annamites from Cochin-China, forming part of the French Colonial Marine Infantry, are now at Salonika ready to meet the enemy.

Russian troops in France, wearing the now familiar steel helmet, march past the members of the Duma on the occasion of their recent visit to the western front. Inset: A typical specimen of the Annamites, armed with rifle and bayonet, from Cochin-China, now with the allied army at Salonika.

Fresh Air and Liberty After Heat of Conflict

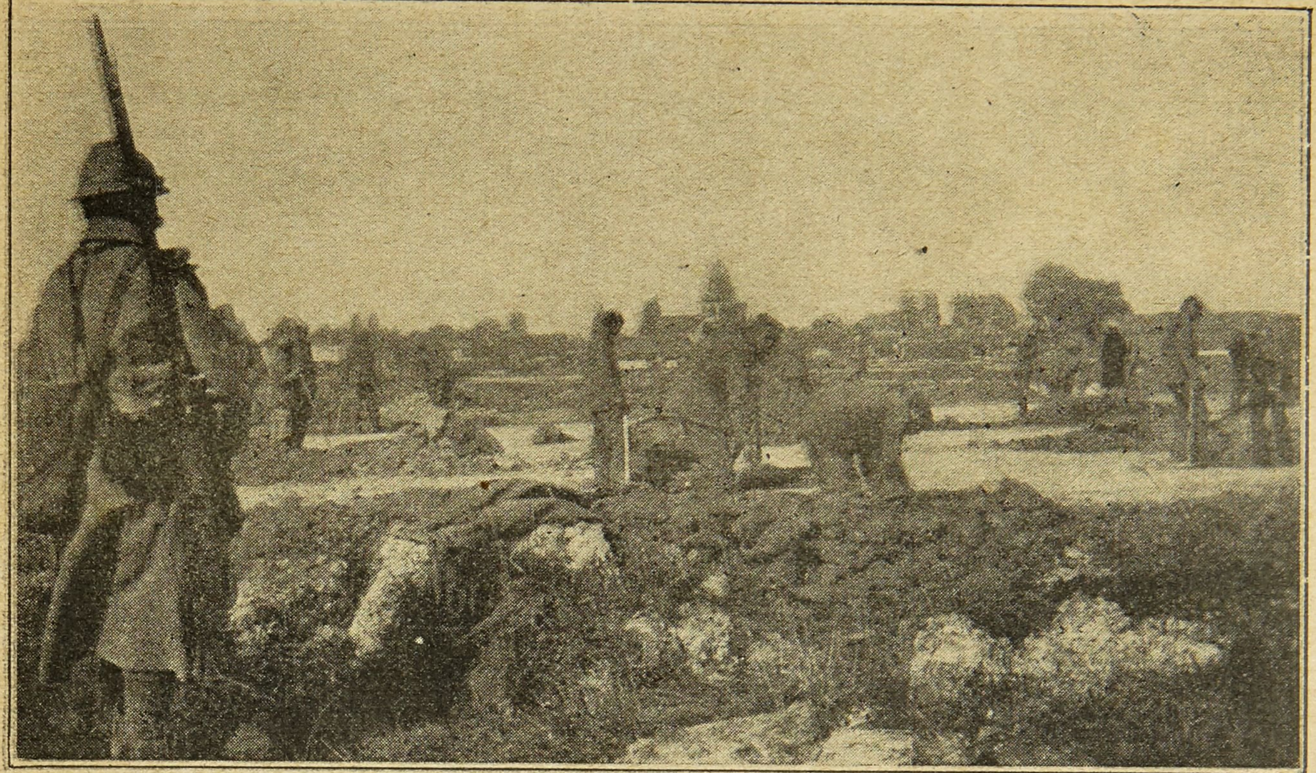


Sunshine for war-worn heroes. A view of the open ward at the Southern General Hospital, Edgbaston.

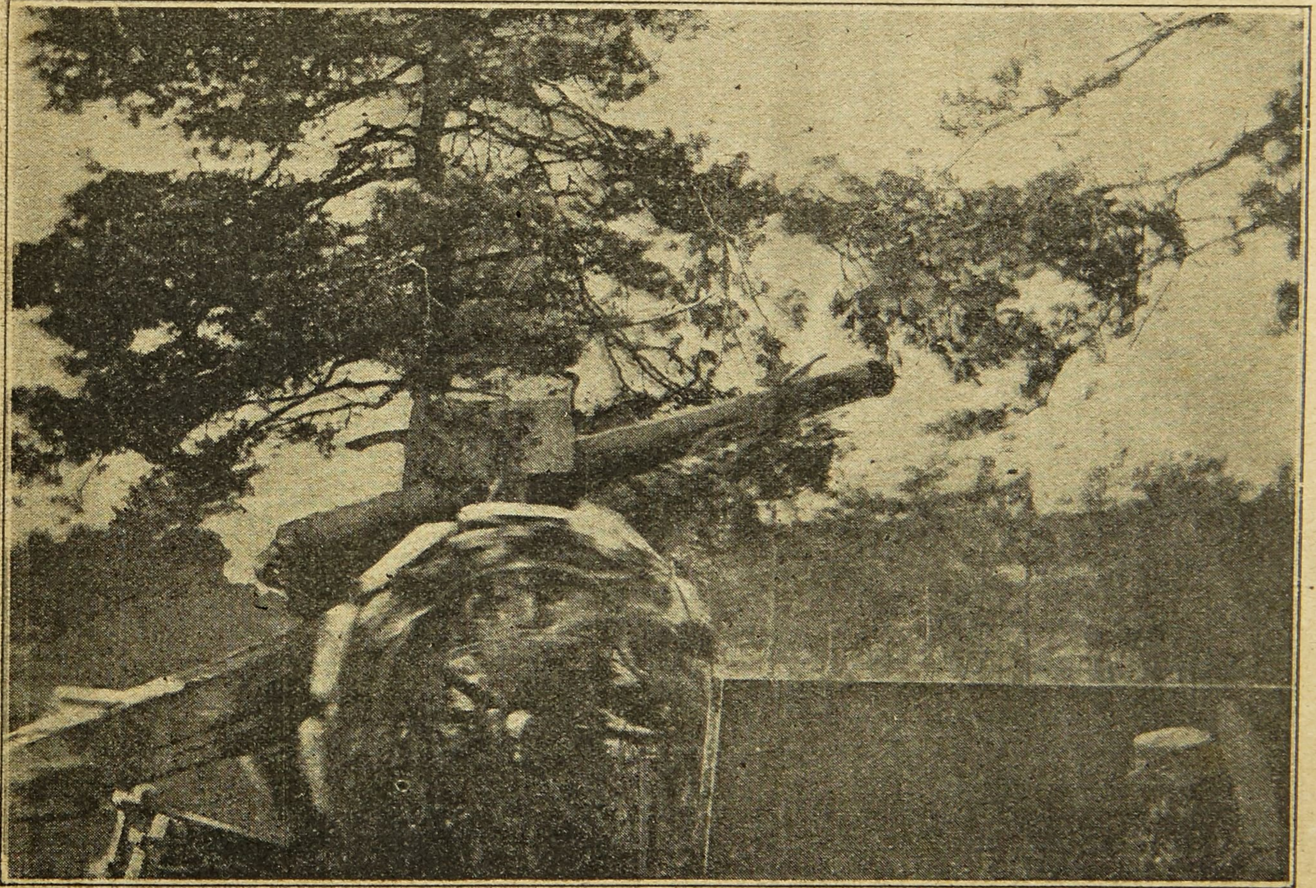


Some British wounded recently arrived at Chateau D'Oex, Switzerland, from Germany. Left: Lieut. Henderson, Capt. Irwin, Capt. Joliffe, Lieut.-Col. Christopher, A.S.C., imprisoned together at Osnabruck. Right (front row): Capt. Henderson, Col. Maxwell Earle, D.S.O.; (behind) Lieut. Dodson, Major Birley. These were together for eighteen months in a German prison.

Actualities from the Environs of Verdun

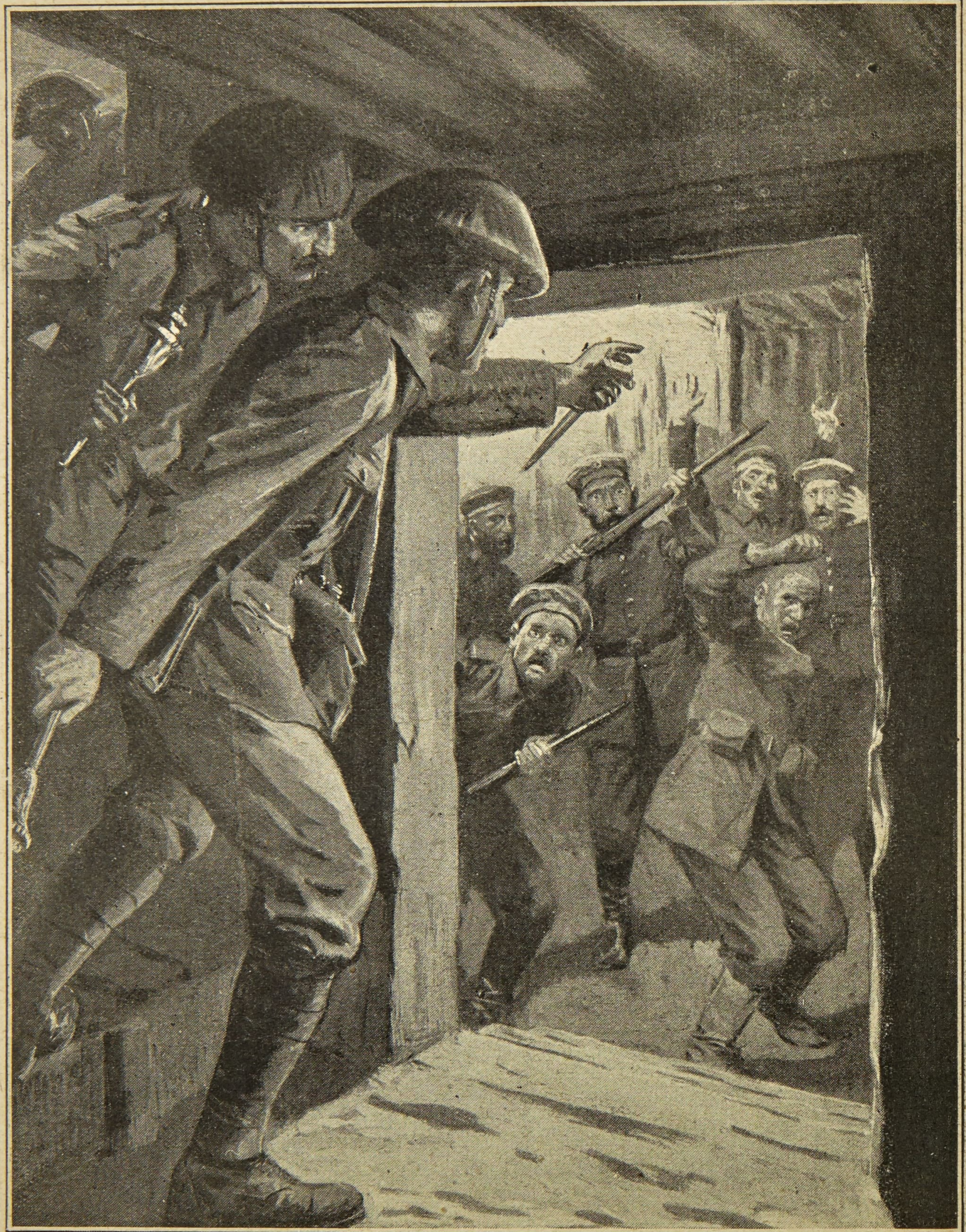


One of the chief factors which brought about the success of the French Verdun resistance was the excellent system of transport. To maintain this the minutest attention was paid to the routes to and from the battle zone. In some cases German prisoners were detailed off to repair the roads, as seen in this photograph.



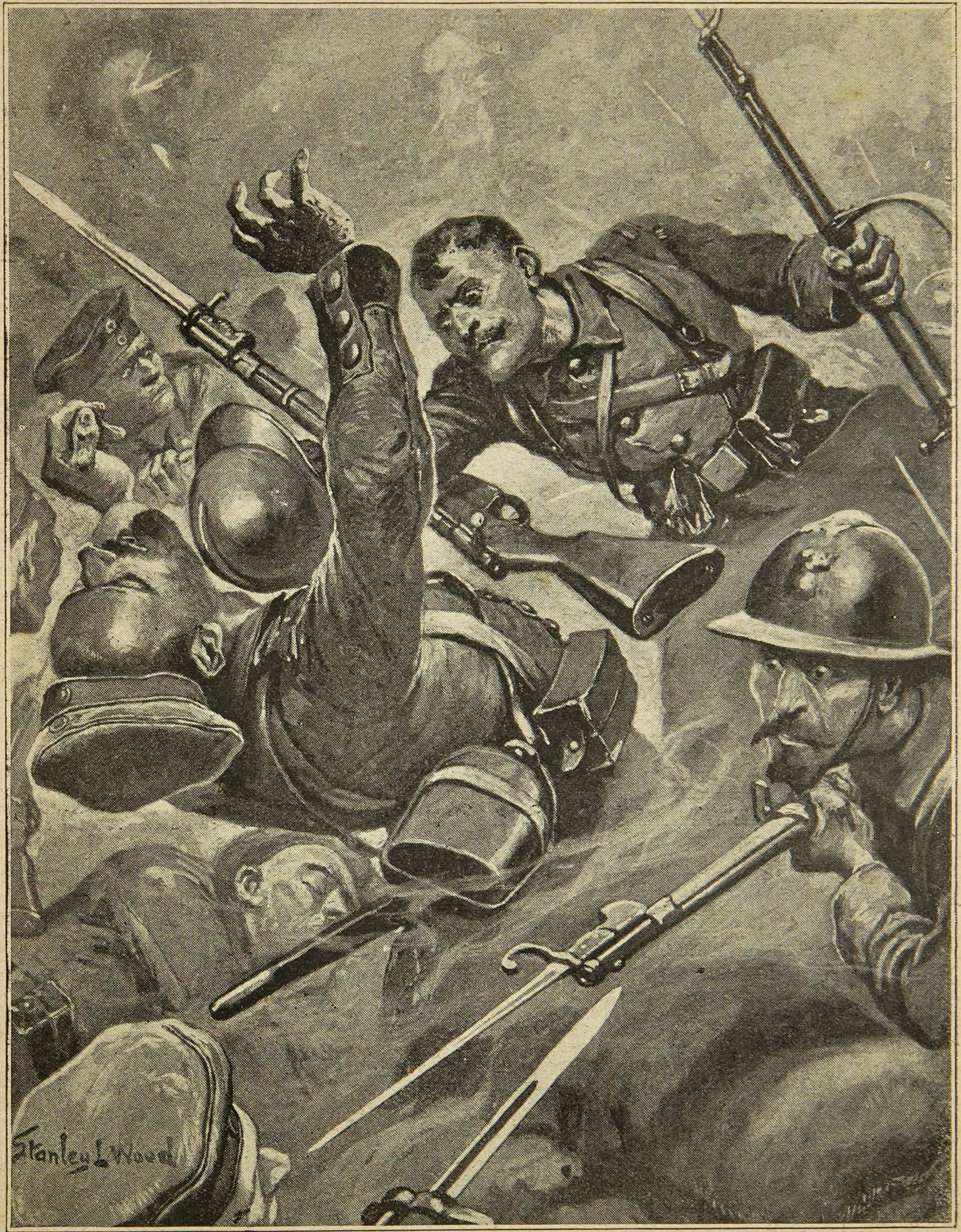
French 90 mm. gun photographed at the moment of the recoil. It was carefully screened in a wood. The gunner on the right apparently is so used to the noise of the explosion that he does not trouble himself to stop his ears.

Run to Earth! Enemy Trapped in Deep Dug-out



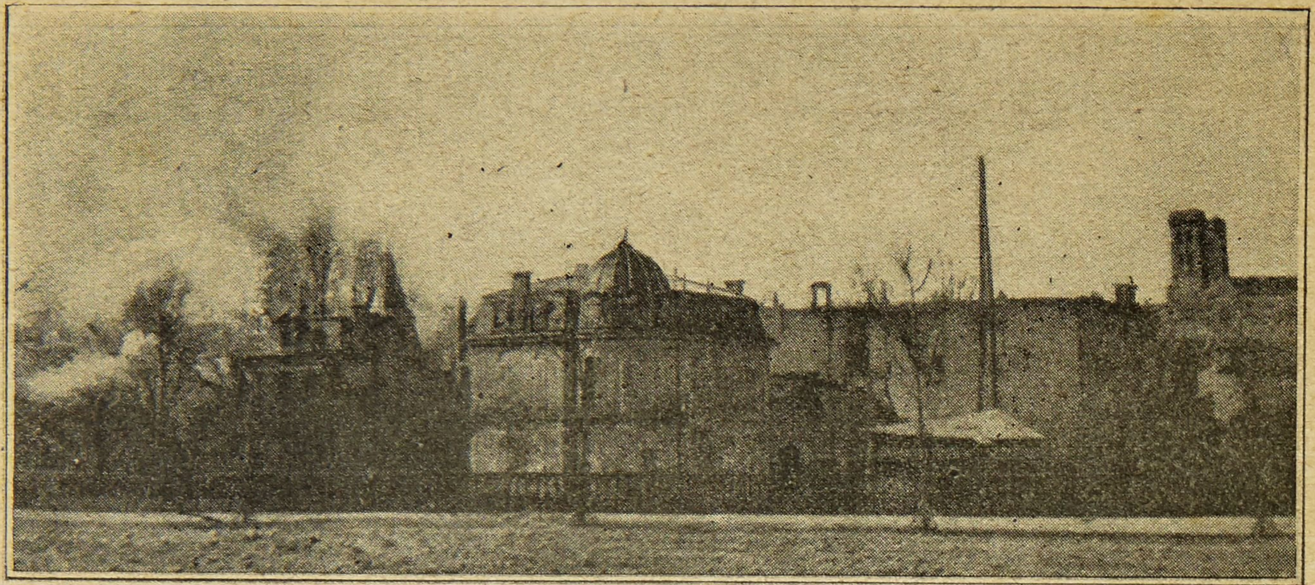
The Germans, judging by the depth to which they have "gone to earth" in some parts of the line, are developing a great respect for the power of the new British high explosives. In a spirited affair which took place recently on the west front our men were surprised to find that the enemy dug-outs had been practically untouched by bombardment, owing to the fact that they had about eighteen feet of cover above a solidly-constructed wooden roof. Here large numbers of Germans took refuge, but were eventually induced either to surrender or submit to the ordeal of the grenade.

Frenzied Fighting Hand to Hand for Fort Vaux



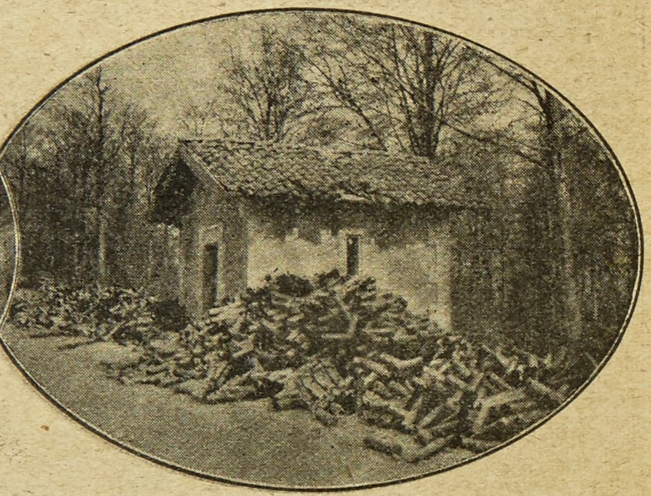
The loss of Fort Vaux, officially admitted by the French on June 8th, was in reality a victory for our undaunted ally. Not only did the Germans suffer incredible losses in the assault, but the possession of the fort itself has done them no good, as the splendid French guns prevent the enemy from using it. One of the heroic incidents before the gallant defenders surrendered is illustrated here. In a particularly murderous struggle in the northern ditch of the fort the opposing ranks fought hand to hand with knives, daggers, and revolvers. One French soldier killed a German by using his steel helmet as knuckle-duster.

Over the Meuse and in the Heart of Verdun

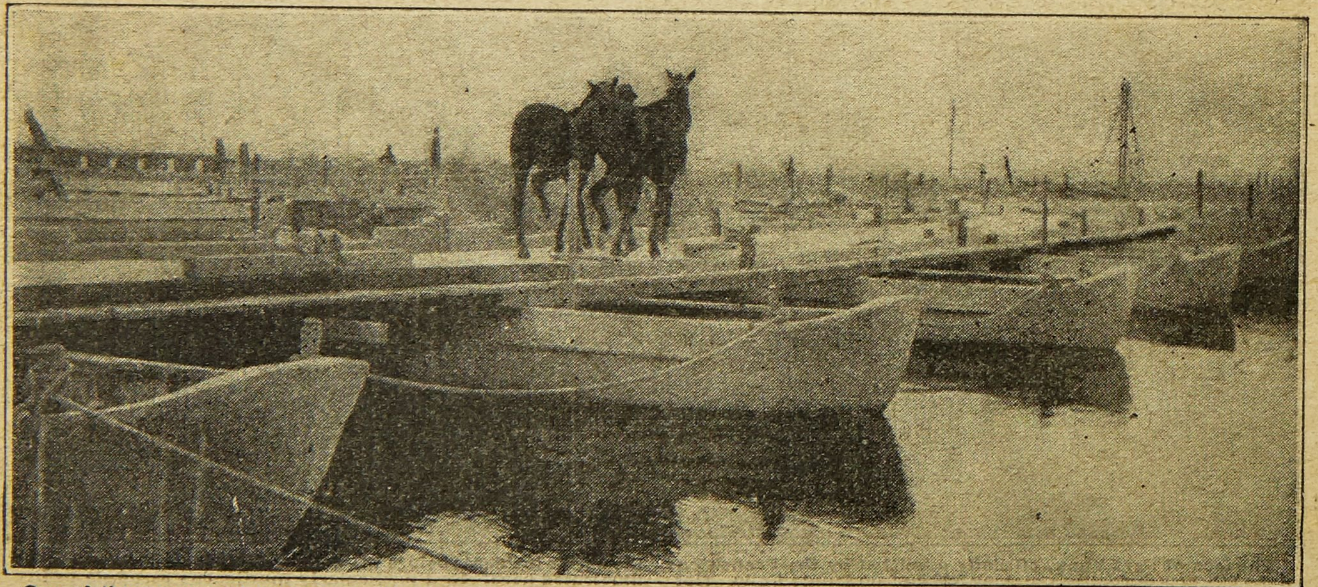


The Germans are within four miles of Verdun, and their guns have continually poured projectiles into the citadel. This impressive photograph, taken under heavy fire, shows a Verdun building in flames.

Impression of a well-known thoroughfare at Verdun. Every house has suffered from bombardment.

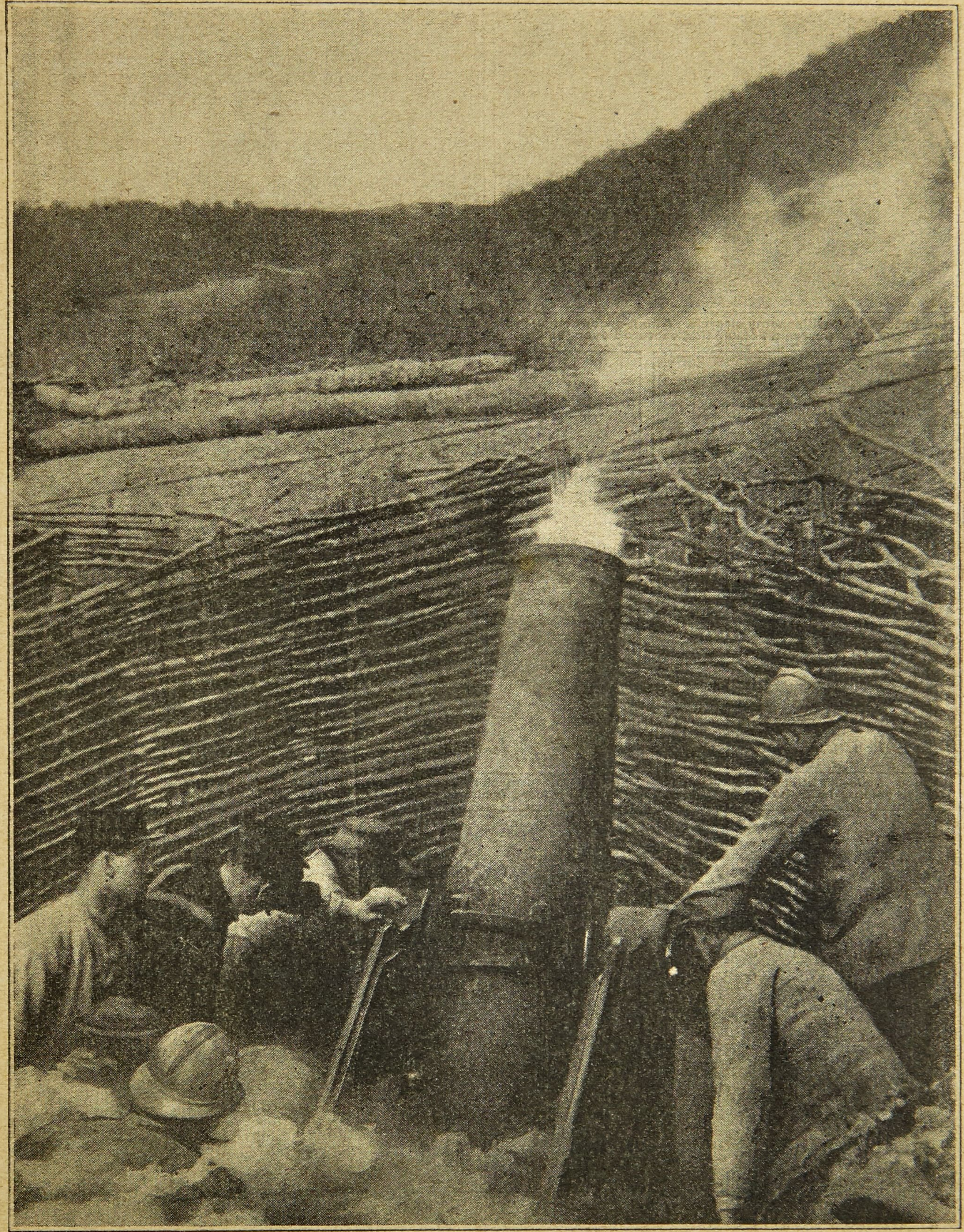


The number of shells used by the Germans and French at Verdun staggers the imagination. Here are a few "75" cases.



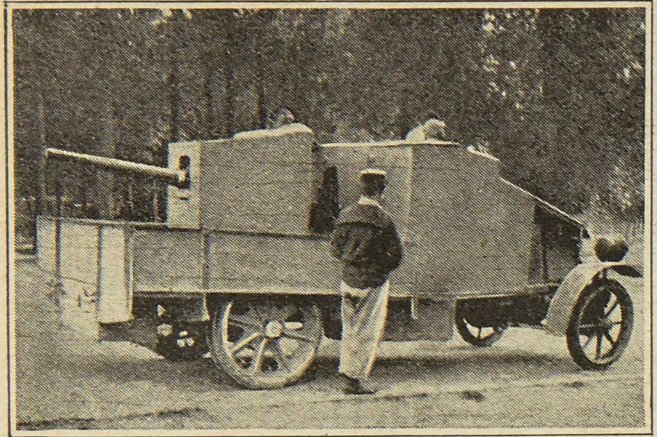
One of the many pontoons across the Meuse leading to the Verdun zone. A French soldier is leading two transport horses to "do their bit" in this the most dramatic scene of the Great War. (*Exclusive photographs.*)

Monster Mortar Hurling Defiance from Verdun

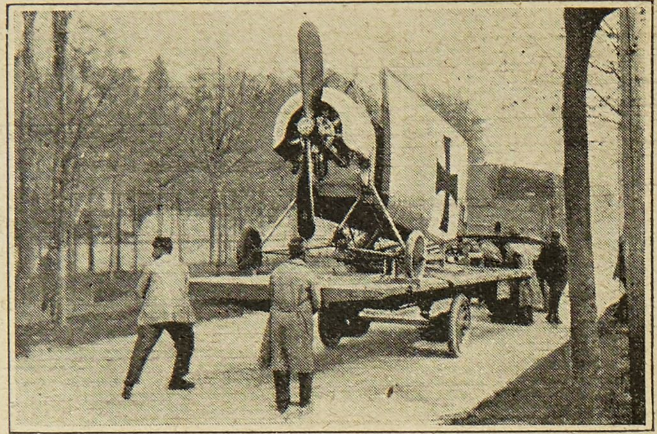


One of the defence mortars at Verdun in the very act of hurling an eleven hundred pound shell over a hill into a living target signalled from a captive balloon. It was carefully concealed from the eyes of enemy observers, who from the beginning of the battle did their utmost to locate this royal old warrior. In ten days this monster flung a thousand shells at the German host. The soldiers came to know its mighty voice, and when they heard it the French advanced with greater confidence.

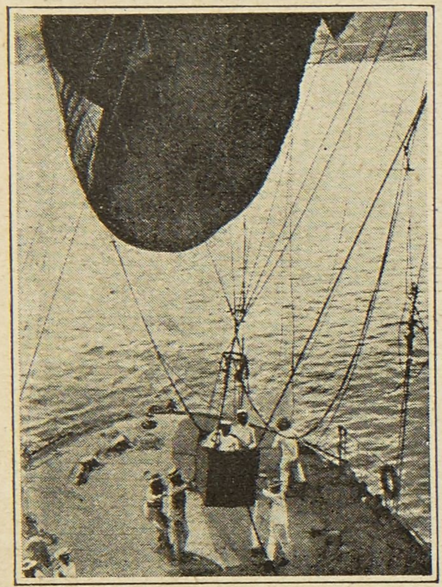
On the Wings of the Wind over a World at War



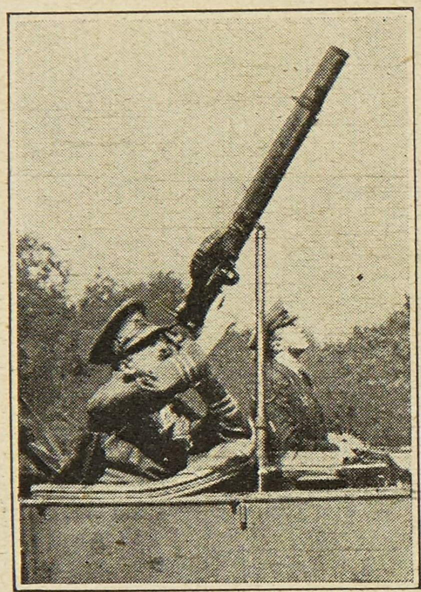
How France deals with enemy aircraft. A high-speed armoured motor-car off to pursue a Fokker that ventured over the line.



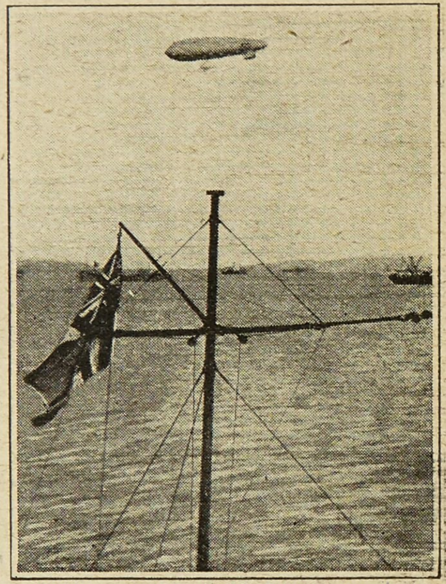
After the chase. A German Fokker that was brought down in the French lines, packed up, ready to be transported to the rear.



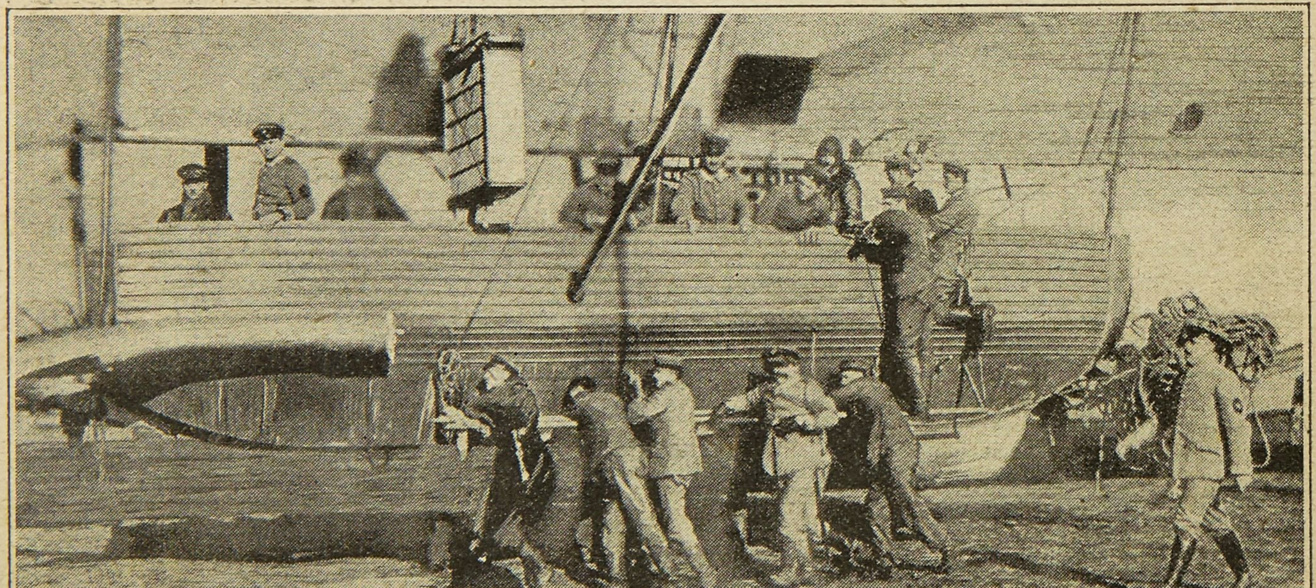
Captive balloon attached to Italian cruiser helping in the blockade of Pola.



The new Lewis machine-gun being used by British officers against hostile aircraft.

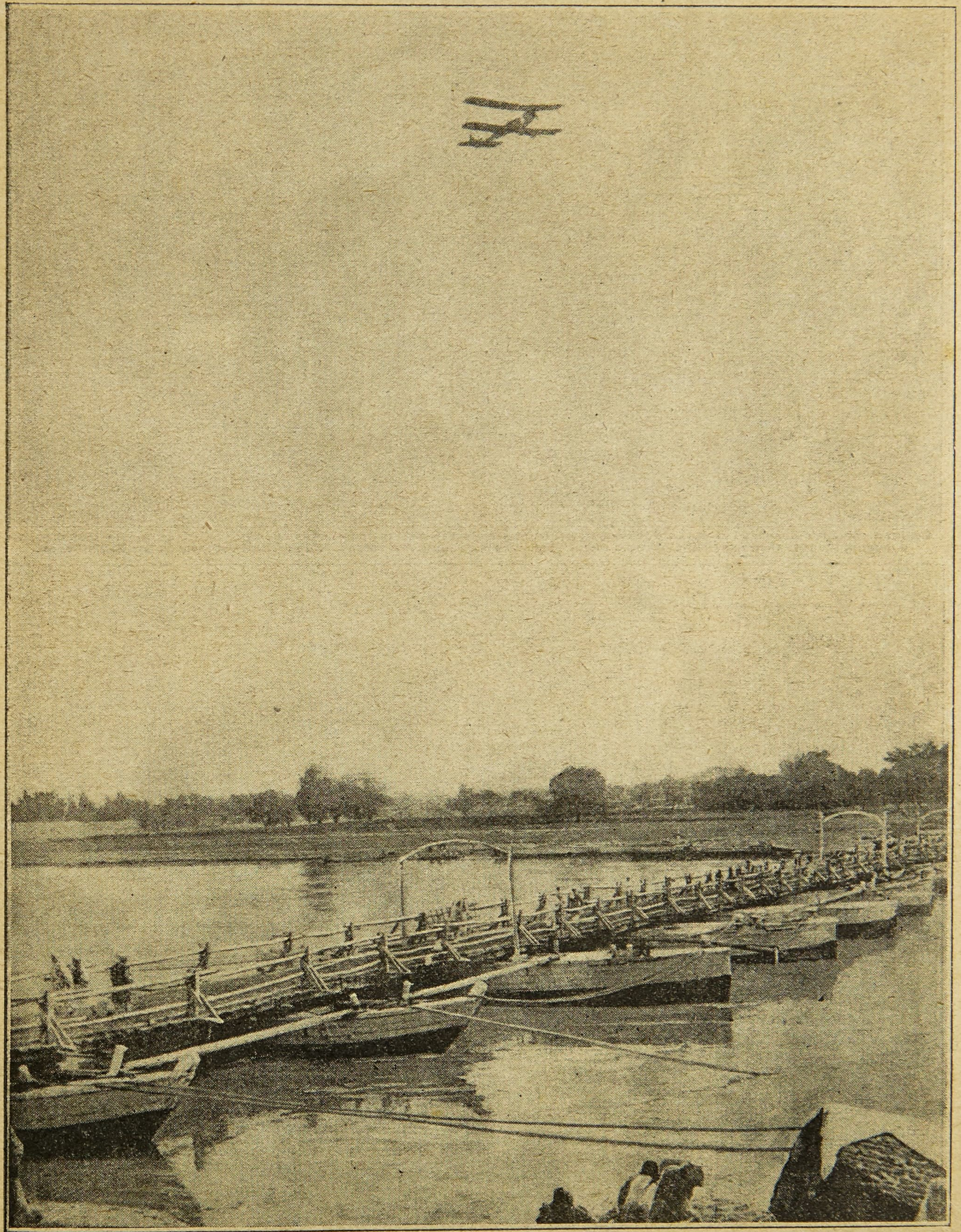


British scouting airship flying around our Fleet in the Mediterranean.



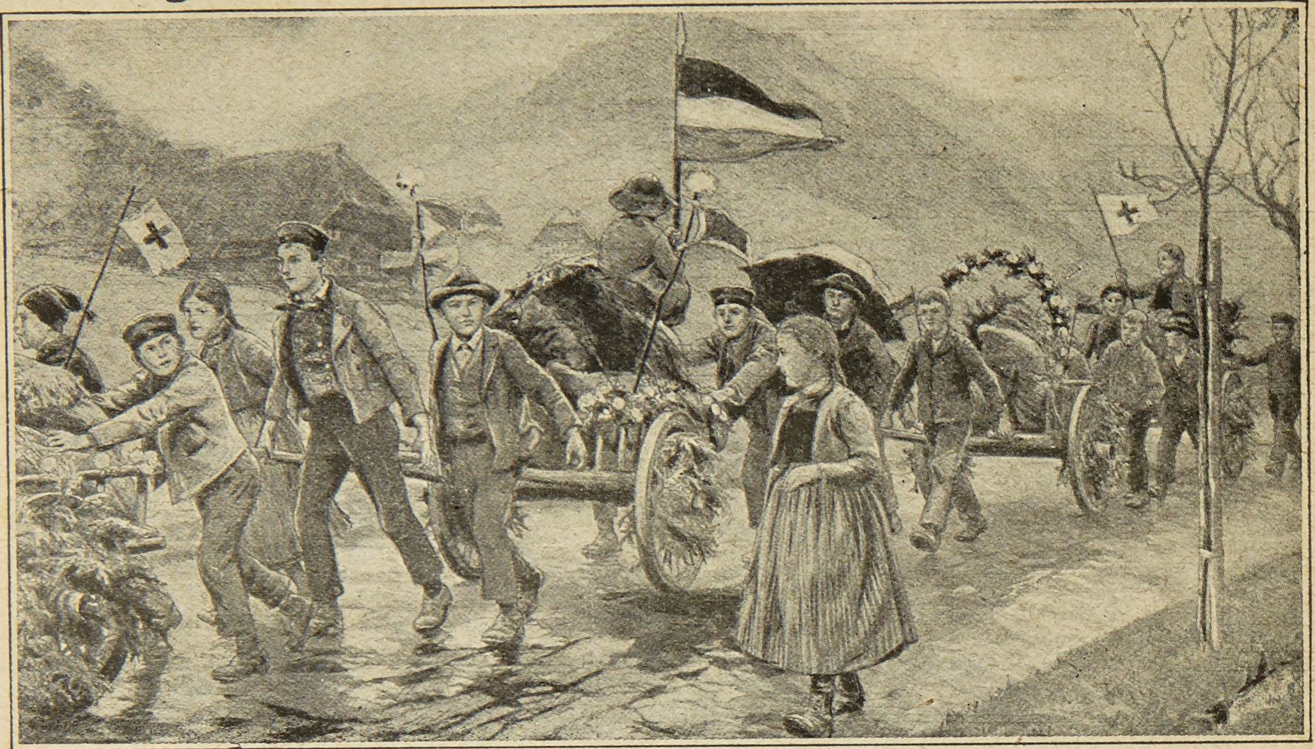
Striking photograph of a Zeppelin about to set out on a reconnaissance. The near view of the gondola suspended from the airship gives an excellent idea of the huge dimensions of the gasbag. Has the comparative inactivity of the gasbag of late anything to do with "Summer Time"? Count Zeppelin is not fond of daylight!

The Bird-Man Penetrates Realms of Mystery

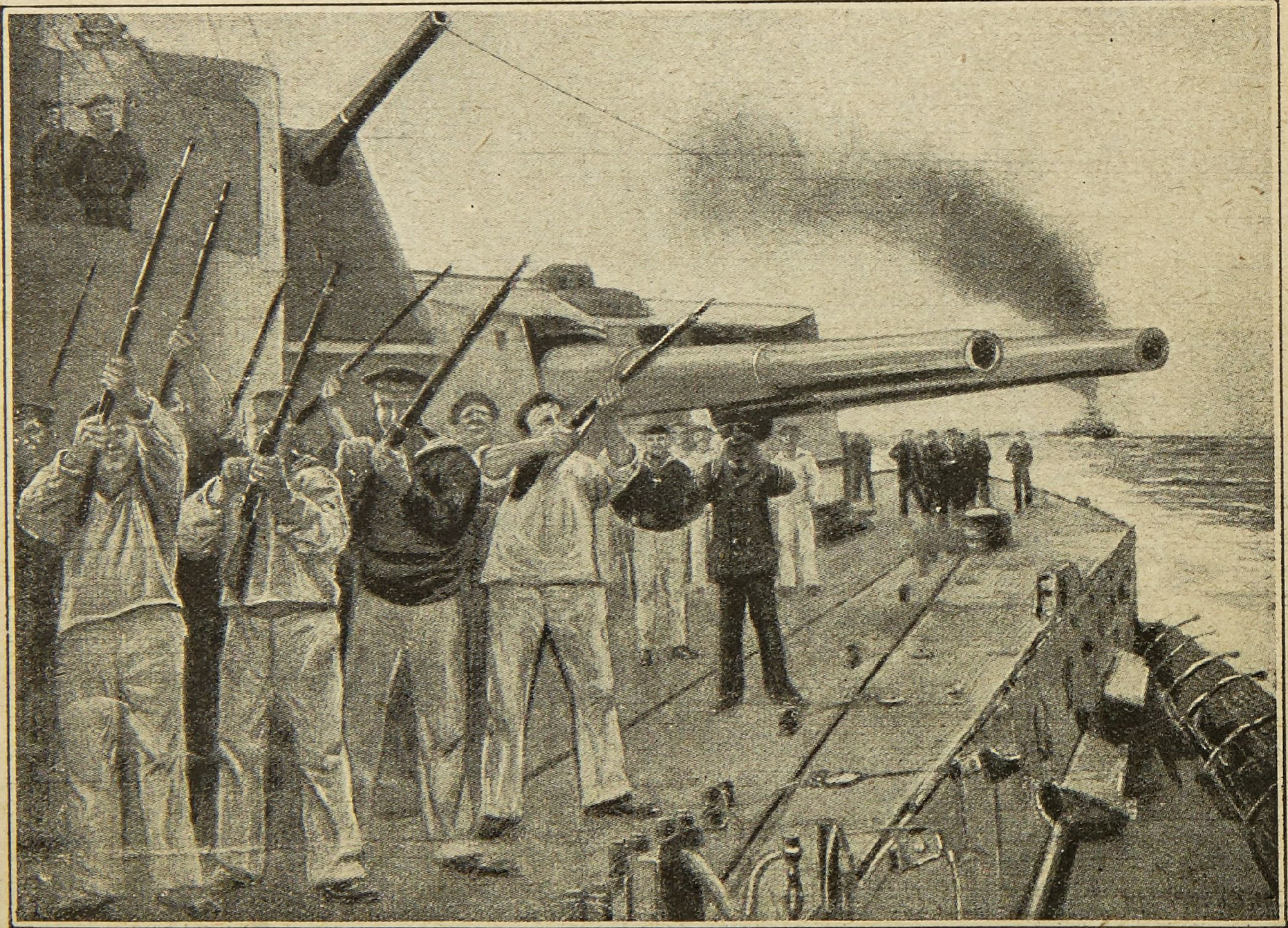


There are few corners of the globe where that wonder of the twentieth century, the aeroplane, has not been seen. War has brought it to the African bush, the remote parts of the Tigris Valley, over Gallipoli, the Greek Archipelago, and lastly to the mysterious North-West Frontier of India, in Central Asia, over Afghanistan, but a few hours' flight from Tibet and the unexplored region of China. This photograph shows a British aeroplane crossing the Kabul River near Peshawar.

Through German Eyes: Two Phases of the War

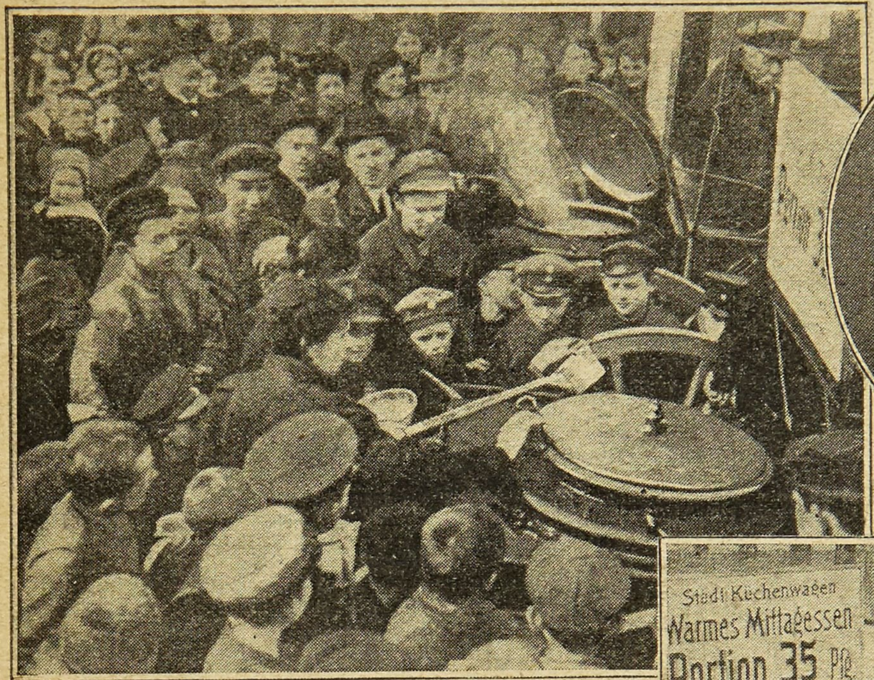


German schoolchildren of the Black Forest district, having collected stacks of journals for their relatives in the trenches, are dragging them to the town-hall of a small town. This was the result of a "Paper Week" held recently in the Black Forest.

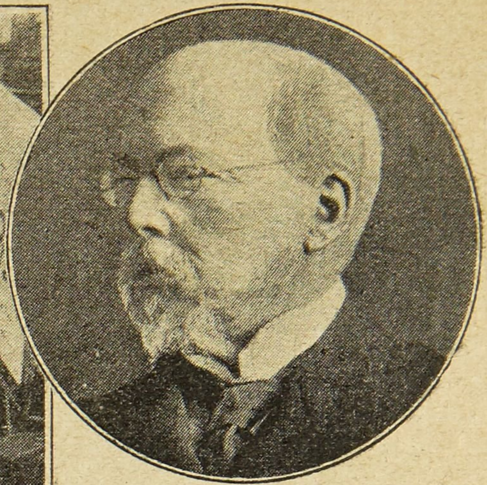


German sailors warding off a hostile aeroplane from an armoured cruiser. It will be seen that the enemy handymen are using rifles, which have long been considered by all belligerents as the most effective "Archie" available.

Germany Organises Against the Hunger Wolf



Pictorial proof of food shortage in Germany. Crowd of Berliners round the public stalls buying portions at threepence-halfpenny each.



Count von Hertling, Bavarian Premier, appointed Minister of Provisions.

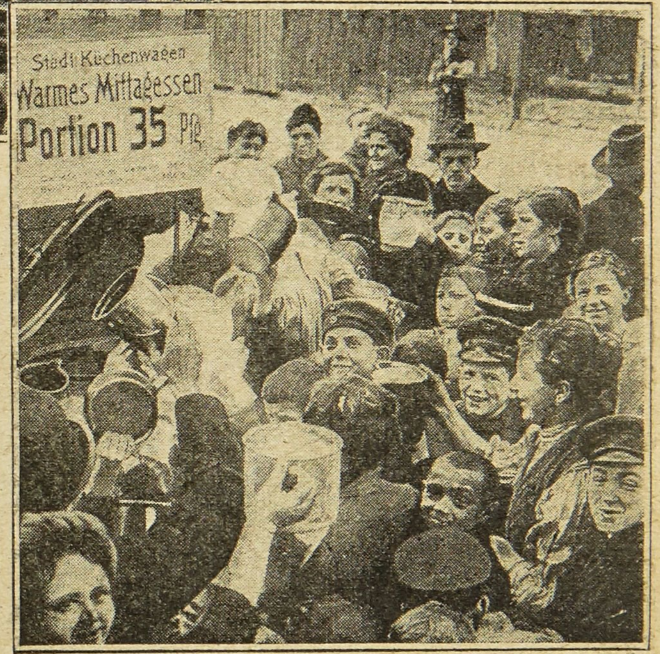
THAT the food question in Berlin, and generally throughout the Central Empires, has become acute is proved by the appointment of Count von Hertling and Herr von Batocki as Ministers of Provisions during the crisis.

The British naval blockade and the probability of a poor harvest have set the German organisers on the alert lest famine prevail, and the Fatherland is virtually to be put on rations. Food tickets are likely to become general. In fact, since June 5th meat and fat are only obtainable on presentation of a meat card, the supply being regulated in accordance with whatever is available for consumption.

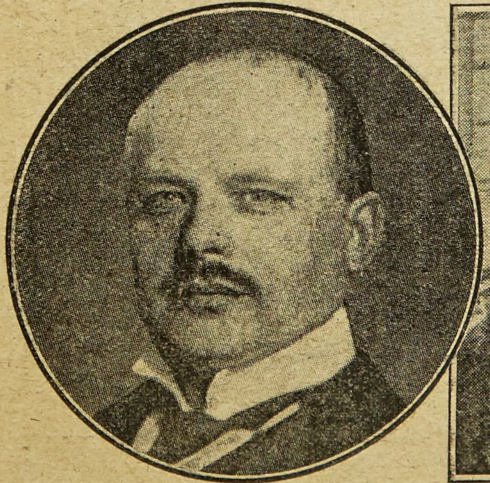
A system of State soup-kitchens has also been introduced in Berlin and other populous cities, where the poor can procure soup for 35 pfennigs, or 3½d., per portion.

The apparent scarcity of meat has been relieved by a superabundance of vegetables, and the tendency in Berlin seems to be to rely more than ever on vegetables as the best available substitute for meat.

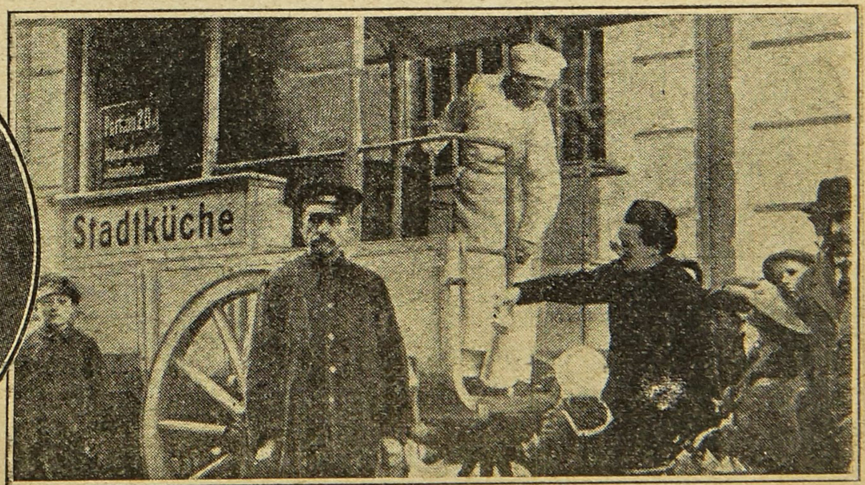
The photographs on this page are all illustrative of the food problem, and how it is being solved in the enemy's capital.



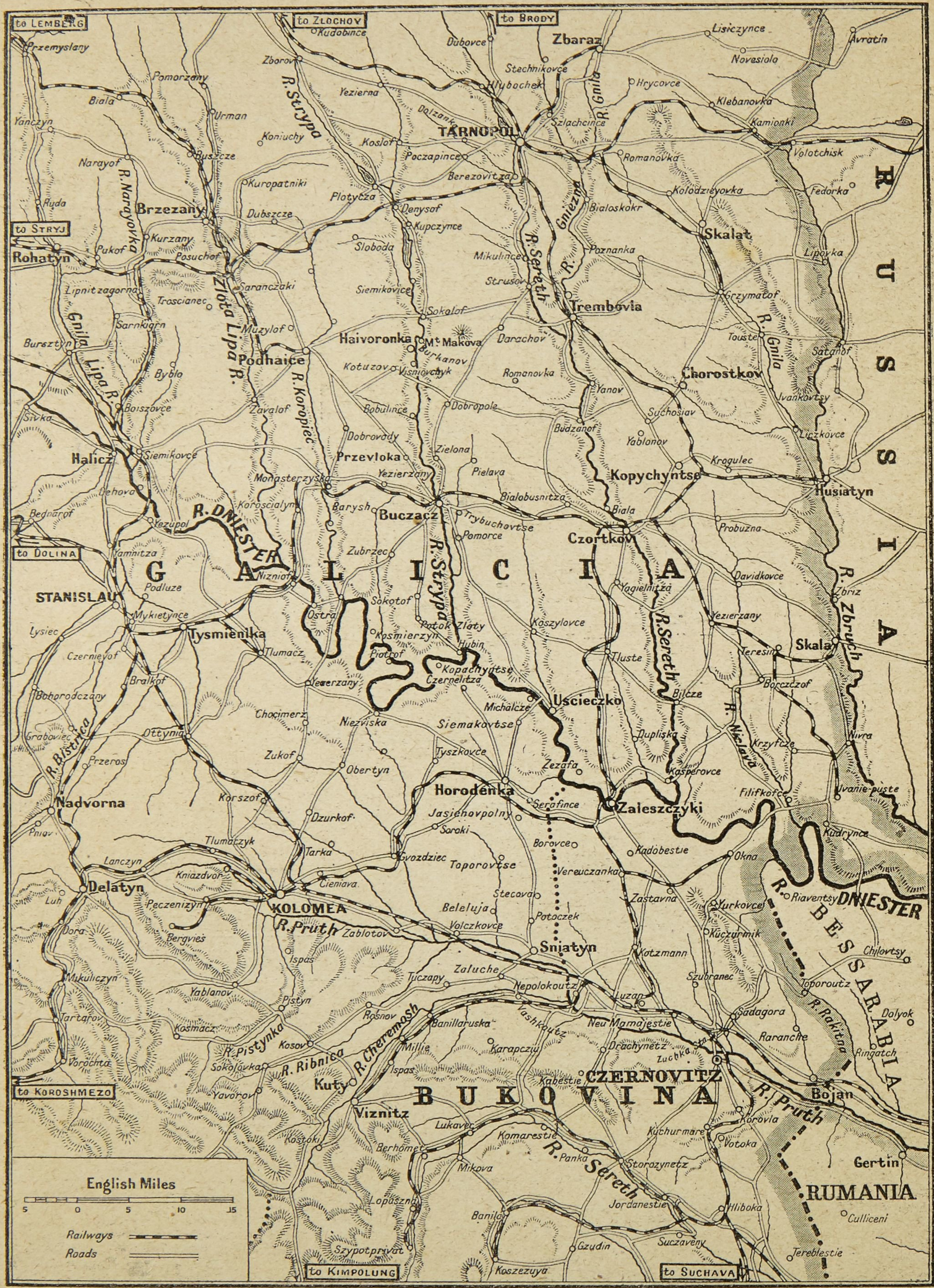
The notice reads, "State food stall. Warm lunches at threepence-halfpenny each." A popular new feature of Berlin.



Herr von Batocki, President of East Prussia, who is the German Food Dictator.



Mobile food kitchen in Charlottenburg, a system that has been adopted by the State for the benefit of the poor.



Copyright

The War Illustrated.

AREA OF THE RUSSIAN VICTORIES ON THE STRYPA.—General Brussiloff's offensive in Volhynia and Galicia began on Sunday, June 4th, and fighting quickly developed along a wide front from the River Pripet to the Rumanian border, particularly heavy fighting taking place between the Pruth and the Styr. Lutzk was entered by the victorious Russians on June 6th, and Czernovitz, the capital of Bukovina, fell for the fifth time in twenty-one months on June 17th. The Austro-German prisoners taken up to June 19th numbered over 170,000.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XVIII.—The East Surreys

> *"If your enemies headlong rush upon you, stay for them and bouge not; if they without stirring stay for you, run with fury upon them."*
>
> —MONTAIGNE.

WITH very good reason, indeed, have the men of the 1st Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment been called the heroes of Hill 60, and the story of their deeds there is one of the most stirring in the annals of the Great War. Put very briefly it is as follows:

Hill 60 is about three miles from Ypres. In the real sense of the word it is not a hill at all, but just a mound formed by dumping down the soil taken from the railway cutting close by. It was seized by the British on April 17th, 1915, and during the next few days the Germans made the most frantic efforts to regain it. It was held at first by the 13th Brigade, but in a day or two the 14th came up to their assistance, and in this were the 1st East Surreys.

An April Night

Throughout the 19th and the 20th the Surrey men crouched in their trenches, while shot and shell fell all around them, and just before dusk on the 20th the German infantry advanced. The Surreys had lost somewhat heavily, but their previous experience was nothing to that which they met with during the darkness of that April night. They were outnumbered, but yet for an hour and a half they kept the enemy out, and then finding that they could not be moved, the Germans tried a new kind of attack. Again and again they sent forward parties of grenadiers, who, stealing up unnoticed in the gloom, hurled their grenades into the trenches, and then rushed forward to take advantage of the confusion. But it was no use, the Surreys, like the men mentioned by Montaigne, would not "bouge," and morning found them still on Hill 60—still undismayed.

All the time, day and night alike, the German guns were peppering the hill with shell of all kinds, among the missiles being bombs which choked and blinded our men with their foul, gaseous smells. On the 21st, which was a Wednesday, their infantry got a footing on the hill, but they only remained there for a few hours. As at Verdun, nearly a year later, it must be said that it took a good deal to daunt the Germans and make them leave off their assaults, and for two or three days more the East Surreys and the rest of the defenders of the hill had hardly a moment's respite. But they held on to the end.

For this defence of Hill 60 three Victoria Crosses were given to the East Surreys, although perhaps a hundred were earned. One of these was awarded to Lieutenant Roupell, who commanded a company, which on the 20th was holding some front trenches. Although Roupell had been wounded, he did not retire from the field; instead, seeing the Germans moving forward, he led out his men to meet them with the bayonet, and had the satisfaction of driving them back. Then he went off to the dressing-station, had his wounds dressed, and was quickly at his post again, cheering on his men.

It was now getting dark, and many of Roupell's men had been killed or wounded, so he went to his commanding officer, who was in a rear trench, and explained the position. Then he led some reinforcements up to the front trenches, being under heavy fire all the time, and with them held the line through another terrible night. In the morning he and the few who remained were given a well-deserved rest.

The Surrey V.C.'s

Equally gallant was the action of Second-Lieutenant B. H. Geary. A platoon under his command was holding a crater on the hill, and early in the night the German shells destroyed the defences. Then in the darkness the bombers came on, but Geary and his men beat them back time after time. Totally indifferent to danger, the officer was at one moment firing a rifle, at another throwing grenades, and at another exposing himself to find out what the Germans were doing. When he had a few minutes of freedom, he was either looking after the supply of ammunition or arranging for reinforcements. On the next day he was severely wounded, but happily he lived to receive the V.C.

On that same night Lance-Corporal Edward Dwyer won a third V.C. for the regiment. A party of bombers had got quite close to his trench and were throwing in their missiles. Dwyer, therefore, having seized a supply, leapt out on to the parapet and returned the compliment, to the annoyance of the figures he could just see in the darkness.

More Samples of Heroism

There is no room here to tell of the many other heroic deeds done by the East Surreys on Hill 60. The story of some of them is hidden away in the pages of the "London Gazette"; others are only known because comrades who saw them have told of them; but others, the greater number perhaps, will never be made public, for amid the darkness, the horror and the noise they were unnoticed, and the men who did them are either dead or far too modest to speak of them. The following, then, must be regarded as samples of many more.

Like Dwyer, Lance-Corporal W. H. Harding went out of his trench and threw grenades at the enemy, while about the same time Private F. Grimwood was coolly filling up with sandbags the holes made by the Germans in the parapet, "standing exposed in the gap while the sandbags were handed up to him." Private A. Hotz "did his bit" in a different but equally useful way. He got near a trench along which the Germans must pass when they came forward to attack, and as soon as they appeared he hurled bombs at them, and made them change their minds about advancing.

The East Surrey Regiment, to which these heroes belong, was raised in 1701, and was long known as the 31st Foot. It was at Dettingen, where King George II. gave the men their nickname of the "Young Buffs," and at Fontenoy it lost very heavily. In 1756 a fresh battalion was raised, and was numbered the 70th, the two being united as the East Surrey Regiment in 1881.

When the Great War broke out the 1st Battalion was in Ireland, and at once, as part of Sir Charles Fergusson's 5th Division, it sailed for France. It was at Mons, and had a terrible time during the retreat to the Marne, for the fiercest German attacks were made against this part of the British force. In the Battle of the Marne the East Surreys and their comrades in the 5th Division were told off to attack the most difficult section of the line, and less than a week later they had forced their way across the Aisne.

A Stand at Missy

Once across that river their difficulties were worse than ever. Around the village of Missy the Surrey men took their stand, but unfortunately the German guns were on the high ground above, and shot and shell swept over them and among them day by day. However, there was no driving them back, and near Missy they remained until the whole army made its way to Flanders.

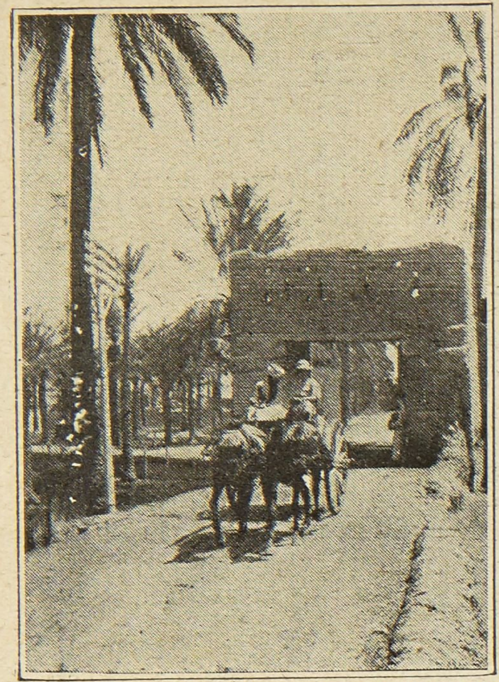
The October fighting in Flanders began with Smith-Dorrien's attack on La Bassée, and Sir John French told them that in this "terribly severe fighting you"—the East Surreys—"were faced by three, if not four, times your numbers, and experienced some of the fiercest fighting of the war." Then came a rest, and after that the heroism of the battalion on Hill 60.

But this is only the record of one battalion of the East Surreys, and only a little of that, and there were others at the front. Early in 1915 the 2nd Battalion arrived in France from India, and as part of the 28th Division it fought in the Second Battle of Ypres. There, somewhere about the centre of the British line, the Surrey men faced the German gas without flinching, and their staunchness was deservedly praised by Sir John French, who said: "Your colours have many famous names emblazoned on them, but none will be more famous or more well-deserved than that of the Second Battle of Ypres." Round the Hohenzollern Redoubt, in September, this battalion was again to the fore, and there one of its second-lieutenants, A. J. T. Fleming-Sandes, won the V.C. for saving the line at a very critical time.

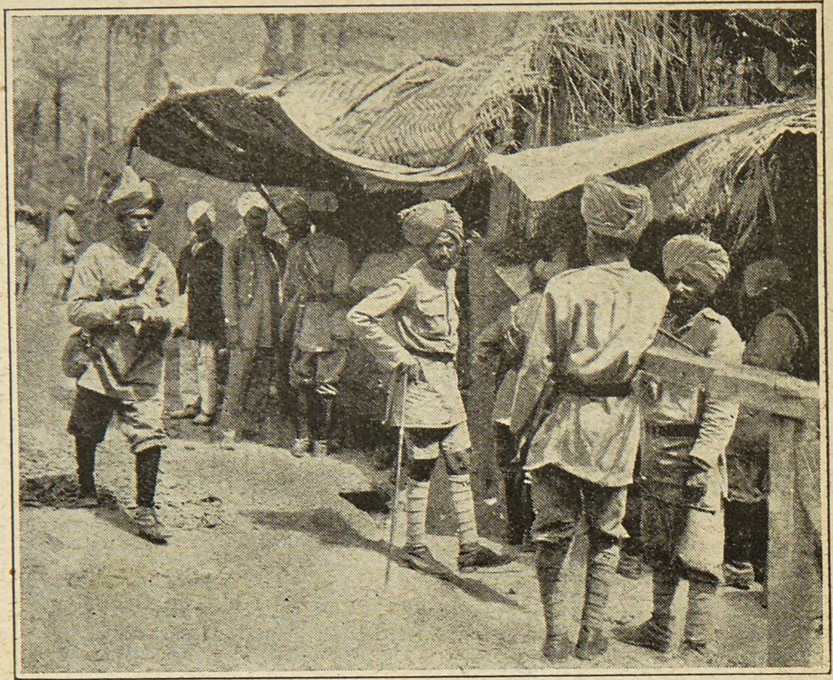
Another East Surrey battalion to distinguish itself was the 8th, one composed of "Kitchener's chaps." This took part in the fighting at Loos, and those who would like to know something of their gallantry in those days should turn to the "London Gazette" of November 29th last. The story is not less worth telling than is that of the 1st Battalion on Hill 60, or of the 2nd at Ypres, and one day surely the world will know it in full.

A. W. Holland

Indian Fighters and Arab Bargees on the Tigris



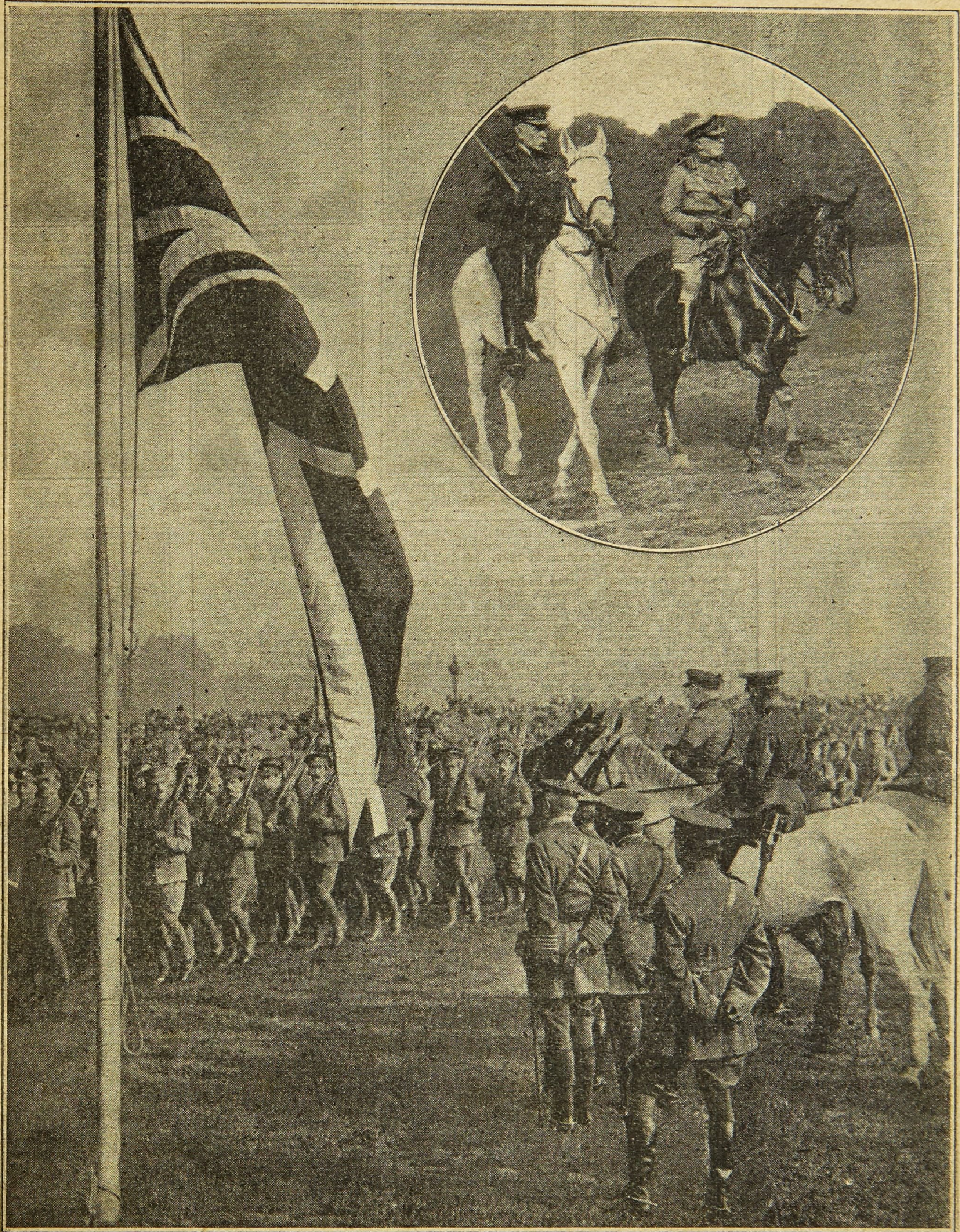
Mule transport, in charge of an Indian and a British soldier, passing along a palm-grove in Mesopotamia.



Indian troops in their element. They found campaigning along the Tigris a congenial change from the French trenches. They are seen besieging a wayside store like happy schoolboys.

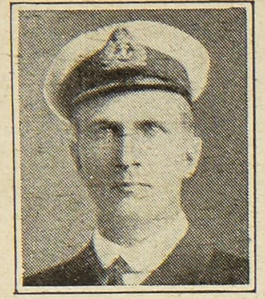
Busy scene along an ancient waterway in the Tigris Valley. Arab coolies helping to fight the Turks by unloading fodder from barges. The Arab is an elusive and perhaps unreliable ally, but he invariably throws in his lot with the winning side.

Lord French Reviews Britain's National Reserve



On June 17th Lord French inspected ten thousand members of the National Volunteer Reserve in Hyde Park. Following upon official recognition, this corps will be utilised for special branches of service, thereby relieving younger men for work abroad. Lord French is seen in the photographs with General Sir Moore O'Creagh. In the course of a touching, soldier-like address, Lord French said: "I assure you I found it difficult in France to find voice to talk to Territorial battalions coming out of the trenches with the loss of half their numbers."

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

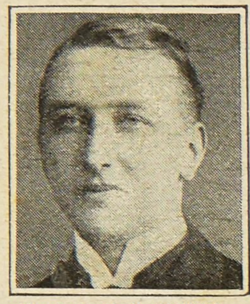

Com. R. H. LLEWELYN, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

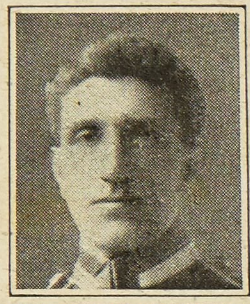
Capt. HERBERT J. SAVILL, H.M.S. Hampshire.

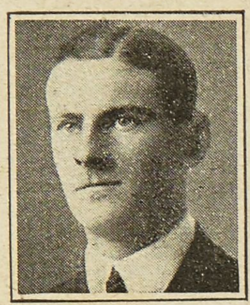
Lieut. W. W. SKYNNER, H.M.S. Hampshire.

Lieut.-Com. G. C. STREET, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

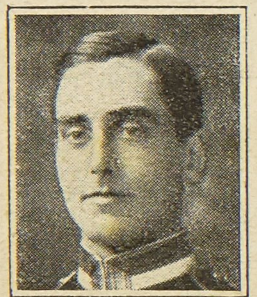
Lieut. E. T. DONNELL, H.M.S. Shark.


Lieut. E. N. G. MATON, H.M.S. Tipperary.


Lieut. W. J. W. FLETCHER, H.M.S. Black Prince.


Lieut. C. H. ABERCROMBIE, H.M.S. Defence.

Lieut. R. C. A. GOW, H.M.S. Defence.


Lieut. S. H. SLINGSBY, H.M.S. Defence.

Capt. Herbert J. Savill was born in 1870, entered the Navy as cadet in 1883, took four "firsts" in the examination for promotion to lieutenant in 1891, was promoted commander in 1902, and captain in 1907. He had the General Africa Medal with clasp and the South Africa Medal.

Among naval officers reported to have lost their lives in the Battle off Jutland, Commander Robert Harman Llewelyn, aged thirty-one, was the only surviving son of Sir Robert and Lady Llewelyn, and gained his promotion as commander on January 1st, 1916. Lieut. Ernest Tudor Donnell, aged twenty-two, was the eldest son of the Rev. C. E. and Mrs. Donnell, of Stamfordham Vicarage, Northumberland.

Lieut. Eustace Newton Gerald Maton, aged twenty-six, was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Maton, of Sundial House, Kensington. Lieut. Cecil H. Abercrombie, who was in his thirtieth year, had won many laurels as a cricketer and a Rugby football player. He was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Abercrombie, of South Croxted, Dulwich.

Lieut. Roderick C. A. Gow was the youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Gow, headmaster of Westminster. Lieut. Stephen H. Slingsby, who was in his twenty-fourth year, was brother of Capt. A. E. K. Slingsby and Capt. A. M. Slingsby, who fell in France and Mesopotamia respectively. He was the fourth son of Mr. J. A. Slingsby, of Skipton, Yorks, and became lieutenant in January, 1916.

Since the first accounts of the Jutland action appeared, Com. the Hon. Edward B. S. Bingham and Lieut.-Commander Paul Whitfield have been reported saved by the Germans.

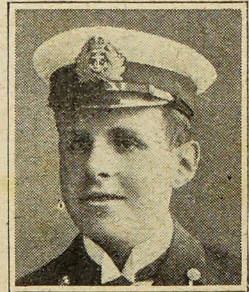
Lieut. F. G. STEWART, H.M.S. Hampshire.

Surg. CYRIL O. H. JONES, H.M.S. Invincible.

Eng.-Sub.-Lt. E. CHAMPNESS, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Fleet-Paymaster JOHN A. PLACE.

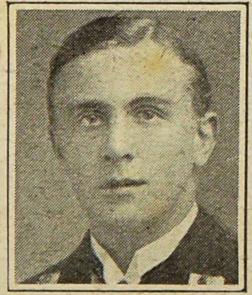
Mid. ADAIR G. CAMPBELL, H.M.S. Defence.


Sub.-Lieut. H. F. VERNON, H.M.S. Hampshire.

Mid. H. SNEAD-COX, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Mid. R. B. CROFT, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Mid. PERCY A. W. WAIT, H.M.S. Queen Mary.


Mid. D. F. C. L. TOTTENHAM, H.M.S. Invincible.

Mid. M. O. HANWELL, H.M.S. Defence.

(*Portraits by Speaight, Swaine, Maull & Fox, Russell, Chancellor.*)

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

Exit Jeremiah

AT every period in the history of every civilised nation men have been found deploring the deterioration that has occurred within their own memory in some field of national activity, or the degeneration that has been accomplished in the national taste or morals. Lest any reader should be dismayed by that gravely sententious enunciation of that by no means original proposition, we make haste to elucidate it by putting it in a more colloquial, interrogative form. Have you ever met any old general who did not insist that the Service was going to the dogs? Or any old duchess who did not deplore the disappearance of good manners? Or any old squire who was not explosively certain that the country was going to the devil? If, personally, you have not had that experience, your acquaintance with literature, however small, will satisfy you of the truth of the proposition. Always are poets forthcoming to sing the grace of a day that is dead, and always Spectators to praise the manners of a time that is gone.

THE hoot of an owl on a gusty night is not more dispiriting than the dying fall that marks the tone of one of these lugubrious praisers of the past when he is full to the Plimsoll mark with a good dinner and a really sound wine. It becomes a duty to administer something in the nature of a corpse reviver to his audience. And the proper, specific remedy is flat contradiction. If the country had really been going to the devil all these hundreds of years past, it must have got there by this time; for, in point of fact, the devil is never very far away. Jeremiah sees the change and decay in all around, and both are there sure enough, but evolution is the scientific fact, and it is Jeremiah who is played out, not virtue and grace.

THESE thoughts have been set revolving slowly by a conversation overheard between three or four men, all of them civilians and of widely different ages. Each generation has its own shibboleths, as each has its own fashions, and those that marked periods of the nineteenth century had been referred to. And one man, the youngest, expressed regret that he had not been "about town" in the Nineties, that rather hectic and decadent Indian summer; he admired the pose the world adopted then; he would have enjoyed its "cleverness," and he liked the dress. And another, older, man blurted out that he wished he had been born in the Nineties instead of thirty years before, and that he greatly preferred the fashion of men's dress to-day. Youth, slightly scornful, wondered what that fashion might be, and Seniority rather testy, snapped out "Khaki." And so, at last, we get to the Post.

IN all seriousness, it is at least arguable that the most significant of all the new conditions brought about by the war is the fact that the eulogist of the past is dumb. For by far the most probable explanation is his own entire conversion by the amazing nature of the present. The war is appalling; nothing less than a catastrophe. But in the face of it we have come to ourselves. Already, while still in the welter of it, some of us begin to realise the good it is doing—in fusing the heterogeneous components of the Empire into one homogeneous, solid mass; in purifying materialism; in refining character.

BUT we do not wish to try just now to play one of Bach's fugues on a penny whistle. We prefer to suggest a few of the obvious phenomena which may have struck our old eulogist dumb. What he used to make his song about were superficial, ephemeral things. But if he was foolish, it does not follow that the man was a fool. If he attached importance to dress, he did so rightly, as symbolical. But it is precisely because he understands the philosophy of clothes that he pays silent homage to uniformity. Khaki is the only wear for men to-day, so the old boy does not discuss any other. But he is still a devil for correctness, and khaki trousers turned up over brown shoes rouse him to fury.

MANNERS again—not merely the nice conduct of a clouded cane, or the punctilious observance of the polite way of leaving a room, but rather the manners that make the man and mark him in his solitude. Manners, the old boy insists, are the unconscious expression of a view of life, and he is a stickler for conduct. His silence now is astonishing, for he has been so vehement for so many years in his denunciation of the atrocious manners of the youthful generation. "Manners, sir? Snakes in Ireland! They haven't any. They're all slack-jaw and swank—God forgive me for using such words!" To-day his gaze is kindlier. Manners are astonishingly good just now.

WHAT has the war to do with it? Everything! It has put five million men under discipline, and not merely under the discipline of the drill sergeant and the gymnasium instructor. Those, with the regular life in the open air and the abstention from all excess, have made different men of them physically; and it is a fact that the man who is so well that he feels glad in the morning also feels good in the morning. But that is not all, by any means; by a curious paradox, the system that might be expected to crush individuality and diminish sense of personal responsibility has the opposite effect of bringing out individuality and creating a new sense of responsibility for the class to which the man has been attached. Make a man fit so that he feels "good," and then rub into him the sound doctrine of the honour of the regiment, and you will get as fine a type as can be cast by any system.

THAT is the English Public School system which is quite the best sort of discipline for a boy. With modifications, the discipline of the two Services proceeds on identical lines, inculcating obedience as the necessary antecedent to command, deference to superiors, personal dignity and integrity, and complete self-mastery. Social manners are perfected in the process, dignity giving ease and self-mastery overcoming self-consciousness. The discipline given by service in the Army for three years or the duration of the war has worked a miraculous change in manners.

WITH these things patent in front of him, and with the daily story of what the present generation is doing in the field ringing in his ears, the eulogist of the past cannot but be dumb. Things are not what they were when he was a young man. History is being made on a scale and of a splendour that will dwarf and pale all the history that was made before his time. The heroes he sang are outdone in heroic conduct by the clerks from his bank, the curates, and the chemist's assistants round the corner. The young men were very different in his time. But he does not talk about them now. Instead, he pays glad and silent homage to the young men of the present day, both men and day the finest that England has seen.

C. M.

The War Illustrated

News Notes and Comments

Last Scenes on the Hampshire

THERE are some phrases that ring with peculiar intensity in British ears and never fail to evoke an answering thrill in British hearts. With two of these—" Killed in action " and " Went down with his ship "—we are sadly familiar to-day, but the inspiration of them becomes more potent with every repetition. Leading-Seaman Rogerson, one of the few survivors of the Hampshire, and the last man to see Lord Kitchener before leaving the cruiser, uses one of them in his account of the last moments of the great Field-Marshal's life:

> Lord Kitchener went down with the ship. When the explosion occurred Lord Kitchener walked calmly from the captain's cabin, went up the ladder and on to the quarter-deck. There I saw him walking quite coolly and collectedly up and down talking to two of his officers. I do not think Lord Kitchener got into a boat at all. From the little time that elapsed between my leaving the ship and her sinking I feel certain that Lord Kitchener went down with her standing on the deck at the time.

There is a characteristically fine end for a fine man. Cool and collected on the quarter-deck, he " went down with the ship," as truly " killed in action " as if he had fallen on the field of battle.

A Humane Suggestion

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH makes a suggestion which seems to have much to recommend it to general adoption. Fearing that the lot of prisoners of war in Germany will become more cruel as time goes on, and fearing that a call for reprisals may be raised by people who forget the helplessness of prisoners in any country, he proposes that all prisoners of war shall be " pooled " in some neutral country or countries—America, or Spain, or even Switzerland. If these would agree to receive all captives on some properly organised plan, Sir Arthur feels confident that each belligerent country to which the men belonged would gladly pay its own bill for the food and keep of them. The benefit that would be derived by each country by the final return of men in reasonable health instead of broken derelicts would more than compensate them for the expense of conveyance and maintenance, if indeed any of them even gave that aspect of the matter a thought. It is not easy to imagine any real difficulties in the way of the realisation of this humane scheme, except lack of will, and that is only imaginable in the case of the German authorities. Perhaps, however, even that might be overcome by internal pressure from the wives and daughters of the Germans who are captive.

Naming the Battle

IT is never easy to give a name to naval battles. Encounters on land almost always take place near some town, or village or fort, which readily supplies a name for them. So we have Bannockburn and Agincourt, Ypres and Verdun; even in the desert we have Abu Klea and Omdurman. On sea, however, there is frequently nothing around the contending fleets but a waste of waters, and so historians call Lord Howe's victory over the French " the glorious First of June," while no one is quite sure of the names of the battles fought between the English and the Dutch in the seventeenth century. How will our history books record the recent naval battle? Some refer to it as the Battle off Jutland, and others as the Battle of the Skager-Rak, but other authorities prefer to call it the Battle of Horn Reefs, this being the name given on the charts to some shallows off the Danish coast, near which the encounter took place. There is no rule whatever in these matters, so we must just wait and see which name captures the popular fancy, for by that the battle of May 31st, 1916, will assuredly be known.

Honourable Distinctions

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE, writing from Biarritz, says that while travelling in France she has been struck by the number of French soldiers who have a V or a double V on one or other of their arms. She has ascertained that one V on the left arm denotes twelve months' service at the front, two V's another six months, and so on. One V on the right arm denotes wounded once, two V's wounded twice, and a special badge if wounded again. Men invalided out of the service have a ribbon attached to the buttonhole; men mobilised for civilian duties a white brassard. Different arms of the service and different ranks have bands of gold, silver, or braid. The Minister of War has ordered a special emblem for regiments that have distinguished themselves particularly, in the shape of cords to be worn by officers and men. Here are points which might well be imitated in this country, certainly those that relate to men wounded and discharged from the Service as unfit, and certainly, we think, those that distinguish men who have been to the front from those who have never yet left this country.

C.O.'s and Commissions

IT is intelligible that officers commanding regiments at the front should be reluctant to deprive themselves of their best men by recommending these for commissions, but one consequence is that hundreds of men who enlisted early in the war from sheer patriotism, and who are now qualified by regimental experience and entitled by service to commissions, are retained in the ranks while the commissions are being given to men who have proved their inferiority of spirit and character by refusing or delaying to enlist, and who have no experience or discipline to recommend them. There is an injustice here which is keenly felt among the men at the front. If officers are urgently required it is only in accordance with plain common-sense, as it would only be simple justice, that they should be taken from the ranks of the men who have borne the burden and heat of the day instead of from the ranks of those who have stood idle until the eleventh hour.

Getting Their Own Back

AN amusing story is told of how some French prisoners got level with a German guard who had treated them especially scurvily. A huge Bavarian was taken prisoner, and as he was brought into the French lines he beamed all over and produced an envelope, remarking, as he waved it gaily, " Bon Boche, Kamerad." He then contrived to explain that he had been in charge of French prisoners, who had given him a testimonial in case it should ever be his lot to be taken captive in his turn. A French officer read the letter, which was in these terms: " We French prisoners in Fort X have found in Fritz a thief and a swindler, who robbed us outrageously whenever we commissioned him to buy things for us. Fritz is both cunning and stupid. He played us the dirtiest tricks. We recommend him to the tender mercies of whoever of our countrymen, as we hope, takes him prisoner. He deserves the best thrashing he can get." The French officer roared with laughter, and the complacent Bavarian, not understanding a word of French, rubbed his hands and continued to repeat " Bon Boche," confident that all was very well.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

15 Fair

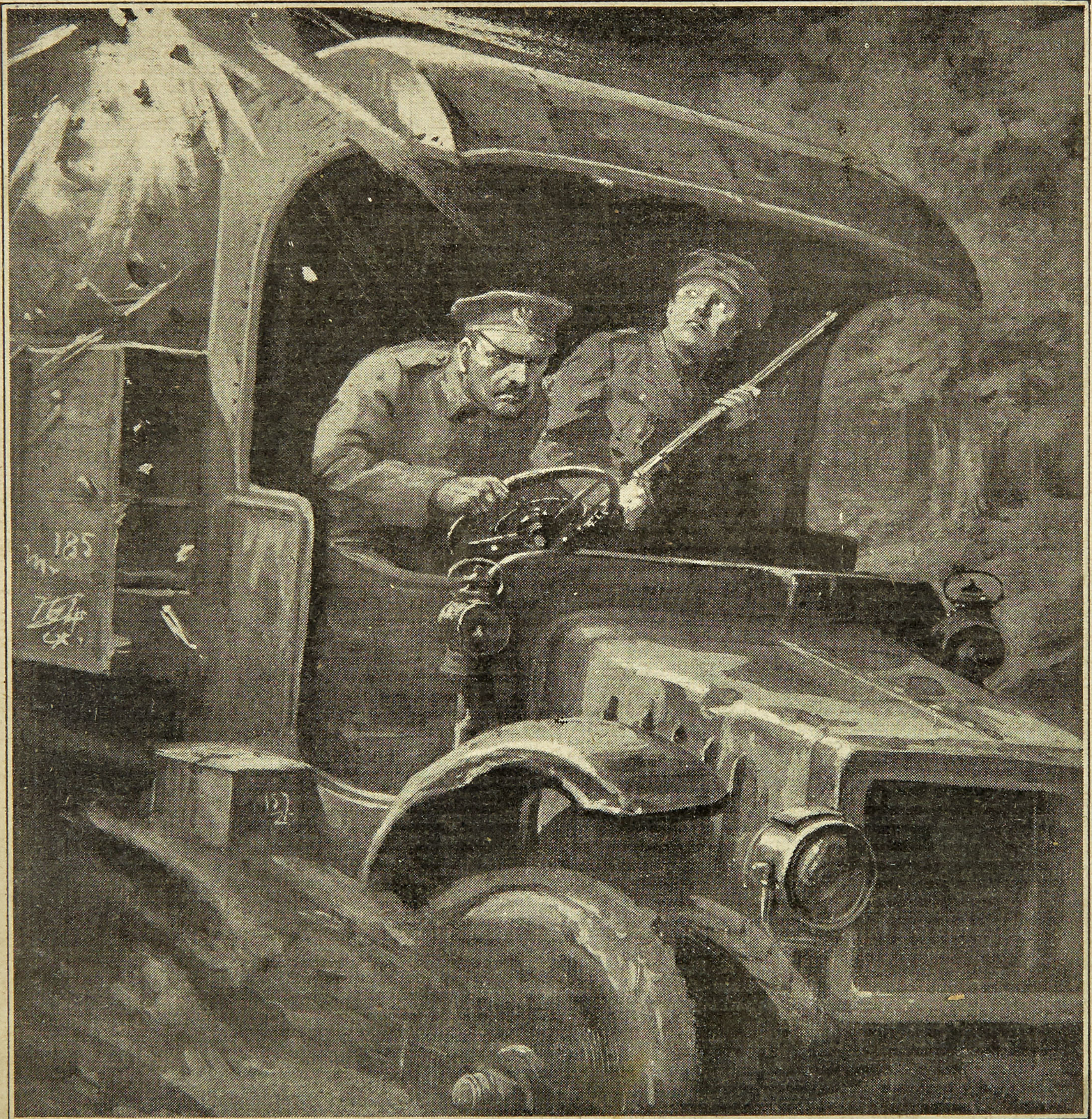
The War Illustrated, July 8th, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

My Ride With Caucasian Cavalry

By Seppings Wright

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 4

Peril of the Supply Waggon: Army Service Corps Under Fire

No. 99

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F.A. McKenzie

THE summer campaign is rapidly approaching its climax. Fierce fighting is going along on almost every front. Despite temporary checks, the Germans are approaching nearer and nearer to Verdun. There is sudden activity all along the British lines, begun by ourselves. The official statement by General Haig, published as I am writing this article, that our guns have been "very active along the whole front," is highly significant, for active artillery fire always precedes an advance.

In Southern Galicia General Brussiloff continues his triumphant way, in spite of the most strenuous attempts on the part of the enemy to keep him back by the concentration of fresh forces against him. Von Hindenburg in the north is striving by an active offensive to prevent the big Russian campaign there from developing as planned. Greece has submitted, and the submission of Greece may be the preliminary of the impatiently awaited allied offensive from Salonika. The Turks, seriously threatened on the road from Asia Minor to Constantinople by the Russian armies in the Caucasus, are now further troubled by an Arab revolt around Mecca. The great Austrian activity against Italy has been followed by a brilliant counter-offensive and the retaking of Asiago and other important positions.

The Epic of the Meuse

The position around Verdun continues to arouse mutual apprehension and admiration. No words can be too high for the splendid resistance of the French armies. The men in the forts fronting Verdun have endured what at one time would have been thought impossible for any men to endure. Their stubborn courage in defence, their splendid gallantry in attack, need no words to feveal their glory. But the fact remains, a fact to which it would be foolish to shut our eyes, that all this courage has not sufficed to prevent the Germans from making a certain progress. As things are going now, the possibility of the German occupation of Verdun has to be seriously faced. It becomes more and more clear that Verdun can only be saved by activity along other fronts. In short, if the Germans are allowed to concentrate immense armies and immense artillery upon Verdun alone and are willing, as they are willing, to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of men for its capture, a local defence alone cannot save the city.

It may be asked why this is so. If the Germans can bring a heavy force of artillery upon Verdun itself, cannot the French, with their lines of communication open, bring an equally heavy force of artillery to reply? If the Germans can wipe out, by long-distance gun fire, French positions such as Fort Vaux, cannot the French in turn wipe out the German positions? If the French have not sufficient heavy guns to spare for this point, cannot some be sent to them from other parts? These are natural questions and questions to which at the present time, for various reasons, no answer can be given. The fact remains that a concentration of such enemy forces is possible now around the Verdun sector. The Germans are, as I write, within three miles of the city. Two strong defensive lines still remain to be broken down before they can enter it. To-day they are fighting in Fleury. Soon, if things go on without the intervention of fresh forces, forts like Belleville and St. Michel will be exposed to the methods used against Vaux.

It is the knowledge of this that makes me hope that the Germans will not be permitted for much longer to direct their major forces without interruption upon Verdun alone. The French General Staff have, and can have, no delusions upon the result of such concentration if uninterrupted. To suppose that they intend to allow the Germans to occupy Verdun if they can possibly prevent it, is to suppose that they have suddenly lost their military capacity. They know how long the Verdun forts can stand the present system of attack. They know the limit of their own men's power of resistance. It looks as though they are playing for time, time to complete our plans, time to make ready fully for our blow. It may be said that we ought to have been ready weeks ago, months ago, but may it not be true that the blow planned is so gigantic, the preparations needed for it so immense, that the weeks and months that have passed since last year have not yet sufficed? In this supposition that France is playing for time, and is permitting, with the most desperate resistance possible, the capture of certain positions, we have the only logical and the only possible explanation of the Verdun position. If this explanation is right, before the inner lines of resistance have been reached the western Allies, by striking hard on other points, will have compelled such scattering of the German forces that the attack on Verdun will be paralysed.

General Brussiloff's armies in Galicia and Southern Poland have had to meet a greatly strengthened German and Austrian opposition. The Germans in Poland and the Austrians in Galicia have hurried up troops and guns from all points, have formed fresh lines of defence, and have sought by active offensive at different points to break the Russian advance. So far their great attempt has met with very little success. The Russian advance along some parts of the line has been slower, but no one anticipated that they would be able to keep up the pace of the first great rush. Even though the speed of the advance has been checked, it is still considerable. All Bukovina is now in Russian hands. The offensive against Kovel presses steadily forward.

Brussilcff's Great Task

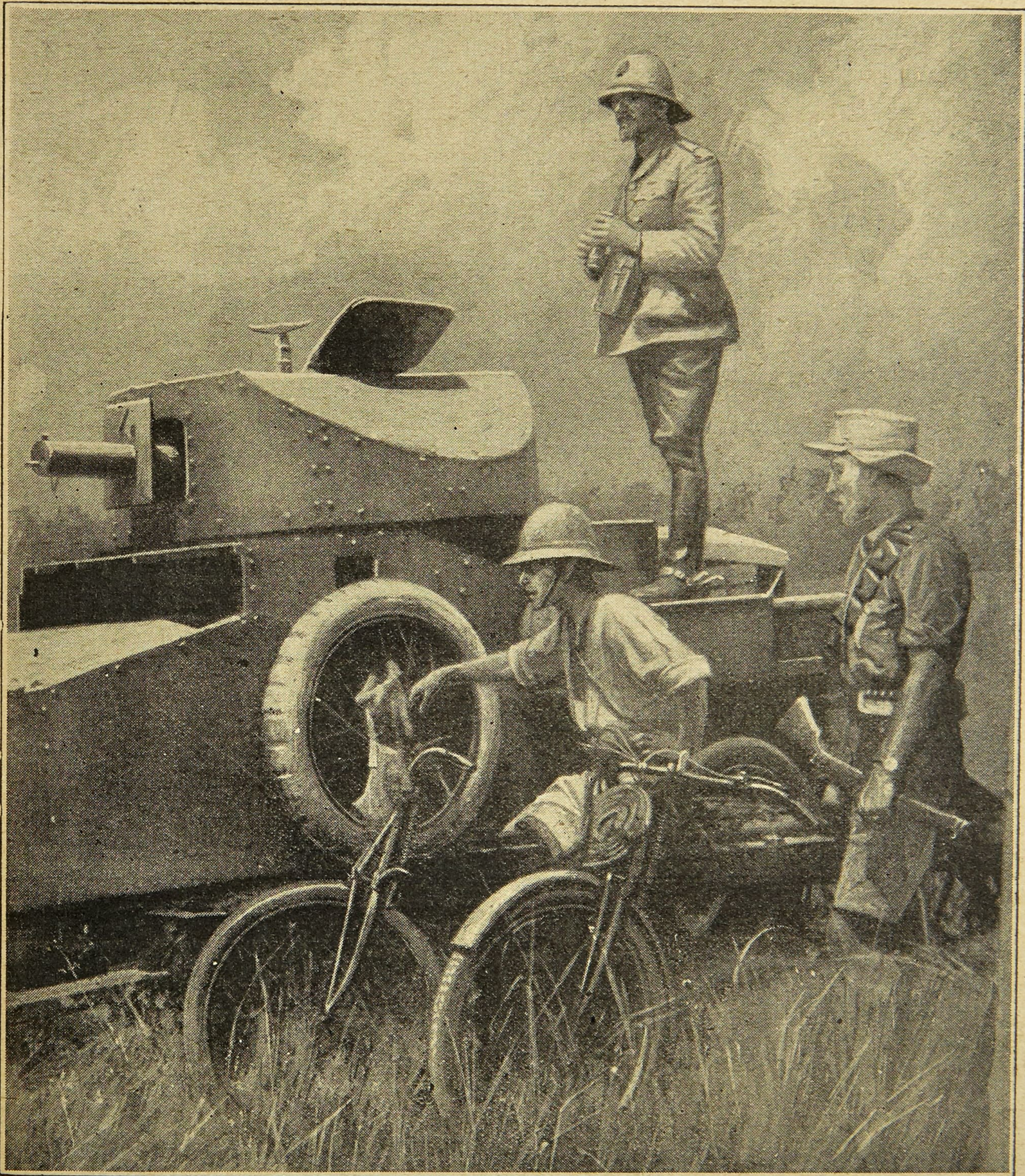
It cannot be expected that General Brussiloff's different armies will continue their campaign without checks in some quarters and without possibly some temporary defeats, but each day the prospects grow brighter. The Russians have such vast resources of men and of material, and are so splendidly directed, that they bid fair to drive great wedges into the lines of the Central Powers. I do not wonder that unwilling German and Austrian military critics are forced to declare that for the first time Russian military strategy, as shown by Brussiloff's plan of campaign, commands their admiration. In saying this the German critics of course forget such little instances as the Russian plan of campaign in the Caucasus early this year. But that they should say what they do is best proof of the soundness of the new Russian methods.

In the weeks that are immediately ahead the people in this country are likely to be called upon to show more fortitude, more confidence, and more courage than at any other time during the war. A great offensive cannot be made except at a very heavy price. If we are to sweep the Germans out of their present western lines we must pay for it, and pay a high price. Provided our generals have so arranged their plans of campaign that advances and attacks are properly prepared for and properly supported, there must be no complaining from home about the loss of life. There will be no complaining from the Army. Our soldiers, as I know them, are eager to go forward. The very thought of a great offensive being possible is sending fresh enthusiasm along the ranks, if fresh enthusiasm were wanted.

8th July, 1916. No. 99. Vol. 4.

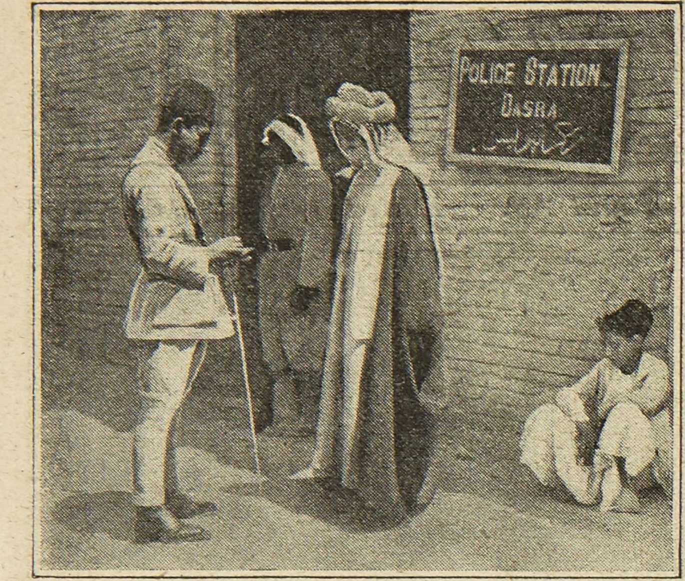
THE WAR
Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



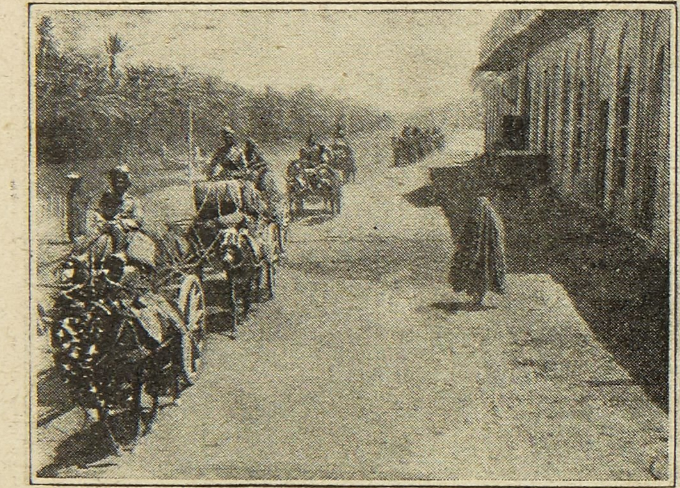
VICTORY IN EAST AFRICA.—General Smuts, in command of the British forces, making observations from the roof of his armoured car. On June 24th General Smuts scored a victory over the enemy on the Lukigura River, forty miles south of Handeni.

In the City of Sindbad Under British Occupation

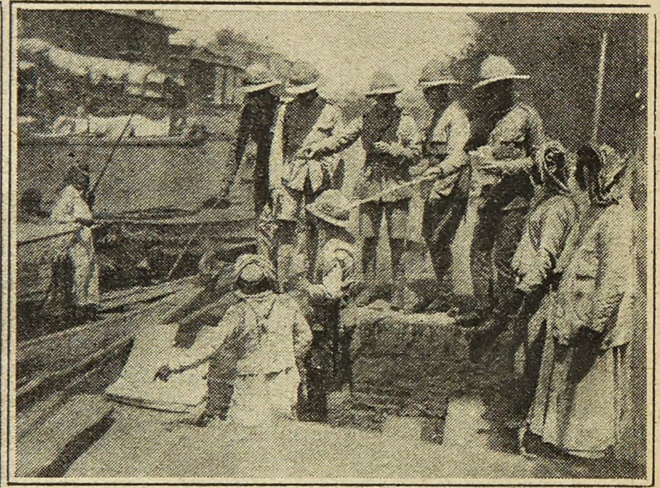


Enrolling recruits for the Basra police. A stalwart and picturesque Arab becomes a member of the force.

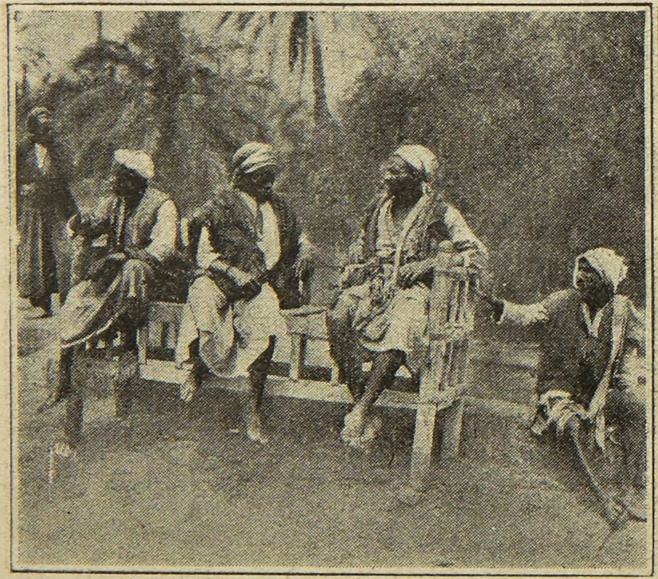
Commissioner of Police at Basra inspects a squad of native constables enrolled to preserve order in the city.



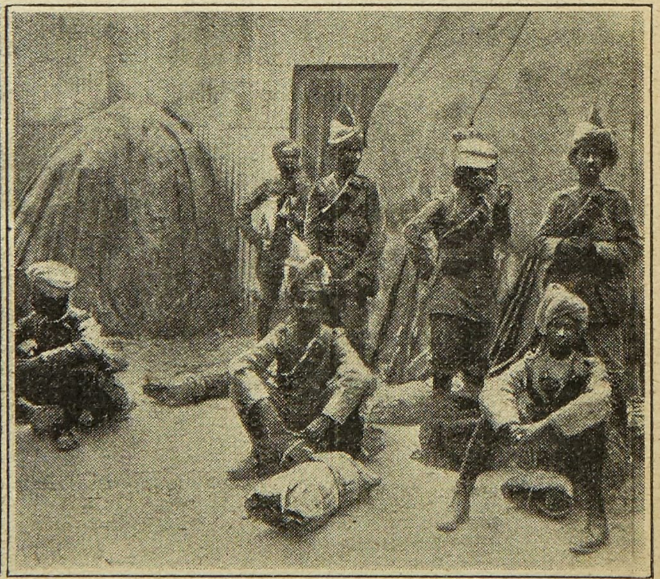
Study in sunlight, shadow, and Oriental vegetation. Indian transport waggons proceeding along the river strand at Basra.



British soldiers engaging a "bellum" from an Arab boatman. With craft such as these Mesopotamian fields were won.



Types of native people in the track of the British Mesopotamian forces. Arabs who were not frightened by the camera man.



Some of the Indian troops who have so signally distinguished themselves in the fighting along the valley in Mesopotamia.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

MY RIDE WITH THE CAUCASIAN CAVALRY

An Adventure on the Russo-Hungarian Front

By H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT

Mr. Seppings Wright,
Artist-Correspondent.

Of the innumerable types of fighting men engaged in changing the map of Europe, the Caucasian is the most romantic and mysterious of all. His striking figure and picturesque uniform and the remote region of his fighting lend him a peculiar interest and charm. For whole months his activities are shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Then suddenly the world will ring with some splendid achievement, such as the Battle of Sarykamish or the capture of Erzerum. It is fitting, therefore, that the first of our new and absorbing series of articles by famous correspondents on their most thrilling adventure in the present conflict should be devoted to an incident with the Caucasians. The Editor has asked Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, the eminent battle chronicler and artist, whose experiences include service in the Ashanti, Spanish-American, Russo-Japanese, Balkan, Tripoli, and present campaigns, to open this feature with a story of his ride with Caucasian cavalry on the eastern front.

AMONG my recollections perhaps one of the toughest jobs during my services with the Russian Army was on the occasion of a trip I made with the Caucasian Cavalry, commanded by the Grand Duke Michael. These splendid troops are generally called Cossacks. This is a misnomer, and I write this brief account of them under their proper title.

The mistake, no doubt, arises from the fact that the huge Cossack army wear the picturesque national dress of these native Caucasian regiments on grand occasions. On active service the uniform of the Cossacks and their equipment are identically the same as those of the cavalry.

There are, however, distinguishing features. A heavy mass of hair falls over the left brow of the Cossack. This love-lock is his particular pride. He oils and curls it with all the assiduity of an ancient beau. The men of the Caucasian sotnias, or squadrons, wear an untrimmed, shaggy beard, and long, flowing hair; the latter is so coarse that it is scarcely distinguishable from the goatskin kepi, imparting to the figure a wild, ferocious appearance, totally at variance with his real sentiments, which are kindly, gentle, and humane.

Towards the Hungarian Frontier

I left a certain town in Galicia in a military train, which dropped me at a village farther south. From here a drive of some thirty miles in an open sledge, drawn by four horses abreast, conveyed me to the headquarters of the X army, where I received a warm welcome.

It was winter time, and deep snow covered the country. Although well wrapped up in skins, and lying in a nest of straw, I could scarcely keep warm.

The troops were mostly billeted in different cottages in the village of ——. Their hardy little horses standing about seemed impervious to weather conditions, for, like their masters they are born campaigners; cold, hunger, heat, and thirst seem all the same to them. I understood and appreciated these qualities later on.

That same evening we were ordered on some expedition, whether it was scouting or foraging, I didn't know. It was somewhere toward the Hungarian frontier, and that was good enough.

Being provided with one of the quietest horses in the troop, I rode off in high spirits. Not being accustomed to the cushion, or high pillow, which is strapped to the saddle, I found some difficulty in getting across my mount. The saddle itself is a high, peaked, half-moon shaped seat perched on a pack, with square saddle flaps buckled to the battens. The stirrup leathers are long. This obliges one to remain bolt upright instead of sitting on the saddle. My greatest difficulty lay in that cushion, which gave me the impression of being seated up in the air, not altogether a pleasant sensation, especially when your beast is lunging breast high through snow-drifts.

And the cold—how it cut! Three pairs of socks, felt boots, and these stuffed with paper, failed to keep it out.

Some sort of order was kept in spite of the snowstorm. Between each file a led horse carried supplies, spare ammunition, etc., besides which the troopers' horses each bore a miscellaneous burden, a "cargo of notions" hung all about the saddle—t'ente d'bris, buckets, the inevitable teapot, etc, and, in many cases, the prayer-carpet, for not a few of these Caucasians are strict Mohammedans.

I never once gave a thought as to where we were bound. Now and again I caught glimpses through the snow-wreaths of distant pine-clad slopes. We were riding among trees and I got a good many smacks from branches as they recoiled with the force of a catapult from my leading file.

Halts were called at intervals to allow our "Marine Cossacks" to come up. These very useful and necessary reinforcements were supplied by sailors from the Black Sea Fleet, and were attached for the purpose of working the mountain battery. Like all sailors, they adapted themselves to their new "craft," as they called their horses.

Some country waggons had been requisitioned for their especial benefit, to bring along the guns, shells, etc. Once I very nearly came off, as my horse stumbled over some railway tracks, which I afterwards learned were the road leading into Hungary. After considerable jolting and jogging on this rough track the going became, if anything, worse as we plunged into a dense forest with a thick, matted undergrowth. Here we made "heavy weather" as the Tsar's Tars said. After hours, so it seemed, we arrived at a defile, where the air became sensibly milder.

Evidently this was a rendezvous, for the challenging neighs of the horses were answered from somewhere in the woods. A sudden turn in the ravine brought us into the midst of a big camp, where we were offered food and tea, my small tent was pitched against a sheltering bank, and I was soon asleep.

Romance 'Mid the Snowy Pines

I woke about noon and started making notes of the wild and picturesque surroundings. The camp was ideally chosen. A dense wood of pines effectually screened us from any marauding aeroplane. The horses in their saddles were tied up to the tree-trunks, lances, rifles, accoutrements of all sorts were suspended from the stumps of old branches—"Nature's pegs." The men were huddled about in groups and looked quite happy and contented; bursts of merriment and applause greeted the successful story-teller, for there is something Far Eastern in the habits of these soldiers. They love to listen to tales as marvellous as the "Arabian Nights."

I also learned that our sotnias had been told off to attack an Austrian force entrenched some distance ahead in a position commanding a mountain pass of great importance. This was the cause of the high spirits. These hardy mountaineers love nothing so much as a scrap.

Although small tents are served out, the men seldom use them—I have on occasion seen them used during heavy rain much in the same way as our carters use a sack—but stick to the more primitive custom, a shelter of boughs; many even disdain this luxury, and content themselves with sleeping in the snow, wrapped up in their "borkas." This borka is shaped like a large riding cape, or cloak,

WITH THE CAUCASIAN CAVALRY

Continued from page 483.)

which reaches down to the ground. The material of which it is made is a sort of felt of goat's or camel's hair, and is so thick that it is quite impervious to wet or cold, and does for bed, blanket, and tent. These well-seasoned troopers desire nothing better. I have seen men actually burrow into the snow, curl themselves up in the borka, and sleep soundly although snow was falling. In the morning nothing is to be seen but mounds of snow!

We broke camp and started late in the afternoon. By this time I was getting used to the excitement of keeping on the back of my steed. In the exhilarating ozone of the mountains I quite forgot my stiffness, which had gradually reduced itself to a comforting numbness. This ride was well worth all the initial weariness. It was life—without pain or ache!

We bivouacked for the last time amongst a grove of beeches, without noise. No talking, no smoking, and no fires, for the enemy was but a few miles distant. The expedition had been carefully planned. A large force of Russian infantry lay somewhere away on our right flank. Their business was to make a flanking attack. To our chaps fell the honour of direct assault.

The guns were carried up in sections by our "Marine Cossacks," and I watched them as they toiled up through the snow until lost in the brushwood slopes.

The observation officers had already started, having established the telephones, and were now in constant communication with the commandant.

Getting to the Business of War

The most trying part of the war correspondent's mission is at this moment. You somehow feel yourself *de trop*—everyone seems trying to avoid you. You are alone. It is like that great loneliness which the small boy experiences on his first day at a big boarding school, yet it is only imaginary. Everyone, from the jovial commandant down, has his own serious business to occupy him. In addition, perhaps, his own solemn thoughts. Each one has become individualised.

I caught myself wondering why the telephone did not shrill. Of course, it was all nonsense, but it showed the drift of one's mind. The whole business was uncanny and eerie; men mustered, and silently glided away, always upward. The very horses seemed to know that something extraordinary was going to happen, for they stood motionless beside the tree-trunks. Occasionally their lips gave out a sort of muffled chopping, as one or other would reach out for a few straws, the remnants of last night's meal.

With the permission of the commandant, I followed the trail of the guns, until, guided by sounds of digging and scraping, I came suddenly on the position, which was well chosen. Squatted at the back of the crest, or ridge, of the mountain our grim little battery looked quite formidable; the guns were well sunk in the ground, and further protected by circular-topped shields. The Russian Jack Tars, who formed the guns' crews, seemed quite as much at home as if they were on their native element. Higher up, and entirely concealed by the projecting buttress of a friendly cliff, stood the observation officer, waiting the fateful moment. The telephone wires, like black threads, lay along the snow—there were two—one connected with the battery, the other with headquarters.

First Shot from the Enemy

The scene before me will ever remain photographed on my mind. I can see it now, and could almost tell the number of bushes which sparsely covered the undulating sides of the hills opposite, and beyond the smooth plateau, which swept with a bold curve towards the north-west, clumps of dark trees here and there dotting its surface emphasising its purity and whiteness. A fringe of trees framed this plain, while the perspective of hill-tops concentrated the eye on the enemy trenches. These were constructed on the German system—small, half-moon shaped and in groups, covering each other. They were so well concealed that for the moment I failed to locate them.

Our range-finder gives us the exact distance to the enemy's first-line trench—3,000 yards as a crow flies, but to cover this short distance our men have to cross two deep ravines. Strict orders are given to wait until the infantry attack develops. At last! The first shot comes from the enemy. No need for silence now. Our batteries get to work, while the advance proceeds.

As I have said, the enemy's position was well chosen. His guns were posted and concealed on the opposite heights, and they closely searched the wooded slopes of our mountain without doing much damage. On our side we did some good shooting, getting on to a wooded ravine wherein lurked the Austrian reserves and supply columns. The main road to the Hungarian plains passes through this gorge; we could not distinguish the road itself, but we knew it was there, and probably crowded with the enemy's transport. It was both their feed pipe and line of retreat.

Glorious Charge Across the Snow

The shell smoke in little puffs and wreaths punctuated the distant woods to the right which concealed our supports. The grinding patter of the machine-guns and louder detonations of the shells made a considerable din and painted a smudge of smoke and dirty flame across the landscape. From my eyrie I got a bird's-eye view of the whole field, though at times obscured by the shell mist, and I could follow the plan of the attack and watch its gradual development. While the enemy's attention was directed to our front I saw our supports leaving the cover of the woods. To me it looked as if they were going to certain destruction; afterwards I found that their movements were masked by the curve which I mentioned before and were further concealed by a spinney of trees. The method of advance was clearly seen. The observation men came out first. Then the points, followed by the platoons, until the trees were reached, where the attacking force concentrated. From here, after a shell storm—so dear to the hearts of the gunners—the whole body charged down over the exposed country. Simultaneously our men dashed from their cover, shouting, yelling, and gesticulating in their excitement.

It was magnificent! These soldiers of the Caucasus are uncontrollable. Officers and men were strung out over the plain like hounds. It was everyone for himself and against the common foe. During this mad race many disappeared under the snow, and one of the leaders seemed suddenly to have gone mad. He undressed, and began waving his arms about apparently in a maniacal frenzy. I afterwards heard from him that he felt a bullet strike him in the shoulder, and to ease the pain he stripped, went through the Swedish drill to feel if there were any bones broken, injected some sedative near the wound, and went on at the head of his men. This is a fact!

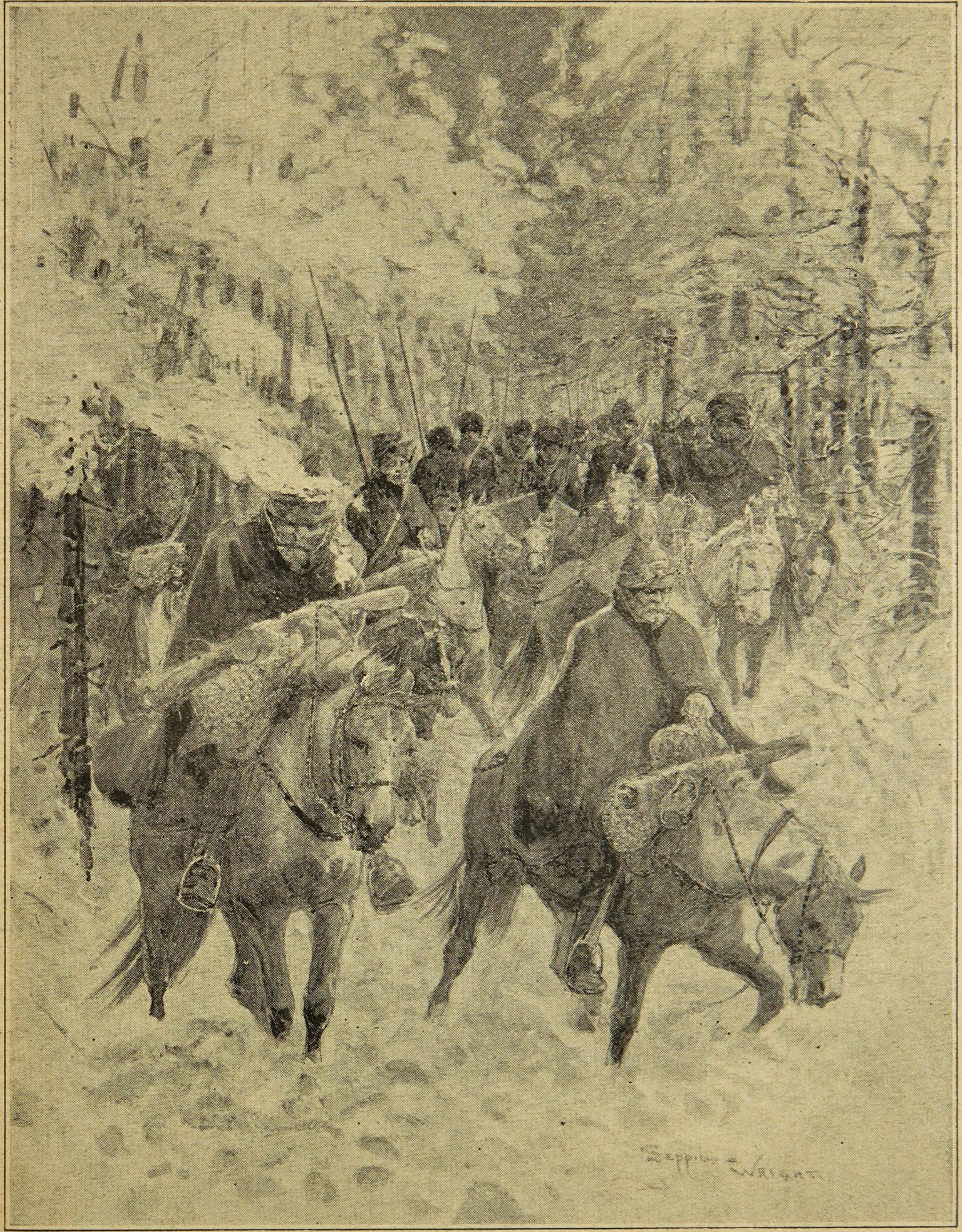
Herculean Work of Artillery

These hardy soldiers, wearing their borkas, made this brilliant charge thigh deep in snow. It was a tough fight and went slowly at first, but a final overpowering dash, in conjunction with the Russian infantry, cleared the trenches. The enemy taking to the wooded hills, our infantry occupied the trenches and threw out a skirmishing line to clear the woods. The Cossack soldiers hurried back to get their horses, and the pursuit commenced. My business was to go to headquarters as soon as possible. I found the General Staff established in the comfortable shacks lately occupied by one of the enemy commanders.

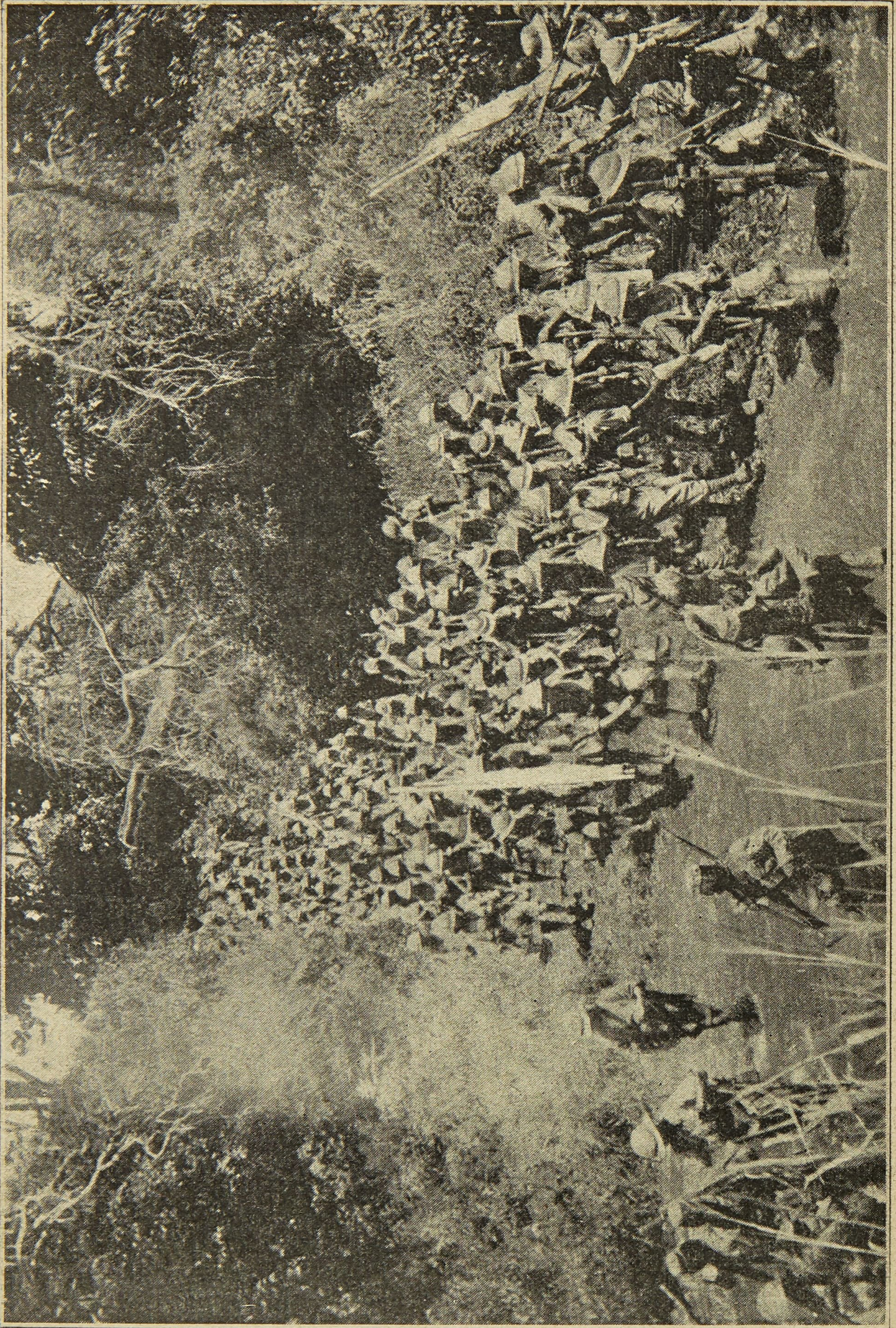
Late that night the cavalry returned, their steaming horses showing they had ridden far. They brought in some prisoners and two guns, besides supplies of sorts. There were still heaps of work to be done in order to strengthen the position and also to get the guns up the hills. No one but an artilleryman knows the difficulties of this operation. I think they are the most patient people in the world. Nothing ever seems to go right, yet these wonderful fellows never lose their tempers or their heads. "Belly aching" is the American term for bringing on guns, and the expression is apt.

This fight was but the beginning of much more serious operations. Streams of reinforcements kept flowing in to secure the ground won. Day and night trenching and fortifying went on unceasingly, transforming the whole district for miles, until the countryside looked like the foundations for building a new city. It was "a city of refuge," for we all had to live underground—in caves.

Caucasian Cavalry Advance in the Carpathians

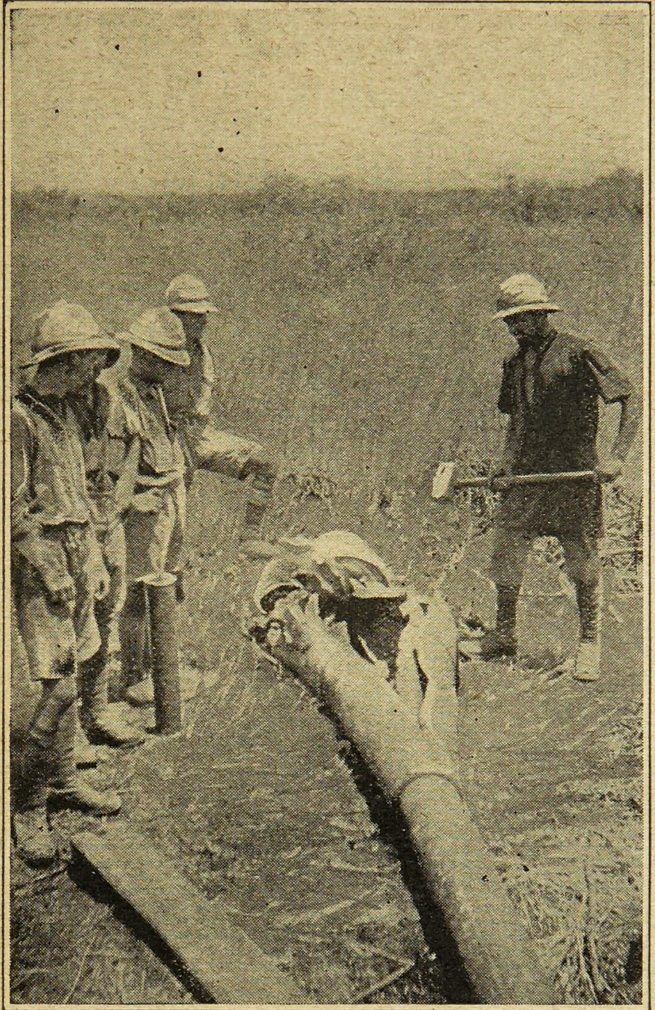


Caucasian cavalry advancing through snow to attack an enemy position on the Hungarian front. As Mr. Seppings Wright points out in his article on pages 483–4, these men are born campaigners, and their power of endurance is nothing short of marvellous. Degrees of temperature, lack of food and water, are mere bagatelles to these hardy warriors. Each horse, in addition to its rider, carries a miscellaneous burden, a "cargo of notions," including not infrequently a praying-carpet, for many of the Caucasians are staunch followers of Mohammed, and know their Koran by heart.

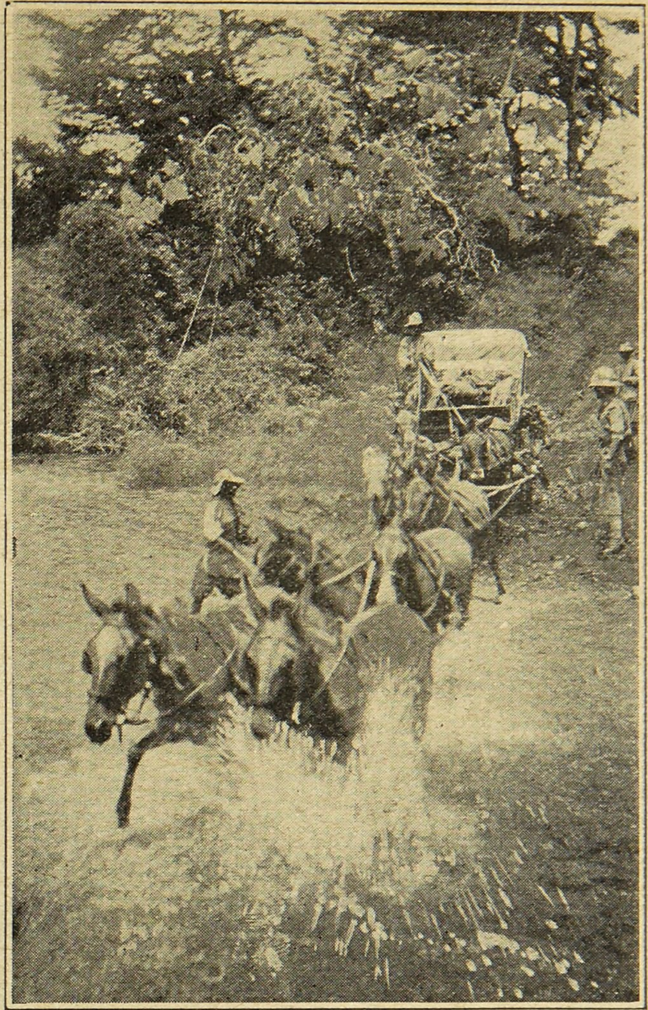


ON THE MARCH TO KILIMANJARO.—Mr. F. C. Selous, the veteran hunter, accompanied the column. General Smuts began operations on February 25th, 1916, and by March 22nd he had added the Kilimanjaro area to the British Empire, "the richest and most desirable district of German East Africa."

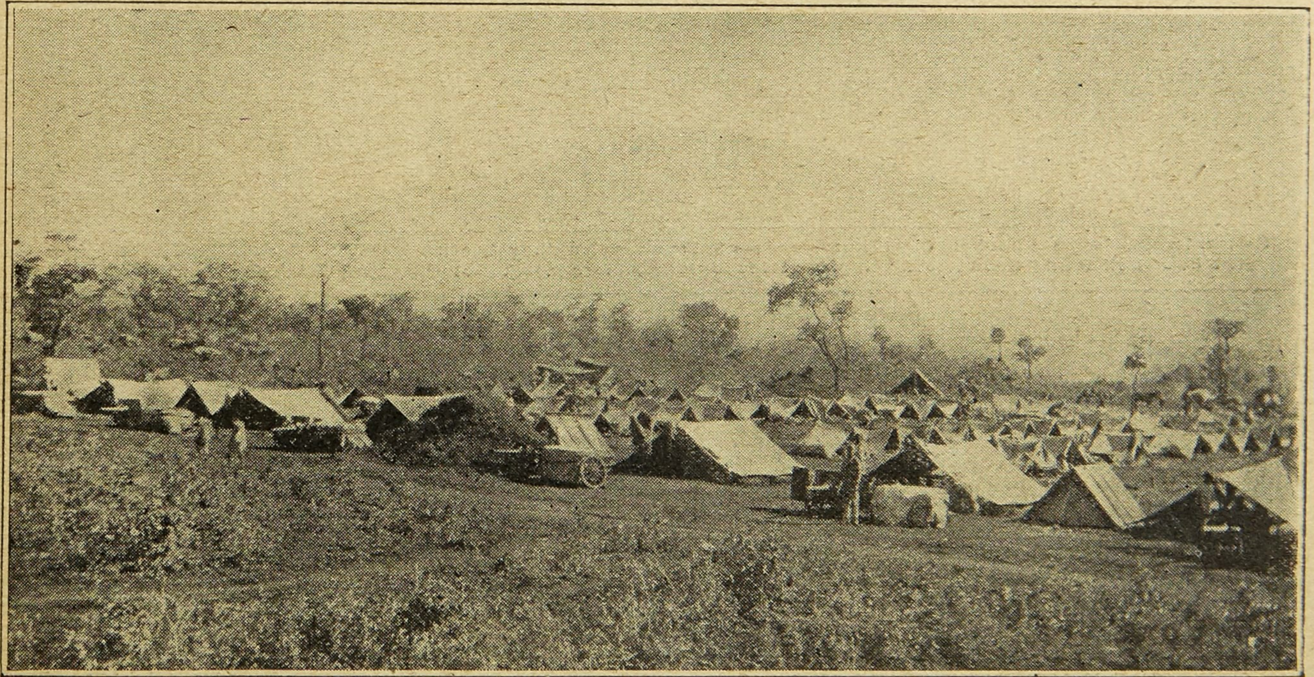
Gallant South Africans Conquer Kilimanjaro



A 4 in. gun from the Konigsberg blown up in the operations. The Germans in German East Africa had sixty guns.

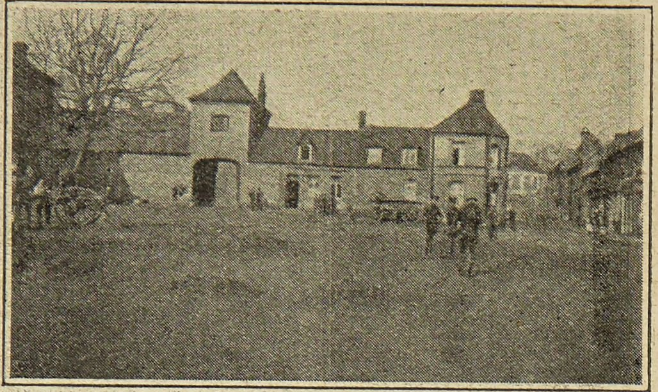


Hospital waggon crossing a river. Heavy work devolved on the medical staff, who evacuated the wounded with great expedition.

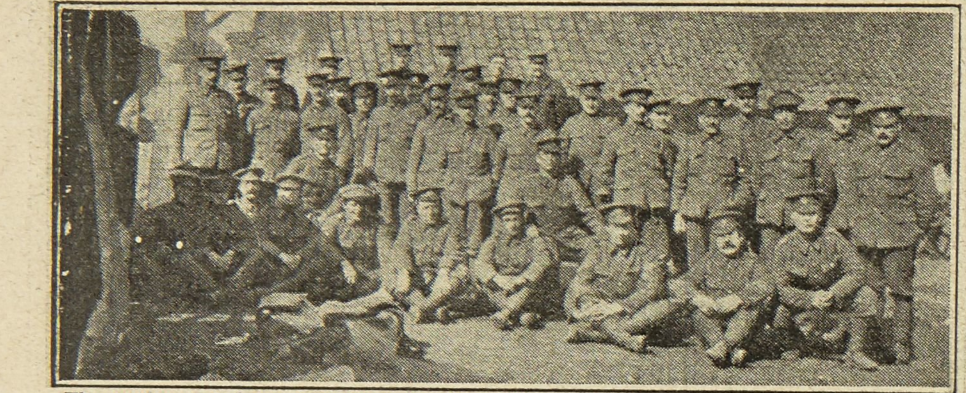


The British camp at Moshi. Mount Kilimanjaro can be seen faint in the distance. The British troops had to move on a very light scale, and the consequent hardships of the conquest of this region were very great.

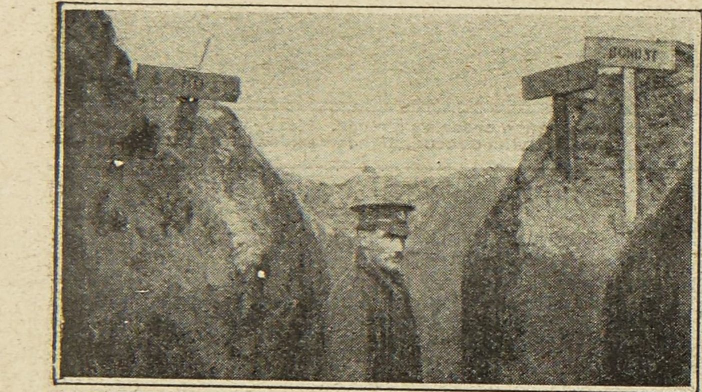
Leaves From the Life of Our Army in Flanders

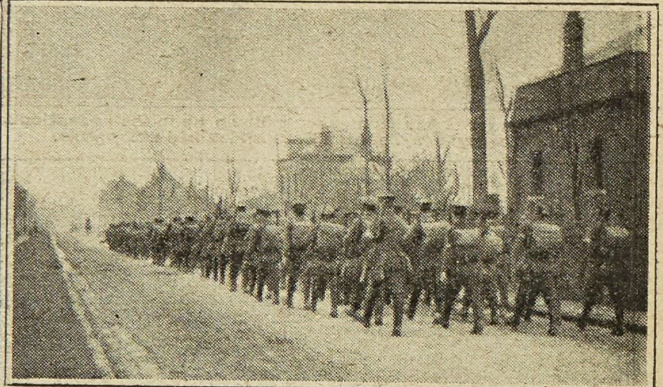


Temporary Brigade Headquarters somewhere in Flanders. Modest one-storied buildings in the corner of a little square accommodated the General and Staff, while (right) other officers found comfortable quarters in other houses typical of the Flemish town.

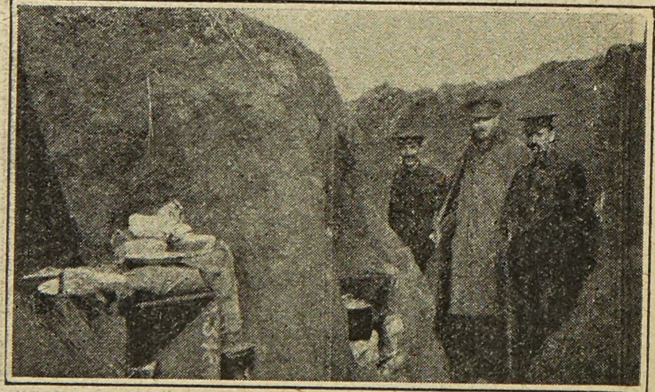


The men were less comfortable but not a whit less cheerful in the great tiled barns and outbuildings. Right: In the reserve trenches, too, they always made the best of things and heartily enjoyed the informally served meals they had earned so well.



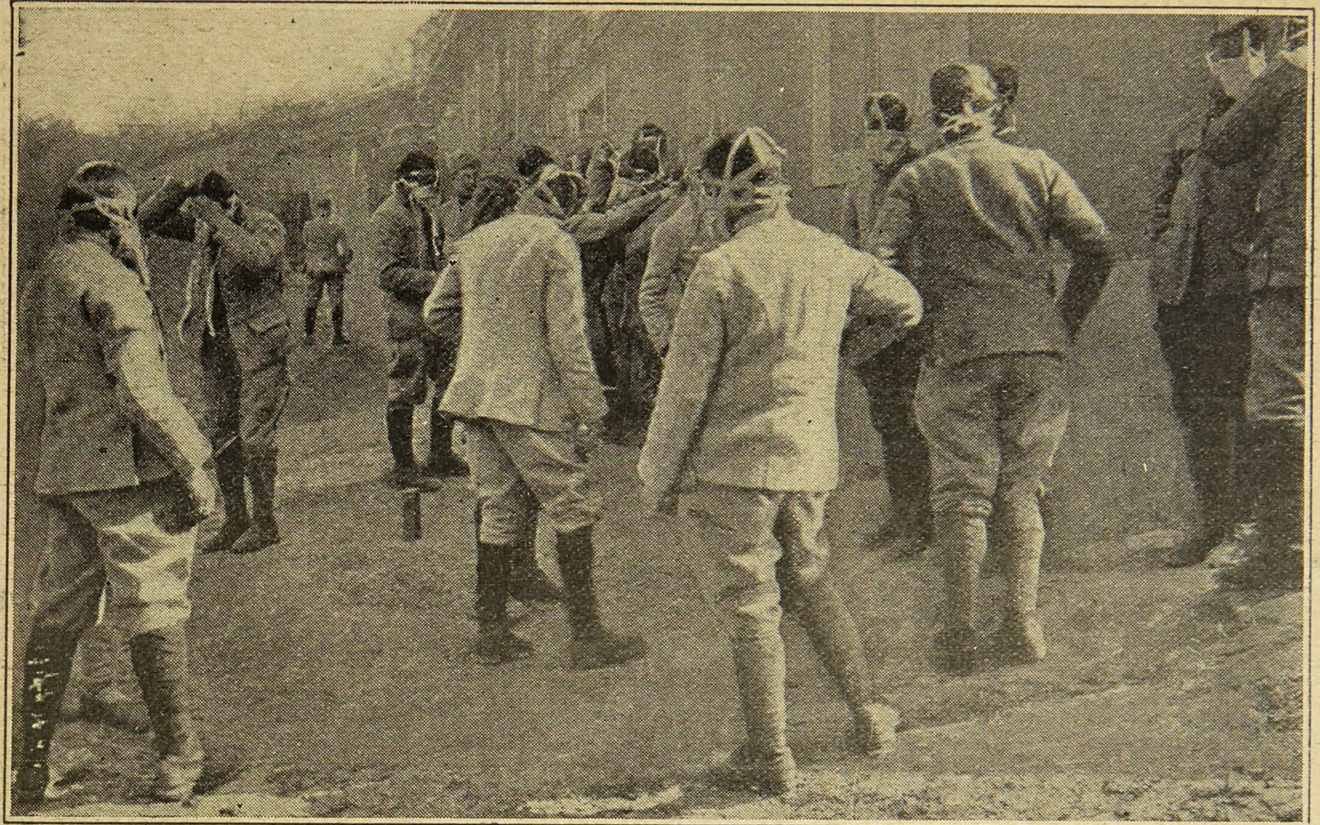


Pleasant memories were awakened by the names given to the ways along the network of trenches. Even in Flanders it was possible to take a stroll down "Bond Street." Right: In due course a platoon marched sturdily away to take its turn in the trenches.

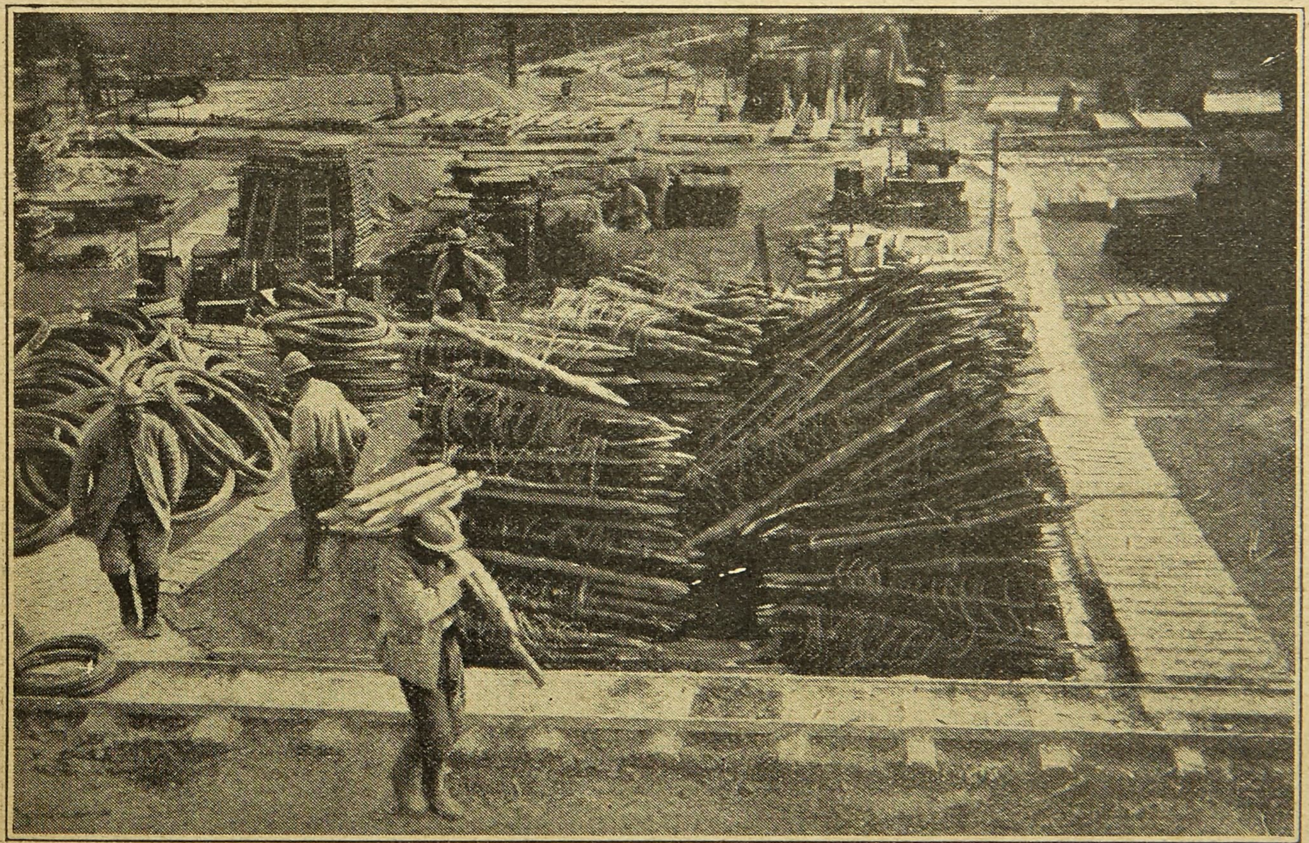


Leisure hours were easily filled. Though he could not use a motor-car for pleasure, an officer would occasionally go for a joy-ride in some less pretentious conveyance, while his brother officer on duty (right) would finish breakfast and go off to business.

Wire and Respirators for the First French Line

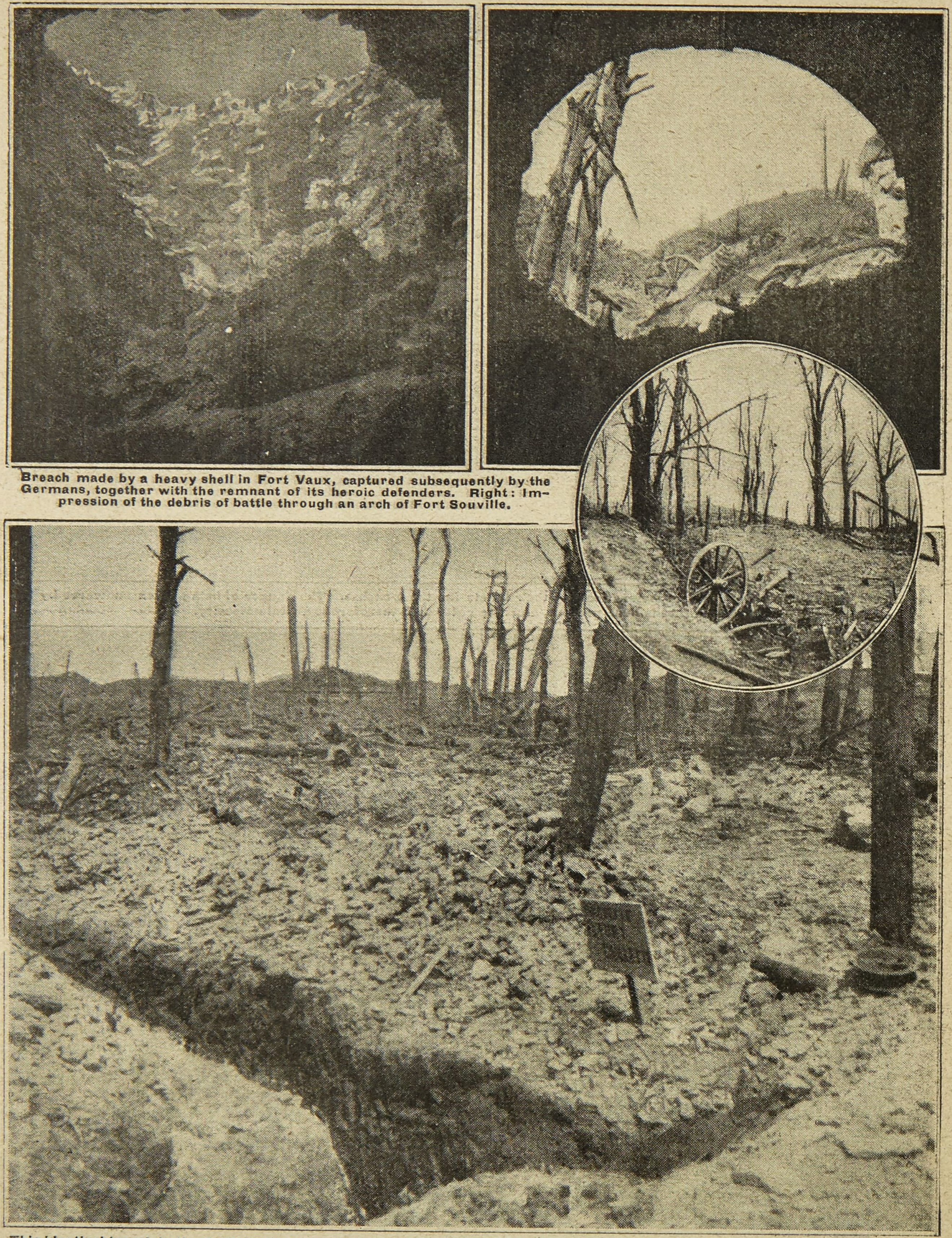


French soldiers trying on respirators before leaving their billets for the trenches. The danger of being taken unawares by the poison fumes is ever present, and respirator drill therefore is a vital necessity.



Store of material behind the French front, barbed-wire, stakes, and timber for consolidating trenches. In the foreground is seen the track of a light railway, of which hundreds of miles have been constructed to facilitate transport of stores to the trenches.

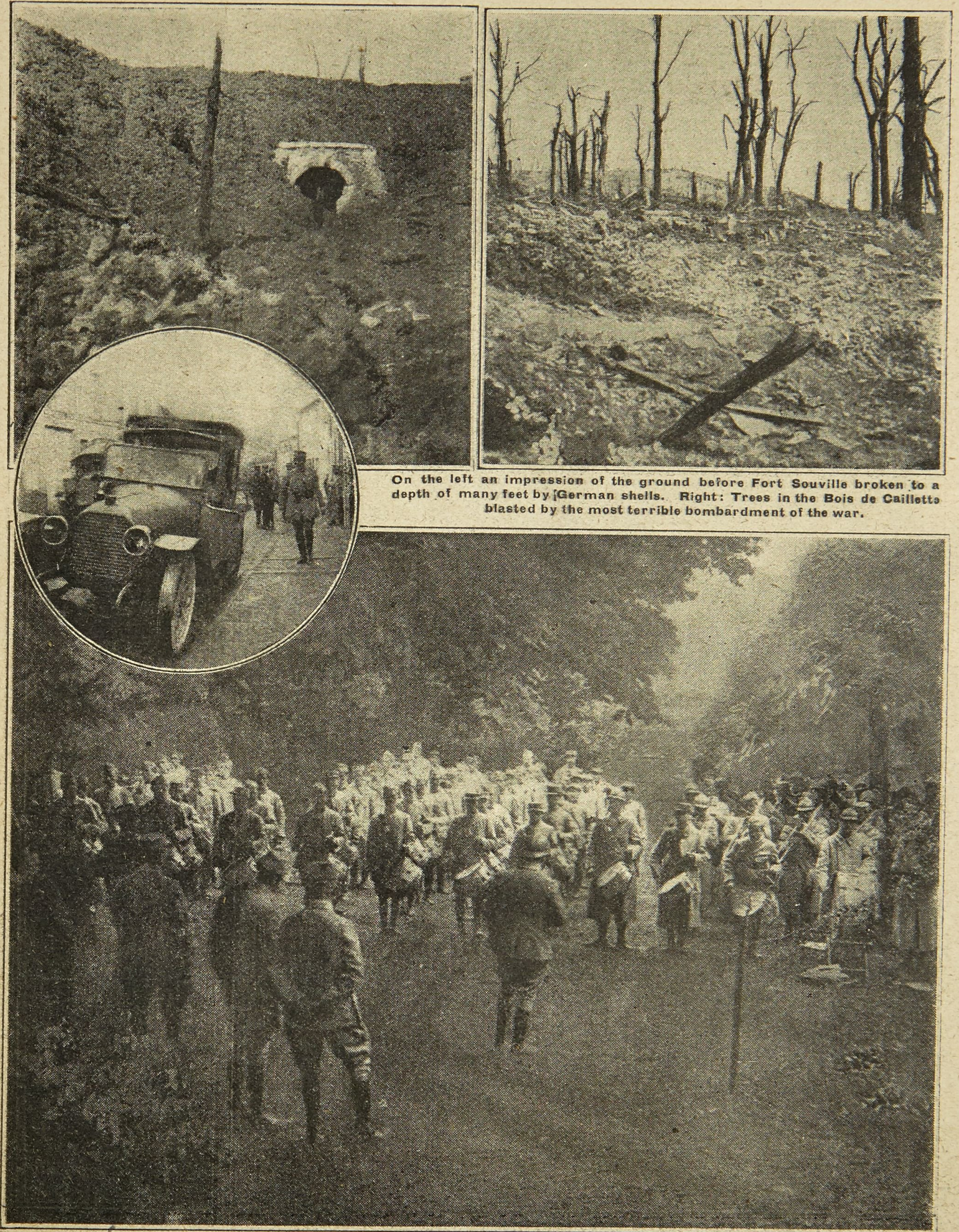
Deserts of Debris Along the Wooded Meuse:



Breach made by a heavy shell in Fort Vaux, captured subsequently by the Germans, together with the remnant of its heroic defenders. Right: Impression of the debris of battle through an arch of Fort Souville.

This identical trench in the Caillette Wood has been the scene of the most sanguinary hand-to-hand encounters in the struggle for Verdun. The tortured condition of the field and the shattered trees give an idea of the deadliness of these combats. The circle photograph shows a corner of the field of Souville and the fragments of an ammunition waggon shattered by a direct hit.

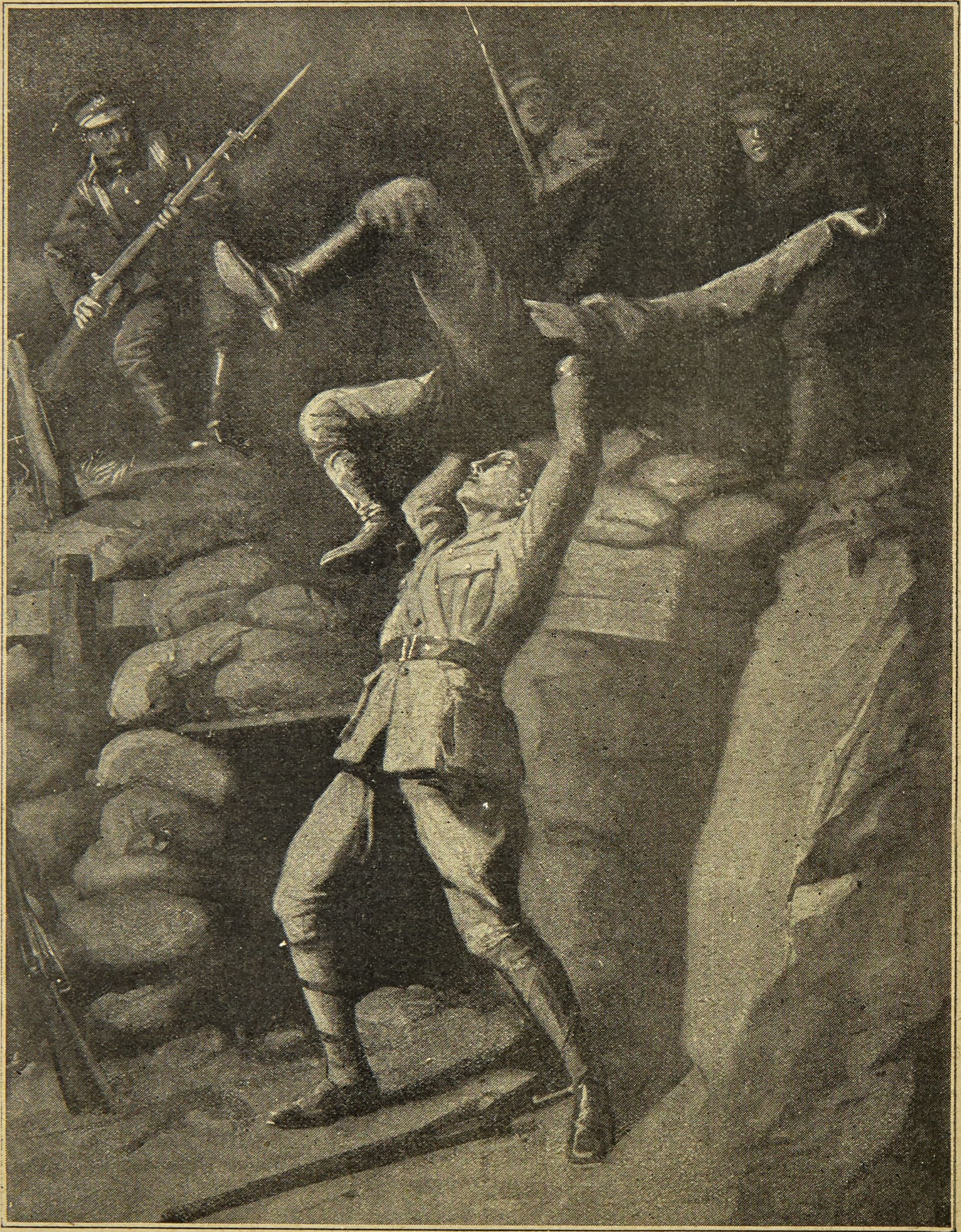
Ferocious Fighting for the Great French Fortress



On the left an impression of the ground before Fort Souville broken to a depth of many feet by German shells. Right: Trees in the Bois de Caillette blasted by the most terrible bombardment of the war.

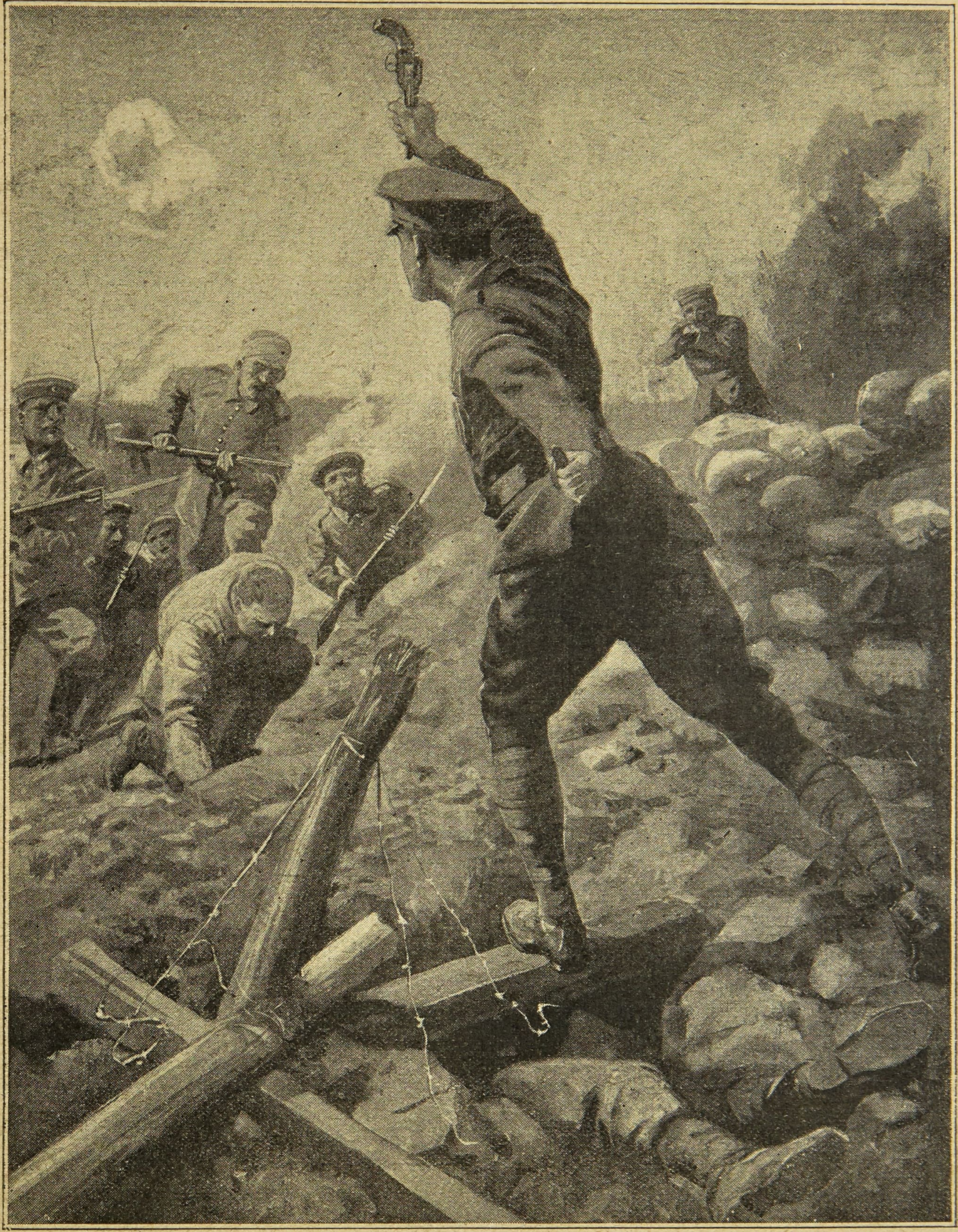
General Mangin, the stalwart figure with his back to the camera, wearing a steel helmet, addressing his troops behind the lines. General Mangin, another photograph of whom is inset, commanded one of the bravest French divisions before Verdun, and is now a popular hero of France. (The photographs on these two pages are exclusive.)

Giant Anzac Heaves German Over the Parapet



A remarkably daring feat was achieved by an Anzac, Captain Foss, during a midnight raid on the German trenches. Coming across one of the enemy about to seek refuge in his dug-out, Captain Foss, who is a powerful athlete, 6 ft. 4 in. in height, caught him by the hips and hurled him bodily over the parapet towards the British lines, shouting, "There's number one!" A determined struggle with fists and bayonets ensued, until the Anzacs subdued the enemy and brought many back to captivity.

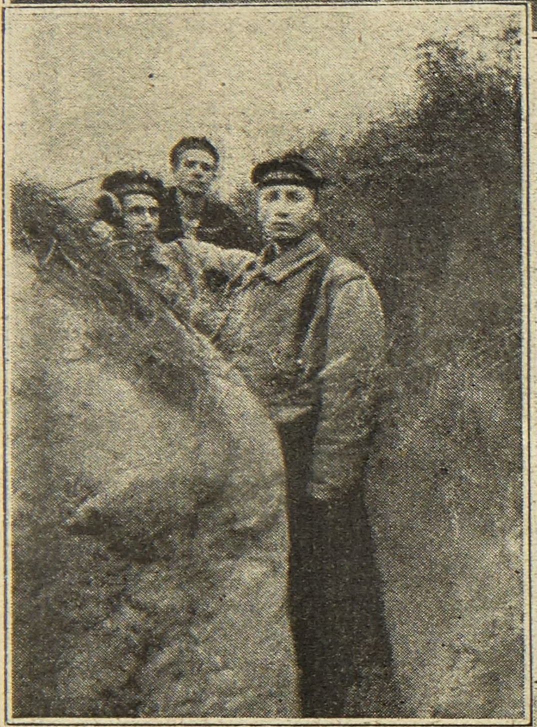
The Final Effort of a Brave Canadian



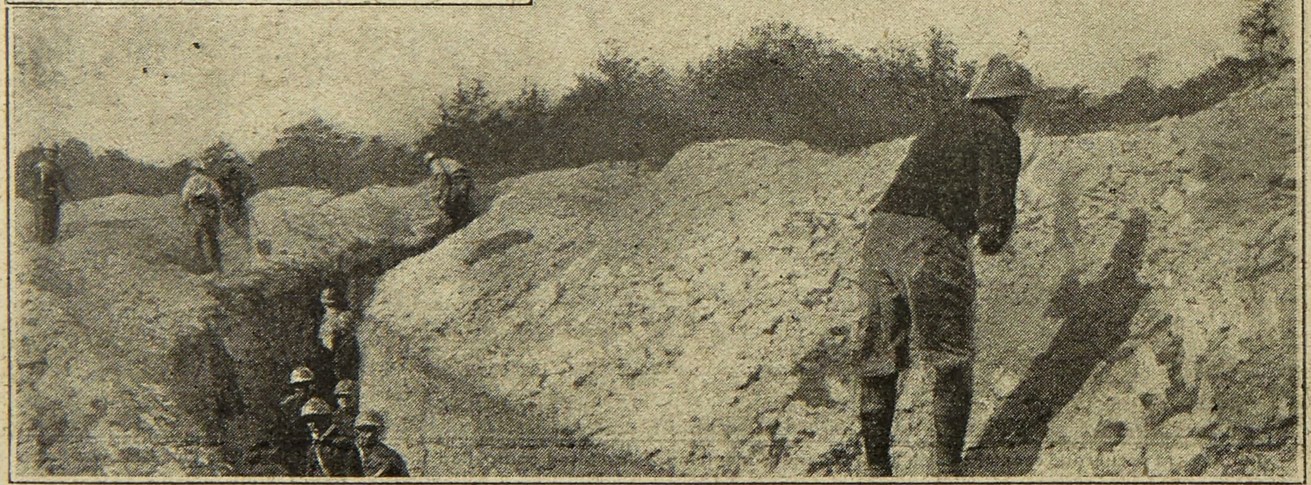
An incident occurred recently, which is all the more inspiring because it was the deed of a nameless Canadian officer. He was in command of a remnant of men, most of whom were wounded and dazed. The officer ordered them to retire, and when they hesitated compelled them to go back. The last that was seen of him was a tall, vigorous figure emptying his revolver at the advancing Germans. When the last shot had sped he flung the weapon at the enemy and leapt after it himself.

Battle Music: Roar of Gun and Ring of Spade

French Staff officers watching and directing an attack. A group of liaison officers are standing by ready to carry orders.

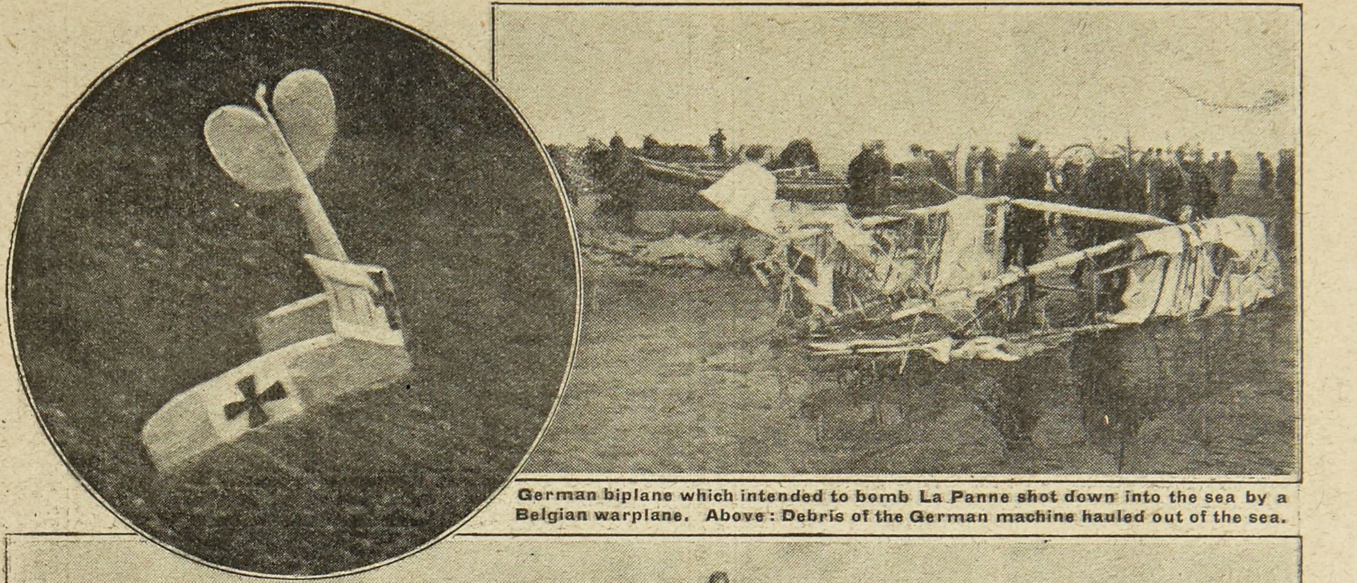


From the comparatively safe shelter of an attic a Poilu keeps watch upon the enemy. Left: Belgian Marine Fusiliers in the trenches.

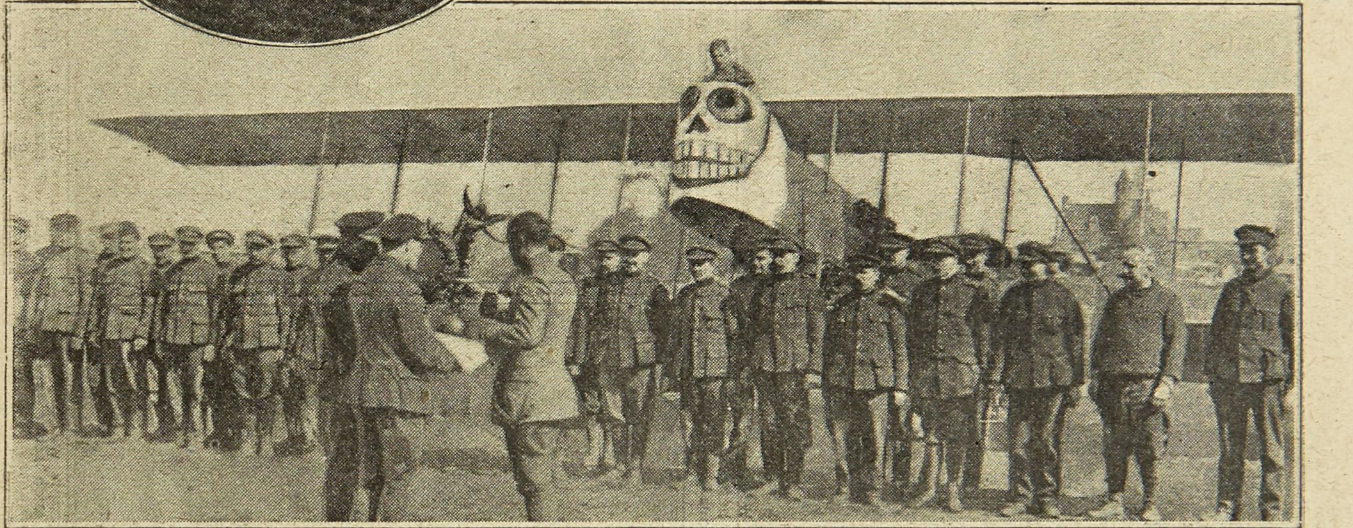


It is of the work of the guns near Verdun that one hears chiefly, but the work of the spade has been quite as unceasing. The construction of deep communication trenches is of vital importance, and it never stops.

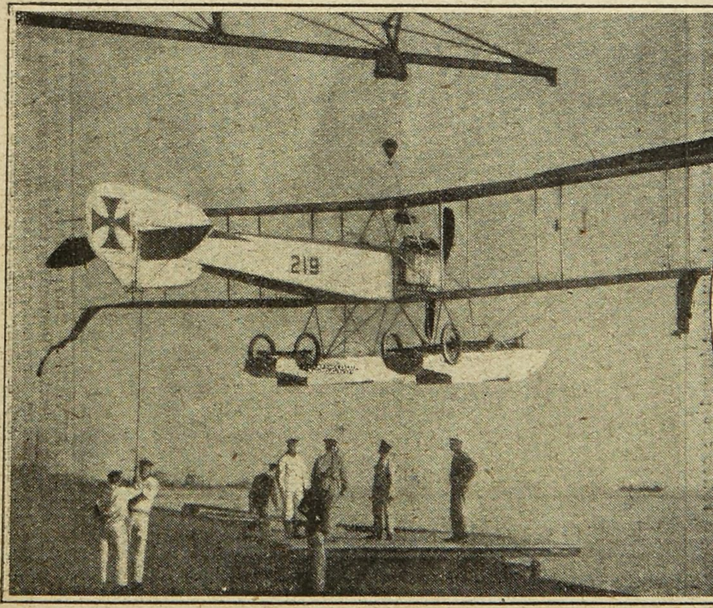
A Three-Act Drama of the Air near La Panne



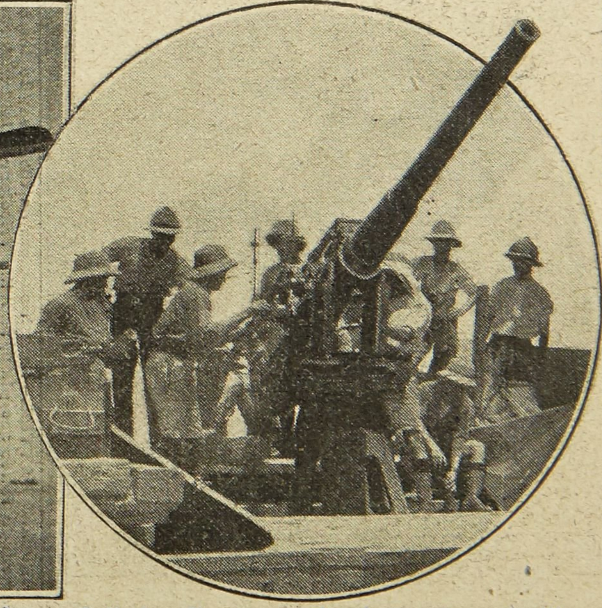
German biplane which intended to bomb La Panne shot down into the sea by a Belgian warplane. Above: Debris of the German machine hauled out of the sea.



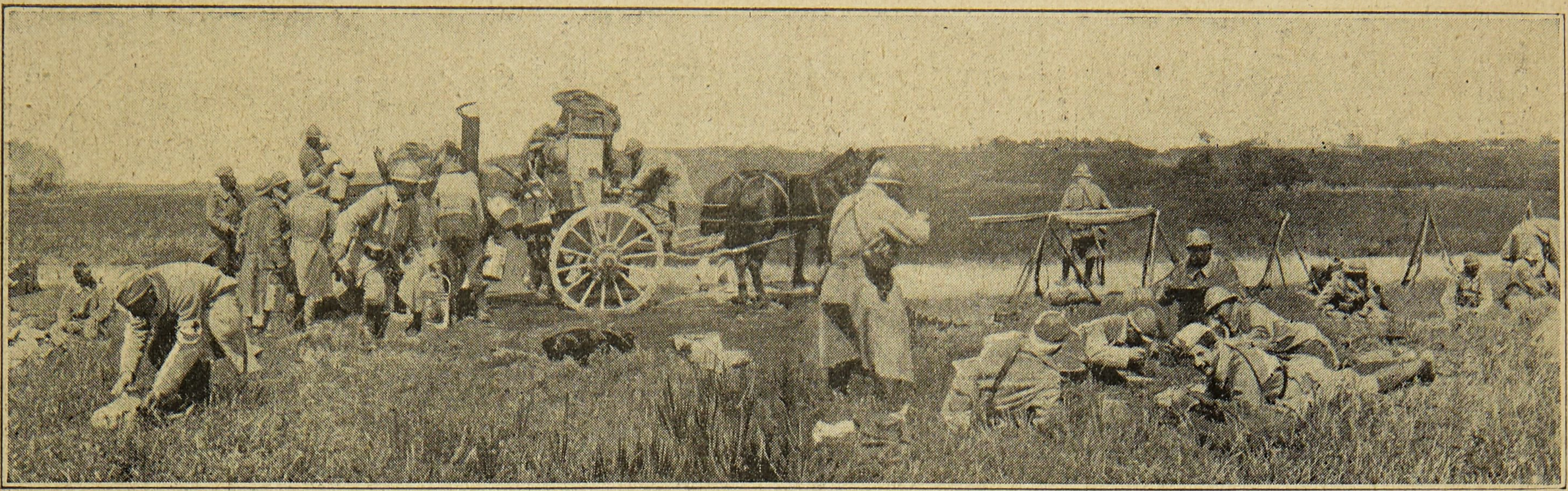
Pilot and observer of the victorious Belgian machine being presented by their colonel with a statuette symbolical of victory. A troop of Belgian soldiers was drawn up before the triumphant aeroplane to witness the ceremony.



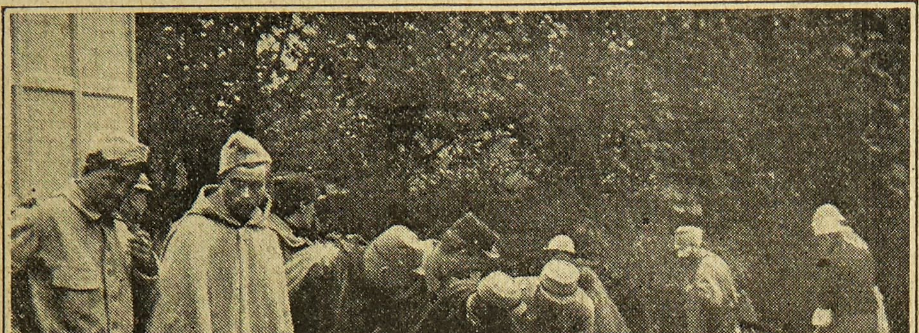
Launched from a powerful crane. German sailors preparing a hydroplane for a reconnaissance over the North Sea.



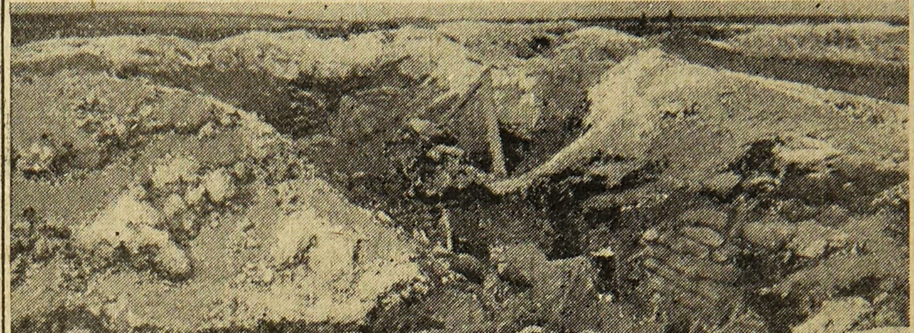
Anti-aircraft gun emplaced on an ammunition barge moving up the Tigris.



BEFORE BATTLE.—French soldiers on their way to the trenches halt by the roadside for soup. Rifles are piled, and the Tricolour is laid with reverent care across two stacks of arms. Sprawling at ease in the long grass, these splendid men of France take bite and sup before proceeding another stage in their great adventure.



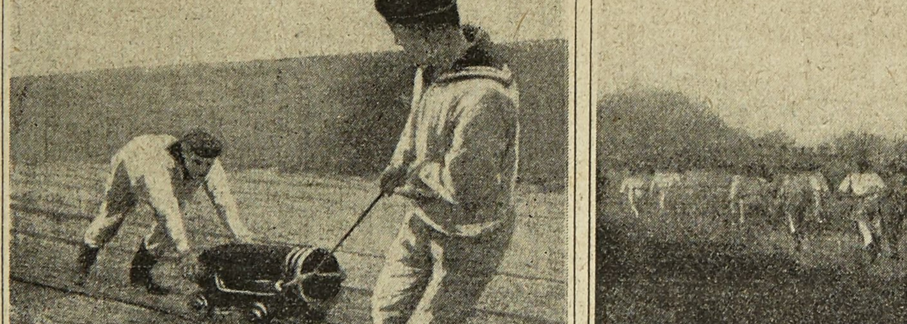
AFTER THE ATTACK.—One cannot contemplate this photograph without being struck by the paradox of humanity that prompts men to wound each other in battle and repair the wrong immediately afterwards. The care and sympathy extended by these French soldiers to their wounded enemies could not be surpassed.



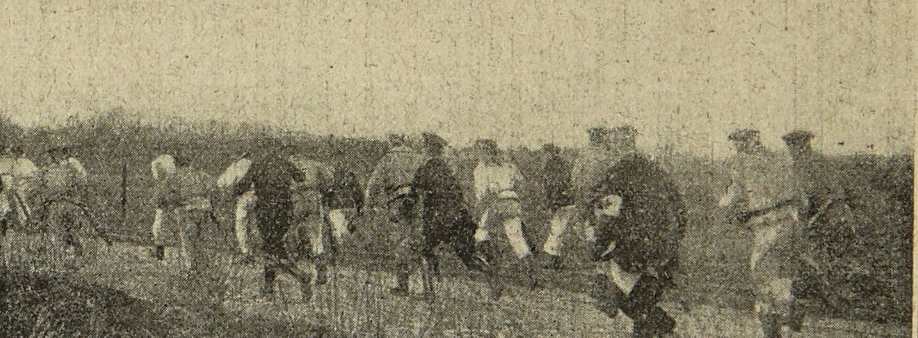
The impossibility of holding first-line trenches under concentrated artillery fire is a truism of the war. The French invariably retire and then inflict terrible artillery punishment on the enemy before he can consolidate his gain. This picture is tragically eloquent of the inferno of a fire trench.

German sailors transporting heavy shells along specially-laid rail tracks to a coast battery.

An alarm that enemy vessels have been sighted off the coast has brought the German naval garrison to its stations. The sight of these hefty German naval men doubling along the coast road is not without appeal to a sense of humour.



GERMAN ACTIVITIES ALONG THE COAST.—Store room of heavy howitzer shells fitted with a special crane apparatus for lifting the projectiles.



Heavy coast howitzer in action. The Germans have placed a number of these guns along their coast-line, as they have always been fearful of a British landing.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XIX.—The Royal West Kents

> *"Here the 1st Battalion of the Royal West Kents made a stand for ten days that ranks amongst the highest achievements of British troops."*—THE GREAT WAR.

THE quick, experienced, soldier-brain of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, which had directed the main attack at Paardeberg, was perplexed. With his army corps, made up of the 3rd and 5th Divisions, he had been ordered to break the connection between the Germans and La Bassée, and so make it possible to capture that place. On October 19th—this was in 1914—he was within sight of his goal, but on the 20th it was as far away as ever. The reason was that the Germans had rushed up a lot of fresh troops, and these were surging forward to drive the British into space. To save his men, to say nothing of Calais and Boulogne behind them, the general must make a new plan. In these conditions a battle began, one which, like so many others in the Great War, is nameless. It took place between Givenchy and Neuve Chapelle, this being the "here" mentioned in the quotation above, and it lasted for nearly a fortnight. The British troops had dug trenches to protect themselves, and in some of these near Givenchy were the West Kents and the rest of the 13th Brigade, under General Cuthbert, all part of the 5th Division.

King George's Rival

The German attack began about the 20th. It was made chiefly by Bavarian troops, commanded by their Crown Prince—that Rupert who, so a few deluded folk used to say, was son of the rightful Queen of England. On the 22nd it was fierce, and the 5th Division had to abandon the village of Violaines, but two days later it was fiercer still. This time the 3rd Division were the chief sufferers, and it would have gone badly with them but for the timely help of the West Kents and the Wiltshires. These battalions dashed up just in time and, bayonet in hand, drove back the enemy.

This done, they went back to their own trenches, and on the 26th they were bombarded with a vengeance. It seemed as if all the guns on earth were firing at them, so terrible was the din and so incessant the shower of missiles. At the rate of a hundred an hour shells fell upon their parapets and in their trenches, sending up huge clouds of débris; at one time, it is said, they arrived at the rate of ten a minute.

The damage done can be better imagined than described. The parapets had disappeared, and the trenches were blocked up with fallen earth; so, too, were the support and communication trenches, the result being that all ammunition and messages had to be carried over the open ground, where bullets from rifles and machine-guns were whizzing. A curious story told of a West Kent man probably relates to this heavy bombardment. A German shell burst near where he was standing with a comrade. The comrade disappeared, and no trace of him was ever seen, but our man was found hanging head downwards in a tree, fifteen feet from the ground, and his rifle was there, too. He was got down and, strange to say, was none the worse for his upward flight, except that for a day or two he could neither speak nor hear.

Towards the close of the day the Germans landed some heavy shells plumb into the firing trenches of the West Kents, and then, expecting doubtless that there would be hardly anyone left to kill, they charged. But for them there was a surprise in store.

Some Kentish Fire

In spite of the awful bombardment the Kents had held their ground, sticking gamely to what was left of the trenches. They had lost heavily, but there were enough of them left to check the oncoming enemy with a well-aimed volley of rapid fire. The first attack was stopped, but other Germans came on only to meet with the same warm reception from men who ought, according to theory, to be dead or buried, or both. Finally, the remnant of the gallant battalion leapt from the trenches and drove the enemy in confusion before their bayonets.

With this the worst of their ordeal by battle was over. They stayed in their trenches a few days longer, and were then relieved, being led out of action by a lieutenant, the senior officer remaining unwounded.

This lieutenant, H. B. Haydon White, received the Distinguished Service Order for "bringing his battalion out of action after ten successive days in the trenches, during which time he showed great powers of leadership and determination of a high order." The story of this heroic stand soon spread through the ranks of the army corps, and those who saw the West Kents gave them a great reception, while General Smith-Dorrien said: "There is not another battalion that has made such a name for itself as the Royal West Kent."

Six German Snipers Settled

While the battalion was resting in November one of its privates was having a great time. This was J. T. Turnbull, who night after night went out to get information about the enemy's position. Although under constant fire, Turnbull returned safely with some useful facts, and not only that, but during his nocturnal rambles he found and disposed of six German snipers, bringing back their rifles to show to his comrades.

The 1st Battalion of the West Kents had been at the front for over two months when Lieutenant White led the men from the trenches. They had lined the Condé Canal on Sunday, August 23rd, and had fallen back to Le Cateau and then to the Marne, fighting nearly all the time. Near another Condé they had made their way across the Aisne, and in the sodden trenches on the north side of that river they remained until they were transferred to Flanders in October. They returned to the trenches early in 1915, and during the year remained holding on to their part of the front, but not taking a prominent part in the big actions.

When the Great War began the 2nd Battalion of the West Kents was in India, and there they remained for nearly a year more. In the spring of 1915, however, it became necessary to send reinforcements to the army in Mesopotamia, and this battalion was among them. Having landed and got over the voyage, they were sent up the Euphrates as part of the force under Major-General G. F. Gorringe. It was on July 4th that they reached the Turkish positions, near Nasiriyeh, and the battle which took place there is usually called by that name.

This Battle of Nasiriyeh was a feather in the cap of the West Kents. With some Indian battalions they were on the left bank of the Euphrates, the rest of the army being on the right bank. First of all the guns got to work, and when they had disturbed the Turks for about an hour, the West Kents led the way forward. The first part of their advance was through some date groves, but as soon as they got out of this shelter they found the Turks were as alert and well armed as their German masters.

Mr. Turk in Flight

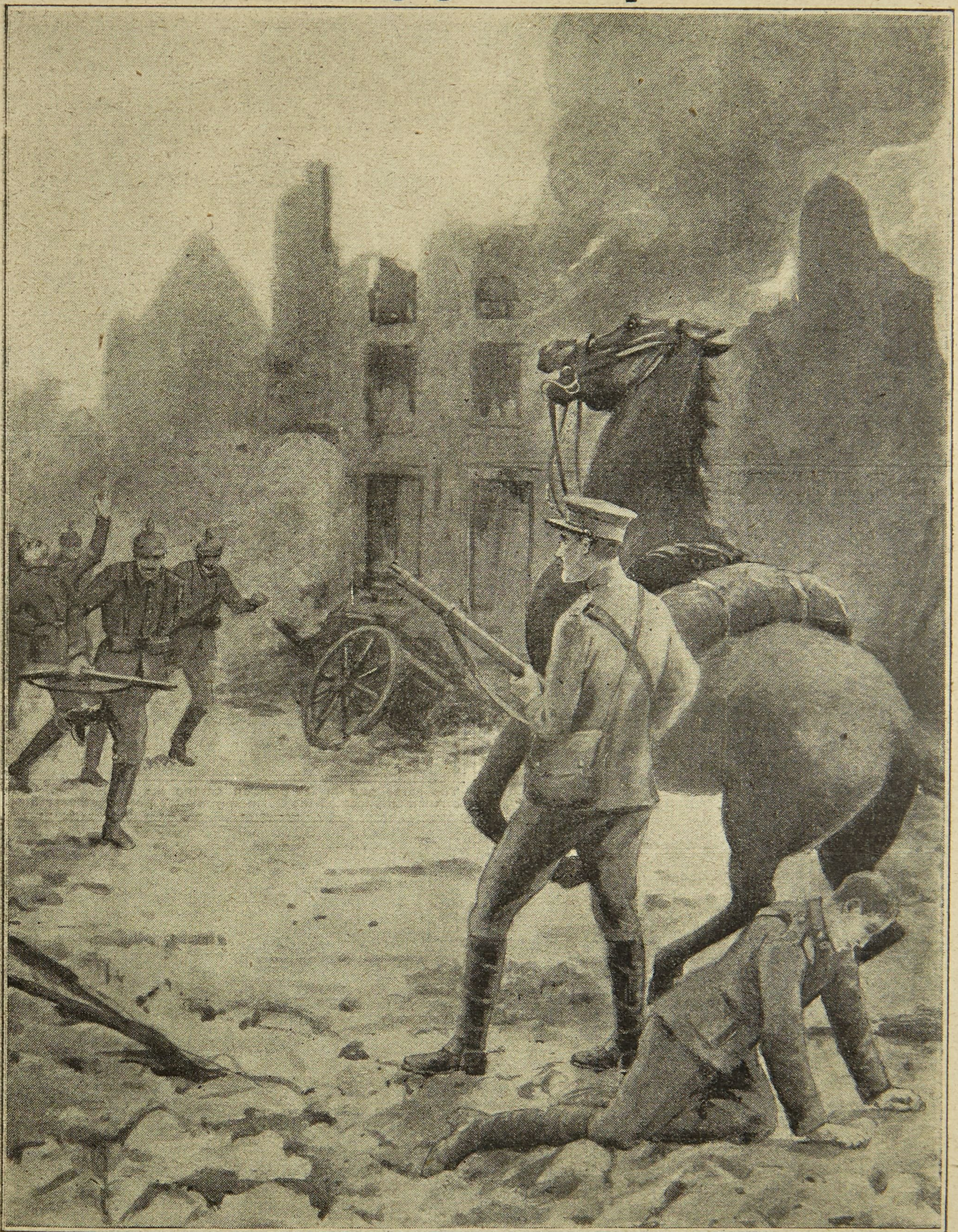
Let an officer who watched the advance describe it. Our fire was doing its best to cover the advance, but in spite of it the West Kents were up against a terrific fusillade, "and it was the most magnificent sight I have ever seen to watch those fellows going on under it, in spite of the casualties, just as if they were on a manœuvre parade." Now for the final act. "As soon as they got to the trenches they wheeled round to the right, so we had to stop our fire for fear of hitting them, and got into the trenches, and then we lost sight of them. They got in with their bayonets, and all we could see from where we were was Mr. Turk running, as if the devil himself were after him, to our right, and we plugged him as he went."

This fine regiment, the Queen's Own Royal West Kent, was first raised in 1756, the year when the Seven Years' War broke out, but it did not do much in the way of fighting for nearly forty years. In 1793 the men were in Corsica, and in 1801 in Egypt, where they had some stiff combats; in 1807 they helped to besiege Copenhagen, and in the next year they went to Portugal, where so many of our regiments won eternal glory. The West Kents, then the 50th of the Line, was one of these. At Vimiera they broke a strong French column, and at Corunna they did their share in saving the day.

The West Kents were in the Crimean War from the start. They fought at the Alma and at Inkerman, and led the assault on the Redan, and then went across the sea to put down the Mutiny in India. Like the Royal Irish, they fought against the Maoris of New Zealand in 1864, and in 1882 they served in the Egyptian War. They went down the Nile to the relief of Gordon, were on the Indian Frontier in 1897 and 1898, and then in South Africa fighting the Boers.

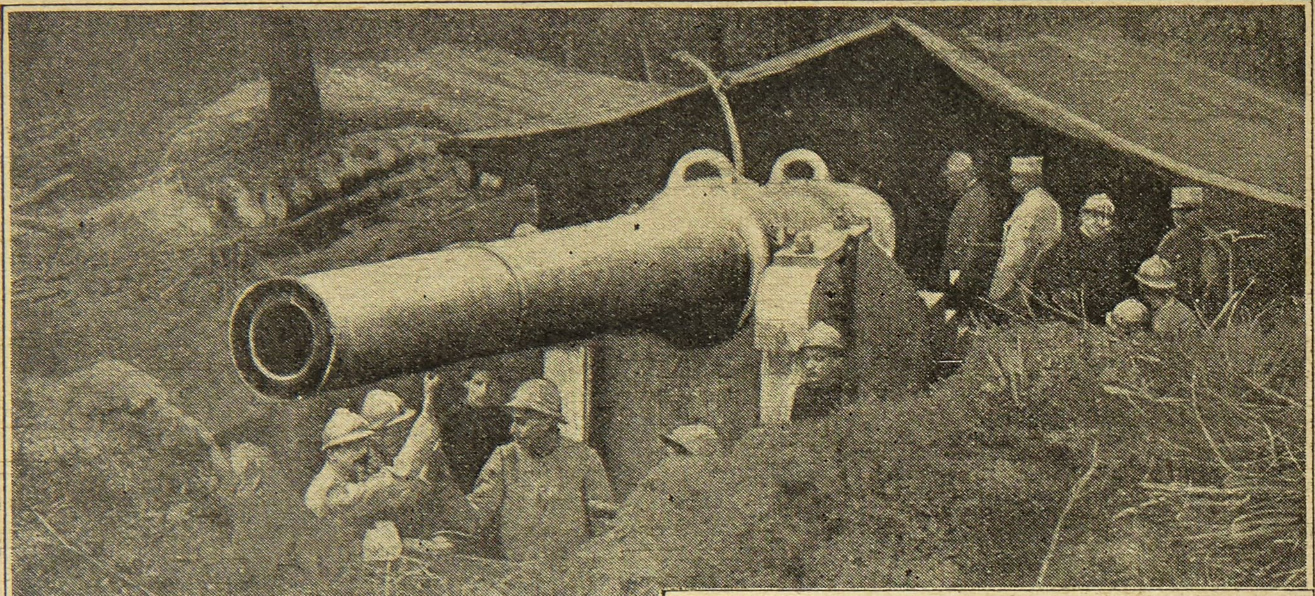
A. W. Holland

British Patrol Engages Troop of Germans

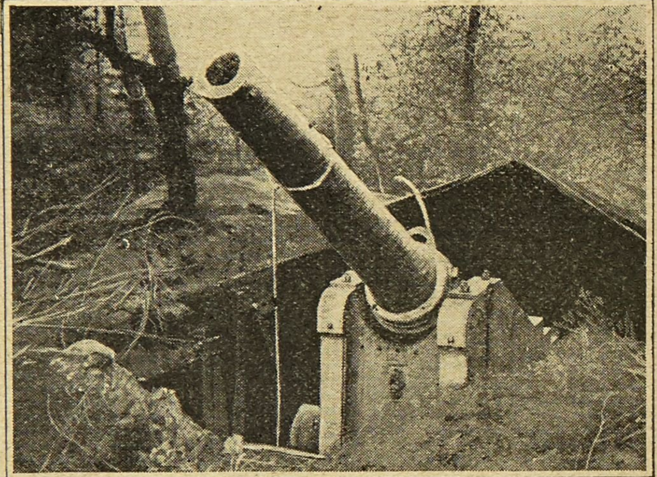


The work of the outpost, if more exciting than duty in the trenches, is perhaps the most dangerous of all. A few weeks ago a British patrol had the ill-luck to be surrounded at Zonnebeke. Imagining from the deserted appearance of the place that it was unoccupied the men rode in fearlessly, only to discover that they had been trapped. They, however, put up a valiant fight, but only one escaped with his life. This original sketch is the work of a well-known war correspondent recently returned from the front, and was made on the spot from first-hand knowledge of the incident.

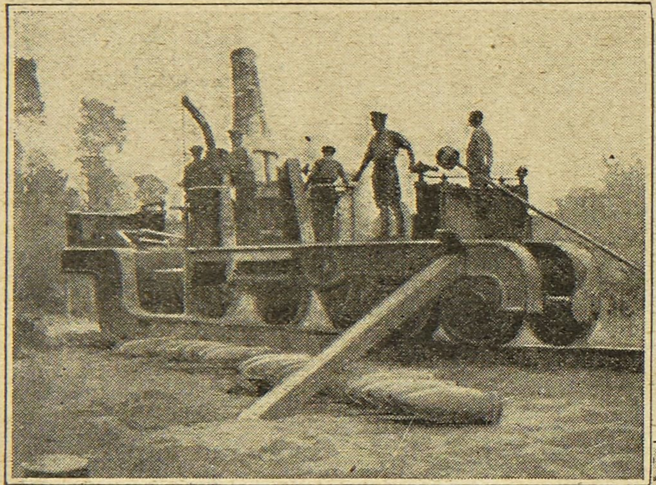
Monster Machines to Break the German Lines

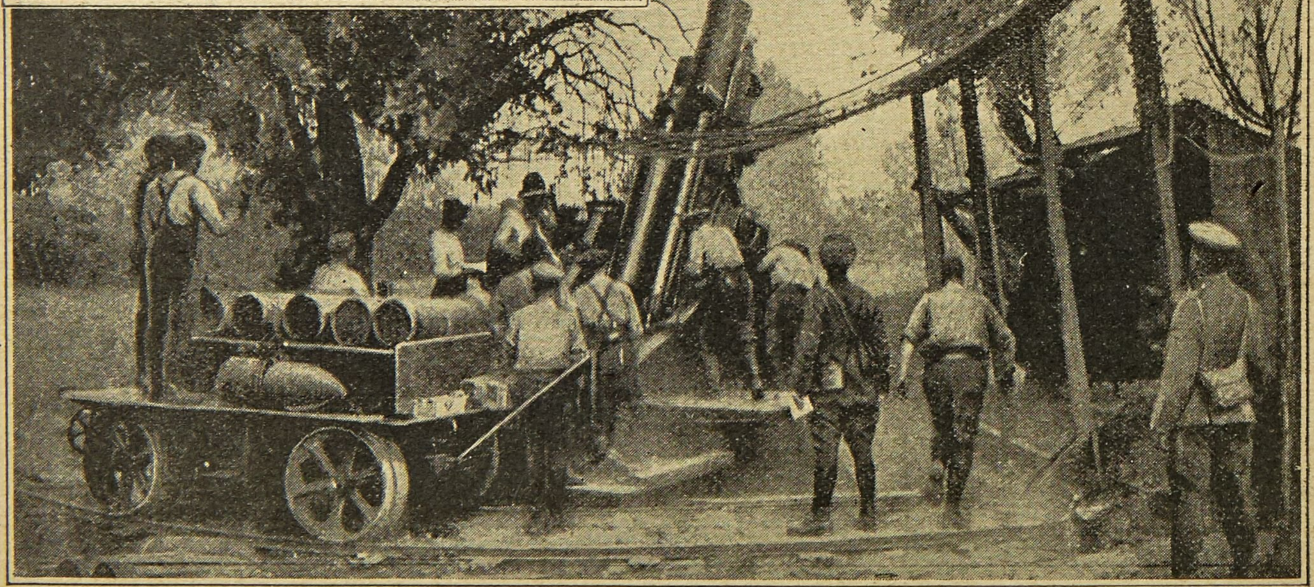


French official photograph of the gun that finally silenced the monster gun with which the Germans bombarded Dunkirk.



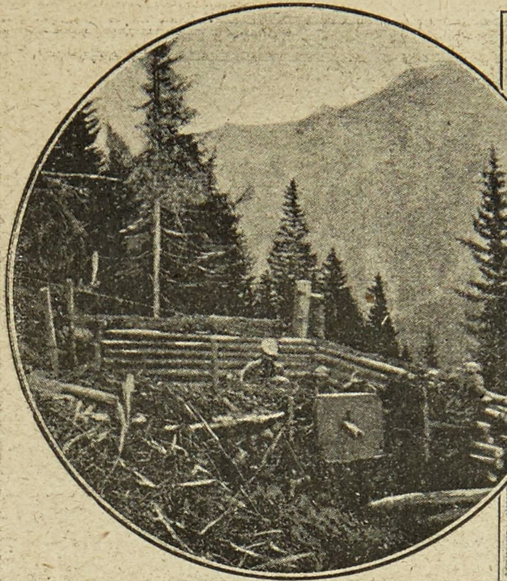
The same gun in its position among the sand-dunes. Our airmen only located the German gun after prolonged searching.



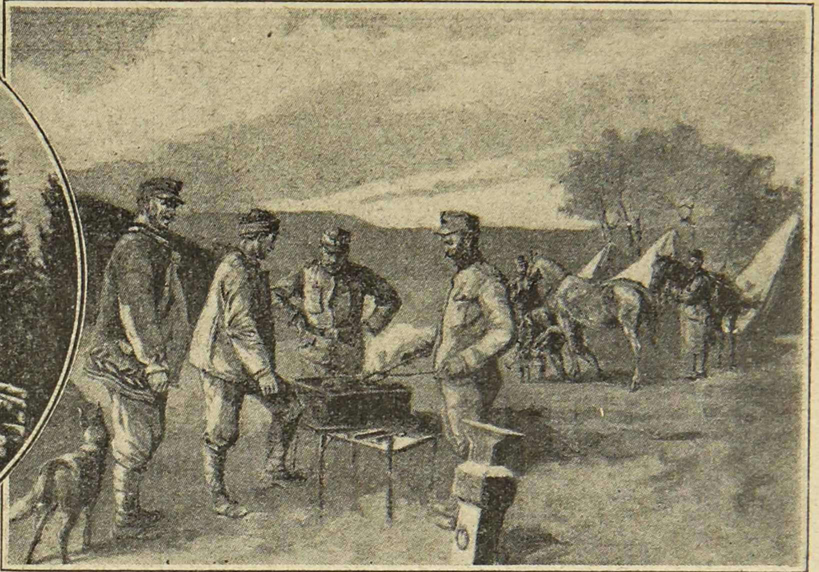


Official photographs issued by the Press Bureau of a heavy British howitzer in action on the western front. Above: Shells were brought up on trucks run on specially-laid rails, on which also the howitzer was moved from point to point.

Incidents of the Austrian Efforts Against Italy



'Mid the pines and heights. Austrian machine-gun position in the Tyrol.

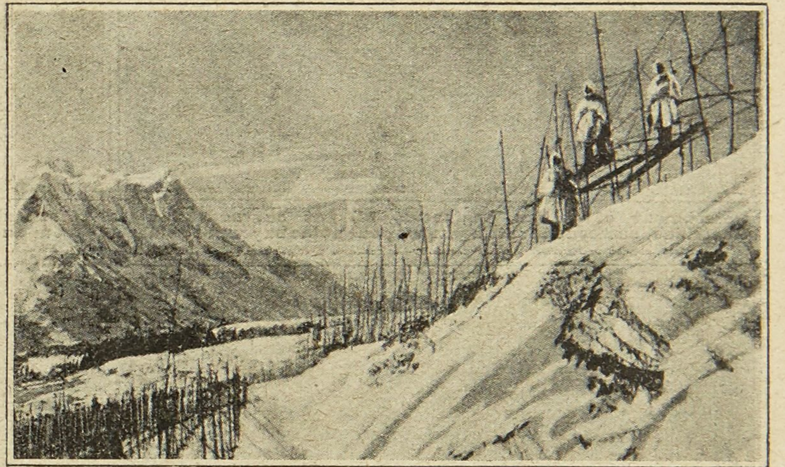


Field smiths at work with the Austrian armies on the Isonzo front, where horse transport is preferable to motor-cars.

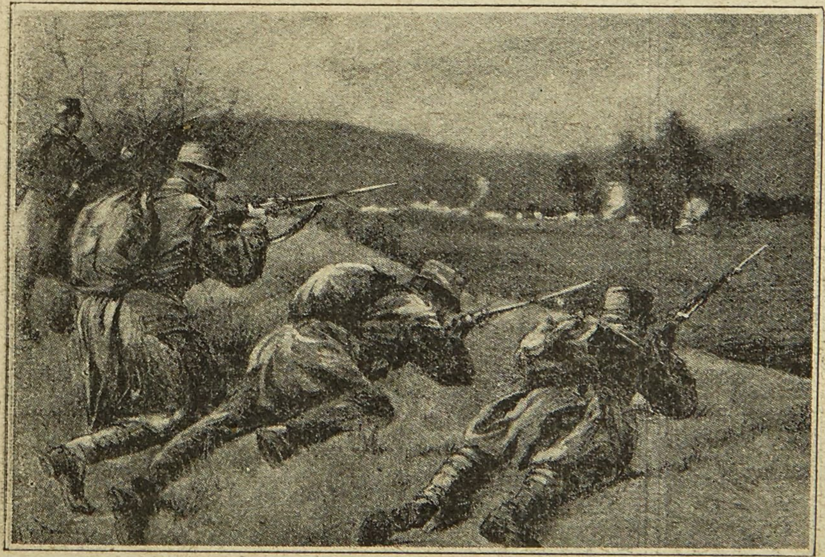
THE Austrians, who made preparations on a par with those of their ally before Verdun, are meeting with a stern Italian resistance and counter-attack on the Trentino front. It is unfortunate for the Dual Monarchy that General Brussiloff should have timed his offensive in Volhynia to coincide exactly with the Austrian effort against King Victor's army.

The sweeping successes of the Russian armies have, to a great extent, upset the Austrian plans for an effective drive into the plains of Lombardy. A large number of troops and guns will have to be diverted to meet the Russian onslaught, apart from the fact that our Italian friends are fighting with an inspired vigour and heroism which recalls the conduct of the French soldiers in the fateful sector of the Meuse.

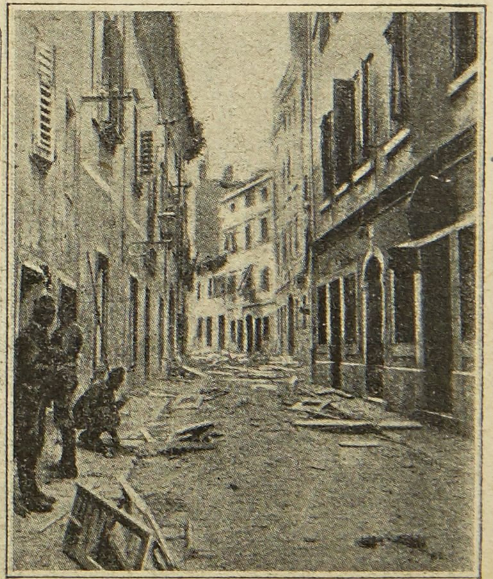
The illustrations on this page are reproduced from enemy journals, and show various incidents and phases of the war amid the Dolomites, from the Austrian side.



Observation-post in the Austrian Tyrol. Winter scene where fighting men looked like Polar explorers.

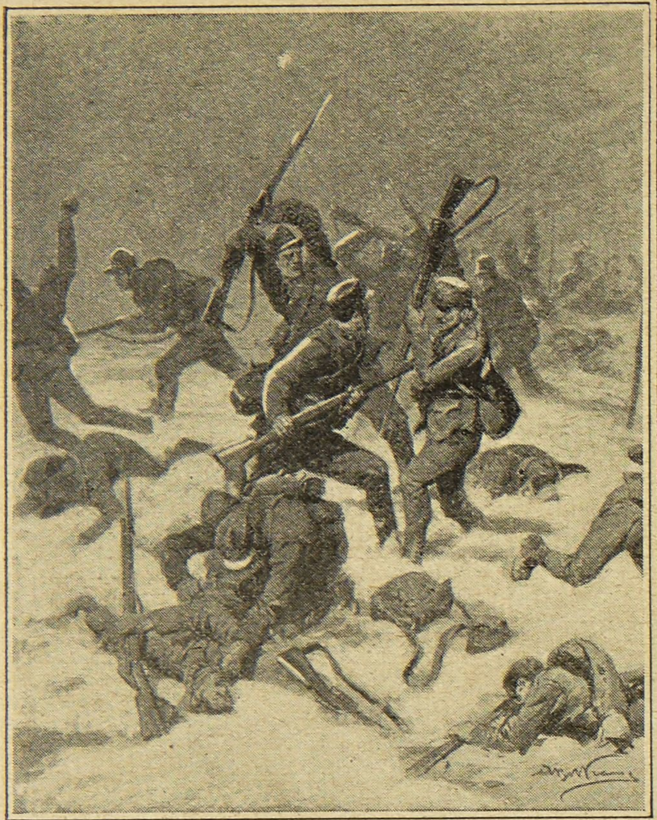


Austrian outpost in action with Italians on the Isonzo front. A brush with Italy's immemorial enemy.

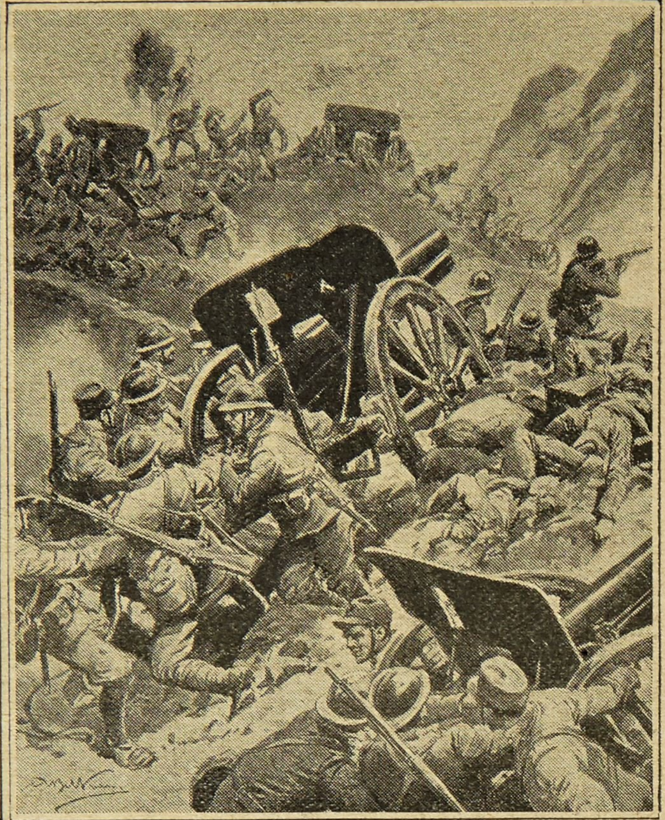


Street in Gorizia, showing Austrian soldiers in occupation of the bombarded town.

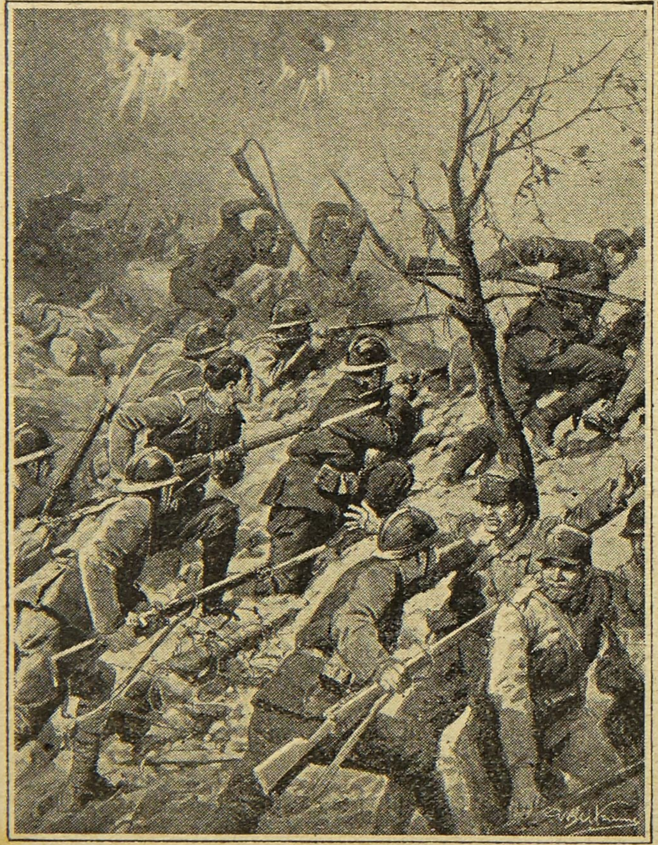
Grim War at Close Quarters in the Alps



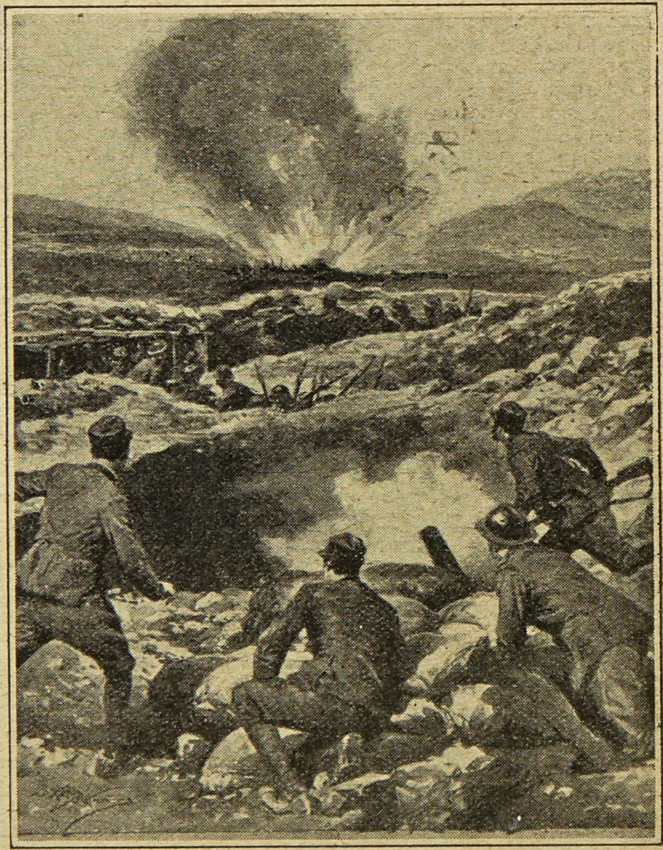
Detachment of Italian engineers, all but surrounded by Austrians, succeeds in cutting its way out at the bayonet's point.



141st Italian Regiment of Infantry saving a battery of guns from an Austrian onslaught. Note the familiar steel helmet.

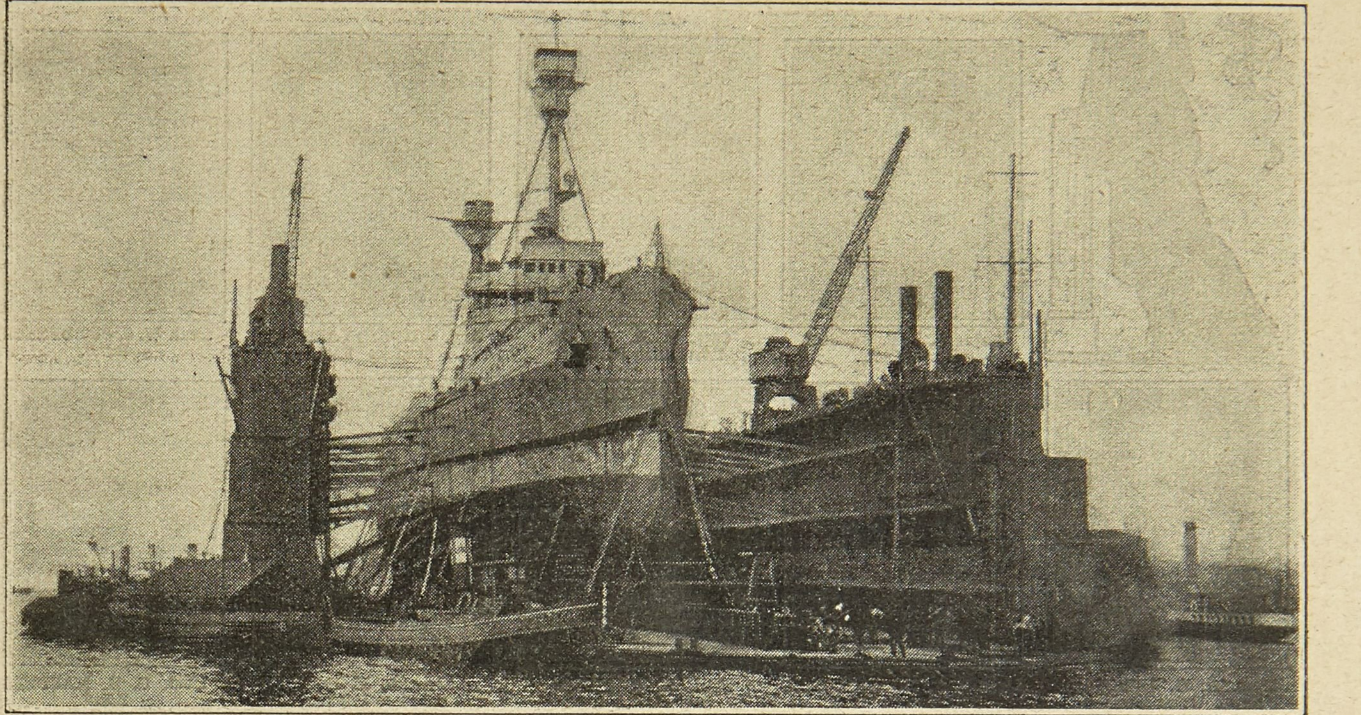


Vigorous Italian counter-attack in the environs of Monfalcone. The action suggested in the illustration is unusually effective.

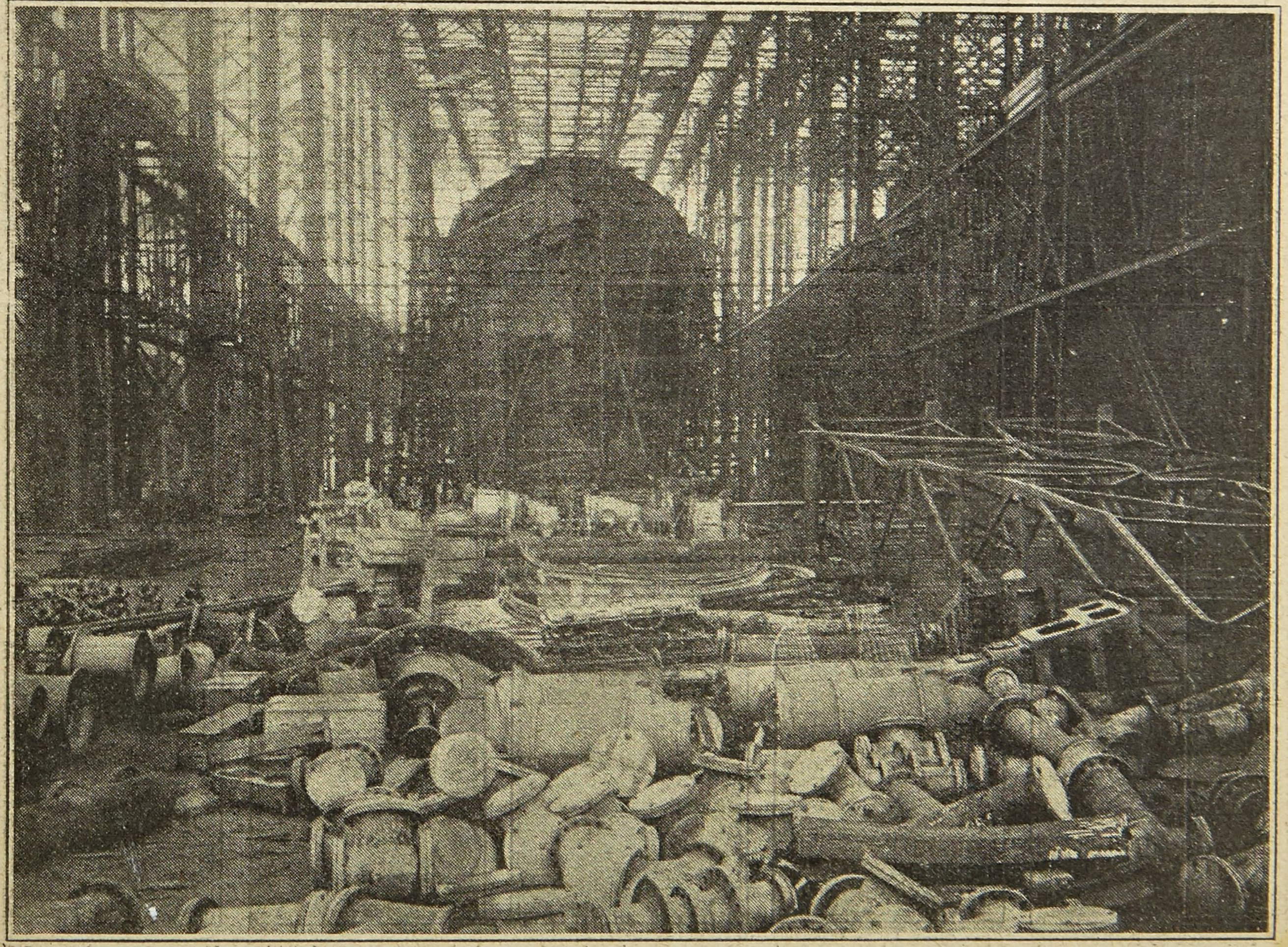


Bombardment of Austrian positions along the Carso. A powerful mine has just been sprung beneath the enemy trenches.

New Efforts for Britain's Great Senior Service

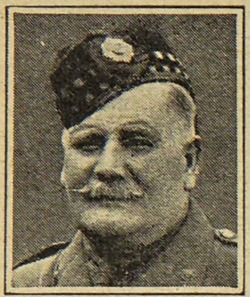


Official photograph, issued on behalf of the Press Bureau, showing a floating dry dock in which ships of enormous tonnage can be lifted clean out of the water in order to be submitted to thorough external examination and repair.

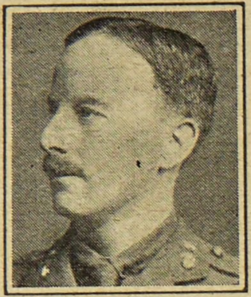


Among the countless objects of world interest shown to the journalists who lately visited one of our great naval shipbuilding yards was this huge destroyer on the stocks and rapidly nearing completion. (Official photograph issued on behalf of the Press Bureau.)

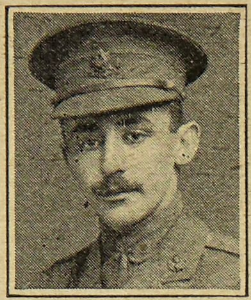
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



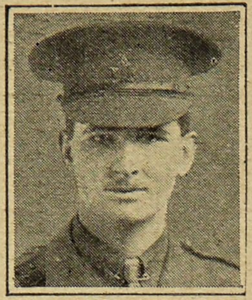
Major A. A. C. NELSON, Royal Scots.



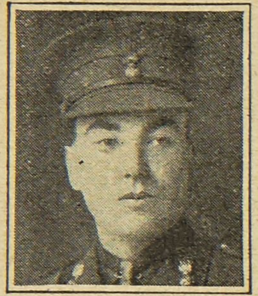
Capt. E. R. COOKE, Royal Irish Fusiliers.



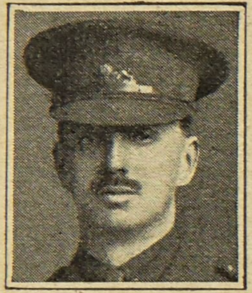
Capt. WILFRID LANGDON, Cheshire Regt.



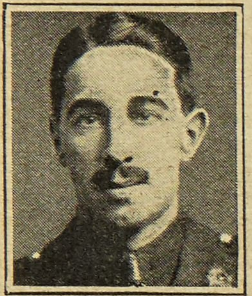
Lieut. W. C. PEMBERTON, R.F.C.



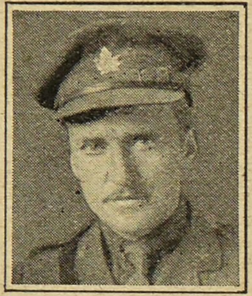
Lieut. A. H. HICKMAN, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.



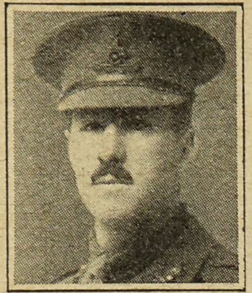
Lieut. N. T. WORTHINGTON, R. Lancaster Regt.



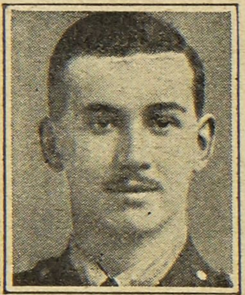
Lieut. R. C. GREEN, Bedfordshire Regt.



Lieut. G. K. ROSS, Canadian Infantry.



Lieut. G. B. MANDERS, R.F.A.



Lieut. J. C. MORROW, Canadian Engineers.

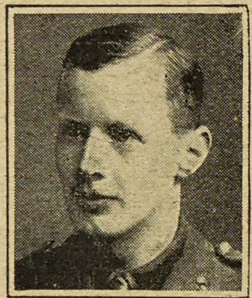
Major A. A. C. Nelson, Royal Scots, was the son of the late Sir A. A. Nelson.

Lieutenant A. H. Hickman enlisted as a private in the London Rifle Brigade and served in Flanders, returning to England in March, 1915, to take up a commission with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. In October he was ordered to Gallipoli, and took an active part in the fighting there and the successful evacuation.

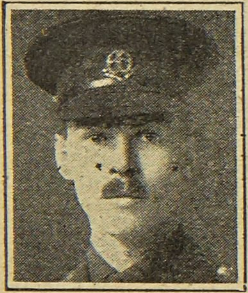
Lieut. Noel Trevor Worthington, Royal Lancaster Regiment, fell in action in the attack at Anzac, August 9th, 1915.

Sec.-Lieutenant Hugh Valentine Cholmeley was the eldest of the three sons of Mr. Lewin Cholmeley, of the firm of Frere, Cholmeley & Co., solicitors. After leaving Eton he made a tour round the world; he was articled in his father's office and, passing his examinations, would have become a partner in the firm. Although advised not to join the Army on medical grounds, he succeeded in getting past the doctor, and joined the Inns of Court O.T.C. Lieut. Cholmeley went to the front in October, and was struck by a shell splinter on April 7th last.

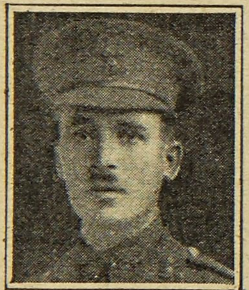
Sec.-Lieutenant John Frederick Egerton, King's Royal Rifle Corps, was the only son and heir of Sir Edwin Egerton, formerly Ambassador at Rome, and Lady Egerton. He was born in 1896, and was an undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford.



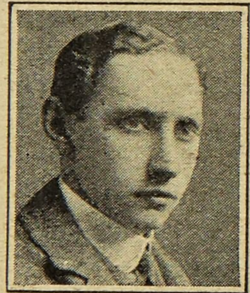
Lieut. R. L. VALENTINE, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



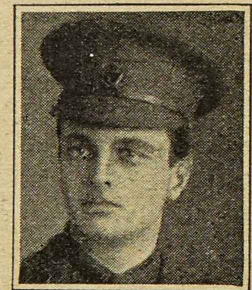
Sec.-Lieut. C. F. ROMER, Middlesex Regt.



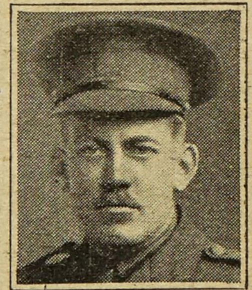
Sec.-Lieut. C. F. BAILEY, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



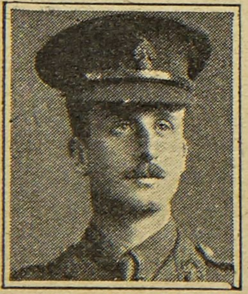
Sec.-Lt. H. V. CHOLMELEY, Grenadier Guards.



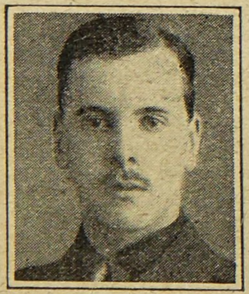
Sec.-Lieut. H. H. RICHARDS, Connaught Rangers.



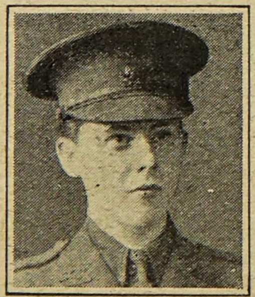
Lieut. A. N. PEERLESS, Canadian Infantry.



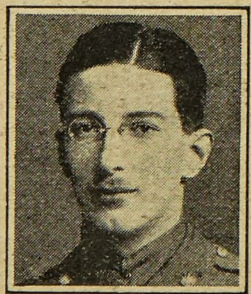
Sec.-Lieut. J. S. BURTON, Grenadier Guards.



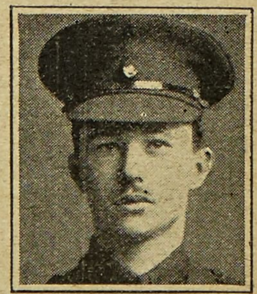
Sec.-Lieut. N. J. DAVIES, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lt. R. W. McCONNELL, King's Own (R. Lanc. Regt.).

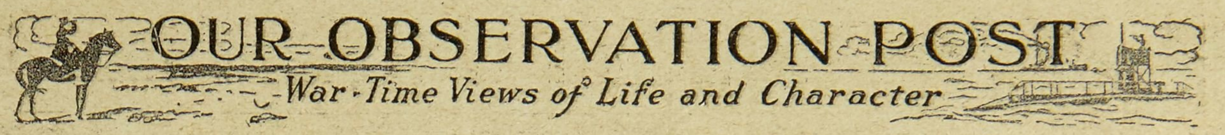


Sec.-Lieut. R. J. T. WINGFIELD, R.F.A.



Sec.-Lieut. J. F. EGERTON, King's Royal Rifles.

(*Portraits by Brooke Hughes, Chancellor, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine, Lambert Weston.*)



OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

The Passing of the Captains

WITH almost cynical impartiality Death has been taking his toll of lives of great captains from the belligerent Powers in turn. Galliéni has passed away in the capital he helped to save from the proud foot of the conqueror; Kitchener has sunk to rest in the sea of which his country is still mistress; Von Moltke has fainted and expired beside the bier of his brother-marshal, Von der Goltz. The death of great men such as these arrests attention even on a field strewn with the bloody corpses of a million warriors, and it is impossible not to pause for a moment to attempt, albeit with awe, to imagine some of the last thoughts that may have filled their consciousness. Try to picture those three great, silent figures, each with responsibility for direction of this war upon his conscience, passing through the grey veil into the audience-room beyond!

ONE emotion they may well have shared—regret that they were not allowed to live long enough to see from this side of the grave the end of the conflict in which they had played a directing part. With their better qualifications than those possessed by laymen to anticipate the issue, their calculations being based on larger knowledge, their other emotions may well have been different. The Frenchman may have felt contented confidence that his dear land was safe and gladness that, partly owing to himself, her capital had been preserved from violation. The Englishman may have felt the quiet satisfaction born of knowledge that he had done all man could, and that his work was finished and certain of success. The Prussian may have felt the sickness of doubt as to the issue, perhaps the bitterness of failure. The thoughts of all three must have clung to this world where their countries were locked in conflict; but then their eyes must have turned to the veil even then parting before them. How, one wonders, in what attitude of soul, did these three captains pass through?

LET no one doubt that their patriotism was equal. Each passed with the gratitude and admiration of his country closing round upon him like smoke of incense, and sustained by unshakable conviction that, according to his lights, he had done his duty. Each, too, must have had unshakable conviction that he had devoted his life to something essentially good—to the maintenance of the unity and well-being of the nation to which he belonged. For each of them belonged to an historic race, and history is too strong for sons of historic races to begin to inquire whether national life is or is not a desirable result of social evolution. Soldiers seldom trouble, or are able, to think far beyond duty. In that word is comprised almost the whole of their simple religion, and they have few of those qualms of philosophic doubt which vex the mind of men inclined to introspection and close analysis of self.

BUT while duty may have required each to work to the limit of his power and to the last moment of his life for the cause that his country had made its own, each may have played a large part in determining his country to make that cause its own. Currency has been given to a statement made by Mr. F. W. Wile, a man recognised as an authority upon the thought and life of the German people, that he can testify to the literal accuracy of a piece of history which identifies Helmuth von Moltke with the clique which compelled the Kaiser to abandon his remaining doubts as to the immediate wisdom of war and induced him to sign the mobilisation order on the afternoon of Saturday, August 1st, 1914.

IN that fact we see the ground upon which the extremists base their mistrust and detestation of military systems and everything connected therewith. Their case is that the born soldier works for war under a compulsion as natural and irresistible as that which compels the born poet to sing, the born artist to paint, the born musician to compose. He must find means and opportunity for expression of his genius, or perish; and the greater his genius is, the more heedless will he be of the misery that may be brought upon the world by its exercise. Helmuth von Moltke, they say, was born one of these war lords, more dangerous than his uncle whose mantle he wore because he had a smaller measure of intellect to support the added influence given to him by tradition; he craved for the chance of self-expression, and in working for "The Day" it was war for war's sake rather than for Germany's that he aimed at. To excite war he put every consideration of national and personal honour aside and planned a scheme that he knew was criminal, deliberately violating all law, human and divine. Well, they may be right: only God and Helmuth von Moltke know.

BUT, if this be so, another view of armies and of soldiers is presented, in which they are seen as a scheme of national insurance against oppression and extinction. And until the possibility of incendiarism is done away with it seems only prudent that premiums of insurance shall be kept fully paid up. As long as that only is a nation's view of the functions of its military forces there will be comparatively little danger of its generals having the power to divert them to other purposes, or even disposition to do so, since great men are commonly types of their country's peculiar genius. Looking back over the history of England and of Prussia, we think the contention is borne out that militarism of the Prussian sort is alien to the English spirit, and that consequently the Prussian military caste has no parallel with us. Kitchener was a great soldier, but aggressively militarist he was not. And one can recall the name of no British general, certainly not since the days of Anne, of whom it can be said that he sought war for the sake of war.

AND what of Galliéni and France? If ambitious defiance was in the mind of the Prussian and its results heavy on his soul, if impenetrable defence was in the mind of the Englishman and no personal responsibility for the horrors of war upon his conscience, what about the desire for revenge that surely must have been cherished in the mind and heart and soul of the Frenchman who remembered 1870? Let the casuist decide if he can. We think we know what Galliéni's own answer would have been: "France quand meme." And those words are a text on which to base an appeal to the spirit which has effected some of the finest things that history has to show.

FRENCHMAN, Englishman, Prussian—the veil has fallen behind all three, and no word will ever come to us from any one of them. But we children of the British Empire lift prouder heads to-day because of our dead captain, and in our inmost heart we know that we are not afraid for him.

C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

The Russian Murat

GENERAL ALEXEI BRUSSILOFF, the triumphing commander of the Russian left wing army group, is a brilliant cavalry officer now in his sixty-fifth year. He first saw active service in the Turco-Russian War of 1877. Before this war broke out he commanded the Fourteenth Army Corps, and in 1914 was placed in charge of the Kieff military district, constituting the Eighth Army for the invasion of Galicia. He commanded the Russian advance over the Carpathians in the spring of 1915, and then was given his present command. He is described as "a man of medium stature with an erect, lean figure which looks as if it were sculptured out of bronze, with keen, searching eyes peering out from under arched, bony brows." His capacity for physical endurance is remarkable even for a Russian. His speech is crisp and laconic, his will inflexible, his decision prompt. As a general, he is said to possess the dash and daring of a Murat coupled with the craftiness and wariness of a Soult. His men "worship him." His colleague in the Bukovina, General Lechitsky, who has been pursuing the discomfited Austrians with such vigour, has done nearly all his military service with the Siberian troops. For gallantry in the present war he has been awarded the Order of St. George, Third Class. He is sixty years old.

OUR HUNDREDTH NUMBER

THE next issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will be No. 100, and I intend to mark the occasion by presenting every reader with a unique FREE SUPPLEMENT in the form of an art plate containing actual portraits of "One Hundred Heroes of the Great War." Nothing of a similar character has been published since the beginning of the war, and while being peculiarly appropriate to our hundredth number, it will also be found a pictorial document of permanent value.

Next week's issue will contain the usual number of pages, the supplement being extra, and my readers will no doubt appreciate the fact that, apart from the great expense involved in securing these hundred photographs and preparing the plate, the publishers are making this generous free gift to them when paper is costing three times the price that prevailed at the beginning of the war. The literary side of the "W.I." will be considerably strengthened, and several new and extremely interesting features introduced.

There will be a largely increased demand for our Hundredth Number, and it is probable that the publishers may not be able entirely to meet this, owing to the difficulties of paper supply in which all publishers at present labour, so that only by ordering in advance can readers be certain of being supplied.

THE EDITOR

Where is South Now?

THE "Manchester Guardian" puts a problem before its readers arising out of the new order. Some O.T.C. men were being given a lecture on scouting, and the lecturer told them the old dodge of using a watch as a compass, south being found by a line bisecting the angle between the hour hand and twelve o'clock. One of the audience asked how that rule was affected by the Summer Time Act, and the lecturer, who did not know, craftily referred the conundrum to the class. Some of them said that the angle between the hour hand and eleven o'clock must be bisected; others that it must be the angle between the hour hand and one o'clock. What is the correct answer?

The Dying War-Horse

AN incident which caught the attention of a well-known artist occurred not long ago in Southern Flanders. A battery was galloping to a new position when a shell burst on the road and injured one of the horses frightfully. Hurriedly it was cut away from the gun, but although the spot was dangerous to the last degree, and the other men of the gun-team yelled to him to come on, one man stopped, put his arm round the horse's neck, and kissing his soft nose stayed to whisper "Good-bye, old man!" This affection of the men for their horses is characteristic of all the British troops, and has filled other nationalities with admiration. M. Danchenko, the famous Russian war correspondent, who visited British General Headquarters in May, commented on it, and the French, too, approved and marvelled at it. M. Danchenko said that the strong and well-fed horses of the English and Australians look like some breed of Bucephalus; all the time they travel at a gallop along the most broken and sticky roads, and are as tenacious as if cast of iron. Their heavy, hairy hoofs give them the appearance of fabulous monsters, but they are unequalled for their work.

When or Where?

THE grant, a few days ago, of two more Victoria Crosses, both to members of the Indian Army, reveals, although not for the first time, a change in the method of announcing these and other honours won by our soldiers and sailors. Formerly—until the last few months that is—the time and place when and where these deeds were performed were given, and we read how on April 26th, 1915, Second-Lieut. R. B. Rhodes-Moorhouse flew to Courtrai and dropped bombs on the railway line there, and how on May 13th following, Douglas Belcher, with a few men, held on to an advanced breastwork near St. Julien. But now all this is changed. We read on June 22nd last that Capt. J. A. Linton, M.B., and Sepoy Chatta Singh won the V.C. "for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty," and we know what they did, but we do not know when it was or where it was. We do not even know whether these two gallant deeds were performed in France, in Gallipoli, or in Mesopotamia. The change is probably necessary on military grounds, but certainly it deprives the announcements of much of their value, and adds to the mass of military history now unrevealed which one day we all hope to see.

Unexpected

WHAT are the thoughts of men when under heavy shell fire? Here is one man's actual answer to the question, written from a chateau just stripped of its roof: "Mine were mainly about losing my penny if the next shell did not pitch where I said it would, and then about the new pair of trousers I had upstairs."

How to Help

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED can greatly assist the publishers in conforming with the Government restrictions as to the consumption of paper by ordering this journal to be supplied weekly by their regular newsagents, instead of buying it casually. In this way it is possible for the publishers more accurately to judge their weekly printing order and thus avoid wastage as well as prevent disappointment.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

Wynn

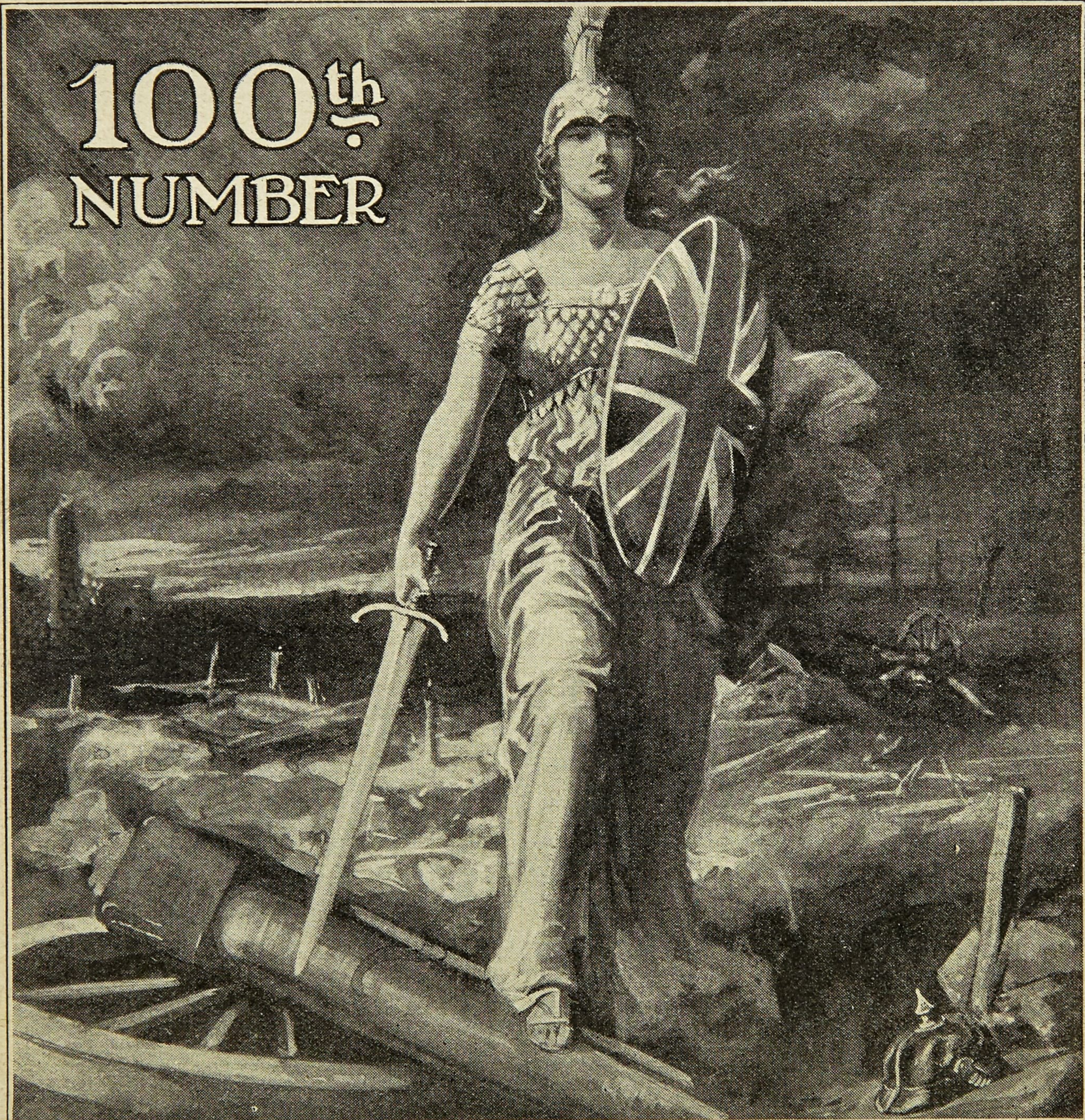
The War Illustrated, July 15th, 1916.

Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

100 Heroes of the War: Free Art Supplement

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



100th NUMBER

Special Features: How I was Wounded on Chocolate Hill, by H. W. Nevinson. The Fateful Weeks of the War, by Major Redway. The Great Sea Fight of Horn Reef, by Edward Wright, &c.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

NEVER since the beginning of the war has it been possible for a British writer to discuss the situation and prospects so hopefully as to-day. The long night of waiting has lifted. The British offensive has begun, and begun in a fashion which promises more than well. After a week of sustained bombardment in which our artillery destroyed all before it, our offensive began on the morning of Saturday, July 1st, at about 7.30, on a front extending for nineteen miles north of the Somme.

There had been a final terrific bombardment lasting about an hour and a half. Then mines were exploded at various points along the line, and the firing of our guns on the foremost German trenches had scarcely ceased before our infantry were in among the enemy. Simultaneously, our aircraft engaged the enemy planes at a hundred points, with very great success. The latest news, as I write, is very good. To the south we have captured a German labyrinth of trenches on a front of seven miles, penetrating at one point for a mile and a half, and have taken two strongly fortified villages, and seized the commanding Montauban ridge, over four hundred feet high. In the centre we have made substantial progress. We have advanced in the north, but have not been able to retain some of the places captured by us. We have taken over 3,500 prisoners. Our men are entrenching themselves in their new positions as a preliminary to a fresh advance, and heavy German counter-attacks have been repulsed with great loss.

Our Splendid Artillery

Simultaneously, the French launched an offensive over a front of six miles immediately south of our lines. They made even greater progress than ourselves, taking 6,000 prisoners. I write this at the opening of the offensive. Before these lines can appear the movement will have developed very greatly.

The most satisfactory aspect of this great movement is not so much the extent of the enemy lines that have been captured, but the proof afforded of the enormous advances in our armies. Our artillery has proved on a larger scale what it demonstrated in the latter part of the fighting at the St. Eloi craters, that it has to-day a marked superiority over the guns of the enemy. Our mining work was excellent. Our aircraft did all that was expected of them. Each infantry attack was, so far as can be judged from the details that have reached us, rightly timed, properly supported, and adequately driven home. If I do not dwell specially at this stage on the doings of the infantrymen in their charge, it is because we are accustomed to-day to the splendid heroism of the men in the trenches. On this occasion famous regiments like the Gordons left behind some of their own fine records. The Staff work surpassed anything we have known before. The organisation was perfect. One example of this was seen in the handling of the wounded. The slightly wounded men in the advance on Saturday morning were many of them landed in England on Saturday night, leaving the field hospitals free for further work.

The immediate aim of this offensive on the Somme is to relieve the German pressure upon Verdun. Its main purpose is, of course, to break the German lines and force a general retirement. Three weeks ago the Germans attempted to withdraw considerable reserves from the north-west to strengthen their forces in the east. The opening of our offensive and our artillery activity quickly arrested this.

The popular idea of the "great push," an idea shared by many soldiers, is that we should smash through the German defensive trenches, get the enemy on the run, and then pour our cavalry in to keep them on the run and prevent them from digging themselves in again. Something like this was actually done by General Brussiloff's armies in Galicia, but it is hardly possible in the present stage in Northern France. What we must look for is much severe fighting over a comparatively limited area, heavy incessant artillery duels, attacks, and counter-attacks, lasting maybe weeks.

One obstacle to any rapid advance will undoubtedly be the number of little forts and fortified villages which the Germans have arranged for a long way behind their present lines. The French had some experience of these in their fighting in the Argonne labyrinth last autumn, particularly of the "fortins," as they called them, little structures of enormously thick steel, each holding a few men, with one or two machine-guns and a tremendous supply of ammunition. The men were locked in by their own officers. They could not retreat had they wanted to. Their forts were proof against any but very heavy shell fire. From them they could do great damage, even when the main body of the German troops had been driven back. Our advance will be marked by a great deal of detailed fighting around obstacles such as these. It will not be easy. It will not be cheap.

But we are advancing! I doubt if anyone who has not lived with fighting armies can understand the thrill of this phase, the fresh enthusiasm that sweeps over the ranks, the triumphant emotion it brings. Losses seem to count for nothing, difficulties disappear, forlorn hopes are welcomed, and desperate sallies are sought when the army is going forward. Our armies have been tried as few armies have been tried by their long spell of stationary fighting. All that is now changed. If we have not attacked before it has not altogether been our fault. We were ready weeks ago. We waited for the moment when our advance would best fit in with the plans of the French Generalissimo. The time chosen, the beginning of July, has probably been selected with the idea that we may succeed by the end of the month or by some time in August in forcing the Germans back from their general position, and so may have the ideal August and September weather for the moving up of heavy guns for our new early winter line.

Hail Russia! Hail Italy!

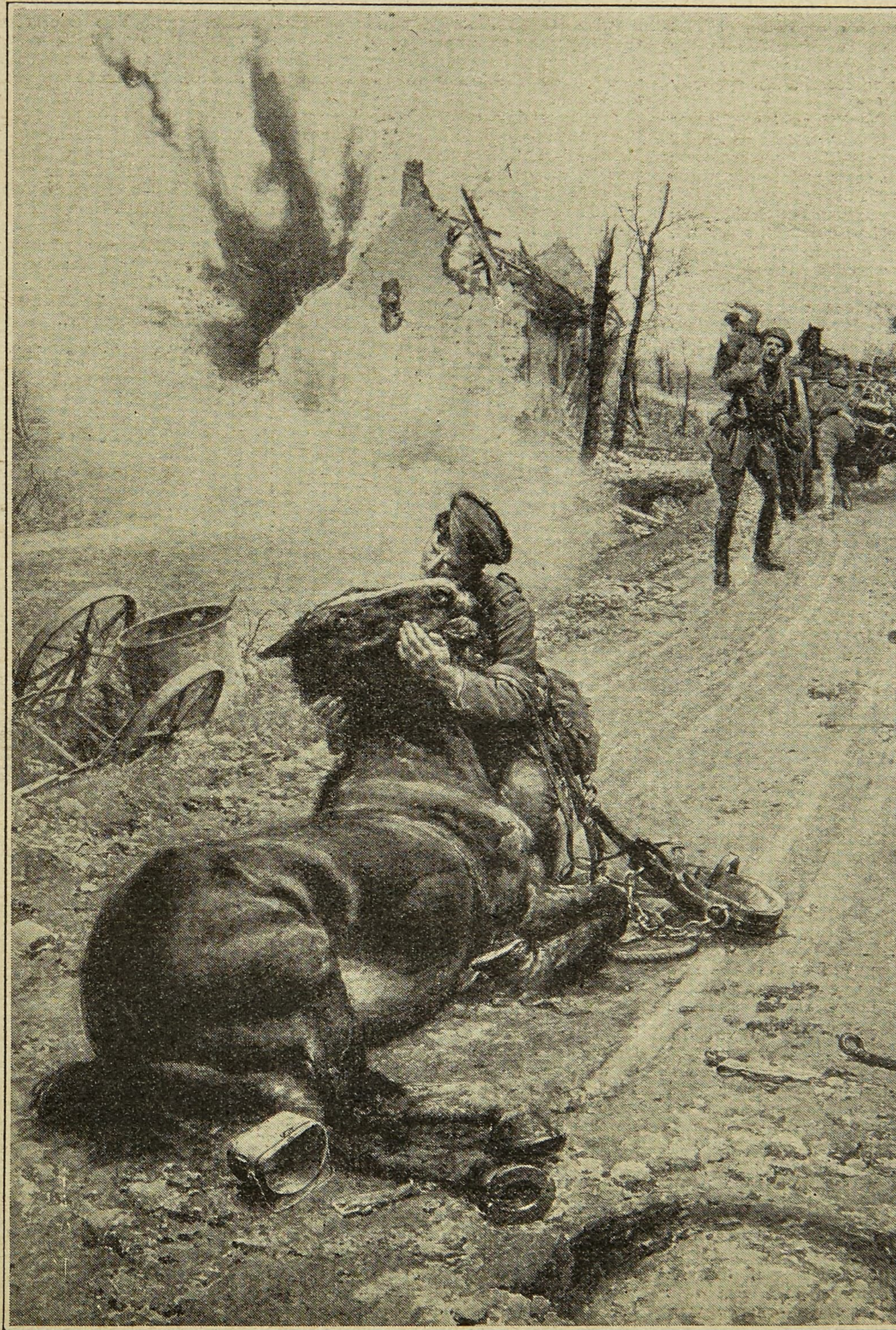
The wonderful campaign of the Russian armies in Galicia and Southern Poland continues. The Russians have captured Kolomea. General Lechitsky's army has advanced in a few days sixteen miles, and is threatening Stanislau. The Russians have captured in all 219,000 prisoners. The main Austrian defensive force, under Count Bothmer, which succeeded to some extent in holding back the Russian centre, now finds that its very success is bringing it its greatest peril, for the advance of the Russian armies to its right and to its left is rapidly outflanking it, and it may soon find its line of retreat cut off.

The situation on the Italian front is causing the deepest gratification in all allied quarters. The big Austrian offensive here succeeded by its temporary gains of position in arousing the Italians as they have not been aroused since the beginning of the war. Great fresh armies were hastily brought up, and General Cardona's offensive has driven the Austrians back from point to point. We look to-day with full confidence to see the Italians now playing a greater part in the war than they have yet done, and the whole Italian situation, political and military, is exceedingly hopeful.

15th July, 1916. No. 100. Vol. 4.

THE WAR
Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



"GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN!"—The soldier's farewell to his steed. A touching incident on the road to a battery position in Southern Flanders. (Drawn by F. Matania.)

THE FATEFUL WEEKS OF THE WAR

A Rapid Review of Events Since the Beginning of the War with Notes on the More Momentous

By Major G. W. Redway

SINCE the fateful August 1st, 1914, when Germany declared war on Russia, we have punctually recorded the vicissitudes of a stupendous conflict that has enmeshed one after the other a dozen European nations. To summarise a century of issues of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is impossible in the space available to-day, but we may take this opportunity to recall a few specially memorable moments.

At the close of the fifth week of the war General Joffre flashed his famous Army Order to the troops, "The hour has come to advance at all costs and to die where you stand rather than give way." At this juncture every single group of the Entente armies in France had quitted its ground, hotly pursued by overwhelming German forces, and those who knew the facts—fortunately few civilians even guessed at them—might well have been dismayed at the prospect. But the French Generalissimo never quailed; at the appointed hour he rallied his troops, hearkened to the inspiration of the late General Galliéni, flung his strategic reserves upon the right flank of the enemy, north of Paris, and delivered a magnificent counter-stroke that hurled the Germans beyond the Aisne.

Fall of Antwerp

The week ending October 24th found the whole of Sir John French's army in front of St. Omer, striving to stem the rush of Germans and save West Flanders. Capper's 7th Division and Byng's 3rd Cavalry Division had been landed at Ostend too late to assist the Belgian Army and our Brigade of Marines in the defence of Antwerp, and when the Belgians, reduced to 48,000 rifles, reached the line of the Yser the British had already commenced the Battle of Ypres-Armentières.

On Sunday, April 25th, we were discussing our recent capture of Hill 60, unaware that the landing at Gallipoli had taken place that day. During the week the "Times" had struck a new note, bewailing "the recrudescence of easy satisfaction" while miners stolidly voted on the question of a strike. Little we knew that British troops were then fighting desperately to save the Pas de Calais, for on Thursday the Yahoos of Christendom had wiped out the Turcos and Zouaves by a discharge of poisonous gas, and into the four-mile gap thus created the Canadian Division was thrust, and the Second Battle of Ypres began.

Festubert and Seddul Bahr

The last fortnight in May saw the end of the Battle of Festubert, at which the British gains were 600 yards on a four-mile front. But Sir Ian Hamilton was already calling for reinforcements, and in sixteen days in all theatres we lost 2,100 officers. At this moment the labour troubles helped to cause a shortage of shells. The Russians abandoned their campaign in the Carpathians and began the terrible retreat through Galicia. The Germans and Austrians claimed to hold 1,385,000 prisoners of war. But Italy, which had diplomatically held off the Austrians from Serbia for three months, now flung herself into the fray on the side of the Entente Powers, and King Victor Emmanuel's Army took the offensive from end to end of the long Alpine frontier.

The week ending July 11th is memorable for the signing of a convention between General Botha and Dr. Seitz, the German Governor of South-West Africa, by which the Protectorate was surrendered absolutely to the forces of the Union.

The first day of the second year of the war was signalised by the fall of Warsaw. The Grand Duke Nicholas had just been compelled to evacuate his defensive lines at Blonie, and recross the Vistula in order to avoid interception by the enemy's armies, then closing in on his flanks. One by one the fortresses on the Vistula were captured by the Austro-Germans, and the conquest of Poland was complete.

The week ending September 26th was notable for the slashing attack of the Allies in France after three months of monotonous trench warfare. The British between Loos and La Bassée and the French on the Champagne front took the offensive together. Although in point of numbers the British could only act as auxiliaries—for even north of Arras General Foch had twice as many divisions in action as ourselves—nevertheless, British readers were jubilant, and justifiably so, because the fighting about Loos showed that our New Armies and Territorial Divisions were no whit less daring, pugnacious, and dogged than the old-time "regulars" in a fortnight's contest.

Townshend's Pyrrhic Victory

But the Germans in the east were meanwhile advancing, Vilna was evacuated by the Russians, Marshal Mackensen began his great attack on Serbia, and Bulgaria mobilised. The Allies now prepared to land 150,000 troops at Salonika, and the Turks in a frenzy resumed the massacre of hapless Armenians. Farther east General Townshend, had beaten the Turks at Kut-el-Amara on September 28th, and had pursued them as far as Azizieh.

In the last week of November we heard of General Townshend's pyrrhic victory at Ctesiphon, eighteen miles from Bagdad, while the removal of the Serbian Government to Scutari filled the air with rumours of a Russian attack on Bulgaria and of a German "Army of Egypt."

The week ending December 19th saw Sir Charles Monro's evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula, and with it the close of a campaign which cost the British 115,000 casualties. Here the Anzac troops from the Antipodes had made a name for themselves, alongside the finest regular division in the old army, the immortal 29th. By the self-sacrificing efforts of this expedition under Sir Ian Hamilton, for eight months the problem of the Balkans was shelved, and Russia was seen through her time of tribulation. The decision to transfer our forces to the mainland came too late to avert the worst in Serbia and Montenegro, and we heard this week of the retreat of General Sarrail's forces including our 10th (Irish) Division after an attack by the Bulgarians. The same week also saw the return of Sir John French from France, after handing over the command to Sir Douglas Haig.

On New Year's Day General Dobell's troops entered Jaunde, after an amphibious campaign of seventeen months in the bush, swamp, and river regions of the Cameroon. The débris of the German colonial forces took refuge in Spanish territory, yielding to us a country one and a half times the size of Germany.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED of February 26th appeared while the Kaiser's troops were expelling the French from Brabant and Samogneux on the river-road from Dun to Verdun. The story of Verdun is still to tell, and though Continental writers have vied with each other in "making our flesh creep" by accounts of prodigious losses, all we are certain of is that General Pétain's army has resisted with skill and determination the most deliberate, persistent, and formidable attack yet delivered on the western front.

Enemy's Persistent Offensive

The last week in April brought news of the capitulation of General Townshend with 10,000 men at Kut, where he had been beleaguered since the first week in December.

The week ending May 21st saw Austria take the offensive, after enduring the Italian assaults for a twelvemonth. The Trentino front was chosen for the advance towards the Venetian plain, and the Italian troops gave ground reluctantly, leaving numbers of men and many siege-guns in the hands of the enemy. The Germans, notwithstanding their commitments at Verdun and elsewhere, found means to engage the British on the Vimy Ridge, the old fighting ground of the French about Souchez. In Armenia the Turks drove back the Russians towards Erzerum, one of the brace of Turkish fortresses which the Grand Duke Nicholas had captured between February 16th and April 17th.

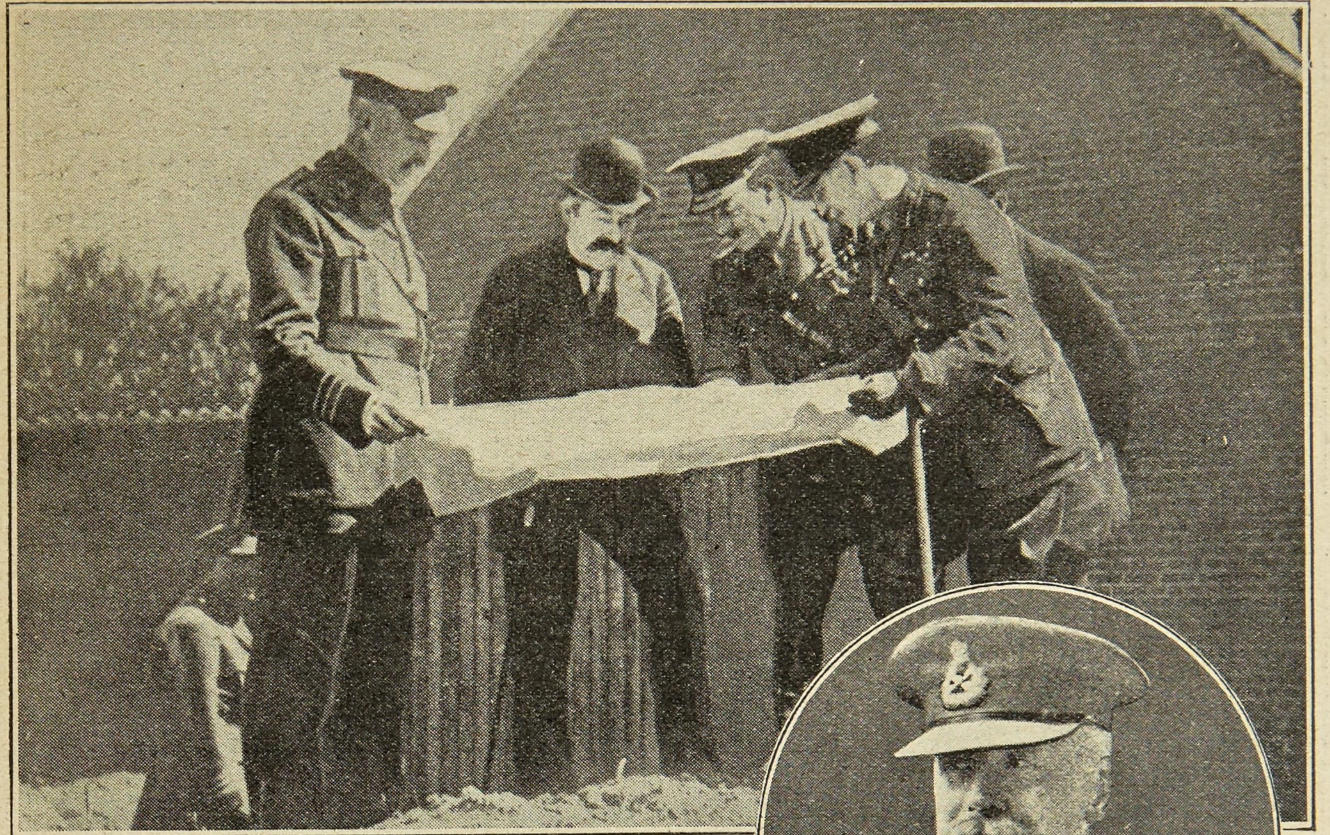
The Rise of Brussiloff

The first week in June ushered in the tremendous counterstroke of the Russians under General Brussiloff, which drove five Austrian armies from their usurped frontier south of the Pripet on a front of 220 miles—the distance from London to Hartlepool.

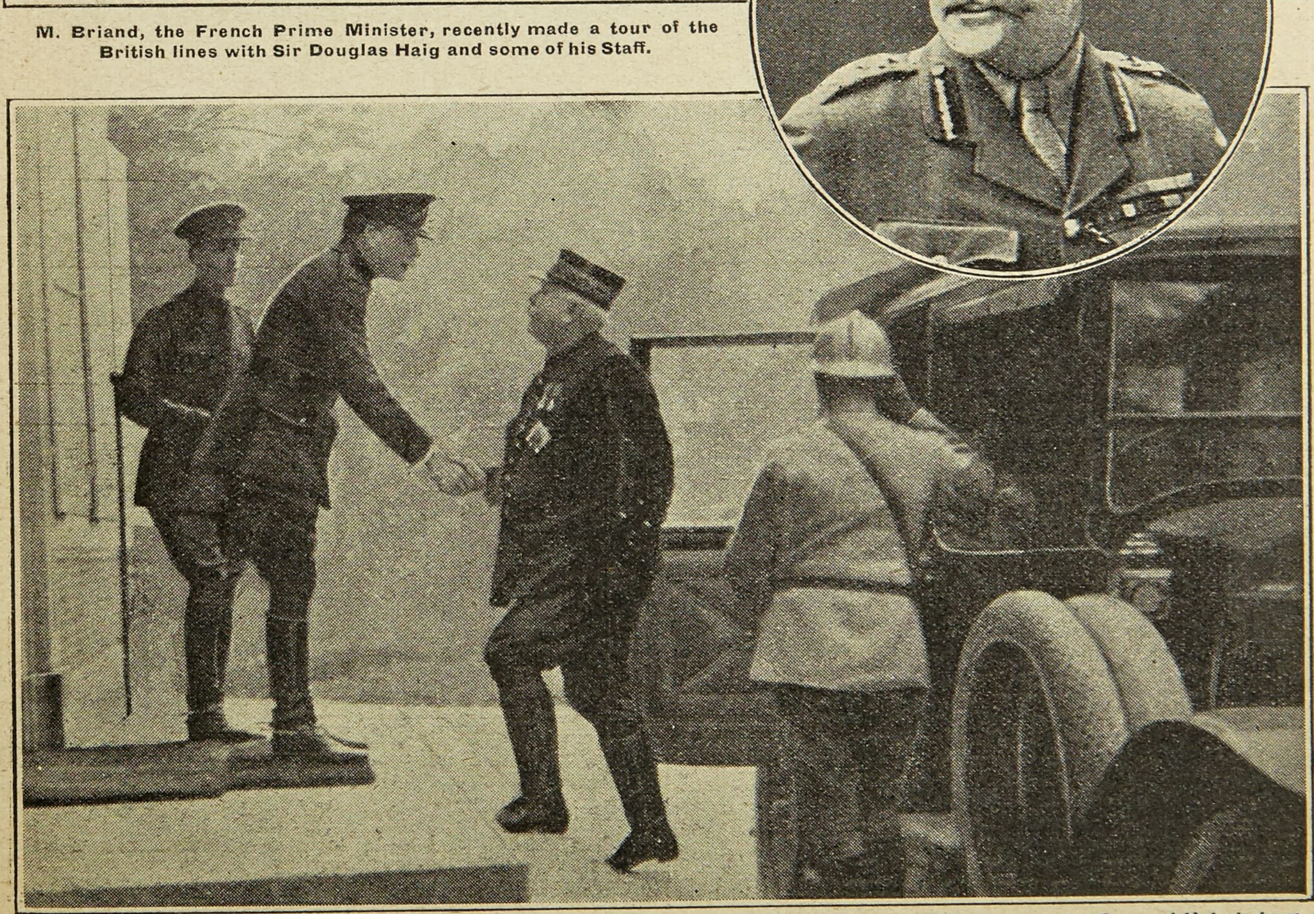
The 100th week of the war, unless some startling change takes place while these lines are printing, will find the Central Powers in possession of the whole of Serbia, Montenegro, and Poland, nearly the whole of Belgium, considerable portions of France and Russia, and a small slice of Italy; they are connected by the Orient Express Railway which runs from Brussels to Constantinople; and whatever shortage of food, money, and men their populations may experience, the lack of any of these essentials has not yet seriously affected their powers of attack and defence.

Nevertheless, the last week of June closed on an exultant note which was not without justification, for the war bulletins of June 30th showed that from the North Sea to the Baltic the five Allied nations were for the first time fighting with one accord against the common foe, fighting aggressively and fighting successfully.

Great Leaders in History's Greatest Crisis



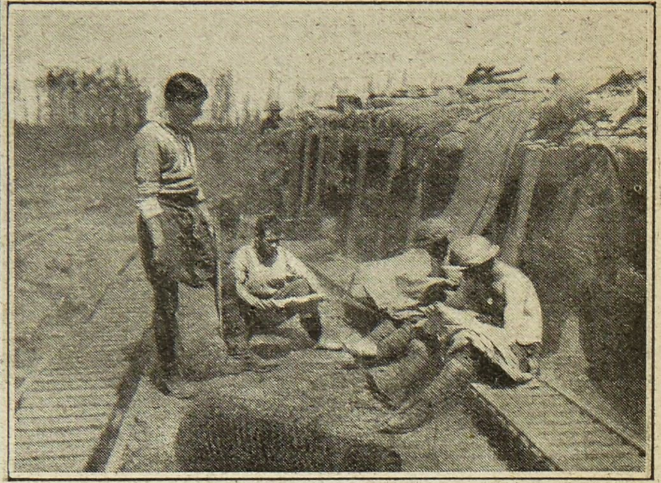
M. Briand, the French Prime Minister, recently made a tour of the British lines with Sir Douglas Haig and some of his Staff.



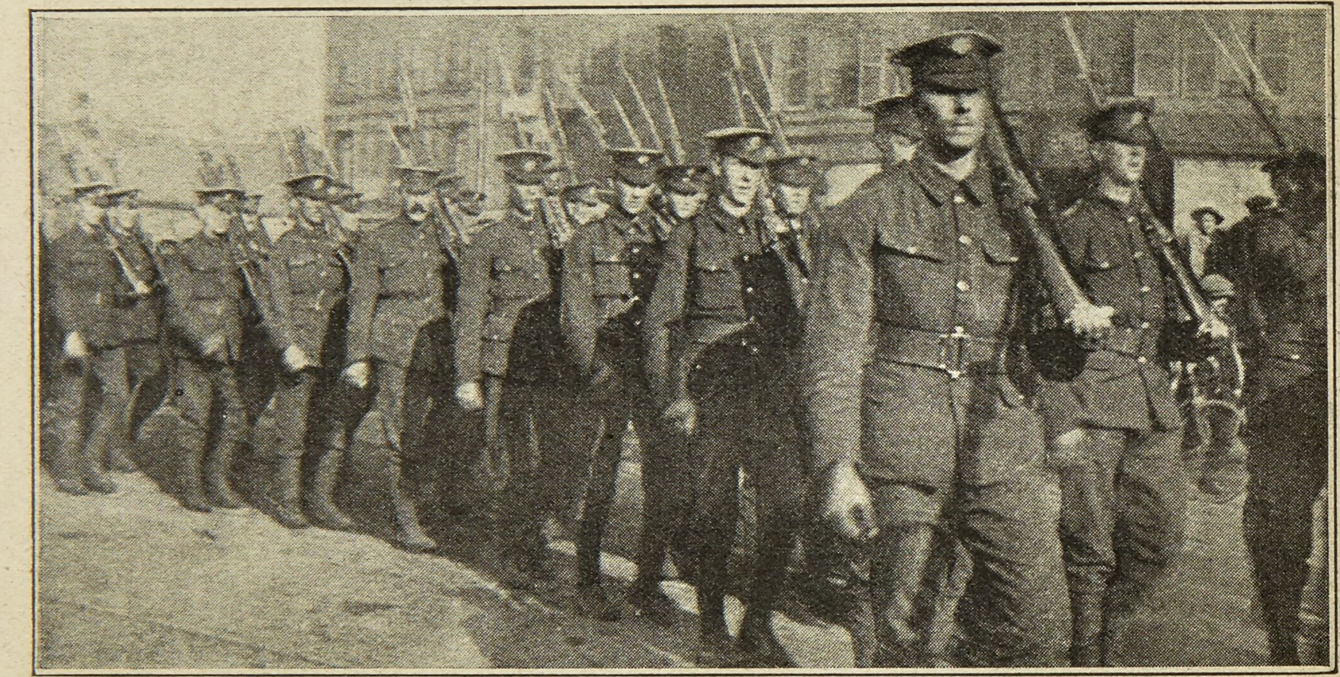
The great British offensive has been carried out simultaneously with that of the French forward movement. General Haig is here seen greeting General Joffre at the British Headquarters. Inset is a characteristic snapshot of the British Generalissimo.

Anzacs and Scots Guards in the Land of Gaul

A bomb-proof shelter in the trenches. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

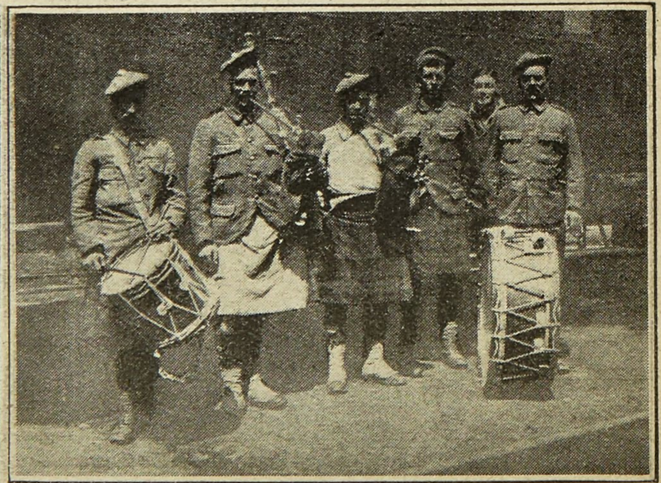


Summer days with the Australians in France. Scene in a foremost trench. (Official photograph.)



Battalion of Scots Guards on the march through a French village.

Off to duty to martial strains. Scots Guards band playing their regiment through a French town.



A picture for a war artist. Scottish pipers and drummers at a rail-head on the western front.

After Victory: German Soldiers in Captivity

Evidence of the victory. Column of German prisoners resting by the roadside, behind the British lines, awaiting to be sent to an internment camp.

GERMAN soldiers taken prisoners during the British offensive were unanimous as to the terrible work of the British artillery.

The continuous bombardment rendered the German first line untenable, and many of those who escaped death from shell fire were so dazed as to be unable to defend themselves when the British infantry stormed their trenches.

Party of German prisoners, many of whom were slightly wounded, marching along a French road in charge of a British guard. Inset: A ration party photographed after they had "done their bit" in the great offensive. (Official photographs.)

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

WHEN I WAS WOUNDED ON CHOCOLATE HILL

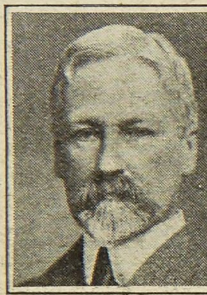
By H. W. Nevinson

Special Correspondent in the Dardanelles

IT was last August 21st, and the day before I had lain in my tent at Imbros, knocked over by an African fever which still returns after ten years. Up at the first dawn, I crept down to the quay, constructed by the simple process of sinking a steamer at right angles to the shore, and embarked on the trawler for Suvla Bay. Those trawlers from the North Sea—what splendid service they have done! "If the Kayser had knowed as we'd got trawlers," said one of the skippers to me, "he'd never have declared war!"

The Lay of Scimitar Hill

The passage across to the Gallipoli Peninsula is about fifteen miles. On landing at the north point of Suvla I went up the rocky hillside to the carefully-concealed headquarters of the Ninth Army Corps, and there the Chief of Staff told me the General proposed a big attack that afternoon on Scimitar Hill. I knew that hill well. On our first landing, at dawn on August 7th, I had noticed the low hill marked by a broad and bare patch, curved just like a Turkish scimitar, but I could not foretell what trouble it was to give us. It was also called Burnt Hill, because shells set the scrub on fire during an earlier assault, when some of our wounded and Turks were unable to escape from the flames. On our maps it was marked as Hill 70, from its height in metres. It stood about two and a half miles from the inner curve of Suvla Bay, and barred our farther advance. Already I had seen it twice assaulted in vain, and I knew that our dead lay scattered behind the trees and bushes on its slope.



MR. H. W. NEVINSON, the eminent war correspondent and novelist, who contributes this week's True Tale of the War, was present in the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, the Boer War, and was representative of the Macedonian Relief Committee in the Monastir Vilayet, 1903. He has travelled much in Central Africa and Russia, where he witnessed the memorable street fighting in Moscow in 1906, and enjoyed the distinction of conveying the English address to the first President of the Duma. Later, Mr. Nevinson visited the Caucasus and India. He was one of the three official correspondents on Gallipoli, and his thrilling experience in an attack on Chocolate Hill forms the subject of the present narrative. Among Mr. Nevinson's works are "In the Valley of Tophet," "The Plea of Pan," "Between the Acts," "The Dawn in Russia," etc.

So off I tramped along the curving beach, and then struck inland across the broad expanse of crusted mud called the Salt Lake. That Salt Lake was exposed to shell fire over its whole surface, and, as one approached the farther side, sharpshooters' bullets always began to buzz and whine around, or to fall with a startling splash into the thickened mud. On the farther side rose the almost circular hill called Chocolate, from its brown soil laid bare by the burning of the bushes. The Royal Irish Fusiliers had driven the Turks from their trenches there at the first landing, and we had since entrenched it carefully ourselves, running one continuous trench all round its circle near the top, constructing emplacements for mountain guns and machine-guns, and digging a short communication trench forward from it to another lower hill, which was our most advanced position.

Working round by the circular trench to the front of the hill, I stood on the firing ledge to look over the parapet. All seemed quiet in front. There stood Scimitar Hill, hardly more than half a mile away. A little beyond it to the right rose a hill called W, from the shape of its crest, on which the Turks had big guns hidden. Farther still to the right, a plain of fields and trees; and, beyond that, the precipices and mountain ravines of Anzac. It all looked peaceful. But I knew those thin lines across the hills in front were crammed with Turkish rifles, and close before my feet were our own lines, running over hill and plain, also crammed with rifles.

It was nearly three. Suddenly from the sea behind me sounded a portentous crash, and from the top of Scimitar Hill in front arose a great black cloud of mingled smoke and dust and fragments. Another crash, another cloud. Another and another, till the top of Scimitar Hill seemed to be exploding like a great volcano. The naval guns in the bay were preparing the assault. The Turks answered. On previous days they had sometimes fired on our ships, with some effect. But the range was long. That day they concentrated on Chocolate Hill.

The naval shells pounded rapidly. Each shot struck the top of Scimitar Hill as though to grind it away. One would have thought no trench and no man could exist under such blows. But I had watched that sort of work before, and knew that naval guns are not much use against trenches. They hit what can be seen, but for trenches you must hit the invisible. The "Hows" (short for howitzers) often do it, but hardly naval guns. Ordinary field-gun shrapnel is better. So I was thinking as I watched those great black clouds rise like magic trees from the low and silent summit, and fade away into the dull, hot haze of afternoon.

The men in the front trenches were preparing to advance. They picked up their rifles; they fixed bayonets. It was the moment when the strain of battle is tensest. Shrapnel burst over our hill; high-explosive crashed into its rocks and blackened scrub. I heard neither one nor other. All my thoughts were concentrated upon those khaki, dirty figures making ready for the charge.

Suddenly, as sometimes in a thunderstorm, a terrific crash sounded close above my head. Instantly came a blow like a trip-hammer falling on my skull. There was no other sensation but a tremendous, smashing blow. No waiting, no fear, no pain. I fell like a slaughtered ox, but was up again next second. I heard a machine-gun officer say, "Are you hit?" I put my hand to my head, and looked at it. Blood dripped from all the fingers. "I suppose I am," I said.

I saw my brown shirt running with blood. It was soaked with blood. I felt the warmth of the blood like hot water against my skin. I wondered that a man could have so much blood in him. "If that shirt's washed," I said to myself, "it will 'the multitudinous seas incarnardine!'"

I heard a cry of "Stretcher! Stretcher!" I'm told I kept repeating, "I'm not going away. I must see the battle! I must see the battle!" I don't remember that, but I remember taking a bandage from my pocket, and the machine-gun officer helping to tear it open and bind it tight round my head. I told the men not to bother about a stretcher because I could walk. I also remember a strong objection to being led away, and how the crowded men along the trenches called out, "Gangway! Gangway for the wounded!" at the sight of so bloody a figure. But all the time I felt little pain, and no fear.

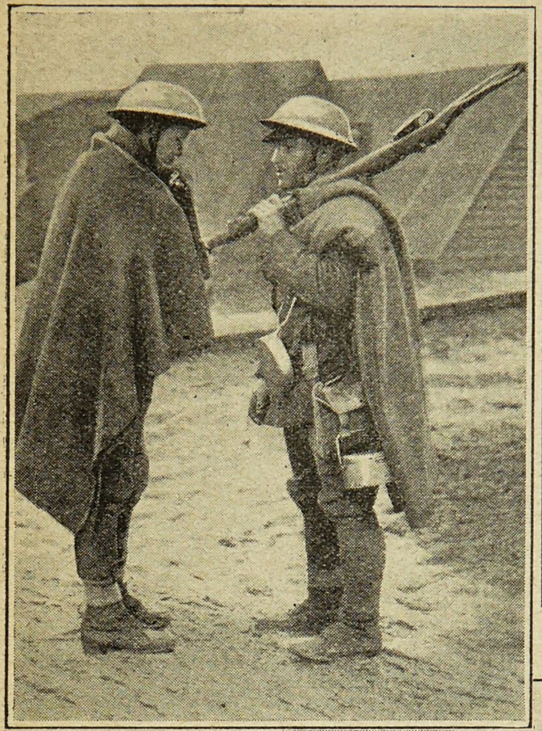
An Exhilarating Sensation

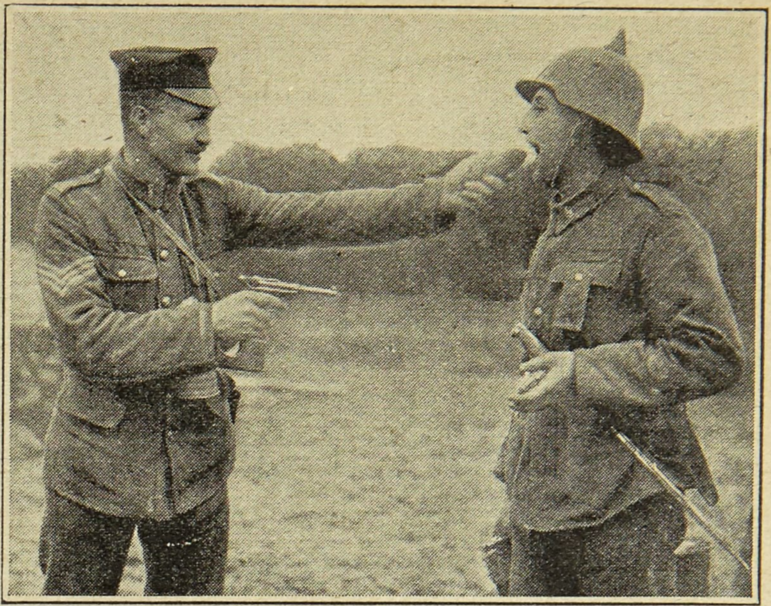
They hurried me along the crowded trench to the rear of the hill, and into a sheltered dug-out. There an R.A.M.C. orderly wiped the blood out of my eyes and mopped great pinkish clots, or "gouts," of it off my shirt, looking like lumps of brain, which he thought they were. He believed the skull was broken, and wanted to take off the bandage to see. But I refused to have it moved, because the broken skulls I had seen always made a man unconscious, and I wasn't unconscious in the least. I only felt a queer exhilaration at being still alive. I have felt the same after the crisis in dangerous fevers. It was as though life congratulated me on being still in its company.

This pleasurable feeling was increased by the appearance

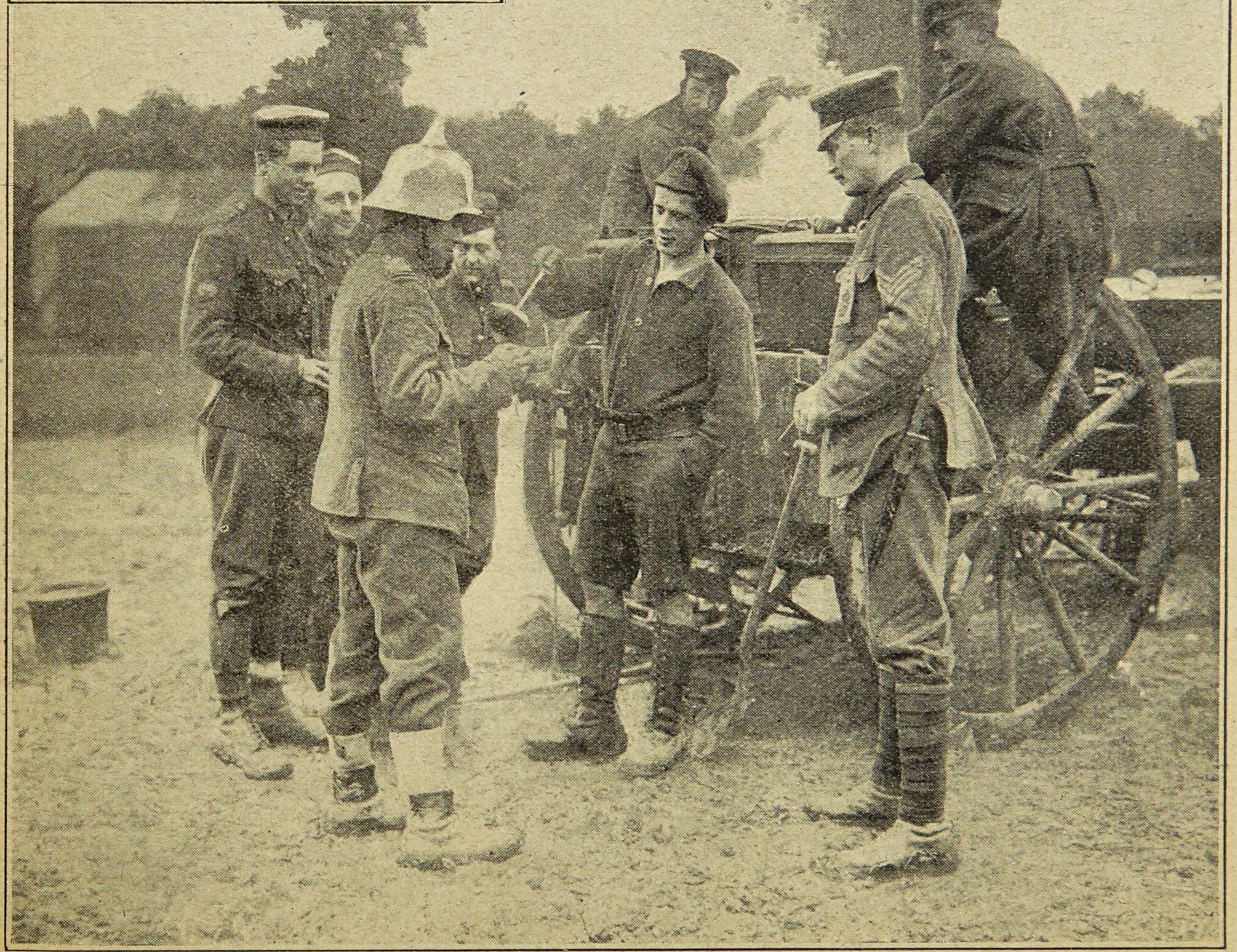
[*Continued on page* 512

Merry and Bright in Borrowed Plumes





Our men "playing at Germans." They are wearing headgear captured from the enemy. On the left: Tommy just out of the trenches, where he has had the butt of his rifle blown away, tells his friend how things are going.



Afternoon tea at the front. Several of the men are wearing captured German headgear. (The three illustrations on this page of scenes on the British western front are from official photographs of which the Crown copyright is reserved.)

WOUNDED ON CHOCOLATE HILL

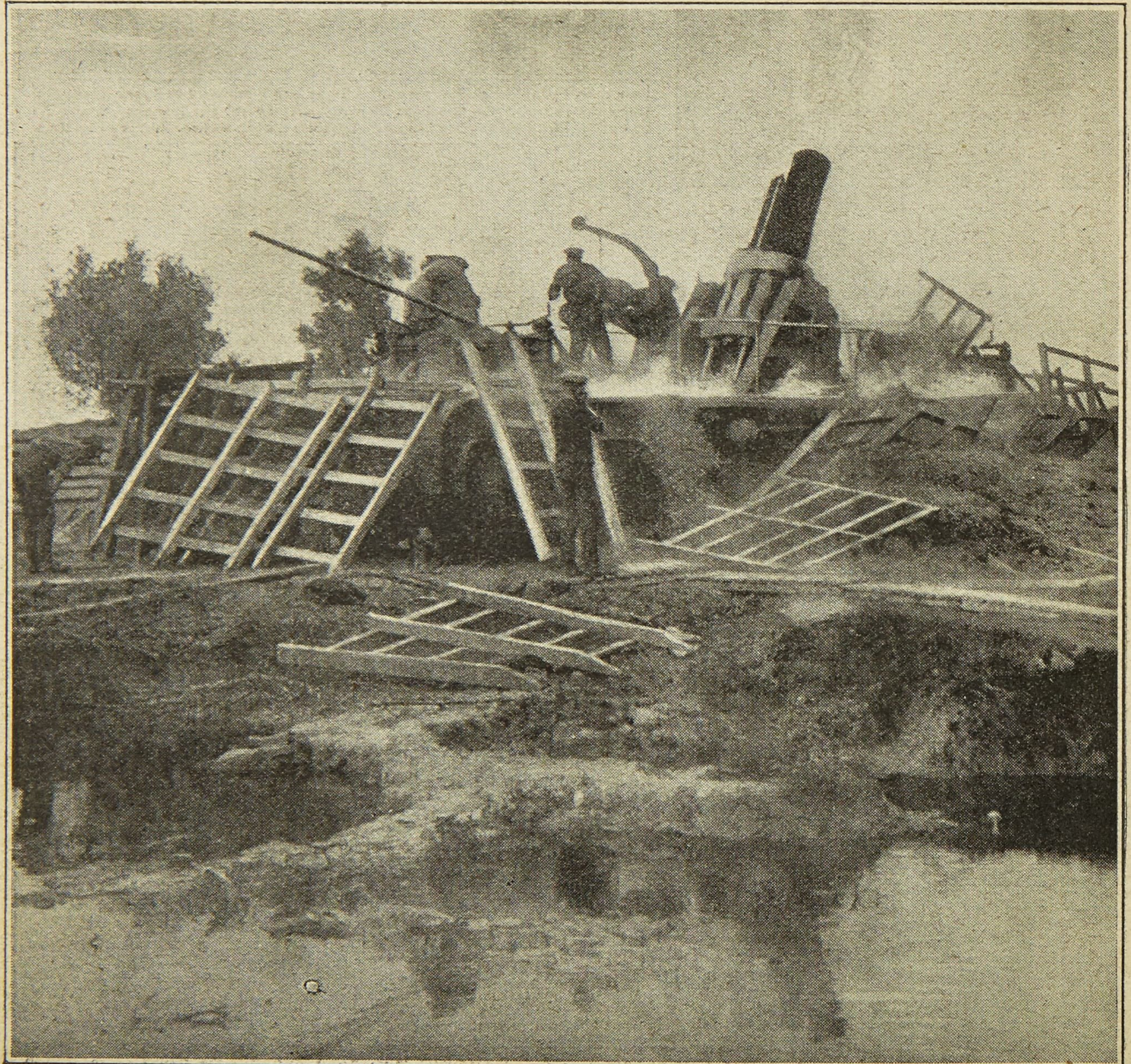
(Continued from page 510)

of my friend, Lester Lawrence, of Reuter's, who, besides myself and my other friend, Ashmead-Bartlett, was the only British war correspondent in the Dardanelles. He had generously brought my pith helmet, the crown of which, cut to pieces by the shell, had just saved the skull from cracking. "A poor thing, but my own," I said, in contemplating its ruin, and the two Shakespearian quotations were the only evidences that the mind was not quite normal.

Then I sat alone, watching the blood drip, fast at first, then slowly. At last it almost ceased to run, and I walked back alone to the trench, the men again shouting, "Gangway for the wounded!" In exactly an hour after being struck I was back on the same position, and noticed the rocks still sprinkled with blood. The only difference I observed in myself was a slightly increased fear at the sound of approaching shells and their explosion overhead or close by, and a slightly increased caution about cover. I had no sense of pain and none of weakness, in spite of all that loss of blood. The pain came at night, when, after walking back the four or five miles, I reached the hospital on Suvla Point, and the surgeons worked off the sticking bandage, felt the exposed skull all over, still fearing a fracture, and rubbed iodine into the big, raw wound.

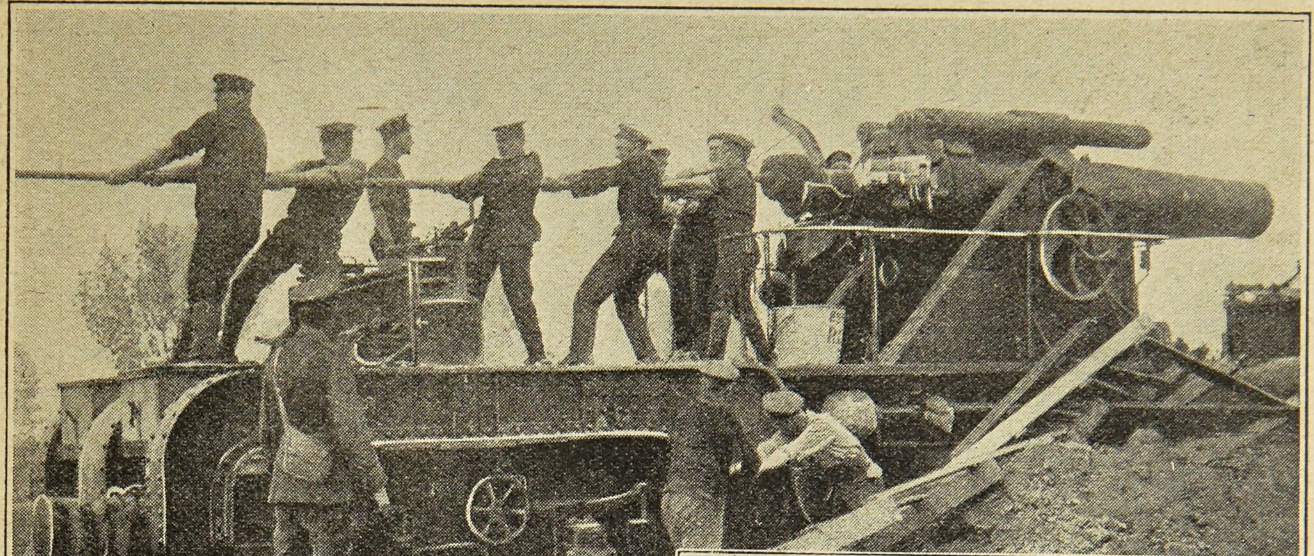
I write all this personal stuff only to comfort the hundreds of thousands whose sons, brothers, husbands, friends, or lovers have been wounded or killed in this war. But for the pith helmet I should have been killed, and I should have felt no pain. I should have felt nothing at all. Even a wound is not necessarily painful. Some wounds are, but many of my friends have had bullets into them and felt only a comfortable warmth. For myself the blow has left no consequences except a deep and lasting groove, shaped just like a scimitar, on the top of my head. It makes an excuse for increasing baldness, and if I am taken prisoner by the Turks I can point to it as an outward and visible sign of the Crescent and the Prophet's faith.

But what of the many fine men whom I saw stretched out upon the hillside, isolated or in little groups, during that terrible day of battle—a battle which failed in the end? For them there was no fortunate escape. For them life ended in the middle. All I can say is that the more I see of death on the field the more I am astonished at the quality of courage, and the greater envy and admiration do I feel for those who possess it.

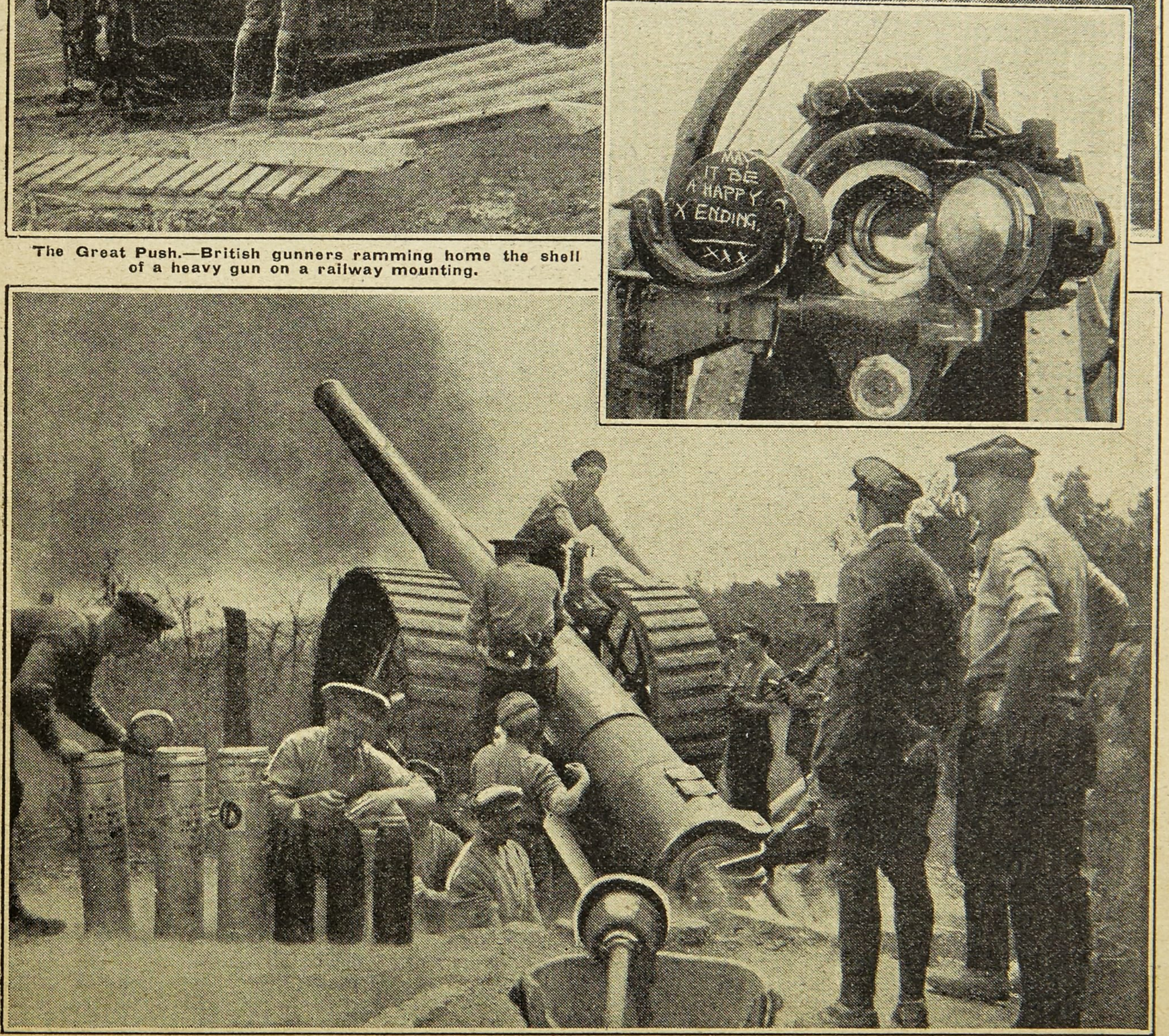


Heavy gun on a railway mounting at the moment of firing. (Official Crown copyright photograph from the western front.)

Guns that Pounded German Trenches to Powder

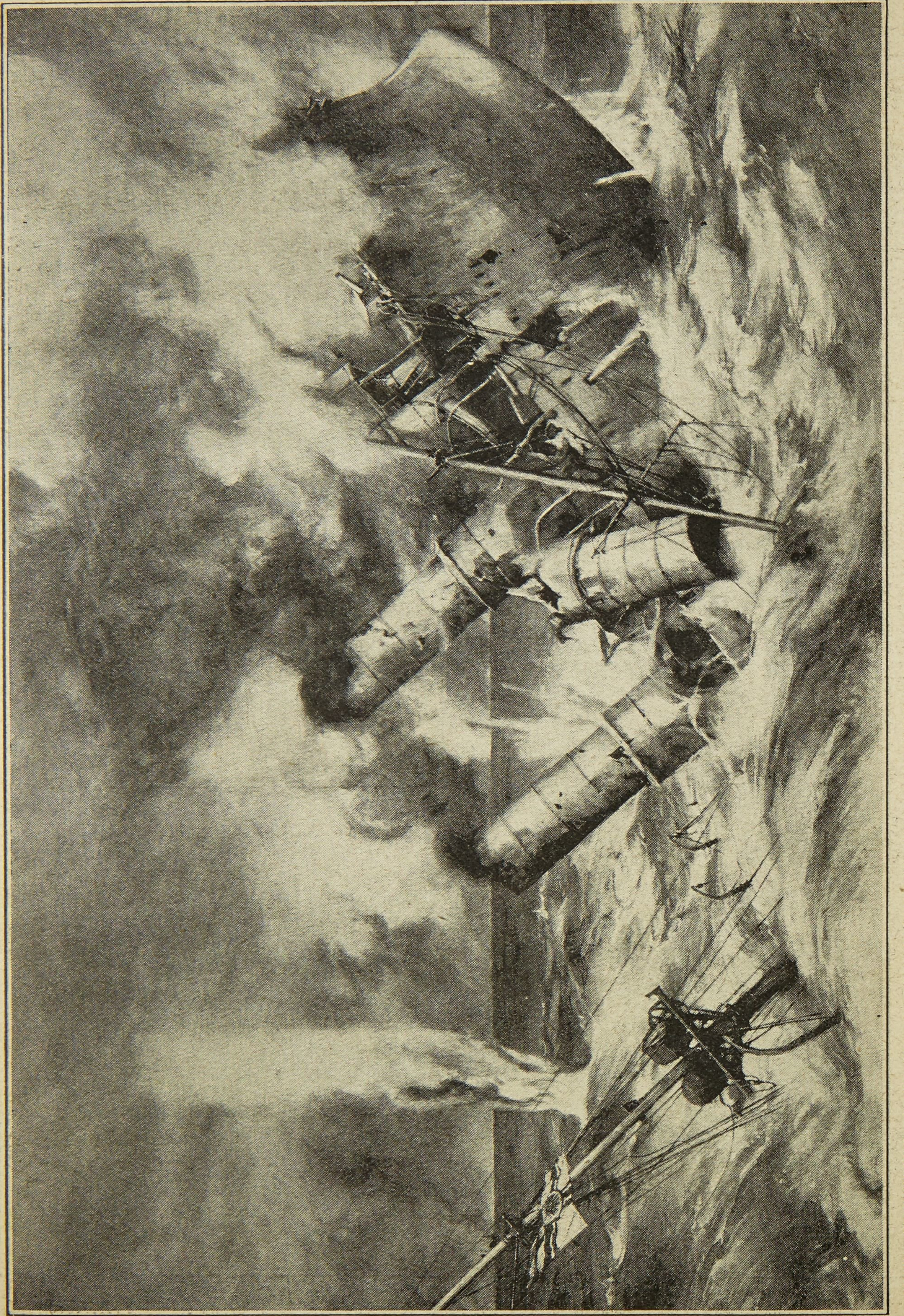


The Great Push.—British gunners ramming home the shell of a heavy gun on a railway mounting.



MAY IT BE A HAPPY ENDING, XXX

One of the British heavy guns in action against the German lines. On July 1st, after five days' intense bombardment by our artillery, a great offensive was launched on a front of about twenty-five miles north and on both banks of the Somme. Inset: A complimentary message ready to be sent to Fritz. (Official photographs. Crown copyright reserved.)



SUNK OFF JUTLAND.—A ship that goes down in fair fight with her flag still flying commands the respect of every Briton. In this picture Mr. Padday finely suggests the proud defiance with which one German cruiser went to her doom, with a full complement of officers and men, beaten by the finer fighting of Sir David Beatty's ships.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

THE GREAT SEA FIGHT OF HORN REEF

By Edward Wright

IN chess, a good player often throws out a pawn to be captured, with the subtle design of trapping his opponent and making him pay dearly for taking the piece. This is a gambit. The masterly British rout of the German Fleet between Southern Norway and Western Denmark was the result of a Jellicoe double gambit, subtler than anything in Nelson's methods of attack.

Yet Admiral von Scheer opened the involved movements of the struggle in a way that showed both skill and courage. But the enemy commander based his plan on a wrong conception of the quality of mind of Sir David Beatty. All the early spring of 1916 Sir David had been "barging" about the North Sea and playing the part of a man of careless, arrogant strength. As such Scheer accepted him, and arranged to trap him in one of his favourite parading grounds. The selected scene of action was the Little Fisher Bank, a fishing shallow about three hundred miles due east of Aberdeen, and nearly a hundred miles from the coast of Jutland. A German submarine flotilla appears first to have submerged near the Little Fisher with orders to wait the grand event. This event depended on the weather, as the German scheme required a considerable amount of mist in order to provide an exit in case of disaster.

Admiral Scheer's Plan of Campaign

The weather was promising on the night of May 30th, 1916. So at dawn on Wednesday, May 31st, Admiral von Hipper, with five German battle-cruisers and attendant small craft, steamed some two hundred and fifty miles north of Wilhelmshafen towards the spot where the ten British cruising ships were likely to be met. A hundred miles behind Hipper came Scheer with sixteen battleships of the Dreadnought type and six of the pre-Dreadnought class. Hipper had the Derfflinger, Lützow, Seydlitz, Moltke, and a ship of unknown name. Beatty had the Lion, Tiger, Queen Mary, New Zealand, and Indefatigable, together with the new fast battleships Barham, Malaya, Valiant, and Warspite, led by Rear-Admiral Evan-Thomas. Hipper's task was to engage Beatty's division, and, at the price of a long and terrible pounding, lead the ten British capital ships and their light cruisers and destroyers into the enveloping arms of the twenty-two German battleships.

The action began about two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. An innocent Norwegian cargo steamer, the Fjord, was stopped near Little Fisher Bank by two German destroyers. But two British light cruisers, the Galatea and the Phæton, opened fire on the destroyers. Then, as the ships were getting the range, three heavy enemy cruisers appeared and made the water dance in fountains with salvos of large shells. The British light cruisers, which had been steaming forward at thirty-two knots, turned back, but in retreating reduced their speed to twenty-five knots in order to invite pursuit. Their design was, of course, to draw the powerful hostile ships within range of the 13·5 in. shells of our leading squadron.

At half-past two the British battle-cruisers and the German battle-cruisers sighted each other. Hipper was then near the south coast of Norway, and Beatty's division, which was steaming up from the south-east, was between the Germans and their base. Hipper was apparently trapped, if Beatty could overtake him. Hipper turned completely round, transforming what had been his vanguard of destroyers and light cruisers into his rearguard, and made a long, curving south-easterly course in the direction of Horn Reef. Sir David Beatty, leading the six battle-cruisers, made a curving parallel to Hipper's course, while Rear-Admiral Evan-Thomas, leading the four fast British battleships, took a straight short cut across the curve, which would bring him near the Jutland coast on the line of retreat of the German force.

For an hour and a quarter the chase went on without a shot being fired. At a quarter to four the enemy was overtaken, and the conflict opened with a shower of 13·5 in. shells flung by our leading battle-cruisers against the enemy ships ten miles away. Our gun not only threw a heavier shell with more force behind it, but kept the great shell straighter on the target. To get in turn a better aim, Hipper bore down more to the south. This brought him closer to his mighty battleship force.

By this means the two forces came about four o'clock within six miles of each other. The conflict then was of an infernal sublimity. It was like a hundred thunderstorms. The sea rose in waterspouts, eighty to a hundred feet high, where the salvos missed the zigzagging, manœuvring ships. But at short range most of the shells struck home on the larger targets. Splinters hurtled about the steel-clad decks, killing and maiming the heroic men working the secondary armament with little or no armour to shelter them.

The big gun was absolute master of the situation. The battle-cruisers on both sides did not carry the proper weight of armour for big-gun fighting. It was the essential principle of battle-cruiser construction that armour should be sacrified to speed, and the ship was originally invented by us for the purpose of chasing down and destroying at long range hostile armoured cruisers that were breaking into our trade routes. The modern method of concentration fire terribly increased the hammering effect. Each squadron selected one opposing ship and massed the general weight of shell against her. The shooting of the Germans at this stage of the struggle was remarkably good. They selected our rearmost battle-cruiser, the Indefatigable, a ship of 18,750 tons, armed with eight 12 in. guns, and carrying some seven hundred and ninety officers and men, under Captain Charles F. Sowerby. The big ship staggered under the tremendous weight of metal she received, and blew up scarcely five minutes after the beginning of the hurricane of fire. Twenty minutes later we lost one of our very finest ships—the Queen Mary—of 27,500 tons, with armour two inches thicker than that of the Indefatigable, carrying a thousand officers and men, under Captain Cecil I. Prowse.

The Germans in Luck

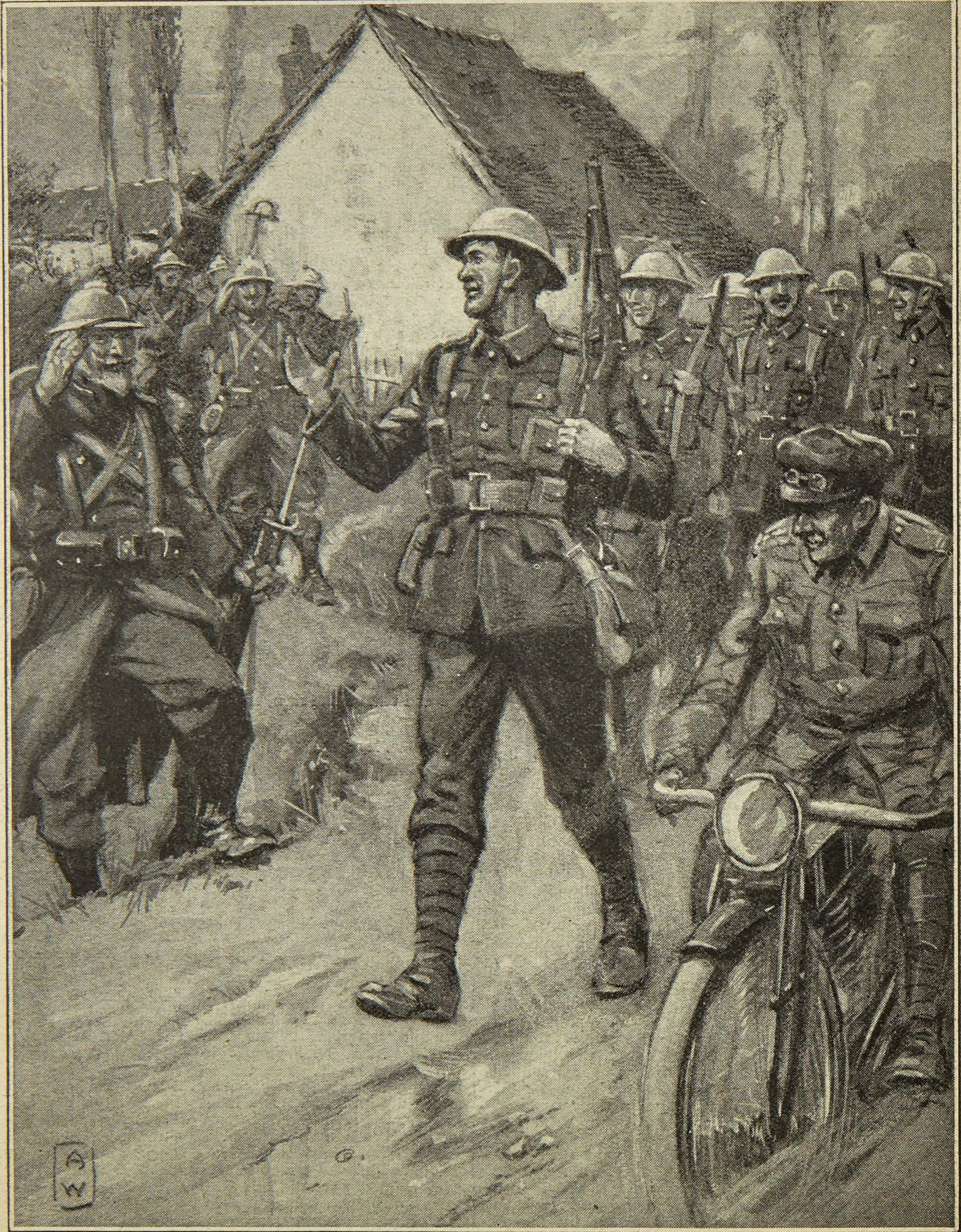
In both cases it was accident rather than smashing force that destroyed with startling rapidity one-third of Sir David Beatty's battle-cruiser force. A shell tore off the top of the turret and exploded inside, killing all the gunners and wrecking the guns. Close to the guns was the open ammunition hoist, and as apparently this passage into the magazine was not closed by a door, owing to shells being on their way to the guns, the flame of the explosion in the turret swept down the hoist into the magazine, causing the ship to be blown up by her own shells. Soon after the Queen Mary went up in a volcano of steam, fire, and smoke, a German cruiser in turn was destroyed.

It was about this time that the British battleship squadron under Rear-Admiral Evan-Thomas completed its short cut across the curve and fell into line behind the New Zealand. Hipper was then within only twenty minutes' steaming distance from his High Sea Fleet, and being flushed with victory he maintained the terrific conflict at short range. At a quarter to five came the decisive crisis in the battle. The sixteen German Dreadnoughts steamed close up to Hipper, and Hipper made a turn directly northward in order to overlap Beatty's division. Along the new course that he took with his four remaining battle-cruisers he was followed by three German Dreadnoughts of the König class, five of the Kaiser class, and the rest of the sixteen German Dreadnoughts. The slower six enemy ships of pre-Dreadnought type seem to have proceeded north-west, with a view to picking up fragments of our division that seemed doomed to destruction.

Sir David Beatty avoided envelopment by executing the same turn northward as Hipper was carrying out, and on both sides the turning-point was a deadly spot.

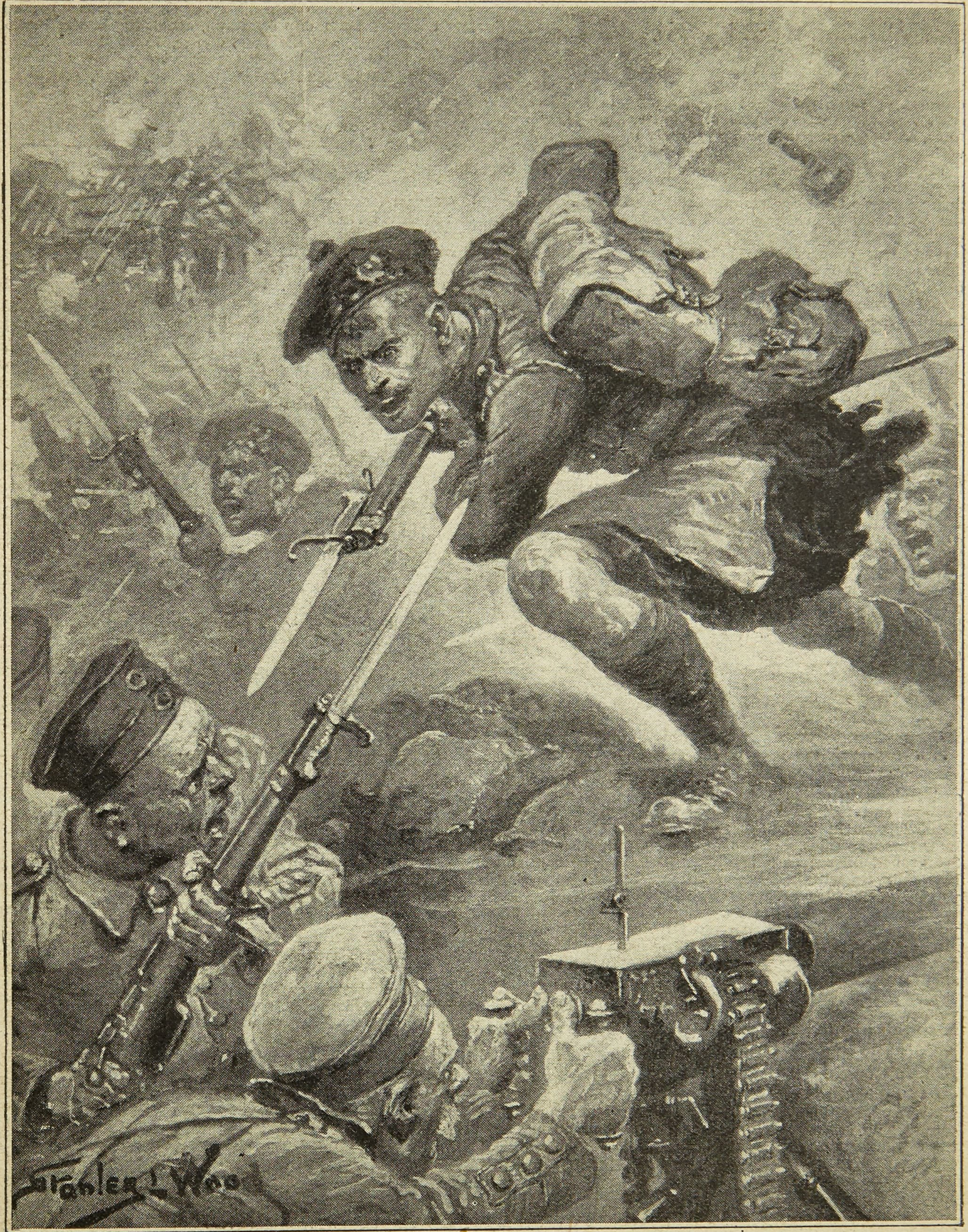
[*Continued on page* 518

The Great Push! France Salutes the Ally



Not even in England can the great British offensive be hailed with more joy and enthusiasm than it is in France. For months our splendid ally has patiently awaited the moment when Britain would be prepared to go forward and relieve the tension. On the morning of July 1st the French seemed to know instinctively that the hour had struck, and many a war-worn "Poilu" of the earliest class raised a hand to his helmet in saluting his ally with the words "Bonne chance, mon camarade!"

Brave Highlanders to the Attack at Mametz



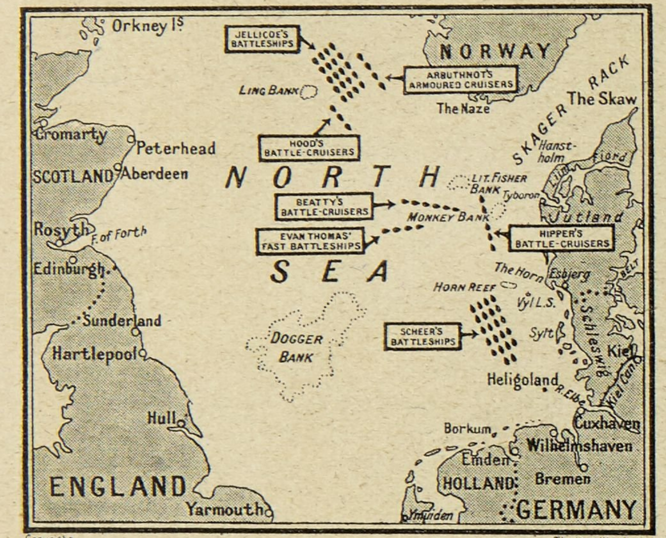
In the fighting for Mametz, during the great advance, Scottish troops were allotted perhaps the hardest task of all. The village was strongly fortified and defended by machine-guns and bombs innumerable. The Scots fought with determined courage, and the Germans put up a desperate resistance, but eventually were overpowered. Towards evening Mametz had been cleared of the enemy, and the triumphant Scots began consolidating the position against counter-attack.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

(*Continued from page* 515.)

Our sailors named it Windy Corner. As each ship steamed round she came under a prolonged, concentrated fire from all the opposing ships which were in regular line. Then the light cruisers and destroyers had to make the turn, with the secondary armament of the big ships playing on them, and the hostile craft of the smaller kind battering them. Hipper's rearguard had already been largely crippled or sunk, as it had to withstand both our small craft and our battle-cruisers and battleships. Our light force, on the other hand, was practically intact and fighting with amazing skill and intrepidity.

But fine as was the work of our light craft, it was not important. Their great time was to come later. The men who rode the thunderstorms of the guns and directed the tornadoes of shell were dead men—the dead men of the Indefatigable and the Queen Mary. In death they served their country even better than they could have done in life. For their destruction blinded not only Hipper but Scheer. The German Commander-in-Chief was so elated by the unexpected victory of this cruiser squadron that he thought Sir David Beatty was thoroughly beaten and seeking to escape. As a matter of fact, our battle-cruisers and fast battleships had been flung out by Sir John Jellicoe in person as gambit pawns to overmatch, by a larger sacrifice, the five German battle-cruisers which Scheer had offered as a gambit. Had none of our ships been sunk, Scheer might have seen that he was being over-played. But when he learnt by wireless that we had lost two capital ships in the preliminary action, where we had possessed more than double the strength of his advance force, he ceased to study the larger aspects of the terrible game and steamed up in a bull-like rush to complete the annihilation of Beatty.



Copyright The War Illustrated

Plan indicating the area of the Jutland Battle and the approximate positions of the conflicting navies.

There then began from Windy Corner to a northern point near the Skager-Rak one of the most glorious fights in our glorious naval history. For an hour and a quarter four British battle-cruisers and four British battleships fought against four German battle-cruisers and sixteen German battleships. When we were in superior strength, we lost; when we were overwhelmingly outnumbered, we won. For the marvellous thing was that we lost no capital ship during this extreme ordeal. The enemy, on the other hand, suffered heavily. He lost another battle-cruiser, and of all the four leading ships with which he began the northerly race towards the Grand Fleet of Britain, only one remained in battle order at the end of the course. It was in this great luring race that the superior speed of our battle-cruisers and fast battleships told against the enemy. Sir David Beatty's flagship always remained well ahead of the German battle-cruisers, which were caught by a double fire from both our squadrons. For the German battleships could not keep up with our fast battleships, so that the Barham, Malaya, Valiant, and Warspite were fairly free to hammer at what remained of Hipper's force.

At six o'clock Sir John Jellicoe began to play for the great decision. Beatty had then dragged the German High Sea Fleet almost in sight of our Grand Fleet. Jellicoe had a second battleship squadron, consisting of the Invincible, Inflexible, and the Indomitable, under Rear-Admiral Horace Hood. The British Commander-in-Chief also had an older, feebler, and slower cruiser squadron, consisting of the Defence, Warrior, Black Prince, and Duke of Edinburgh, under Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot. His immediate object was to keep the German Fleet violently engaged until our battleship squadrons were south enough to cut Scheer off from his base.

Pluckiest Scene in the Battle

Admiral Hood was ordered to take station at the head of Sir David Beatty's line, and close round eastward and block the entrance to the Baltic. Beatty had received a wireless order to the same effect, and as he was maintaining his overlapping lead of the German line, he was able to turn eastward, bringing a flanking fire against the remnant of Hipper's squadron. But all the kick had not been knocked out of the German battle-cruisers. As Hood swung his squadron forward in a magnificent sweep his flagship, the Invincible, got a shell through one of her turrets and went up in a roar of smoke and flame, as the Queen Mary and the Indefatigable had done. Then occurred the pluckiest scene in the battle. Some of the blown up, half-drowned, and truly invincible sailors rose from the very pit of death, and from the sea cheered our ships as they swung round and enveloped the enemy's line.

Scheer then still tried to break away, apparently towards the Skager-Rak. He sent out a large force of light cruisers and destroyers, which threw up smoke clouds, increasing the general blurring effect of the mist. Sir John Jellicoe answered this move by launching against the head of the enemy's bending line the armoured cruiser squadron under Sir Robert Arbuthnot. The four cruisers, with their 9·2 in. guns and their 6 in. armour belt, smashed through the German light cruisers and destroyers, sinking several craft of both kinds in the fierce, short action. But as they were achieving this local victory the mist cleared, and five of the most powerful German Dreadnoughts closed down on them to a range of 5,000 yards. The Defence was blown up in three minutes, and the Black Prince flamed and exploded soon afterwards. The Warrior was crippled, but her crew was saved from destruction by the Warspite, that steamed up and lived through the concentrated fire of the five German battleships, and with her eight 15 in. guns shattered at least one of them and beat the others off.

By this time the High Sea Fleet was nearly enveloped. Beatty was steaming down the Danish coast, Jellicoe's squadron commanders were leading their ships forward at the highest possible speed south of Fisher Bank, while the fast battleship squadron under Evan-Thomas used its incomparable pace to separate from Beatty's command and swing far out to sea and form the swift westward wing of the victorious Grand Fleet. By seven o'clock in the evening Admiral von Scheer, who had also extended in a long line westward, began to feel the full striking power of the British Navy.

Rout of the German Fleet

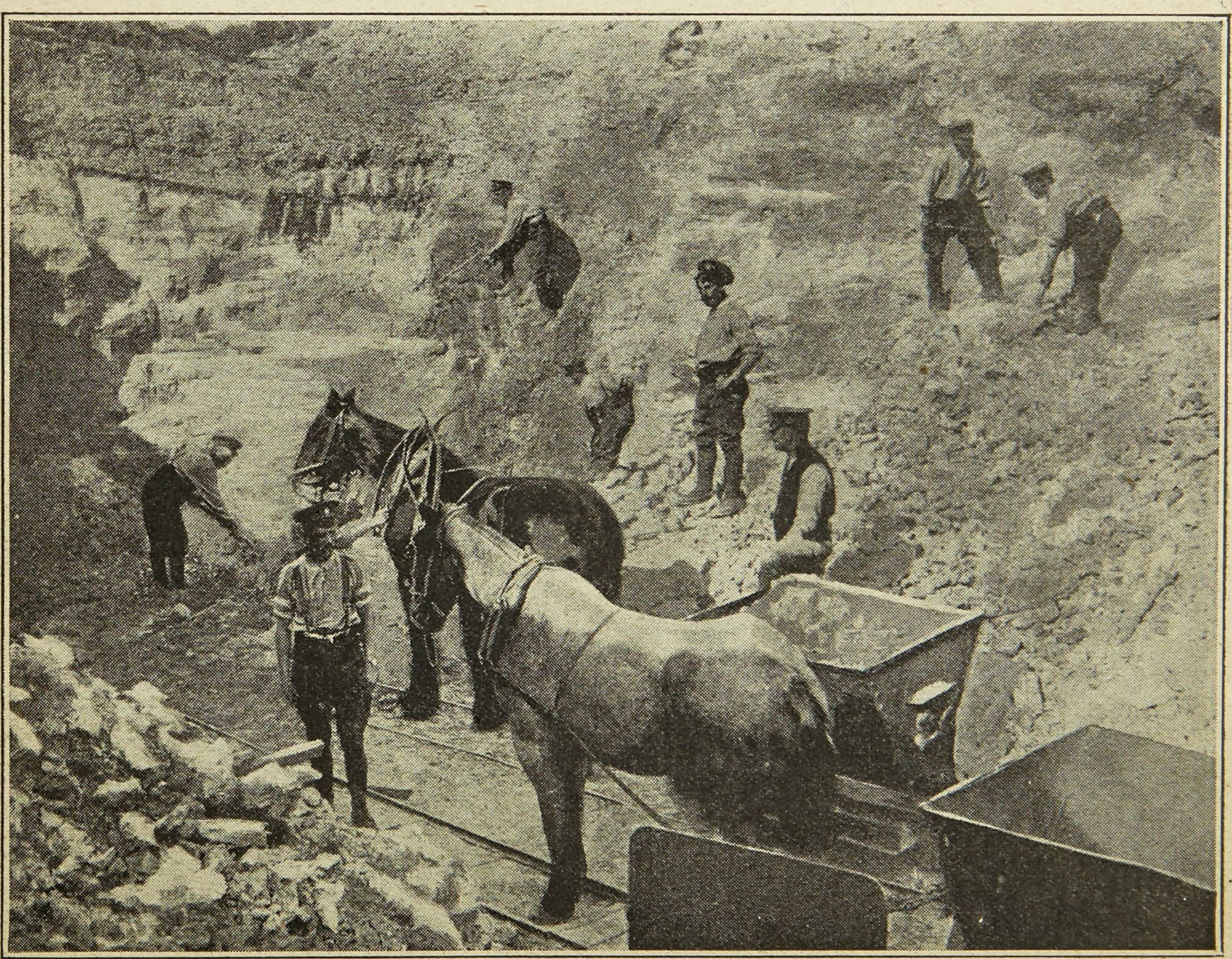
The contest then ended and the rout began. Jellicoe's long arms were almost round the High Sea Fleet, which lost all order and dodged away through the drifts of fog. The last shots from our heavy guns were fired from both wings in the dusk about half-past eight, and then for six and a half hours the broken and disordered enemy forces reeled under torpedo attacks made by our destroyers and light cruisers. We must, however, reserve the incomparable story of our deadly destroyer attacks for another issue. They reduced the German Fleet from the second to at least the third position in naval strength. The material damage, including minimum losses of four capital ships, four light cruisers, ten destroyers, and several submarines, may have been only attrition. But the German Fleet generally was so damaged that it was temporarily put out of action.

Next Article :
THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JULY

London Navvies with the Army in France

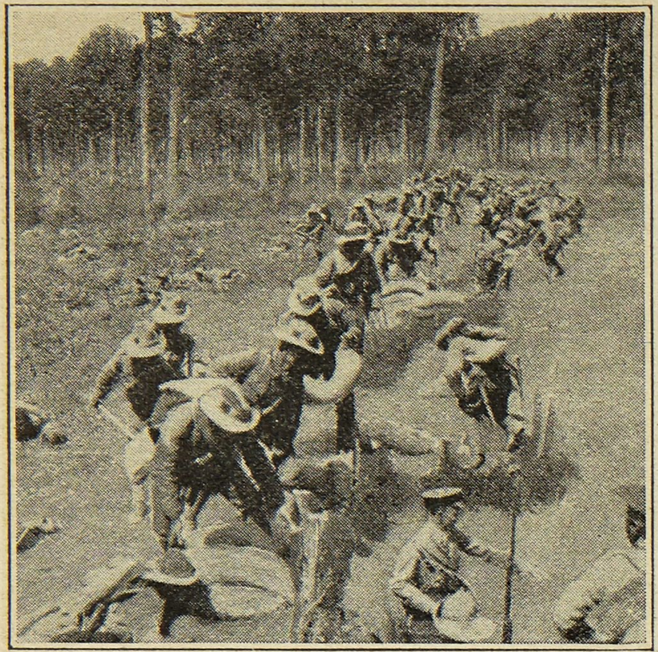
Men of the Navvies' Battalion doing their strenuous bit in the vicinity of the fighting-line.

Helping to hold the ramparts of the Allies. Navvies accumulating stone from a quarry behind the western front.

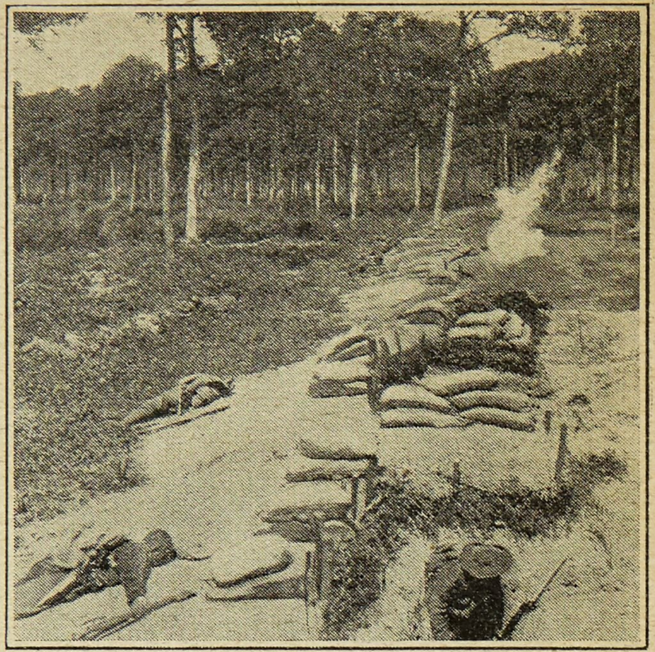


A thrilling account of the Navvies' brush with the enemy is recorded by official correspondents. The Germans advanced after springing a number of mines, and were met by the Welsh Fusiliers and a party of Navvies, who promptly set about the enemy with picks and spades and forced him to retreat.

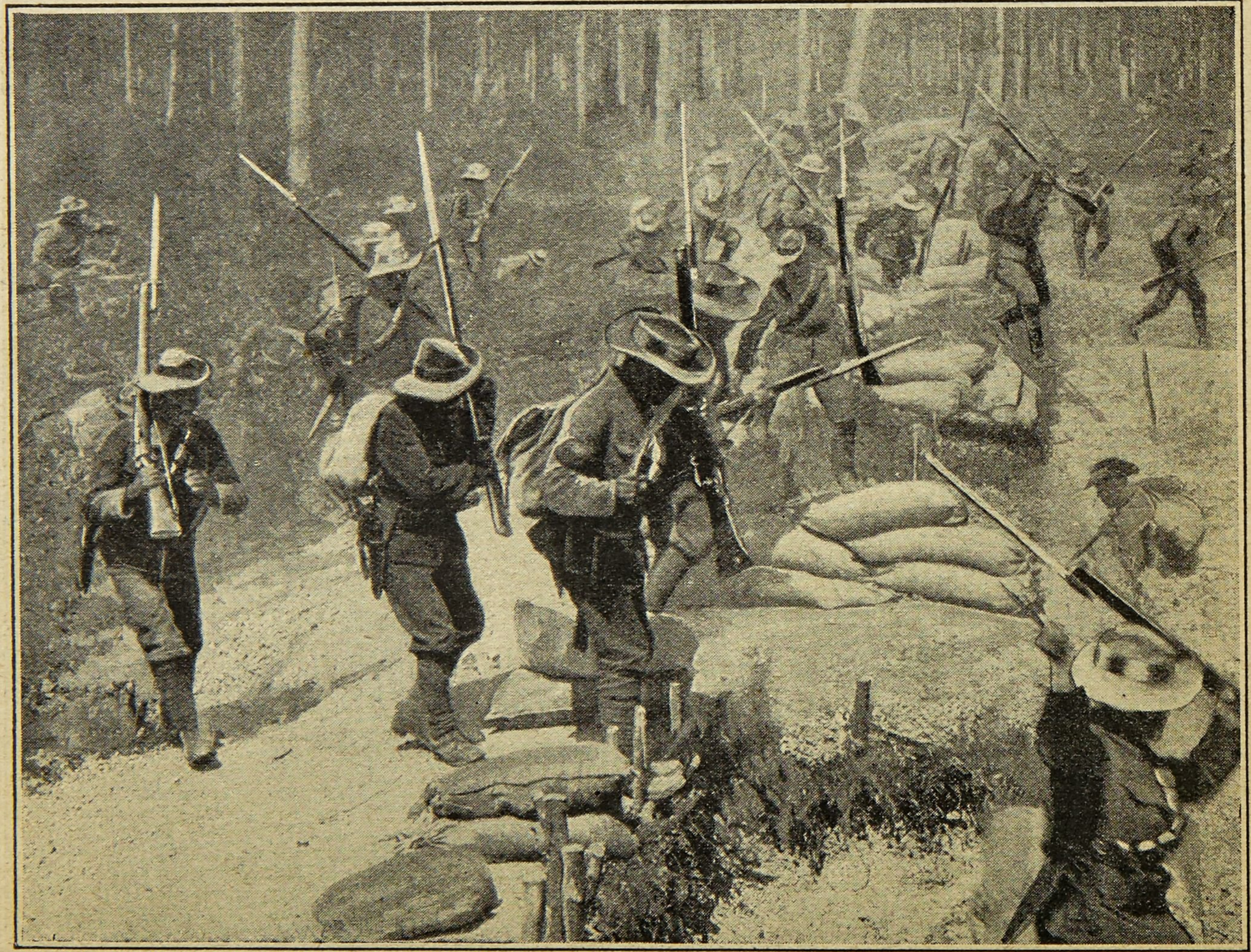
Irresistible Impetuosity of Indian Hillmen:



Directly his men had captured one sector of the trench an elated officer directed them how to reconstruct it.

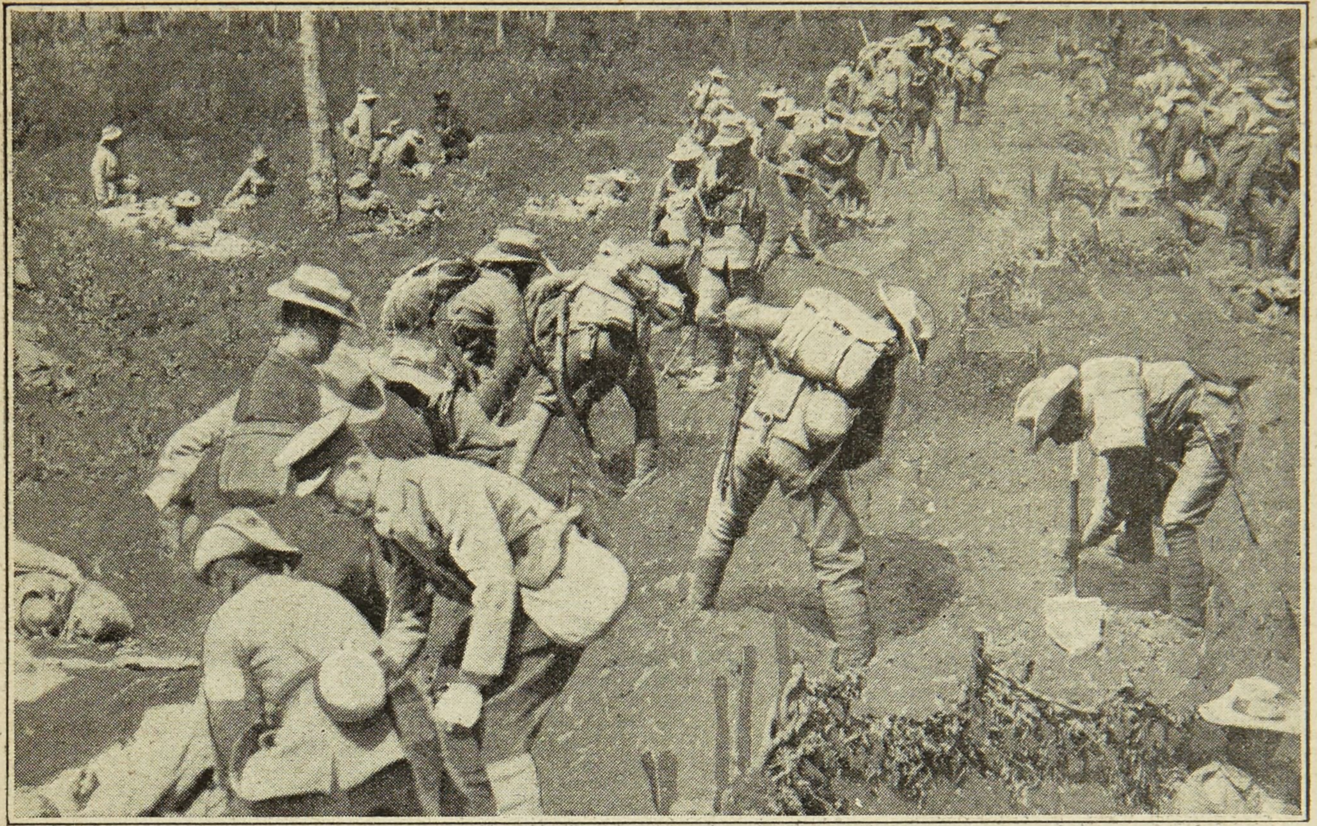


Meanwhile, the exultant Gurkhas proceeded to clear out the enemy from the trench, working to left and right with bayonets.

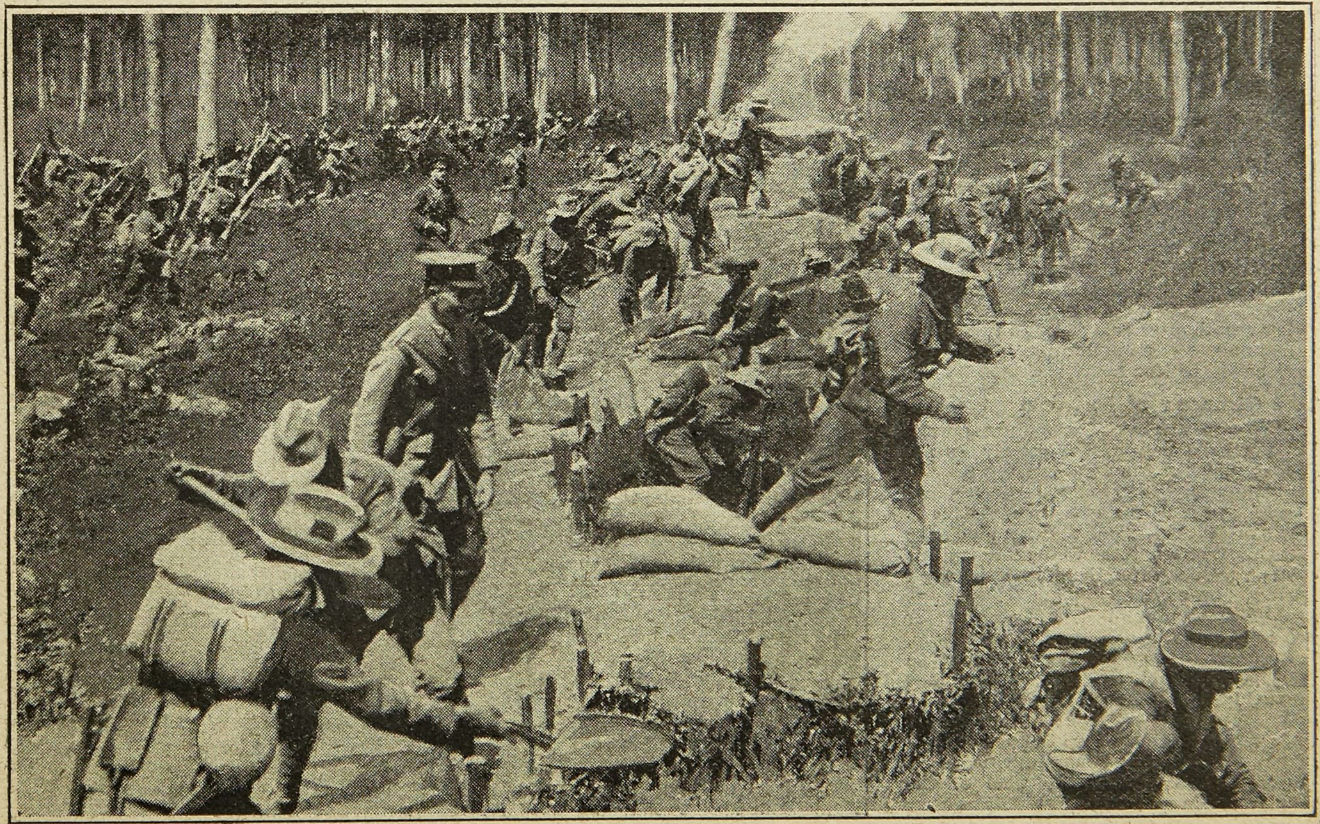


In a moment of glorious madness the first-line Gurkhas, bristling with bayonets and kukris, swarmed over the parapet, hardly pausing to kill before pressing on. There were rows of fallen comrades behind them to avenge. (The illustrations on this page are from Crown copyright photographs.)

How the Gurkhas Took the German Trenches



As soon as the reconstructed trench was considered strong enough to withstand the inevitable counter-attack, the officers turned attention to their men, and one, although himself wounded in the hand, helped to place a casualty upon a stretcher.



Very shortly after the first-line Gurkhas had carried the trench their second line came up amid shell fire to help to consolidate the captured German position. (Both the illustrations on this page are from Crown copyright photographs.)

"DOING THEIR BIT." A NEW SERIES

THE SPECIAL CONSTABULARY

By An Officer

THE history of the Special Constabulary, raised since August 4th, 1914, might be divided into three periods. The first period was marked by a tremendous enthusiasm and extraordinary high spirits. It was a great joke to go about with an armlet, a baton, a whistle, and a warrant card and patrol roads, stop traffic, guard bridges, and do a variety of work with which the ordinary plain citizen was quite unfamiliar. The second period was a period of reaction. The glamour had vanished. It was unpleasant to have to turn out at midnight in the winter, to walk roads or streets with apparently no object. Attendances began to fall off, and the work was done carelessly.

The third period was one of reorganisation. The force was sifted of its undesirables; a few fines were discreetly imposed here and there under the Special Constabulary Act for neglect of duty, and finally the chaos was reduced to a state of order and efficiency.

Much to Laugh At

Looking back I can find much to laugh at in the first period, though I realise now that the tens of thousands of men who ran about the country so fussily, doing all sorts of extraordinary things, really did perform a useful work. Their numbers—their presence everywhere, the fact that not a bridge, waterworks, line of telegraph wires, or electric-light works were left without their attendance—must have had its effect in discouraging enemy aliens from acts of violence.

The period of reaction was inevitable. The force was raised under an old Act of William IV., and was intended to apply to some definite period of public uneasiness. It simply embodied the old constitutional principle that it was the business of every citizen, when called upon, to preserve law and order. But it had never been designed for any period longer than a few days. The last occasion on which the Special Constabulary were called up was in the Chartist Riots sixty-six years before, and they were then disbanded within a week. When the men found that they would be expected to do their very wearisome and exacting duties month after month for an unlimited period for no remuneration whatever, they began to lose heart and interest.

The Glamour of Uniform

Then came the period of reorganisation. I am writing now of the county forces, as distinguished from the London Special Constabulary. In London, though the Special Police Reserve (Unpaid)—this is their official title—went through much the same experiences, there were more trained officials to look after them, and the work itself was far more interesting. Moreover, a uniform was supplied, and whether or not it is a reflection upon human nature, it is a fact that such things do influence mortals. Further, the London force was divided up into the regular police divisions and given proper headquarters where their inspectors, sub-inspectors, and sergeants carried out their duties on a scheme exactly similar to that of the regular police.

In the counties, where the areas to be dealt with were much larger, a different system was employed. The county was divided up into districts thirty or forty miles square. To each of these districts was allotted a company of Special Constabulary, presided over by an officer with the rank of captain, directly responsible to the superintendent of the regular police for the division.

To take my own company, which consists of two hundred and fifty men, scattered over a district which is some fifteen miles in breadth—it was my duty to recommend to the chief constable of the county those men whom I thought best fitted to fill the lower ranks in the Special Constabulary hierarchy. To every fifty men there was a lieutenant, who had under his charge three sergeants who dealt directly with the men. Every village, moreover, had its section leader, who was either a lieutenant or sergeant. Distinctions in rank were marked by different badges. For a captain, a gold crown on his armlet; for a lieutenant, a gold star; for a sergeant, three red stripes. Attached to each company was a motor section.

Splendid Organisation

After two years' experience the arrangements of my company work without a hitch. The superintendent of police sends me in writing—or in the case of emergency, such as an air raid, by telephone—the duties he wishes my company to carry out. I communicate by telephone, and, in the case of the outlying districts, by motor-car, with lieutenants and section leaders, who at once communicate with their sergeants, who call out the men. To such a state of efficiency have we now attained that every road in my district can be properly patrolled within twenty minutes of the receipt of the superintendent's instructions.

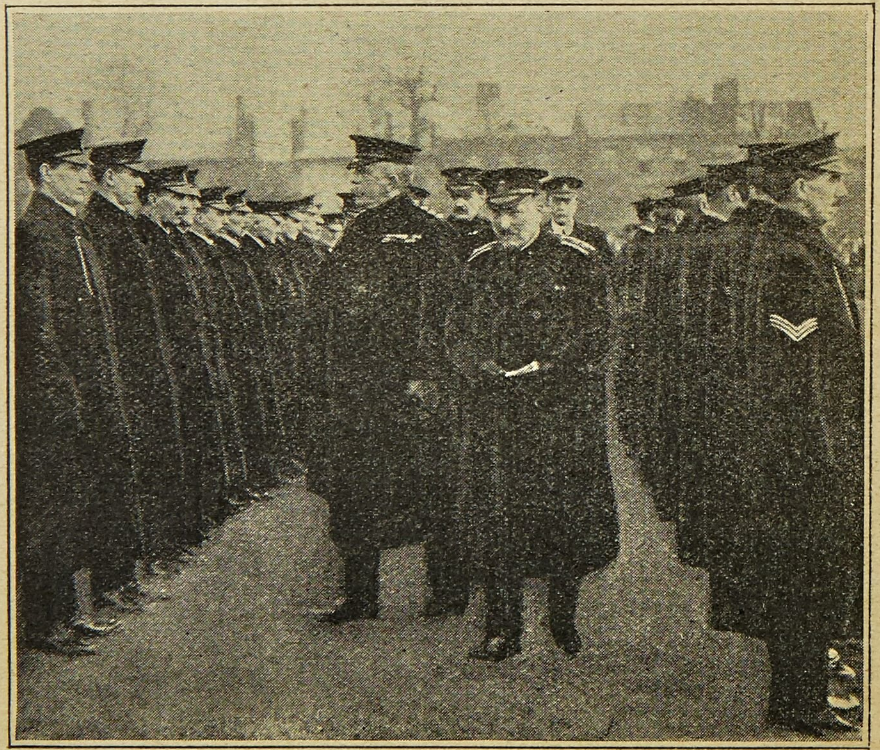
But the main work of the Special Constabulary is to relieve the regular police. Just before the war the Act granting the police one day's rest in seven was passed, and on this rest day the work is done by the Special Constabulary. When the sergeant or inspector for the district has his rest day, the captain of the company has to take charge of the regular police, see that they are at their proper points at the right time, and note their reports.

What We Have to Know

The innumerable orders that have been issued under the Defence of the Realm Act are one of the great difficulties with which we have to contend. Every man has to be instructed in these orders—hotel and lodging-house registration, lighting regulations, Dogs Act, the almost unlimited powers of search and inquiry with which they are entrusted—to mention only a few—and this involves not only a great deal of writing but a great deal of time. Periodical parades are held also, in which the men have to be examined in their duties to see that they understand them clearly. There are monthly lectures and drills, test mobilisations, and it often happens that the captain may have to work seven days in the week. I am not allowed to disclose the part that the Special Constabulary play during an air raid, nor the duties that are expected of them supposing an invasion were attempted, but the part is a very important one.

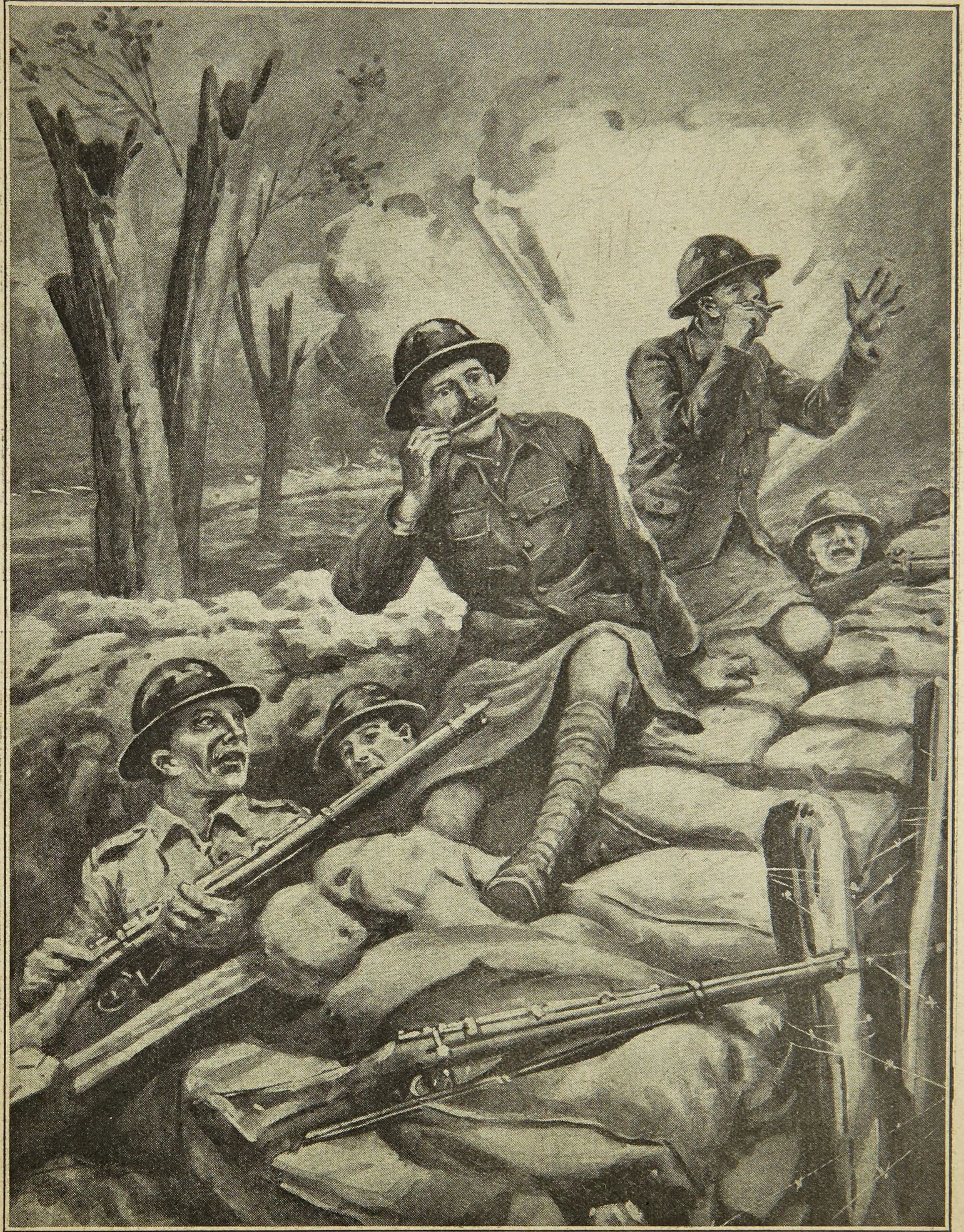
When it is remembered that all this work is done by men over forty, steadily, regularly, and efficiently, without any remuneration, I think it will be realised that the Special Constabulary are "doing their bit" to the best of their ability.

Next article: VOLUNTEER DEFENCE FORCE



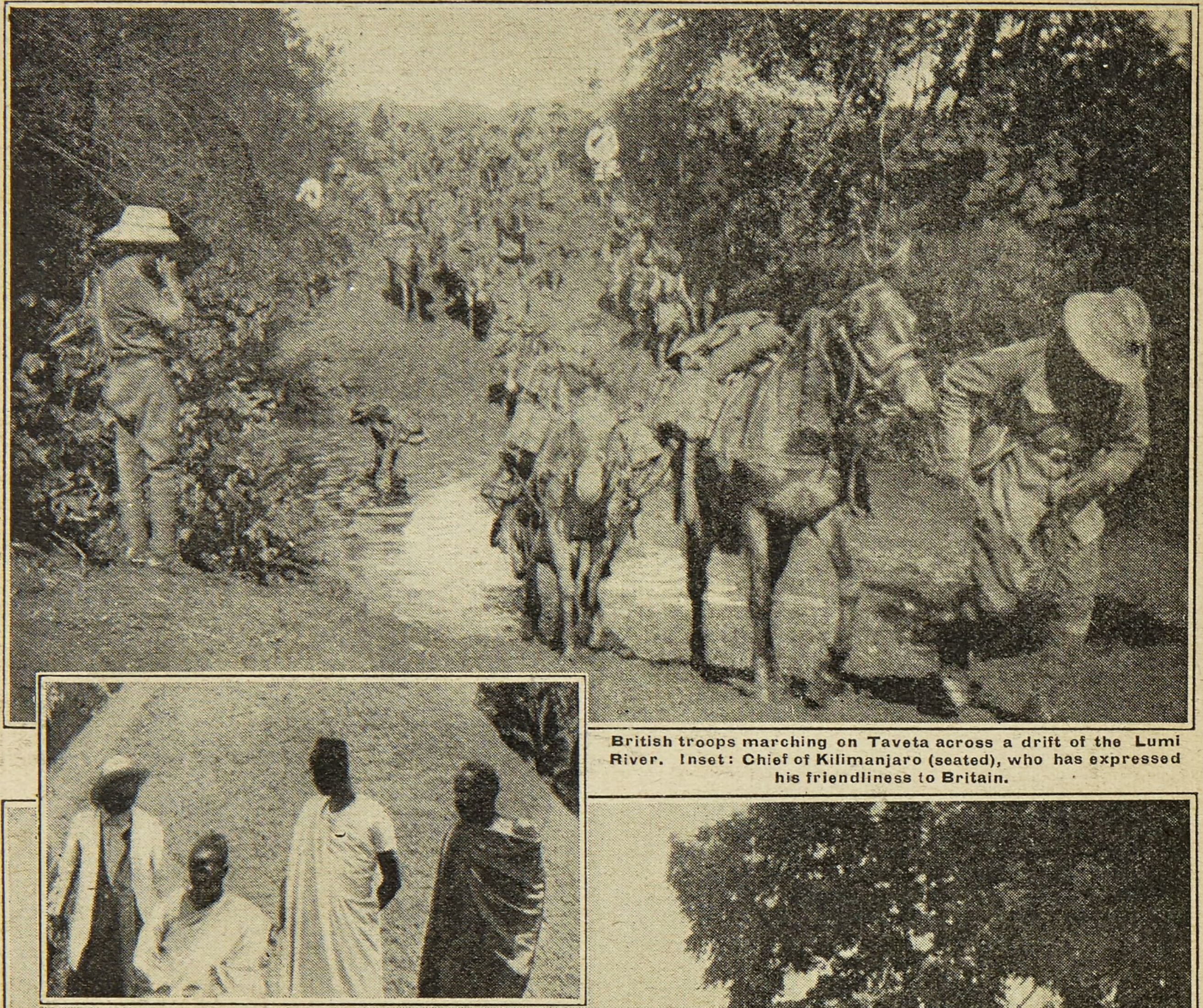
Inspection of Metropolitan Special Constables and a platoon of St. John's Ambulance Brigade by Colonel Sir Edward Ward, accompanied by the Hon. L. M. St. Clair.

Mouth-Organ Melody Under Heavy Fire

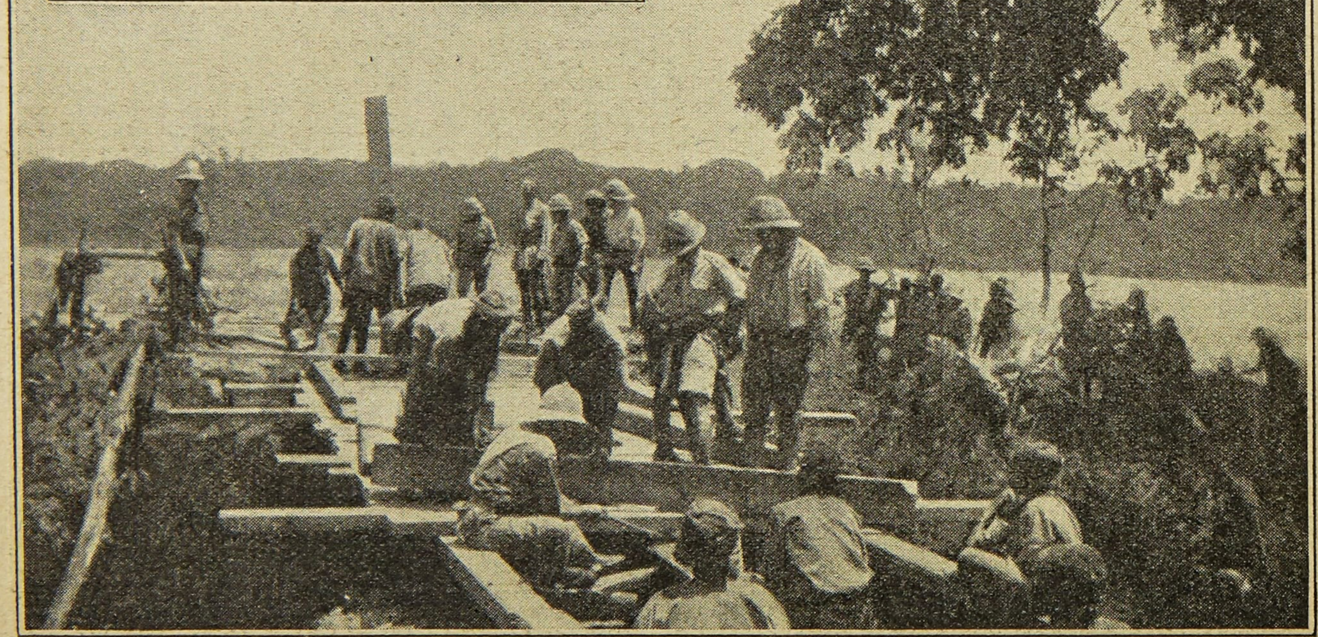


A remarkably fine deed, which recalls the courage and presence of mind of Piper Laidlaw at Loos, was performed by Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant E. S. Beech and Lance-Corporal Vickery, of the 7th Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. These two men, who were awarded the D.C.M. for their most conspicuous gallantry, sprang on to the parapet under heavy fire and played tunes on mouth-organs, thereby heartening their comrades to hold the position against tremendous odds.

Through Scorching Sand and Yawning Drifts:

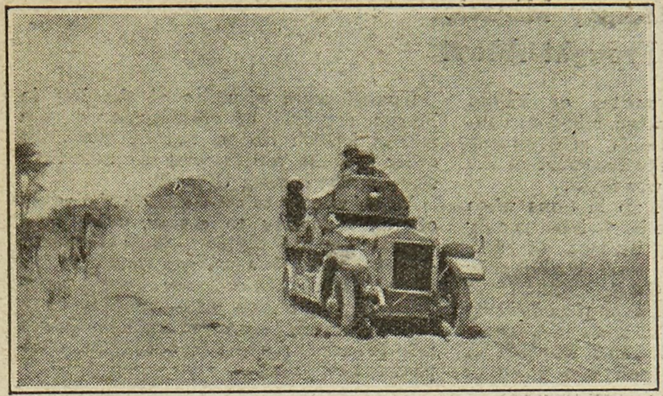


British troops marching on Taveta across a drift of the Lumi River. Inset: Chief of Kilimanjaro (seated), who has expressed his friendliness to Britain.

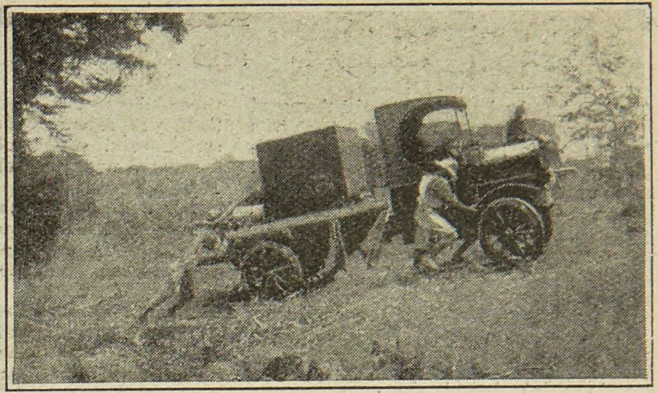


British engineers rebuilding a bridge over the Lumi River. One of the chief difficulties of the war against Germany's last colony was the interruption of communication. This undoubtedly accounted for the prolongation of hostilities.

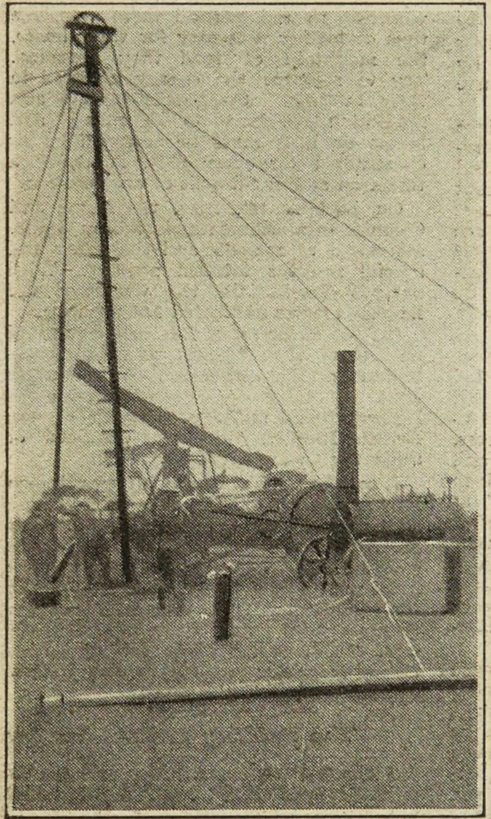
Great British Activity in Tropical Africa



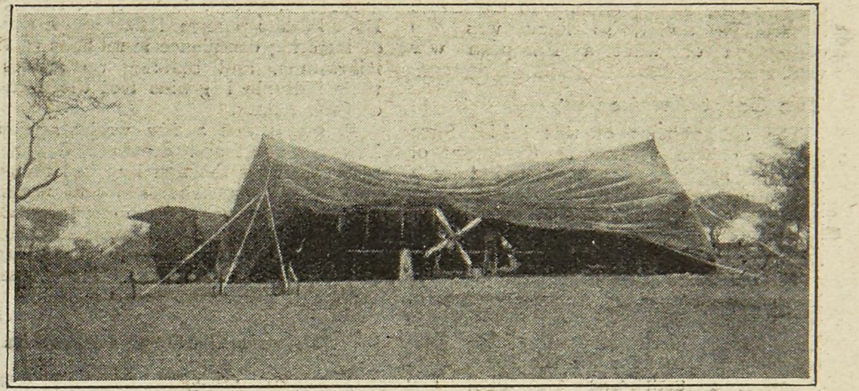
Armoured car proceeding along a typical highway in East Africa. It will be seen that the wheels are several inches deep in dust.



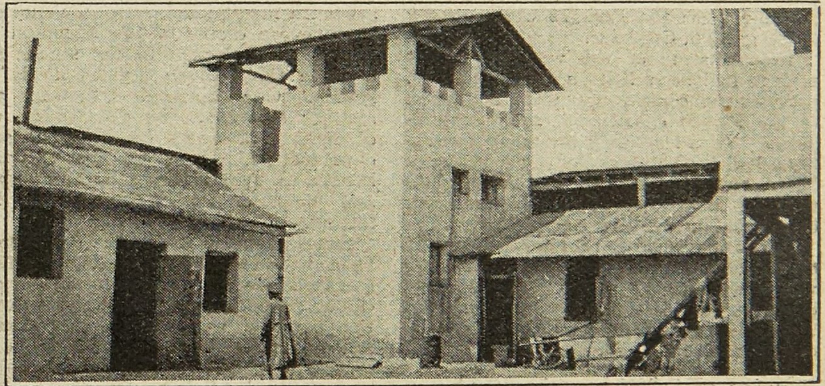
Water-tank automobile being assisted over a drift in East Africa. An everyday incident with Smuts on the offensive.



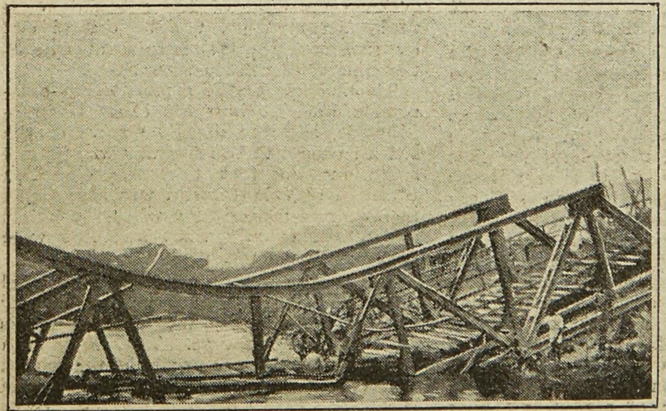
Boring for water at a British camp, a frequent additional operation to actual fighting.



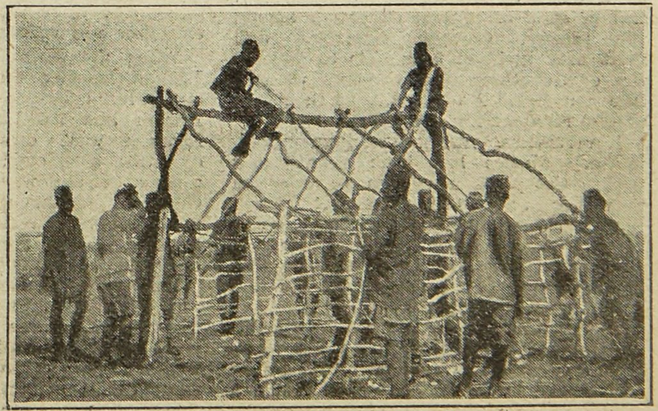
Portable aeroplane hangar at Serengeti Camp, showing a machine at rest.



Courtyard of Fort Moshi, one of the most powerful German positions, which was captured by the British.



Destroyed railway bridge, blown up when General Smuts advanced to seize the Moshi-Tanga line.



Native troops building huts with that dexterity of hand peculiar to all coloured peoples.

ONE HUNDRED WEEKS AFTER

Britain's Great Military Miracle and How it was Brought About

ONE hundred weeks ago the Army of Great Britain ready to take the field in Europe consisted approximately of 160,000 men, only ten thousand more units than the remnant of the Serbian forces which recently returned to the Macedonian front; a number representing about one-third of the German casualties suffered in a single unrealised objective, Verdun.

During those far-away days immediately before the storm clouds actually burst these 160,000 Britons, who it was generally assumed would be thrown into Armageddon, were regarded as a maximum contribution to the inevitable conflict. They were even popularly supposed to be strong enough to constitute a decisive factor, so hazy was the conception of what a European war would be.

The Great Awakening

The achievement of this initial force adds a golden volume to the story of Britain, but these few thousand men formed only the basis of the most amazing military construction known since racial ambitions were first decided by the arbitrament of the sword.

In a military sense no nation was ever less prepared to wage war than Britain, the moment the Germans assaulted the Liège forts, and, in raising the first citizen army to fight for the right, Lord Kitchener's task was something like that of Xanthippus, the Spartan soldier who was called upon to create a military machine when the Romans were actually at the gates of Carthage.

Though some of the world's greatest soldiers had been Britons, militarism and, particularly, conscription were anathema to the British constitution and temperament. Island security for many generations had been guaranteed by a powerful Navy, and what fighting had taken place to build up the British Empire was never carried out with a huge national army.

Far-seeing patriots preached eloquently of national service, but the democracy was suspicious of these prophets, and chose to wait until grave peril insisted upon all citizens being enrolled voluntarily or compulsorily in State service.

Service and Citizenship

Frederick the Great had bequeathed to Prussia a splendid military spirit, and in spite of general education among the masses, German statesmen and militarists had yet been able to develop the eighteenth-century despot's theories into a national Army, ready at their own precise moment for aggression.

Nevertheless, from time immemorial, military service had been synonymous with citizenship, a system of selection prevailing in most of the States of Greece, but the rise of completely national armies is of comparatively recent date. It required a Napoleon and the peculiar circumstances of the French Revolution to put a whole nation under arms.

In the terrible year of 1793 Napoleon's armies rose phœnix-like from the ashes of a corrupt social system. "La Patrie en Danger!" was the cry which rallied a million men round the Tricolour very much as the patriotic calls of to-day have roused Britons from a dangerous lethargy. In those days the Committee of Public Safety, representing France, relied on conscription, but Napoleon's achievement compared with the collective effort of the British Empire to-day was small.

For a nation to rise up in arms when its very soil is about to be violated is only consistent with the instinct of self-preservation, but no such contingency visibly confronted Great Britain in August, 1914. Furthermore, the efficiency of the Navy imparted a sense of security which only the tremendous strength of the Central Empires and two years of indeterminate slaughter have dispelled.

There is, however, a striking parallel between the personal magnetism of the first Napoleon and that of Lord Kitchener. Both leaders possessed that magic quality of inspiring confidence in millions of their fellow-men, and building up armies by their individual genius and the influence of their names.

It seems but a few weeks ago since Britain's great and lamented War Secretary called for the first hundred thousand men in a remarkable series of pertinent appeals which were distributed broadcast over the country. All these notices are now historic documents and will vastly interest, perhaps amuse, future generations of British citizens.

Albion's Glorious Response

Whatever criticism may be levelled at this colossal scheme of advertising, there is no question that it helped to attract a magnificent army of volunteers. From every corner of the Kingdom and Empire men flocked to the standard to emulate the "thrice famous deeds" of Albion. One hundred thousand after another answered the call, every type of Briton, in every condition of social circumstance, giving up his individual liberty to help preserve national liberty and prestige, the legacy of his forefathers.

Simultaneously with the transference from civilian to military life, war machinery had to be created. The insignificant guns of our standing Army were outclassed by the monster weapons of the Prussian system. New ordnance had to be designed to challenge that of the enemy, and the inadequacy of gigantic munitions is only now being remedied. The Germans were first in physical and mechanical force, and there was no alternative but to follow and surpass their method.

When the Kaiser's troops crossed the Belgian frontier the Germans had two foes in mind, France and Russia. General French and his handful of marvellous regulars were considered a negligible quantity, and, even throughout the first phases of the war, it was argued by German theorists that British military effort could not seriously affect the issue, because it was impossible to raise and equip great hosts in the stress of war.

As British battalions grew into divisions, and divisions into armies, the German General Staff was in the humiliating predicament of deploying no fewer than twenty army corps against the British front alone. Within a hundred weeks, therefore, the state of affairs has been reversed, and it is now Britain who is the chief military antagonist of Germany.

Several score of miles of the line in France are held by considerably over a million British troops, but all the while other millions are learning to take their share in the coming triumph.

When we try to contemplate the world of toil necessary to garner, train, and equip even one division, the stupendous extent of Britain's miracle bewilders the imagination. The ordinary division numbers roughly 20,000 men—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—divided and sub-divided into brigades, regiments, battalions, companies, and platoons.

Components of a Division

Conceive the miles of material alone requisite to uniform all these men, the tons of leather necessary for their boots, the mountain of food they consume. Try to measure the energy involved in their training. Competent officers and medical staffs have to be found, and billets or huts must be arranged for or constructed for every unit, involving a thousand and one details of organisation.

On January 1st, 1914, the Home and Colonial establishments, including India, amounted to 234,586, and the Army and special reserves totalled 209,845. With 251,706 Territorials, the whole of the Empire's forces numbered 696,137 men.

On the outbreak of war it is computed that there were 136,000 Regulars (combatant and non-combatant) in the British Isles. Exclusive of the Indian Army, the heterogeneous military strength of the British Empire, therefore, consisted of some twenty-six divisions.

Less than two years afterwards—on May 25th, 1916, to be precise—King George issued a manifesto to his people, expressing his recognition and appreciation of the splendid patriotism and self-sacrifice shown in the raising by voluntary enlistment, since the commencement of the war, no fewer than 5,041,000 men. Truly, as his Majesty said, "this is an effort far surpassing that of any other nation in similar circumstances recorded in history."

The Nobility of Free Service

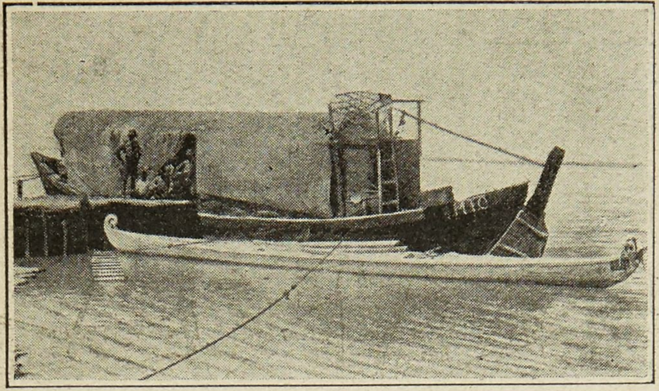
Perhaps the feature which will be the eternal marvel of posterity is that Britain's military metamorphosis, for the greater part, is the result of spontaneous patriotism. There is no question that the major proportion of the splendid work to be accomplished will be carried out by free-service men, though, of course, the conscripts will do their share.

The balance of the armies which compulsion brought into the cause is indispensable, and the earnest resolve of the British people to win the war was proved again by the fact that the cherished tradition of voluntaryism was abandoned in favour of conscription when the public understood exactly what sacrifices were essential to victory.

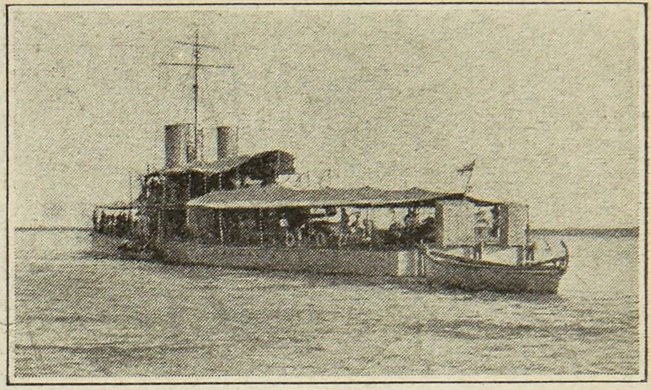
In the face of such a display of national spirit the Germans may well endeavour to seek peace. The war map to-day is all to their advantage. They have won at half-time, but are fearful of the second half of the contest, when Great Britain enters the field with a full team. What will the war map show then?

A. B.

Queer Ships of War that Breast the Tigris

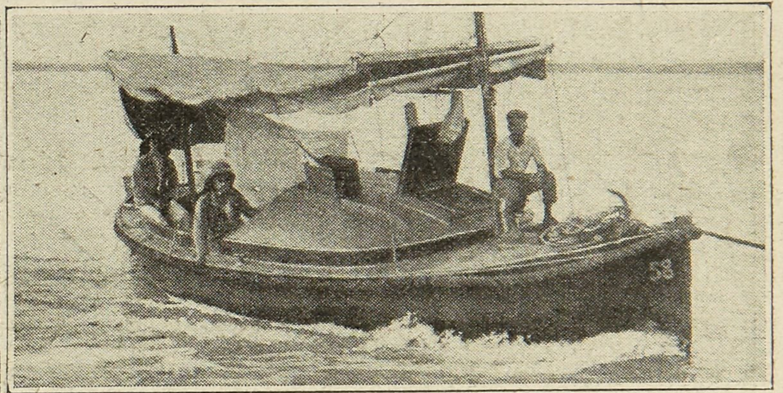


Military transport officer's "office" on the Tigris, a house-boat which boasts a hen-coop.

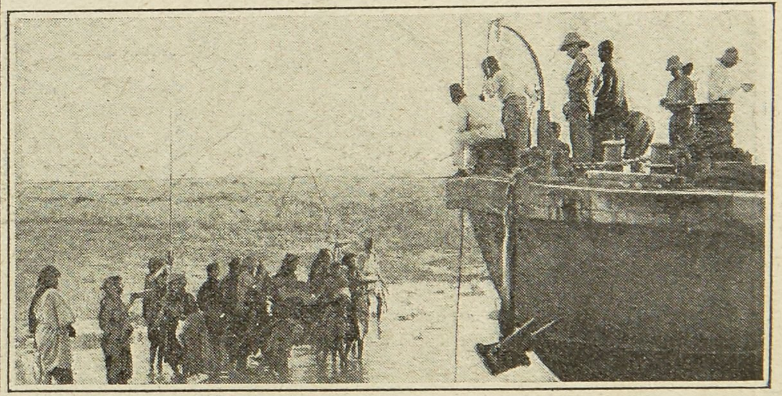


Naval power in a desert land. River gunboat which has greatly assisted in operations in Mesopotamia.

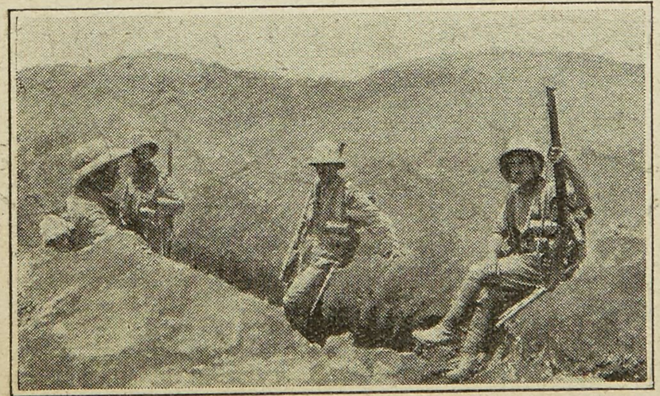
Another impression of the temporary headquarters of a British officer in Mesopotamia.



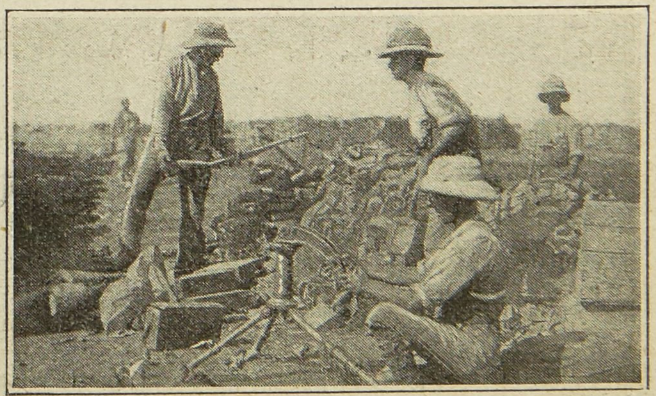
From Australia to the Tigris. A motor-launch, one of a series of varied craft in the service of the Empire.



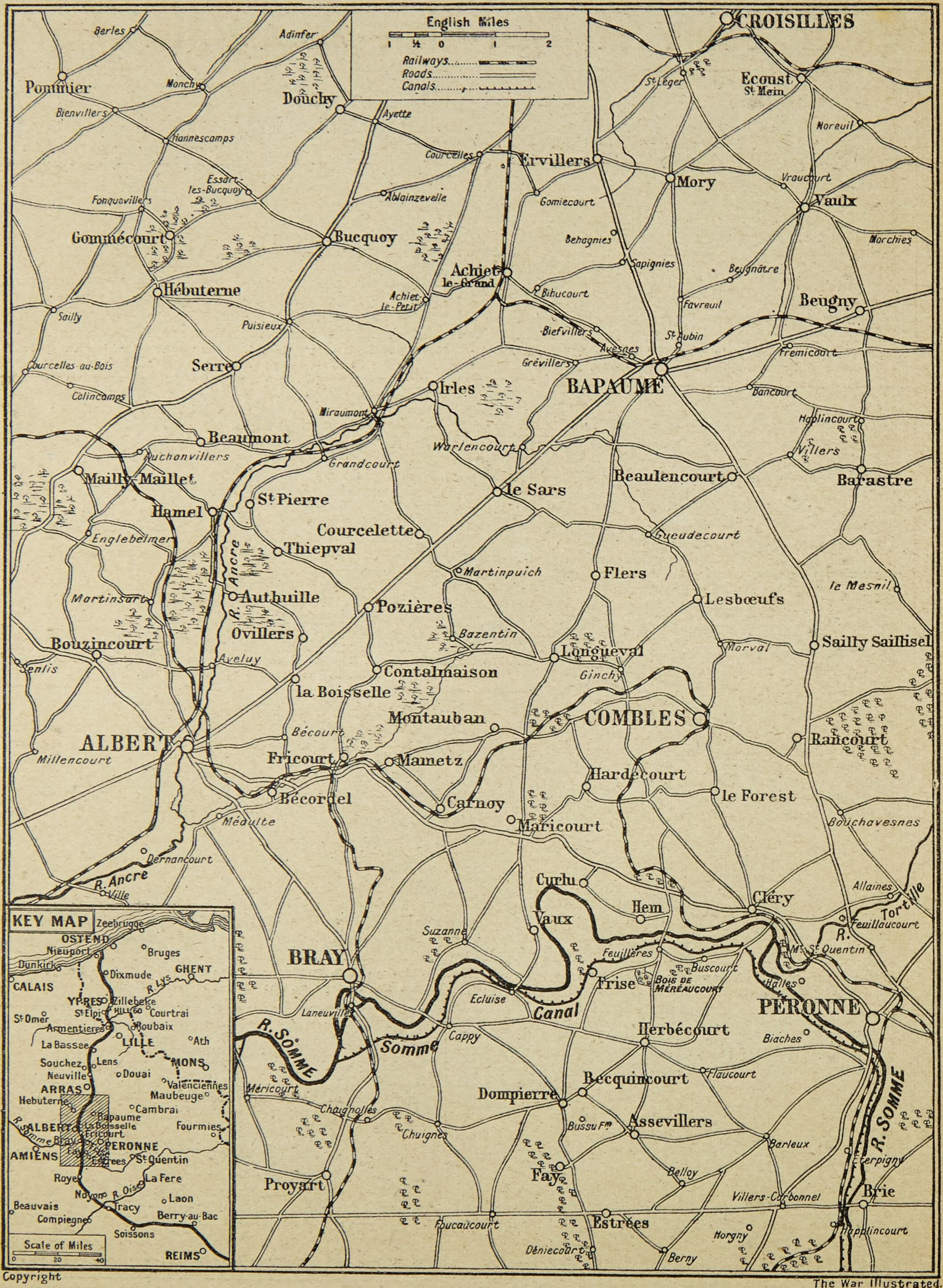
Arab women bartering with British soldiers aboard a Tigris barge. The Arabs are always on the look-out for backsheesh.



In possession. British soldiers resting in trenches captured from the Turks.



Sorting out captured Turkish rifles, ammunition, and machine-guns before sending them to the base.


English Miles
1 ¼ 0 1 2
Railways
Roads
Canals
CROISILLES
Berles
Adinfer
Pommier
Monchy
Douchy
Ayette
Bienvillers
Ecoust St Mein
St Léger
Noreuil
Hannescamps
Courcelles
Ervillers
Mory
Essarts-les-Bucquoy
Vraucourt
Fonquevillers
Ablainzeville
Gomiecourt
Vaulx
Gommécourt
Bucquoy
Behagnies
Morchies
Achiet le-Grand
Sapignies
Beugnatre
Hébuterne
Achiet le-Petit
Bihucourt
Favreuil
Beugny
Sailly
Puisieux
Biefvillers
Avesnes
St Aubin
Frémicourt
Courcelles-au-Bois
Serre
Grévillers
BAPAUME
Colincamps
Irles
Miraumont
Bancourt
Beaumont
Haplincourt
Auchonvillers
Warlencourt
Villers
Grandcourt
Mailly-Maillet
Le Sars
Beaulencourt
Barastre
St Pierre
Hamel
Courcelette
Thiepval
Ligny-Thilloy
Gueudecourt
Englebelmer
R. Ancre
Martinpuich
Flers
Le Mesnil
Martinsart
Authuille
Pozières
Lesbœufs
Bazentin
Ovillers
Longueval
Morval
Sailly Saillisel
Bouzincourt
Contalmaison
Ginchy
Aveluy
Senlis
la Boisselle
Montauban
COMBLES
Bécourt
ALBERT
Rancourt
Millencourt
Fricourt
Mametz
Hardecourt
Bécordel
Carnoy
le Forest
Méaulte
Maricourt
Bouchavesnes
Dernancourt
Curlu
R. Ancre
Ville
Allaines
Hem
Cléry
Tortille
Suzanne
Vaux
R. Feuillaucourt
BRAY
Feuillères
Buscourt
Mt St Quentin
Frise
Bois de Méréaucourt
Halles
Ecluse
Canal
PÉRONNE
Laneuville
R. Somme
Somme
Cappy
Herbécourt
Biaches
Méricourt
Chuignolles
Becquincourt
Flaucourt
Dompierre
Chuignes
Bussu Fm
Assevillers
Barleux
R. SOMME
Eterpigny
Belloy
Fay
Proyart
Villers-Carbonnel
Brie
Foucaucourt
Estrées
Horgny
Mesnil
Deniecourt
Berny
Pertincourt
KEY MAP
Zeebrugge
OSTEND
Nieuport
Bruges
Dunkirk
Dixmude
GHENT
CALAIS
YPRES
Zillebeke
R. Lys
St Omer
St Eloi
Hill 60
Courtrai
Armentières
Roubaix
La Bassée
LILLE
Ath
MONS
Souchez
Lens
Neuville
Douai
Valenciennes
ARRAS
Maubeuge
Hebuterne
Cambrai
Bapaume
ALBERT
La Boisselle
Fricourt
Fourmies
R. Somme
Bray
PERONNE
AMIENS
Fay
Estrées
St Quentin
Roye
Noyon
R. Oise
La Fere
Beauvais
Laon
Compiègne
Tracy
Berry-au-Bac
Soissons
REIMS
Scale of Miles
Copyright
The War Illustrated

THE WESTERN ARENA.—Map indicating the region of the British offensive. From Arras to the Somme Britain's batteries are roaring and British infantry are going forward. The advance began on July 1st, after a concentrated artillery effort.

OUR OBSERVATION POST
War-Time Views of Life and Character

AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD

ANNIVERSARIES, lustres, decades, jubilees, centenaries, milleniums, all arbitrarily fixed points in the story of the ages, differ from the milestones which incorrectly they are so often called, in that they tell only the distance one has travelled and can tell one nothing about the distance that one has yet to go. They have their use—a great one—but it is for retrospection; the thoughtful man, the man of philosophic temper, may pause at one of them and cast his thoughts back upon the road that he has come, but if he projects his mind forward, the road and the goal will be as invisible as the point on the road at which he is resting was invisible when he began his march. Life's road is no straight line of engineer's construction; it winds the whole way, and is uphill to the very end.

IF the little essays that appear on this page have any good effect at all, it is that to some temperaments they are tonic. That, at least, is their intention. The unthinking optimism of the naturally sanguine man is a dangerous fatuity at times when great and continuous effort is required; but the steady confidence of earnest men is always and entirely desirable, and its continuous diffusion is proper work for those who are given opportunity to utter words to others, especially those whose comparative detachment from actual affairs gives better opportunity to see things in right perspective than may be possible to men actually engaged in the making of great history.

HERE, with this hundredth number, is a point at which one may pause to look back. What is the permanent impression on the mind; not that cut by single incidents or events, battles, fall of towns, seizure of territory, or loss of regiments, or of loved ones; but that left by the war as a whole? What is the general feeling one has gathered by the way? Has hope been deferred so long that the heart is sick? Has the ordeal been so severe that the soul is faint? Where stand our courage and our purpose now, in this hundredth week? What of the hopes and aims with which we began the march?

TO ask the question is to answer it. Beyond all possibility of argument the British Empire thoroughly realises that it is winning in the war. The brave confidence with which it obeyed the call of honour has been justified, and belief is now replaced by certainty of the vindication of right. That being so, the time of endurance and the length of the journey yet in front, are relatively unimportant. But, nevertheless, what an awful business it has been! Those first days, not of fear but of nervous tension when the weight of the first blow was yet to be felt! We did not underrate the enemy, and, having a pretty accurate idea of his state of preparedness and a much more accurate perception of our own unpreparedness, we were not surprised or disconcerted by the sledgehammer force of his blow when it fell; almost might it be said that it did us immediate moral good, for it gave us renewed assurance that if we had not been knocked out by a first staggering punch so shrewdly driven home, we should not be knocked out by any that might follow it.

BUT how ridiculously some of us at home failed to appreciate other things connected with war! We may recall some of them now, with a rather shamefaced laugh, for we have made good since in our respective ways and spheres. Do you remember the first week, when agitated old folk of both sexes hurried breathlessly to the grocer and bought fourteen pounds of loaf sugar instead of the usual seven, and started quite a run on sardines and rolled oats of various denominations? And do you remember how mighty careful we suddenly were about sovereigns, about coins generally, indeed, paying bills with postal-orders and being quite crusty if we didn't get change in minted silver? And do you remember how men, who have proved their pluck since then, walked about in broad daylight with their faces turned skywards half their time, looking for Zepps? And do you remember the sort of conversation wherever two or three were gathered together? The questions—to which no one wanted any answer—as to how long you thought the war would last, and the answers—to which no one paid the least attention—definitely guaranteeing any period between six weeks and twice as many years? Well, well, these things will not be accounted to us for unrighteousness, for we have acquitted ourselves like men since then.

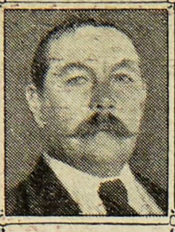
A GREAT deal of water has run under the bridge in the intervening hundred weeks, and a flood of blood; and men are very grave now and women very sad. But all are very proud, in a quiet, humble way; for all, men and women alike, can confront the world with knowledge that they have done their duty. We inherited a tradition so splendid that it was only human to stagger a little when we first felt the full weight of responsibility for it; but, as we rest here, we know that we have carried it bravely so far and can carry it the rest of the way, and the tradition that we hand on to posterity will be more splendid than that which was entrusted to ourselves.

LOOKING back, past the blurred vision of the dear, gallant men who saved us with their sword and sealed our pledge to honour with their blood, we realise another fact, which will affect our character for all time. Although our understanding of the real meaning of war was so woefully defective, we did not enter upon this one with any levity. We began reluctantly, a little sorry, some of us—is this not true?—that the inscription of our name upon that historic scrap of paper left us no alternative. During the course of these hundred weeks we have repented of that half reluctance; for we have seen evil, so bad that we were much more than sceptical about the possibility of its existence, in actual daily, jubilant operation. If honour had not brought us into the war, common decency would have done so by this time. We will make no protestations about our morals or civilisation or anything else. Evil like that now running amok simply can't be allowed. Every decent human being must go out to stop it.

SOON, or even sooner, we shall come to the end of the task. Until it is quite finished we must not pause longer. Those still figures behind us silently urge us on. But the momentary halt betrays no failure of strength, no weakening of purpose; on the contrary, it has done good by enabling us to realise how strong and determined, how "right" we are. "All's well with us, dear lads; and with you—very well." And so up, and round the next bend of the road. Perhaps it will prove to be the last.

C. M.

PHOTO OF H.A.C. OFFICERS.—In THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *No. 93, the photograph entitled "Some Officers of the Honourable Artillery Company," reproduced on page lix, was acknowledged in error to Messrs. Gale & Polden, Ltd. The Editor has since been informed that the photograph was taken by Mr. George Collard, Press Photographer, Wimbledon, and he takes this the earliest opportunity to make the correction.*


Sir A. Conan Doyle,
Contributor.

H. W. Wilson,
Contributor.

OUR HUNDREDTH NUMBER

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.,
Contributor.

H. G. Wells,
Contributor.

WHEN I conceived the idea, a hundred weeks ago, of producing what I then described as "a weekly record of the momentous events that are to change the whole complexion of Europe and profoundly to affect all modern civilisation," I am free to confess that, in common with most of the vast army of readers which THE WAR ILLUSTRATED immediately attracted to itself, I had only a dim notion of what might be involved by the phrase "the duration of the war."

IN those days of tense excitement innumerable prophets gave utterance to strange beliefs, and the duration of the war was a period which, in their prophecies, varied from three months to forty years. I can at least claim with confidence that my own estimate placed it somewhere between these two extremes! Lord Kitchener's "three years" seemed to me a good enough guide for a layman, as there was the probability that, with characteristic caution, he would not be wide of the mark, and it has been said that shortly before his lamented death our great military leader was inclined to believe the monstrous struggle might be over before the three years had quite run their course.

TO-DAY we have nearly reached the end of the second year, the "Great Push," so long deferred, has now begun, the spirit of victory is in the air. For these one hundred eventful weeks THE WAR ILLUSTRATED has faithfully and successfully carried out the purpose for which it was brought into being. It has been a mirror of the war—a mirror wherein the images do not flit and vanish but stay as permanent impressions of the great events they reflect.

WHILE we may all hope that another hundred numbers will not be necessary to complete the pictorial chronicle of the war, I feel that the extraordinary way our little periodical has been supported, from No. 1 to No. 100, is evidence that my efforts to provide a picture-record, combining the features of a weekly journal and a part publication of permanent value, have so well succeeded that its popularity will not diminish should "the duration of the war" call forth another hundred numbers.

THIS success, admittedly without precedent in the annals of weekly pictorial journalism, has been due to the mutual co-operation of readers and Editor. For my part I have striven to give to my readers only the best obtainable in the way of photographs of actualities and original literary matter, allowing no question of expense to interfere with my plans. The great circulation so quickly obtained by THE WAR ILLUSTRATED has made it possible to maintain this liberal policy, even to-day, when many material costs have all doubled and in some cases trebled.

THE responsiveness of my readers to these efforts of mine has been a constant source of encouragement, and pursuing this policy of reciprocation, I am now making further improvements that will add to the permanent value of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED as a reflector of these stirring times. Many new features appear in this number, and arrangements have been made for numerous attractive contributions to future issues.

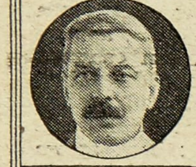
BUT THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will be continued as it was begun, essentially a picture-record, the graphic art of the camera being its keynote, and the literary matter, though occupying the minor position, the work of the most brilliant authors and journalists of our time.

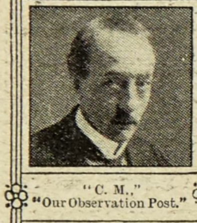
ON this page it has seemed appropriate to print a group of portraits of some of the more notable contributors and certain of the editorial staff, whose co-operation I have had the good fortune to secure in the production of a periodical which, I venture to think, has made for itself a unique position in British pictorial journalism.

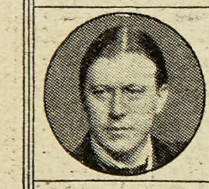
J. A. Hammerton

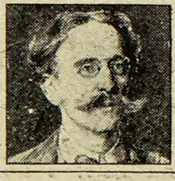
Miss Marie Corelli,
Contributor.

Com. Bellairs, M.P.,
Our Naval Expert.


Major G. W. Redway,
Our Military Expert.

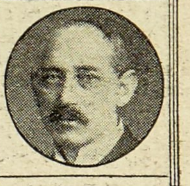

"C. M.,"
"Our Observation Post."

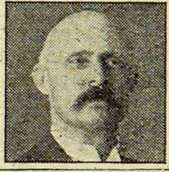

J. Foster Fraser,
Contributor.


Edward Wright,
"Episodes of the War."

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel,
Contributor.

Sir L. Chiozza Money,
Contributor.

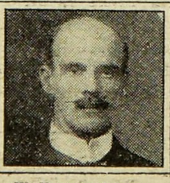

Sidney Low, M.A.,
Contributor.


Stanley L. Wood,
Artist.

C. M. Padday,
Artist.

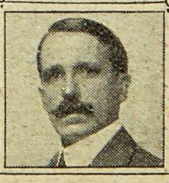
A. Webb,
Artist.

F. A. McKenzie,
"Progress of the War."


W. Francis Aitken,
Acting Editor.

J. A. Hammerton,
Editor.

Spencer Arnold,
Assistant Editor (Art).


C. M. Sheldon,
Artist.

Printed and published by the Amalgamated Press Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, July 22nd, 1916.

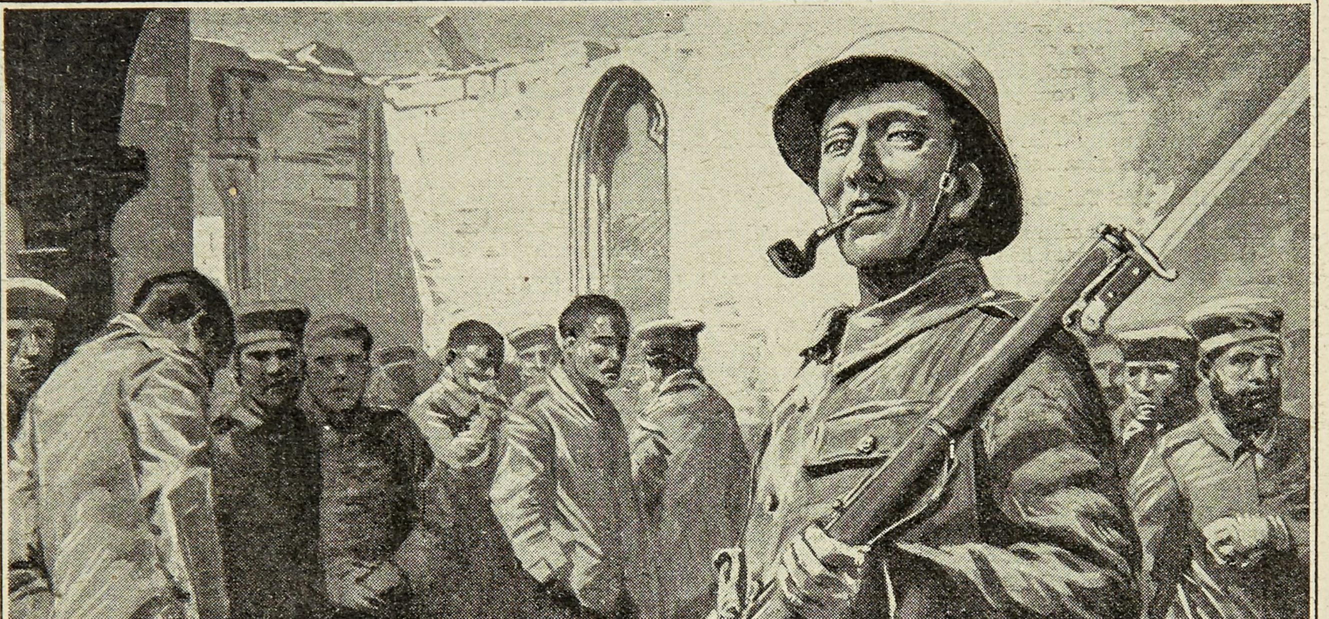
Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Glorious First of July

By Edward Wright

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly



Vol. 4

The Jubilant Sentry: German Prisoners Under Guard After the Advance

No. 101

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

It is not too much to say that within three weeks the whole face of the war has been altered. In the middle of June the Germans were still confident that they had some big move at hand that would settle the fate of the war. They boasted that their decisive blow was coming. The rank and file of the German Army had expected it in April; then they said July was the date. The new Zeppelins, the improved submarines (one of which has voyaged as far as New York), the Irish Rebellion, the anticipated capture of Verdun, and the consequent paralysis of a large section of the main portion of the French armies, were to be only the beginning. Not many weeks ago serious German critics regarded it as a reasonable possibility that the autumn would see the Kaiser dictating peace to Russia from Petrograd, France exhausted and helpless with a long line of country open to the enemy by the capture of the Meuse Heights, and Britain threatened with starvation by the wholesale destruction of her shipping by undersea boats.

Cementing the Triple Alliance

The effect of our offensive on the stubborn confidence of the German people has yet to be fully felt. The effect of it on our Allies has already been witnessed. Mr. Stanley Washburn, in a very significant passage in a message to the "Times," from the Russian Headquarters at Lutsk, on July 5th, spoke of the extraordinary enthusiasm of the Russian veterans when they learned that their Allies in the west were sacrificing and bleeding almost as themselves. "The news of the British and French advance has done more in three days to cement the alliance than a year of diplomatic negotiations could possibly accomplish."

The progress of the Franco-British offensive on the Somme is much what every competent military critic anticipated. There is almost continuous heavy fighting —continuous save for brief pauses caused by unfavourable weather or by the strengthening or readjustment of positions. The Germans are making counter-offensives at different points, not only immediately around our main advance, but farther north. Momentary success goes now to one side and now to the other, but the conclusion of each stage of the fighting finds us considerably farther forward than before. As I write, the French are within a mile of Péronne, if they are not already in the place. Our greatest progress continues to be made immediately around and to the south of the River Somme. We have captured and continue to capture many thousands of prisoners and quantities of supplies. By the end of the first week in July over 5,000 German prisoners had landed at Southampton alone.

Progress on the Somme

The outstanding novelty in the fighting has been the success of our aerial torpedoes against the German trenches. These new, highly-developed masses of explosives have proved practically irresistible. Each of them contains, according to German accounts, one hundred and fifty pounds of an explosive, probably of the aminol type. When it explodes in the trenches it apparently bursts downwards, and the result is eminently satisfactory.

The Germans prepared along the western front, with over a year of work, a series of entrenchments unequalled in the history of war. Their bomb-proof dug-outs, with nine feet or more of earth atop of them, and strengthened in innumerable ways by the skilful employment of thick steel plates, were supposed to be impervious to shell fire. It was claimed that they would resist even a direct hit by anything but one of the heaviest shells. Underneath these dug-outs the Germans excavated other series of rabbit warrens, so planned that shell fire could not reach them, and that men could be sent through them from point to point in practical safety. Thus it was in much of the earlier trench fighting our troops, when they had penetrated with great difficulty and at heavy cost into the second line of the German positions, found themselves threatened and sometimes cut off by fresh German troops, who appeared as it were by magic between them and the British lines.

Power of the Aerial Torpedo

The new British aerial torpedoes which are now being used have succeeded in smashing some of the strongest enemy dug-outs. Where they have not smashed them in, they have caused so heavy a shifting of earth that they have blocked them up and closed the exits of the underground tunnels, a result almost equally desirable from our point of view. One German officer described the effect of the employment of these aerial torpedoes as "a regular eruption of Vesuvius." "The explosion of the first of these air torpedoes caused such a tremendous detonation that the windows of our bomb-proofs were shattered, and a massive pillar of black earth was thrown up perhaps a hundred yards into the air. . . . I saw as far as the eye could reach crater after crater, each about six feet deep. The earth in between was thrown up in a wild chaos of trench timbers and wire entanglements. Nine months' work had been destroyed in a few minutes."

Russia and Hindenburg

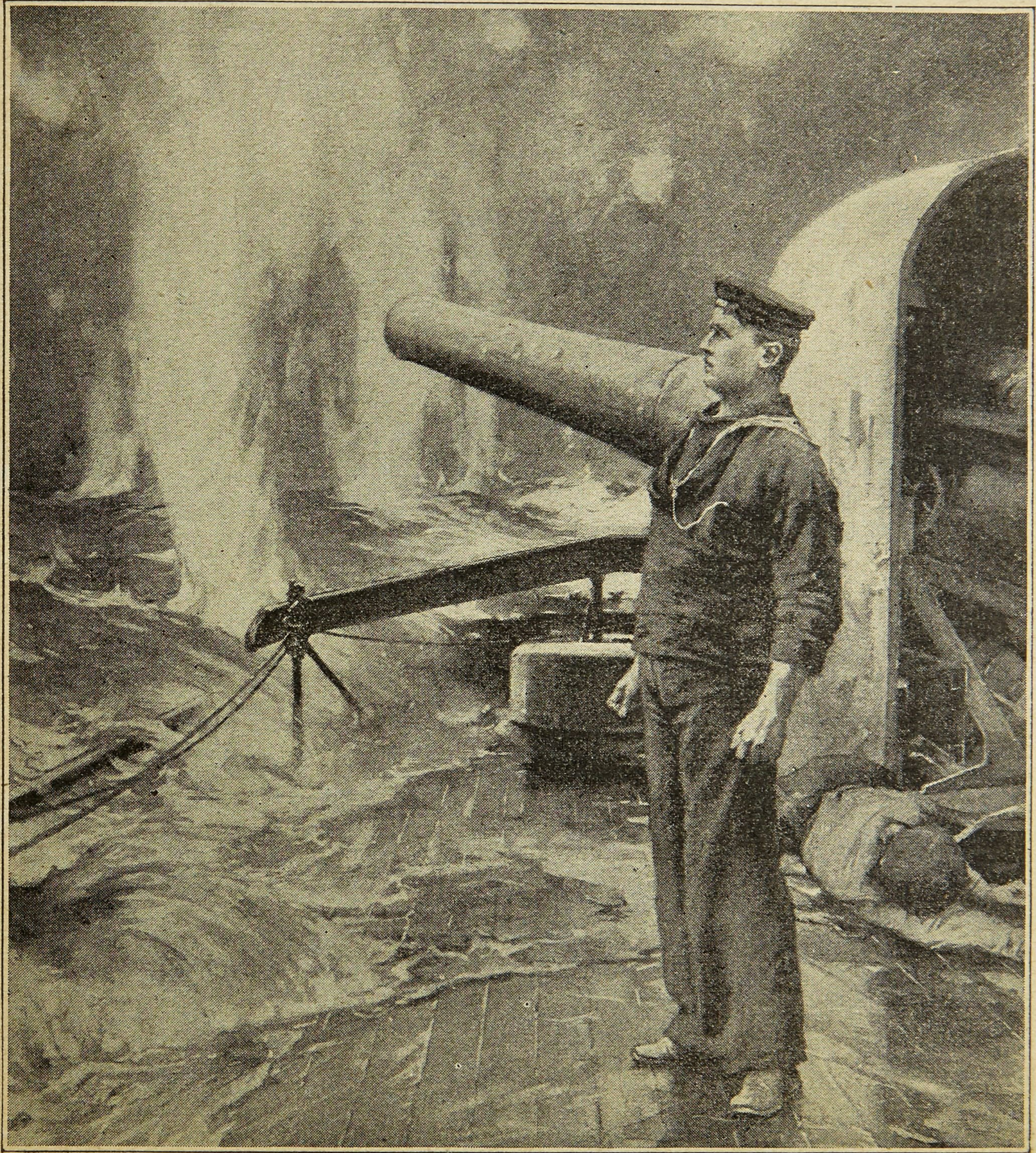
On the Russian front interest turns for the moment from the brilliant campaign of General Brussiloff's armies in the south to the developments in the north. The Russian armies above the Pripet Marshes, under General Evert, have begun their campaign. It was in the north rather than in the south that most observers anticipated the main eastern fighting this summer. It was here that Von Hindenburg, still in spite of everything the biggest figure among the enemy leaders, was in command. His armies included large numbers of young troops who had been trained during the winter with a severity leaving behind anything which even German military methods had formerly shown. His reserves of material were reported to be the finest and most abundant Germany had ever produced. Knowing this, the Russians on their side had been accumulating during the winter great armies in the north, which it was calculated would not only hold up Von Hindenburg but drive him back. Here the great tug-of-war was to be. To-day we are in the preliminary stages of this titanic struggle. We hear faintly of movements of troops to and fro, of greatly increased artillery activity, of heavy, bloody, but for the moment indecisive fighting. At the present stage we can only watch and wonder what is coming. Those in the best position to know say that General Evert's armies may possibly prove the decisive factor in this war, and may strike a blow compared with which even Brussiloff's campaign will sink into secondary place.

In Galicia and Southern Poland the Russian armies continue to advance. There has been a new offensive east of Kovel. In four days 4,000 prisoners have been captured, and the Russians have gone forward at points as far as twenty-five miles. The Russians are only twenty-two miles from Kovel, the great railway junction whose capture would do more to sever the German and Austrian armies at this point and to break up their communications than anything else.

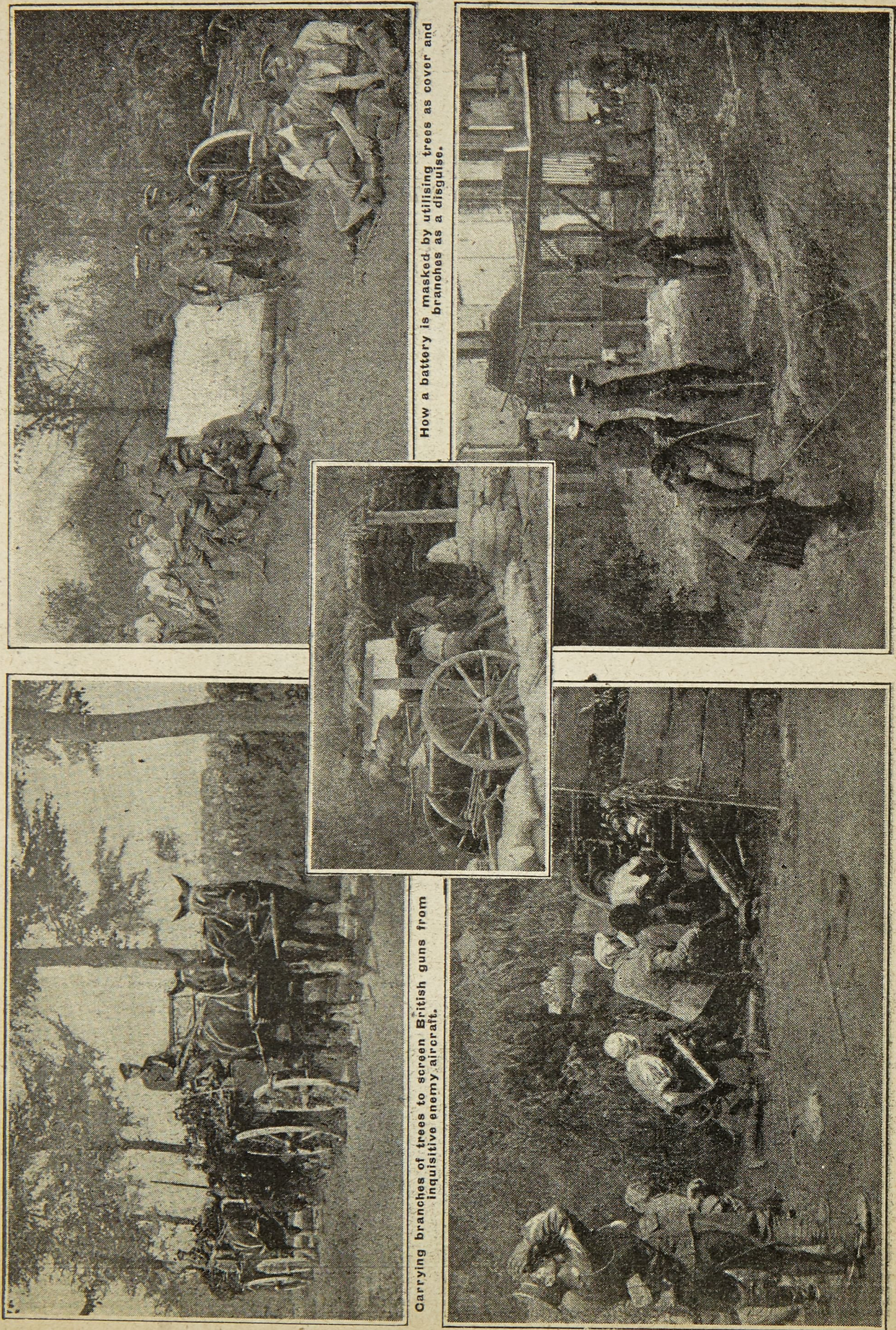
22nd July, 1916. No. 101. Vol. 4.

THE WAR
Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* **J. A. HAMMERTON**



FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.—There is no story in the annals of sea-power more inspiring than that of John Travers Cornwell, of H.M.S. Chester. But a child in years, this splendid Briton evinced that gallantry and fortitude which have kept the trident of the ocean Britannia's sceptre ever since Drake scattered the galleons of Spain. True child of the sea-girt isle, Cornwell, though mortally wounded, remained at his post in the most exposed part of the ship, his gun-crew lying prostrate all around him on the deck.



How a battery is masked by utilising trees as cover and branches as a disguise.

Carrying branches of trees to screen British guns from inquisitive enemy aircraft.

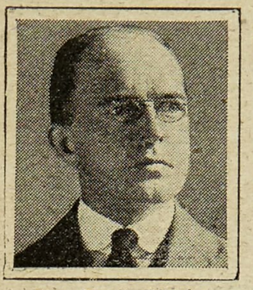
GUNS AND THE MEN.—British artillerymen at work prepared with masks against a gas attack. Note the gun's cleverly-hidden position. On the right: Group of officers examining shell craters in a devastated town. Inset: Hot work with our gunners pounding the enemy trenches during the recent concentrated bombardment.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

BETWEEN TWO FIRES AT MAMORNITZA

My Unique Experience on the Bukovina Border

By Basil Clarke



Mr. Basil Clarke

MR. BASIL CLARKE, who is the author of the thrilling personal episode published on this page, will be familiar to many of our readers by his series of important articles on "Food for Germany," and his war correspondence from France, Bukovina, and other fronts in the "Daily Mail." Prior to the war he had won his spurs as a brilliant "special" on the staff of our daily contemporary. Mr. Clarke's choice of Mamornitza as a more or less happy hunting-ground for copy was a journalistic enterprise of considerable ingenuity. From this vantage point, which is neutral territory situated between Austria and Russia, he was able to discuss the campaign from both sides, one day with the ally and the next with the enemy. Mr. Clarke's experiences range from the first days of the German onslaught on Belgium. He was at work among the dunes when the British Navy bombarded the advancing German hordes. He has known the awe-inspiring precincts of Ypres Cathedral under shell fire, and studied various aspects of the war from all centres.

THE editor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED asks me to describe some memorable incident of my experiences of the war. I choose one with difficulty, for I can tick off memorable incidents on the fingers of both hands, and then not find fingers enough. I was in Belgium, for instance, when the Germans' first great rush was in full swing, and when the exodus of Belgian refugees was at its worst. Those were memorable and heartrending days. One day, later, I was sheltering in the cover of a sand-dune on the seashore, not a long way from Nieuport and the Yser Canal, when the British Navy for the first time bombarded the German army on the coast roads of Flanders and smashed up that deadly advance on Calais. On the sand-dunes there my Belgian guide and I could have hornpiped for joy at the sight of those wicked-looking little black boats of ours pouring shell after shell from out of the mist on to the German hordes, who for days had been steadily advancing upon us along the coast, carrying all before them. That is a day I shall always remember. It was the last day of the German advance in Flanders.

Ypres Under Bombardment

Not long afterwards I was in the old city of Ypres, which the Germans (having failed to take it) were smashing up for sheer devilment and spite. And I was in the cathedral there while the heaviest of German shells were whistling and booming about it, and while a grey-haired priest, distracted with grief, was running about the cathedral trying to put out with water from a sacred ewer the burning ruins that fell clattering from the roof. That, too, was a memorable scene.

Later, I saw queer war-happenings in France, in Serbia, in Bulgaria, in Greece, and elsewhere. But for the war-incident which I shall describe here I want to take you right beyond all these places to a spot which was at the time—and still is to this day, I believe—the most inaccessible place in Europe.

Take train to as far north in Rumania as you can get, and you will reach a queer little town called Dorohoi; then take a sleigh and four horses—as I did, for it was winter—and drive still farther north through the Jewish town of Hertza, and then east, and in time, if the snow is not too deep and soft, you will reach the village of Mamornitza. The peculiar attraction of Mamornitza for a war correspondent was this—that though it lies only one hundred yards from Austria (Bukovina), and about the same distance, or little more from Russia (Bessarabia), it is in neither. Thus you could dodge one day into Russia, the next day into Austria—as the battles waged to and fro; you could see all the fighting there was to be seen on either side, and watch the soldiers of both sides at work, and then at your convenience dodge back into Rumania to telegraph to your newspaper on the wires of a neutral country. So I took quarters in a peasant cottage in Mamornitza.

And this leads me to say now why I singled out this tiny iota of all the European War to write about. First because it was the only bit of all the war-Europe I visited in which the contending armies were good enough to fight their battles so near at hand as in my own back garden; and secondly, because it was the only bit of the war in which I could be shot at one day in Russian trenches, or trains, or forts, and then next day go and look at close quarters at the very Austrian men and the very Austrian guns that had shot at me. That, I believe, is a unique privilege, even in war correspondence.

A little Rumanian peasant maid and her brother looked after me. She was brewing my morning coffee, I remember. Her childish head was bent down over my spirit stove; her feet and legs were bare; her hair was taken straight backwards from her forehead and done in a plait; her blouse was white-and-red native work, with golden sequins and beads; her skirt was dark red. And "boom!" went the first gun of the battle. Over went my coffee. The poor child chattered with fright and I had to rescue the spirit stove; for the gun was not a hundred yards away, and the boom of it rattled the house. I scrambled into my warmest coat and some "gum boots," and hurried out of doors through the snow and into the back garden. The Austrians had come in the night, and had posted guns hardly a hundred yards away, almost on the other bank of the tiny stream that divides Austria from Rumania at this point. I could see the men at the guns—could hear the officers talking to them and giving the orders to fire. The horses had been taken away and tethered together at a spot a quarter of a mile off.

Charmed Life of Cossacks

In front of the artillery by one or two hundred yards were the infantry, entrenched a little way along the very road that passed my front door. The Russians were up the valley of the boundary stream, farther north. By going up a hill at the bottom of the garden I could see the whole battle. On the Russian side Cossack patrols were riding fearlessly up to the edge of the River Pruth, which lay between the Austrians and them. The Austrian infantry by the road were blazing away at them with rifles, but the Cossack scouts seemed to bear a charmed life.

All that day—except for an interval when I came home to lunch—I watched the Austrian gunners pegging away at the Russian positions (by the village of Bojan) and the Russian patrols galloping over the snow to the edge of the river and trying to make out the Austrians' positions. And that day not a Russian gun answered the Austrians' shots. Once a little Russian train came in sight, and as it passed along the valley the Austrians blazed away shell after shell at it. With a glass I could see the shells bursting all around the train, but not one hit it.

The gun fire stopped during the night, but next morning it began again. That day I got over the River Pruth, at a point slightly to the east, and was picked up by a Russian patrol before I had gone many yards. They took me to a

BETWEEN TWO FIRES

(*Continued from page* 531.)

Russian colonel who, after examining my papers, was very gracious and kind; and he, in turn, after he had given me lunch with himself and his brother officers, sent me along in the same little train that I had seen being shelled the previous day. The Austrian guns were still popping away, and a number of their shells hit the railway track, but did little harm. The Russians showed me a number of their gun positions, and also took me to see the general of that division, General Lawrentieff, who gave me tea à la Russe, and told me many things. And I, for my part, was able to tell the Russians one or two things that were of use to them, for the Austrians, in pitching their batteries so near the Rumanian frontier, had not only infringed international law (which says guns must not be placed within a kilometre of a neutral country), but had also acted without common-sense, for any chance onlooker in Rumania, friend or foe, was free to see their positions and their strength.

The Russians on the Mark

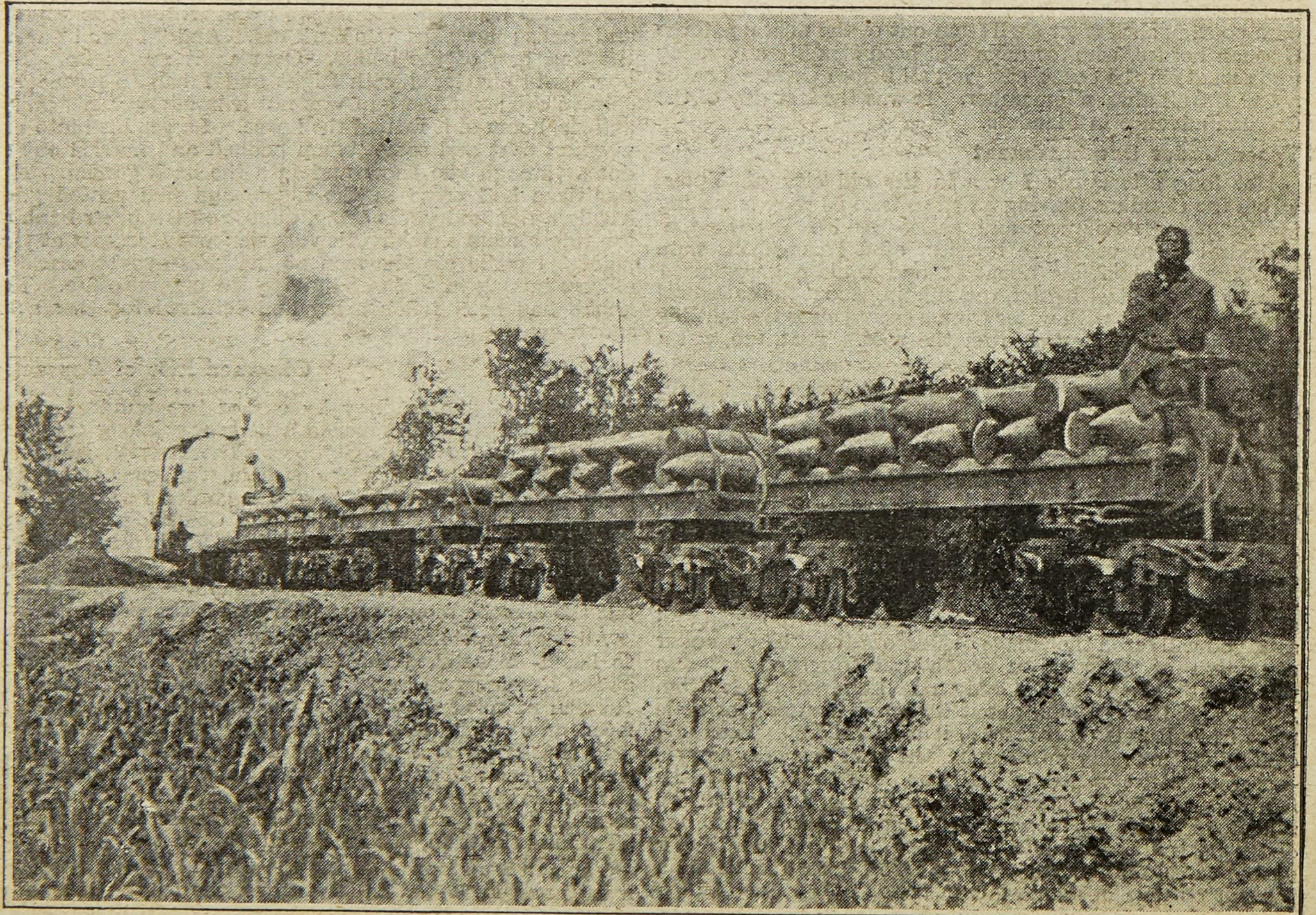
Next morning I was back on my hill-top down the garden in good time, and by this time half the peasants of the district were up beside me. My glasses were passed from hand to hand among them with much wonder. The Austrians opened the game again. Boom! Boom! went their guns. They had fired some twenty times, thinking, no doubt, they were to have things all their own way, as on previous mornings. Then came a whining in the air, followed by a crash—the first Russian shell. It landed about fifty yards short of the Austrians by the roadway. No. 2 gun of the same battery fired ten seconds later. The second shell was twenty-five yards short. The Austrians were getting jumpy. We could see their officers gesticulating and the men creeping into closer cover. A third shell went into the bank by the roadside right among them, and the fourth shell was among them, too. The Russians were "on the mark" beautifully. Their batteries settled down to work, keeping a beautiful length.

The Austrians "stuck it" for a time, but not over willingly. As each shell sent its warning whimper through the air, I could see their anxious faces; could see them pressing their bodies closer to their earthworks and looking upwards, as though to try to see the shells, with scared eyes and livid cheeks. At last they bolted and sought the cover of the Customs House, fifty yards from the frontier.

Victory to Slavdom

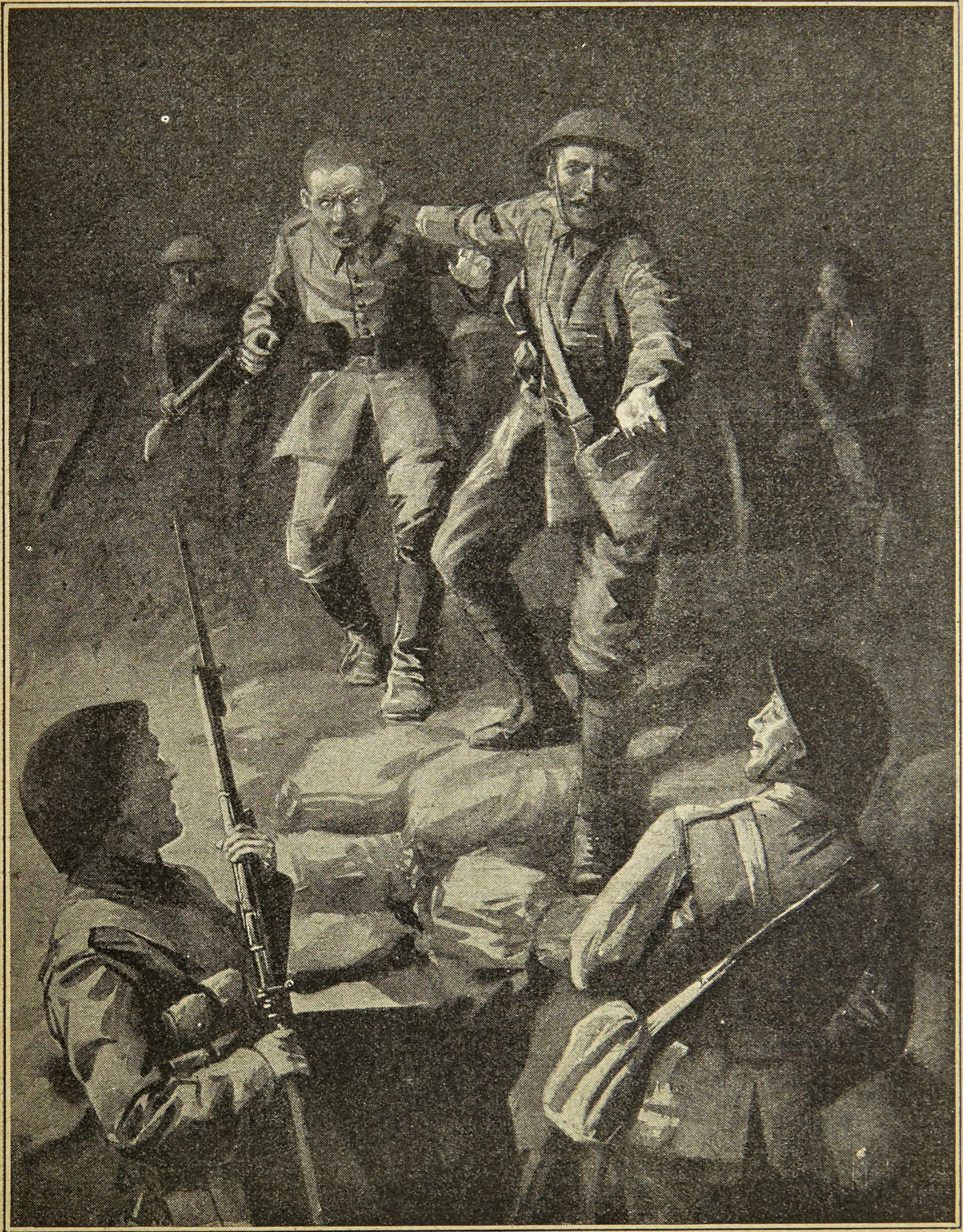
The Russians went on bombarding the roadway harmlessly. But only for a time. Somehow their gunners got news of the change. A shell fell in the Customs House yard, among a litter of old tins and bottles, making a fearful racket. The next smashed down a drying-pole by which a day's washing was hanging out to dry, and after that an outhouse. The Austrians swarmed round the farthermost wall of the building. But next came a screaming shell right through the building, dropping stones and roof tiles among them. They bolted into an orchard on the other side of the road. Before long the Russian gunners found this place, too. Shell after shell came along, tearing through the trees and throwing up great showers of earth and grass and sticks. The whole place was untenable. And when Russian Cossacks, a whole cloud of them with their lances apeak, came galloping across the snow on the far side of the river, and drawing so near that their wild shouts could be heard, the Austrians had had enough. Men scrambled anyhow along the roadway in any order. Horses were hitched in mad haste to the guns, and away they went over the snow. The Russians had won the day—and handsomely.

Next Article:
THE LEGEND OF GENERAL CANTORE
By R. Mackenzie



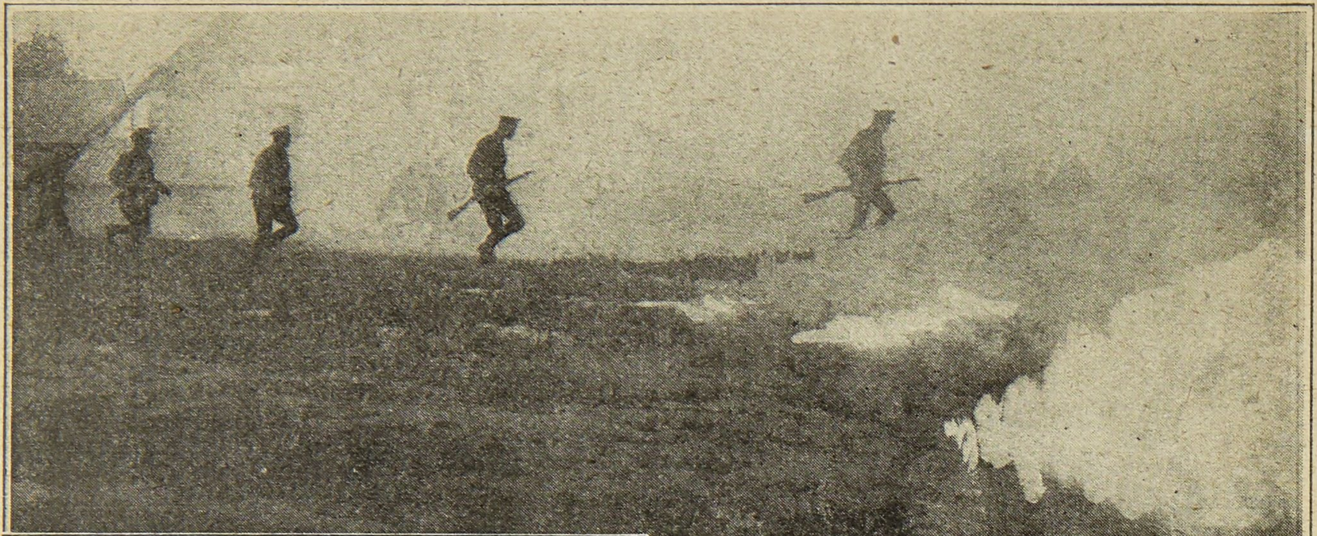
Steel Harbingers of Victory.—Truckloads of shells for batteries of French guns that are breaking down the enemy defences on the Somme. The train is proceeding along one of the many special transport tracks laid down on the French front.

How a Burly Anzac Won a Five-Franc Bet

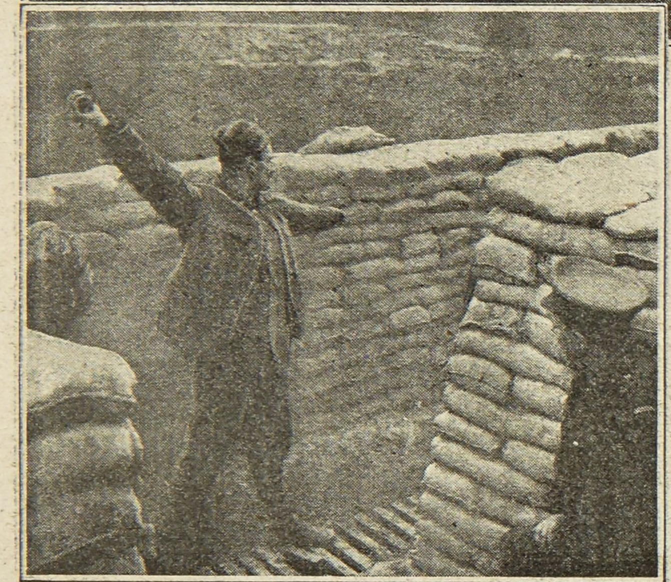


South of Armentieres the Anzacs put in some splendid night raid work on the Prussian and Saxon positions. On a recent occasion, at about 12.30, before leaving on the raid one burly Anzac laid a wager of five francs that he would bring back a German soldier single-handed. True to his word, he stalked over the trench parapet, exhibited his prisoner and claimed the bet, at the same time apologising that his captive was such a poor specimen of the enemy's manhood, but the best he could find.

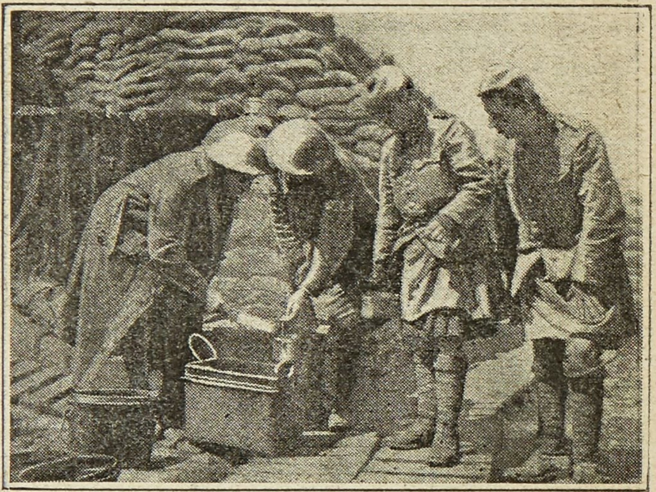
Bayonets, Bombs and Bullseyes in Flanders



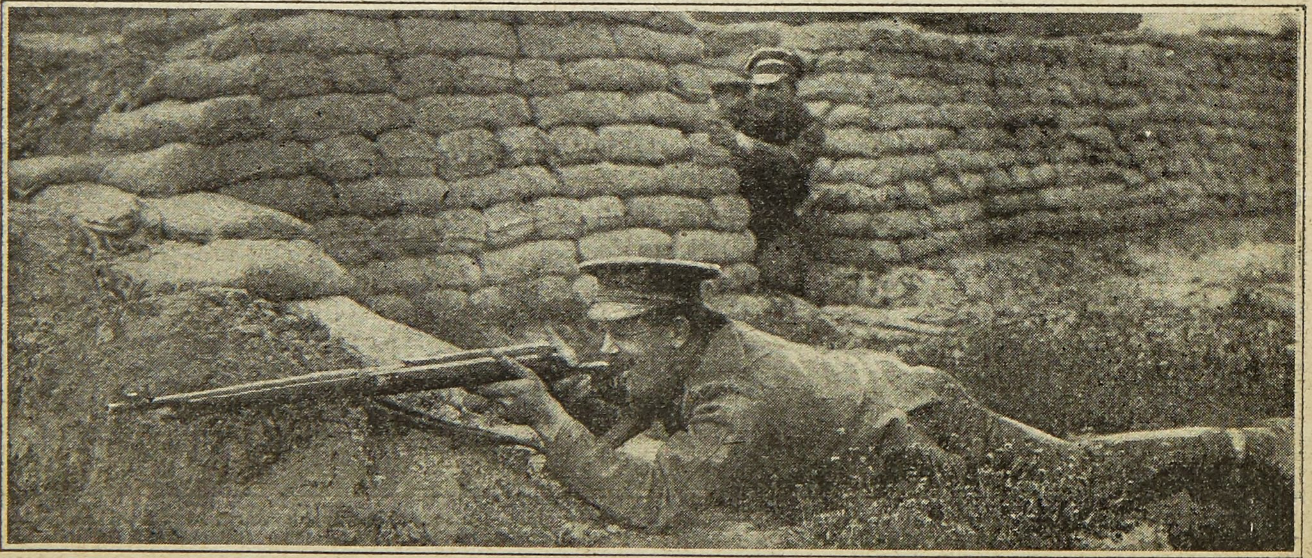
Infantry learning to advance through a covering cloud made by specially thrown smoke-producing bombs.



Bombing down a trench, an essential part of the bombardier's perilous work.

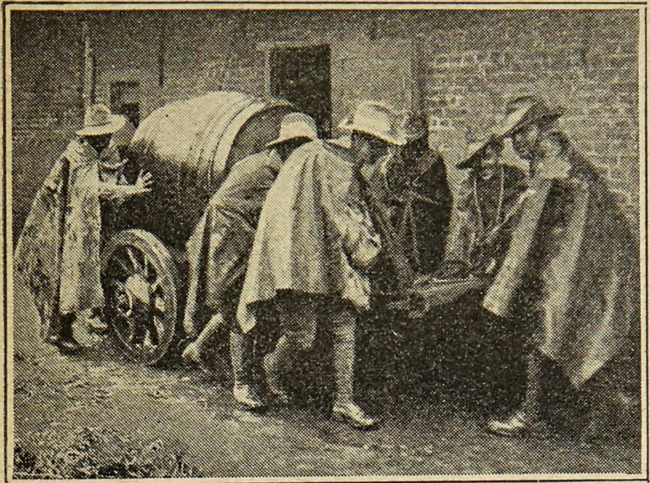


Men of the Canadian Scottish pay a visit to the trench cook to receive their portion of soup.

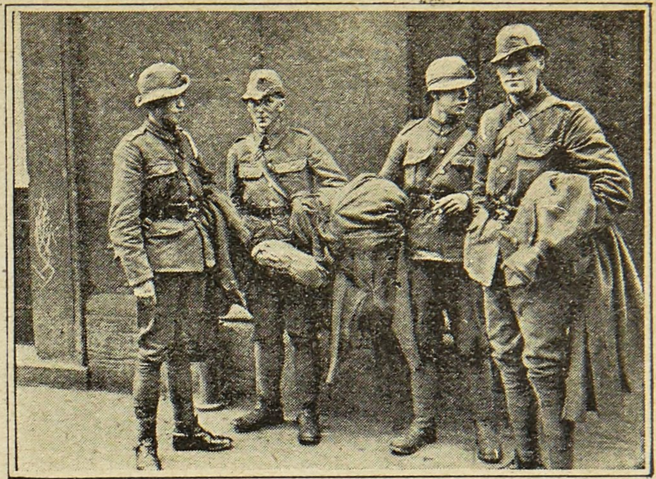


Canadian sniper at work on the western front—one who brought his knowledge of game hunting in the Far West to the greater work of beating the enemy on the plains of Flanders. (Canadian Government copyright reserved.)

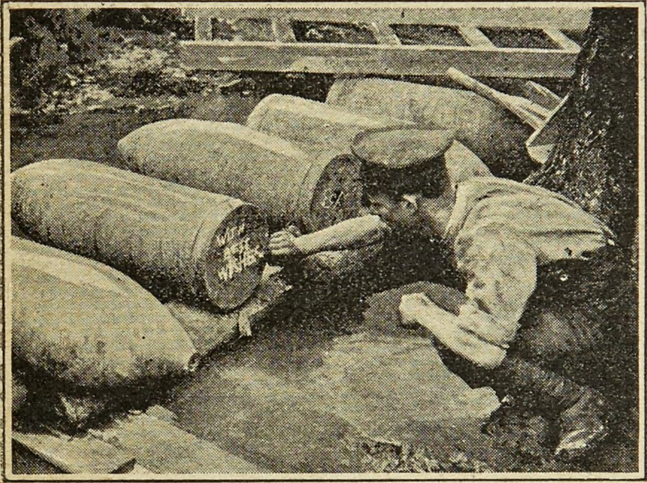
Before and After the Moment of the Advance



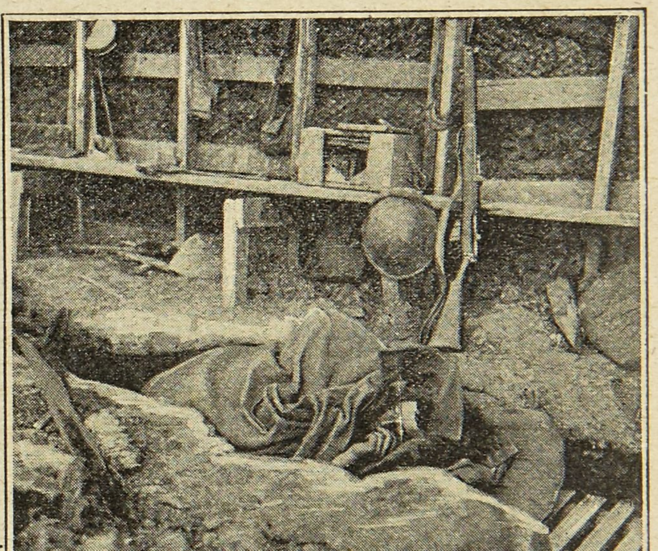
Anzacs on the western front bringing up a water-cart, a task they would have gladly welcomed in sun-baked Gallipoli.

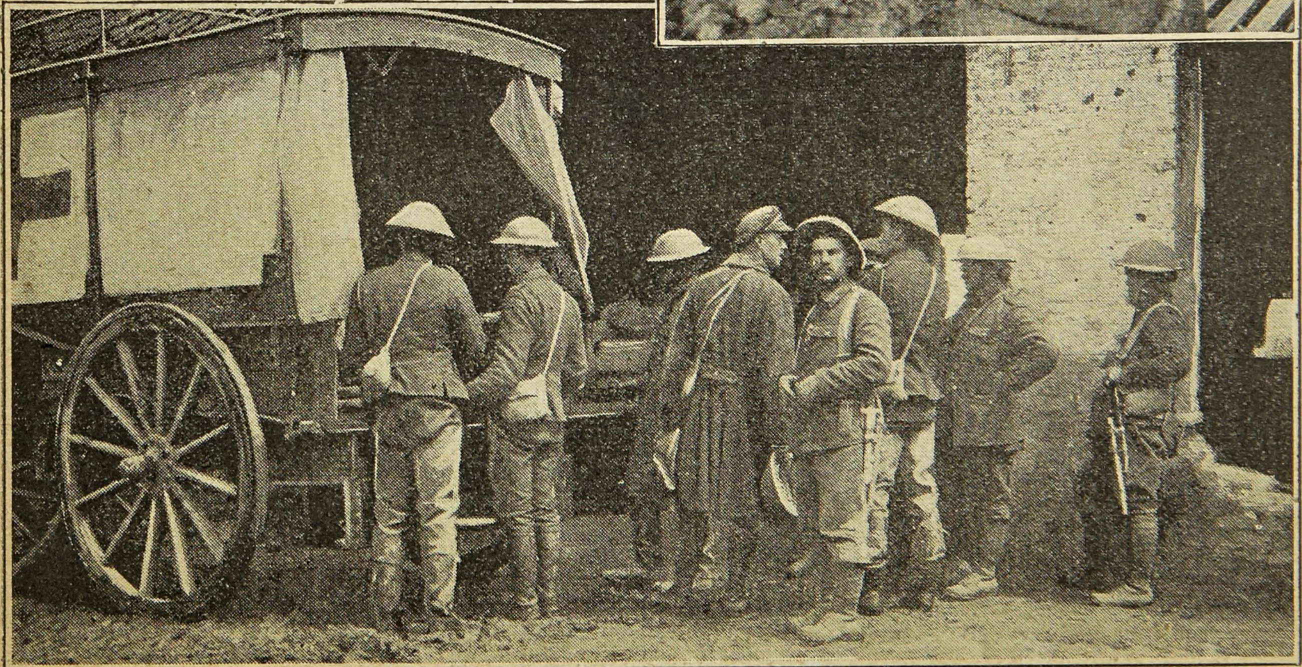


War-time fashions. Group of British soldiers wearing another new type of headgear, light and soft for summer campaigning.



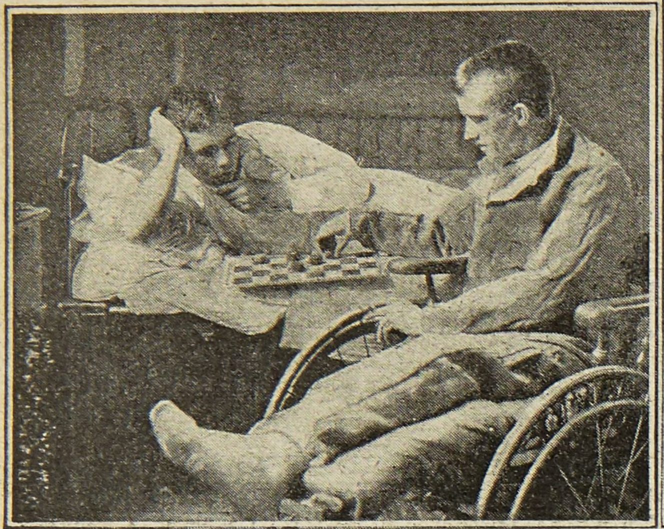
The irrepressible British Tommy. Chalking shells with complimentary messages for Fritz.



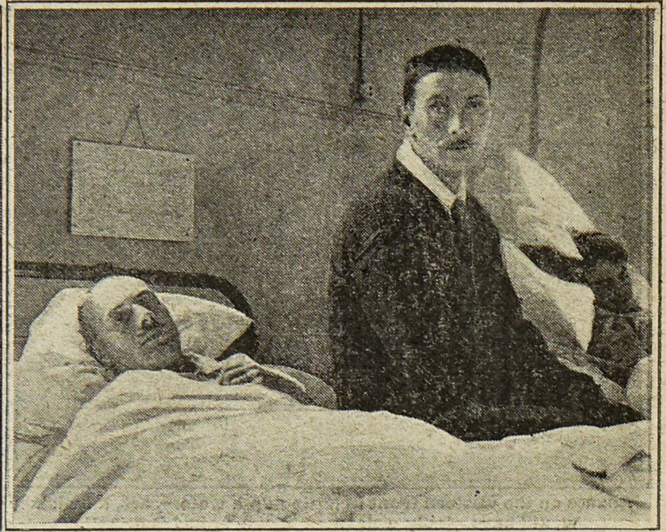


Canadian wounded being removed after fighting heroically for King and Empire. The sturdy lads of the Maple Leaf around the ambulance are wearing the familiar steel helmet. Inset: A comfortable rest in the trenches when "things were quiet."

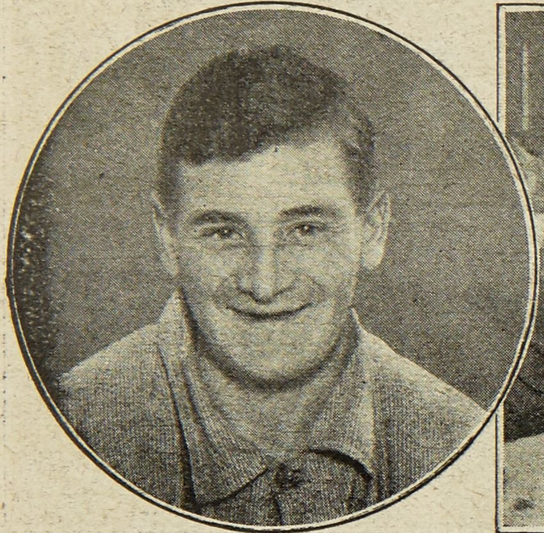
The First Wounded Heroes from the Somme



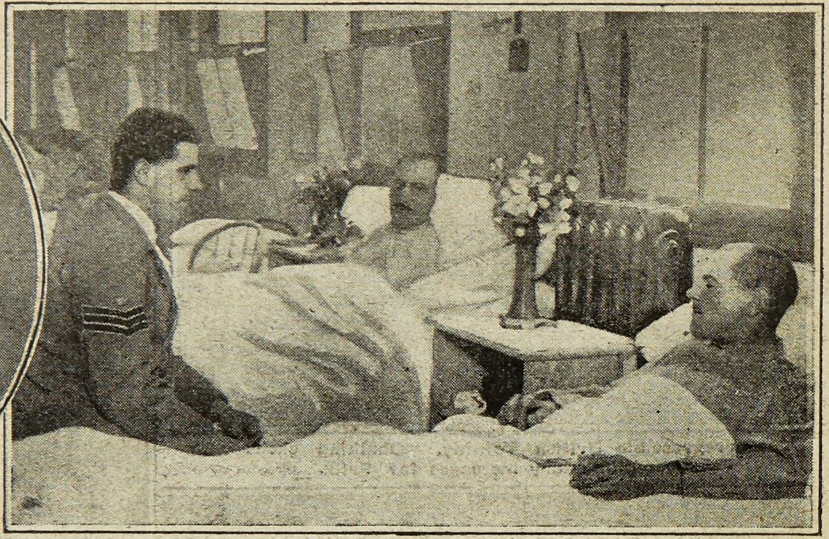
After the hazard of war. Two soldiers wounded in the Somme advance playing draughts at the hospital.



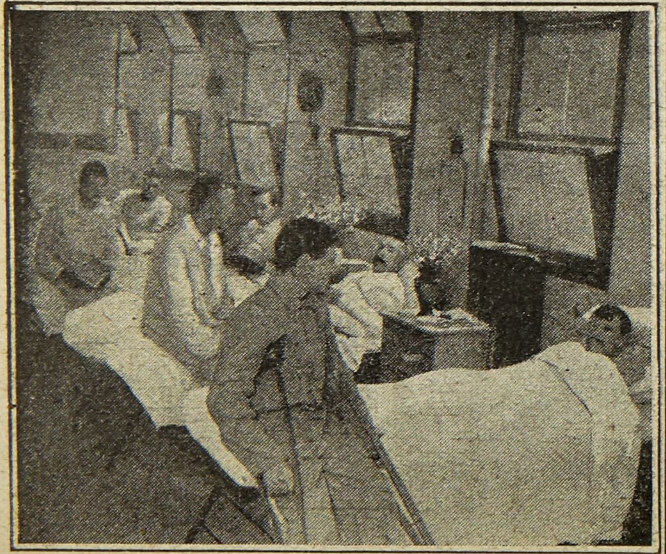
In a London ward. Three of the first arrivals in London after the forward movement.



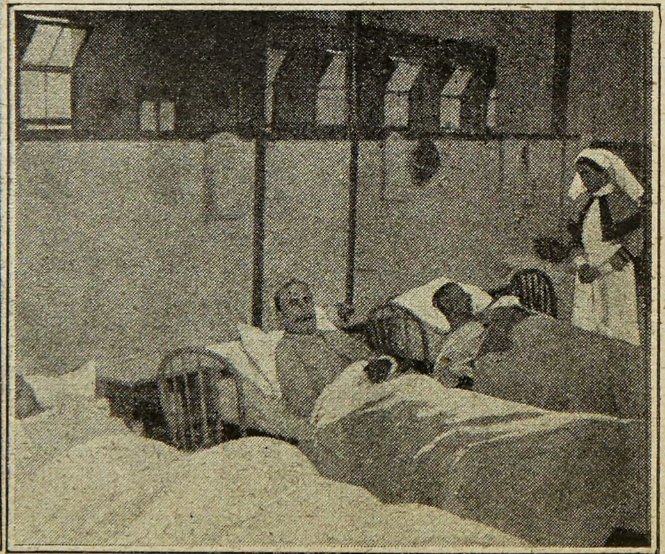
The smile of a hero. Type of British soldier wounded in the great push.



Telling the story of the victory. Soldier recently wounded conversing with a convalescent comrade in the same hospital.

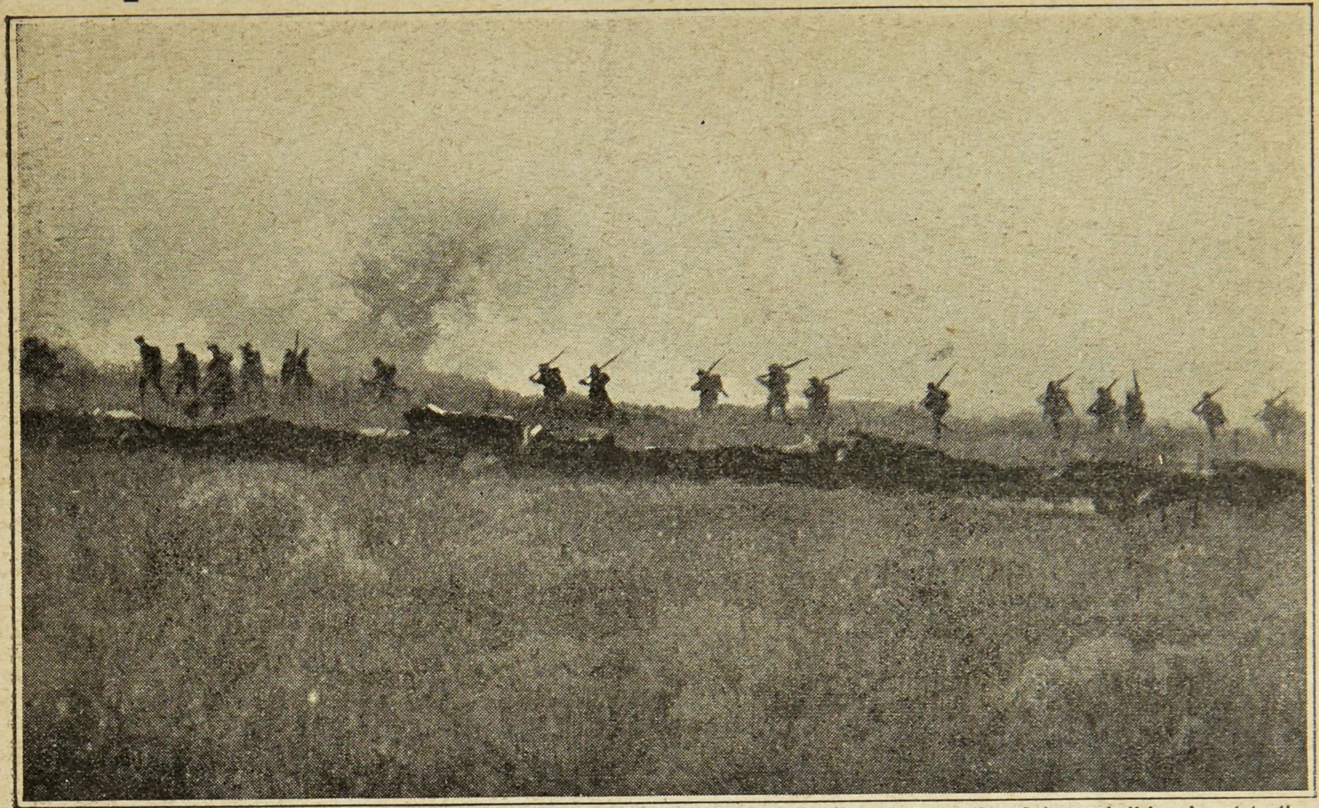


General view of a hospital ward. The new arrivals recount their adventures to the older inmates.

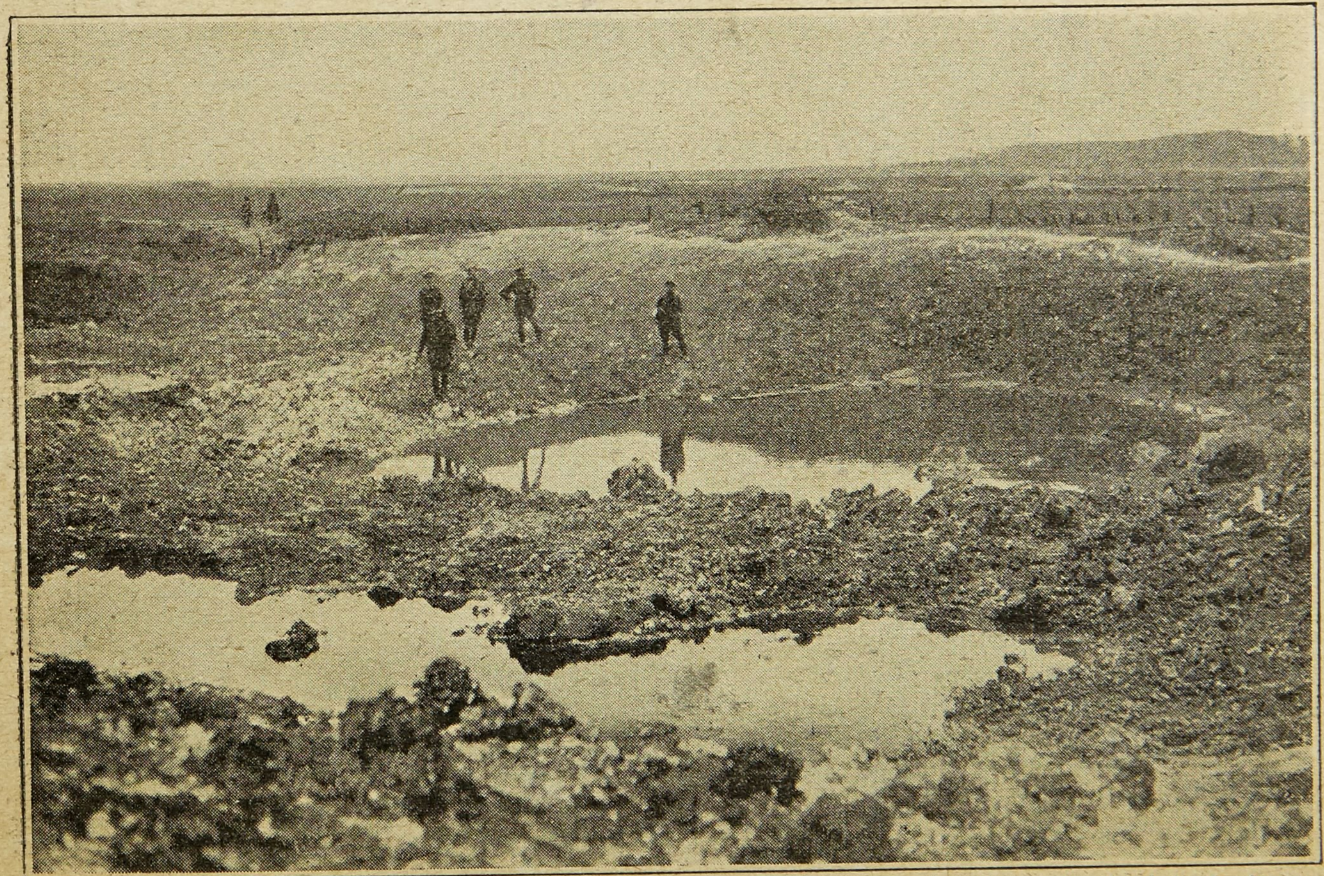


More wounded heroes of the Somme battles and a hospital nurse attending to the needs of the soldier patients.

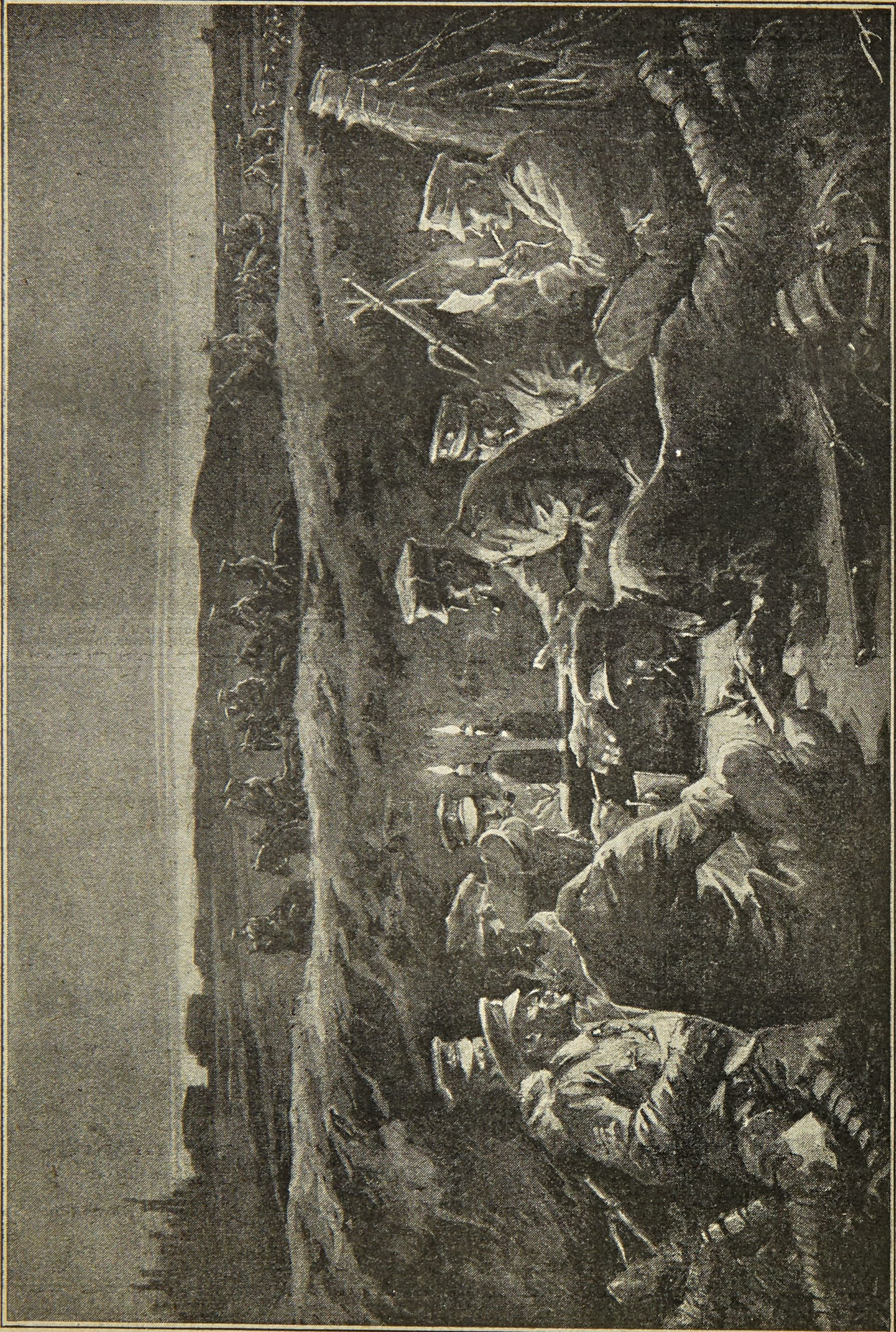
Splendid British Charge at La Boisselle



Wonderful photograph of British troops charging over No Man's Land to the attack at La Boisselle. A huge shell has burst to the right of the soldiers, throwing two of the forms into strong silhouette. The barbed-wire having been swept aside, these splendid Scots were soon afterwards in the German first line.



Appearance of a modern battlefield. A mine has been sprung in the foreground, and it is difficult to realise that but a few hours before this barren spot was teeming with life and activity. Nothing remains now but calcined debris. All life is obliterated save for some British officers contemplating the scene and the R.A.M.C. orderlies at their humane work in the background.



THOUGHTS OF HOME BEFORE THE CRITICAL EFFORT.—The hour before the advance on July 1st found British soldiers in high spirits, laughing, joking, confident in a "ready to do or die" humour. Many of them turned their thoughts to home and wrote what were, alas! in some cases, their last letters to "Blighty." A well-known war correspondent relates how a group of men were seen squatting under cover of a small ridge writing letters by the flickering light of candles. Behind them a troop of horse passed along the road leading to the front, while a dim column of lorries laden with gun fodder made its way towards the busy batteries.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

The Glorious First of July

By Edward Wright

On Midsummer Day, 1916, the result of the labours of our myriads of munition workers was displayed to the enemy. A line of flame and thunder stretched for ninety miles from Ypres to the Somme River. The German commanders hurried up reserves to meet the coming shock of our infantry attack. But no attack was delivered. Day and night the crashing line of fire was maintained. In sunlight the German trenches were veiled in a fog of bursting shells. By starlight French townspeople, thirty miles away, sat in darkness on their roofs, watching with grim joy the strange long rim of roaring radiance on their eastern sky-line.

Nothing like our bombardment has been seen in any field of the European War. The front of flame was longer than that which the Germans had produced at Gorlice and Verdun, and it lasted longer. It was the first grand triumph of the workers in our munition factories. Our country was using shells by the million, and wearing out guns by the thousand, in order to save the lives of our soldiers. At times the French armies from the Somme to Rheims joined in the unparalleled bombardment, making the line of flame one hundred and eighty miles long.

Triumph of Organisation

Sir Douglas Haig, sitting with his Staff near his central telephone exchange, was using tens of thousands of motor-lorries in the way a skilful fencer uses his rapier. By continually changing the sector at which the main shell supply was delivered, he varied the spear-head of his bombarding force. Our airmen attacked the German balloons and aeroplanes, thus blinding the enemy's aerial observers, until at last our shell supplies could come up in daylight as well as in darkness, without the enemy knowing what part of his force would next be swept with extreme intensity by our heavy artillery. Our guns were also able to concentrate and reconcentrate along our front of ninety miles, leaving the enemy ignorant of the new direction in which they were massing.

Never has an army worked as ours then worked in sustaining for a week the thunderous flame of our grand bombardment and the continual clouds of our asphyxiating gas. No longer were we weakly replying to German gas attacks with mild, innocuous, intoxicating fumes. We were giving the Germans, who had tortured us with chlorine gas, a new gas of our own that took them by surprise. As our infantry raids on the hostile lines increased in number, our men were able to see heaps of gassed, dead figures in the opposing trenches on the very days when the German communiqués said that our clouds of poison had floated harmlessly over the German lines.

The German Staff Deceived

Meanwhile, the German Staff had to decide where to mass its best troops—the Prussian Guard and its main reserve. Sir Douglas Haig, by a violent demonstration near the Somme River on June 27th, seems to have misled the Germans. For it afterwards appeared that they thought this British move was a feint, and that our main attack would be delivered between Albert and La Bassée, with Arras as the centre of our breaking movement. The Prussian Guard was placed north of Albert, near the hamlet of Gommecourt, and the main stream of German shell was directed towards the batteries round Arras.

But on Thursday and Friday, June 29th and 30th, our troops round Arras had an easy time of it compared with the labour that fell upon the men holding the line just north of the Somme. Here were a Territorial Division, an Ulster Division, Tynesiders, Manchester men, Scotsmen, and English county battalions, who came up to make the attack, and worked first to supply the guns. For forty-eight hours they slept only by snatches, amid the unending thunder that disturbed the atmosphere and produced a great downfall of rain. The mud added to the difficulties of maintaining the flow of ammunition between the columns of motor-trucks and the batteries; but, in spite of all troubles, our bombardment, gas attacks, and raids continued. Then, at six o'clock on Saturday morning, July 1st, 1916, Sir Douglas Haig revealed his long-prepared plan of attack, and showed the Germans that he had outplayed them. Our great bombardment had been a bluff. On our southern wing, by the Somme, was one of the finest armies of France, under one of the finest French commanders, General Foch. Foch had been remarkably quiet during our week of hurricane fire. Instead of knocking the enemy's trenches about as he could have done, he had lent us some of his quick-firers, in order to increase the volume of our fire, and make it seem that France was so exhausted by the long defence of Verdun that she had to leave the great answering, offensive movement entirely to Britain.

General Foch Surprises the Enemy

But on the glorious First of July, when our army of the Somme sent out its last smashing tornado of shells, the army of General Foch spoke even louder than ours did, and with thousands of siege-guns abruptly flattened the enemy's trenches on a sector of some eight miles. For an hour and a half the morning mist, half veiling the downland country between Péronne and Baupaume, was thickened by the smoke of half a million or more high-explosive shells. Then, at half-past seven, nothing could be seen from the great chalk ridges where the German observing officers, sheltering in deep caverns in the chalk, peered through their periscopes. The British and French armies sent out huge, rolling masses of black smoke that blanketed all the front and screened the rows of brown and blue figures that were moving on the German lines.

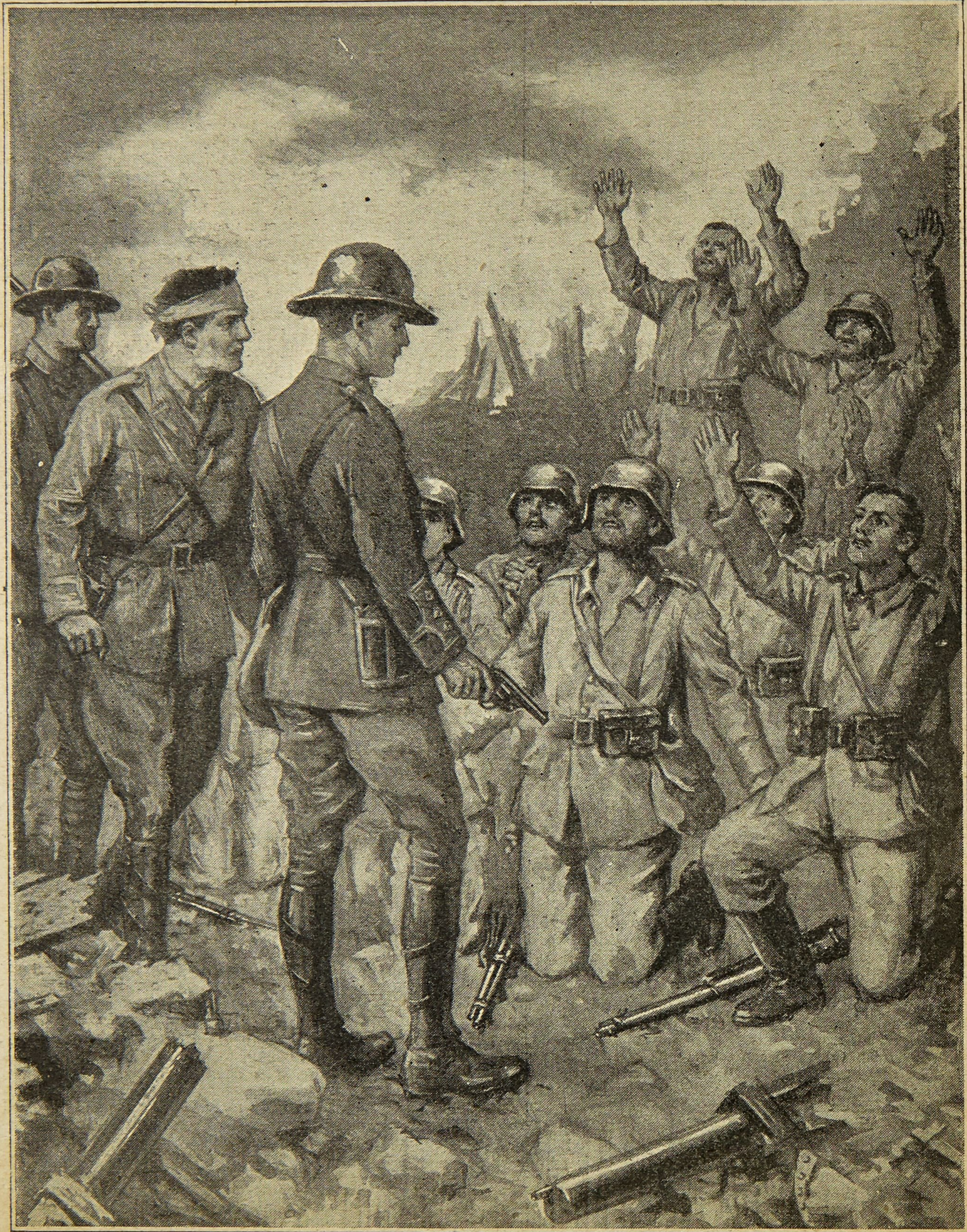
The general movement of the Allies extended for some thirty miles, from Foncquevillers, about twelve miles south-west of Arras, to Foucaucourt, about seven miles south-west of Péronne. A considerable part of this general movement was designed to hold the Prussian Guard and the main reserve under Prince Rupert of Bavaria. The German armies were arranged somewhat like those of the Allies. The strongest force, under Rupert of Bavaria, faced the British lines as far as Thiepval. Then southward, from the Somme sector to the Oise River, mainly facing the French, was the Sixth German Army, which had fought at Charleroi under General von Bülow, and was now commanded by General von Einem. It was against Einem that our main attack was directed. We had arranged to assail his northern wing at its point of junction with the army of Rupert of Bavaria, while the French force under General Foch drove unexpectedly in upon Einem's centre of communications at Péronne. Meanwhile, it was vitally essential that Einem should be stopped from getting help from his immediate neighbour, Rupert of Bavaria. The Prussian Guard at Gommecourt, for instance, was only twenty-four miles away from Péronne, with a light railway service connecting them with Einem's northern wing. Therefore, they had to be violently held in the position to which they had been lured by our long, deceptive bombardment.

Rupert's Men in Readiness

The necessity for this holding action against Prince Rupert's forces gave occasion for one of the finest examples of indomitable tenacity in British history. All Rupert's men were prepared for our attack. They apparently knew it would take place on July 1st, and they certainly divined that the Gommecourt salient, above Albert—the westernmost point in France held by the enemy—would be a critical position. When our bombardment opened at six o'clock on Saturday morning all the German troops retired to dug-outs twenty to thirty feet below the trenches. Then, at half-past seven, when our guns lifted on the enemy's second line, the Germans came out of their lowest cellars in the chalk, bringing their machine-guns with them, and entered a series of upper dug-outs, which had loopholes almost on the surface of the ground.

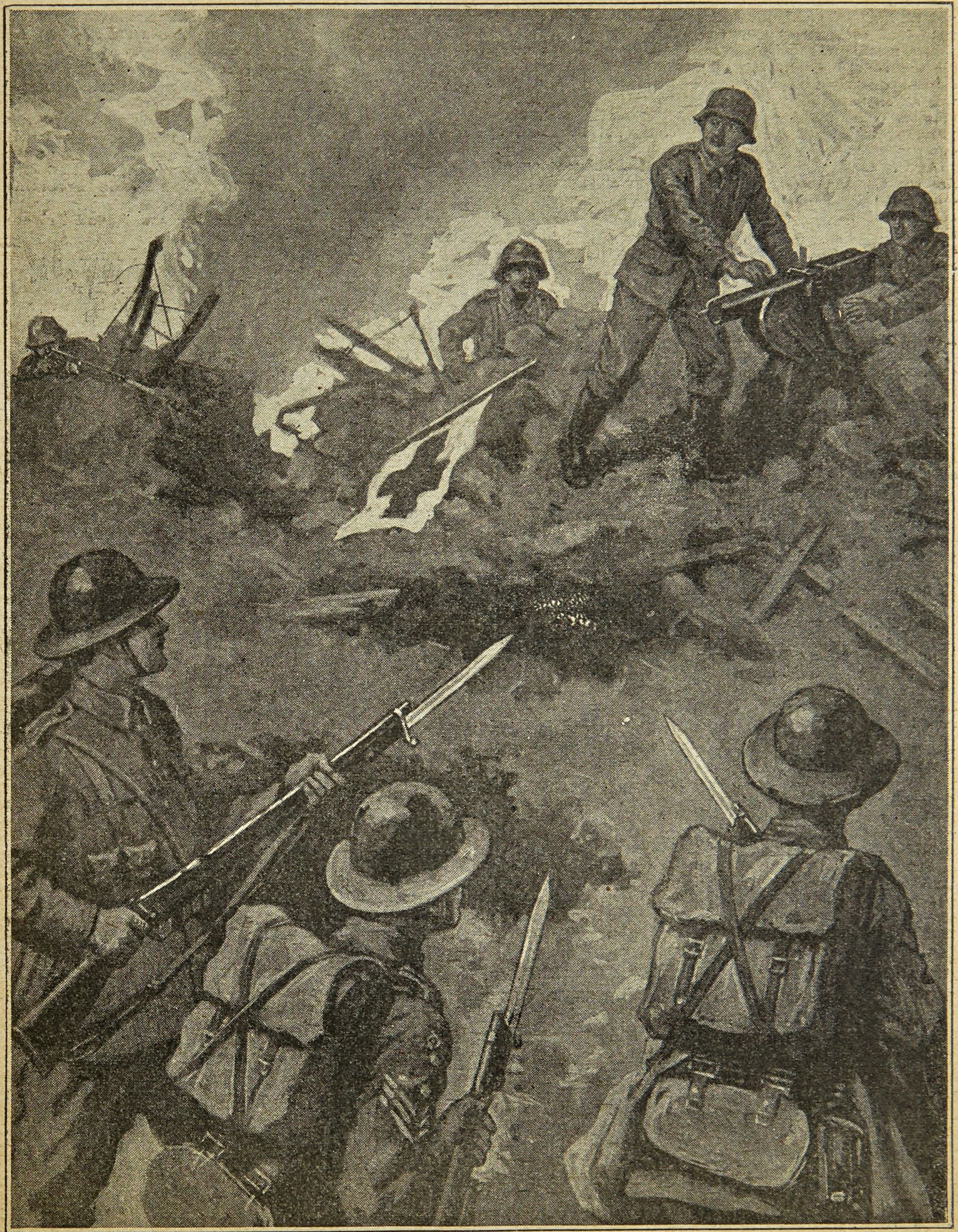
[*Continued on page* 542.

Pardon Kamerad! An Incident at Montauban



One of the most dramatic incidents in the capture of Montauban was the abject surrender of a number of German soldiers who had been utterly demoralised by the British bombardment. The enemy had taken cover in their dug-outs, but came out into the open immediately they were called upon to do so. Here they went down on their knees, and with hands held high over their heads begged piteously for mercy. They were then marshalled into single file and sent under guard to the rear.

Recurrence of Red Cross Treachery at Thiepval



According to the report of an eye-witness there was at least one recurrence of Prussian Red Cross treachery during the British advance. In the course of desperate fighting near Thiepval a German soldier showed himself above a shattered parapet, violently waving a Red Cross flag. He was permitted to approach, and was seen to lift something back into the trench. Immediately after a machine-gun began its deadly work. The burden of the Prussian was neither a wounded nor dead comrade, but a Maxim.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE WAR

(Continued from page 539.)

They began to fire through these loopholes when our screen of black smoke went up, and they continued to fire throughout the first phase of the action. They did not at first take any aim—our smoke screen prevented that—but their machine-gun positions were so arranged that a mechanical and continuous shower of bullets swept all the zone between the opposing fronts and pattered against our sand-bags. The German system of defence was an extraordinary piece of engineering. The machine-gunners could not be reached by our shells, and, being provided with gas helmets, they could not be killed by our gas attacks.

At the same time as the German machine-guns opened fire the German artillery flung a storm of shrapnel over our front trenches. Around Gommecourt were three curtains of intense shrapnel fire between our men and their goal. For here it was that the Germans had concentrated their main mass of guns. Yet the British troops came out steadily under the awful rain of death, raised their own machine-guns on the parapet, and then, dropping in hundreds but never wavering, made their way across a zone of five hundred yards to the enemy's front line.

Devilish Machine-Gunners

The Prussian Guard also came with its machine-guns through our curtain of fire, and fought with great courage in the open No Man's Land between the wooded promontory of Gommecourt and our positions round Hebuterne. In the end our men were defeated, because they had not behind them the enormous weight of artillery the Germans had. But this local defeat won the general battle for us. All the forces of the Crown Prince of Bavaria were held down at the appointed place, with the result that General von Einem could not obtain any reinforcements and suffered, not a local defeat, but a far-reaching disaster.

South of Gommecourt, between the Hill of Serre, the valley of the Ancre, and the ridge of Thiepval, our troops were at first amazingly successful. In a series of charges, as heroic as that made by the Scottish Division at Lens, our men took the German trenches, and then bombed their way into Serre and Thiepval, reaching the third and last line of German works. Some battalions had no casualties whatever in the rush against the German first line, but we did not allow for the remarkable intrepidity of some of the German machine-gunners. These men were devilish in spirit when our wounded lay at their mercy and tried to creep to shelter.

Einem Calls Reserves from Verdun

At Serre and Thiepval they let our charging lines pass them, and then came out of their dug-outs, swept our rear, and knocked down our parties who were bringing up bombs for the troops ahead in the German third line. One German gunner was found wounded in nine places and still fighting like a dervish of the Sudan. Little more than a score of these determined men, working behind our victorious lines, succeeded in stopping ammunition reaching our troops at Serre and Thiepval. They thus compelled our men to retire when the Crown Prince of Bavaria, about midday on Saturday, flung his reserve against the two points on his wing that were so near to breaking. Yet the actions at Thiepval and Serre completed the design of the terrible action at Gommecourt, and extended Rupert's army to its full strength. Our troops hung on for four days to the south of Thiepval, where they repulsed the German Guard and all the other reserves of Prince Rupert. He could not spare a single battalion for Einem. So Einem had slowly to gather reinforcements from Rheims and Verdun in order to meet the main allied attack. And Einem could not do this in time.

For in our main assault our success was swift and complete. We aimed at the great German salient built on a ridge overlooking our position at Albert, and known as the Fricourt salient from a village lying at the point of it. The main strength of the position, however, resided in a great fortified chalk ridge, some five miles long, extending from the hamlet of Boisselle to the village and brickfield of Montauban. The hamlet of Mametz rose on the southern slope of the ridge.

The Pincers Round Fricourt

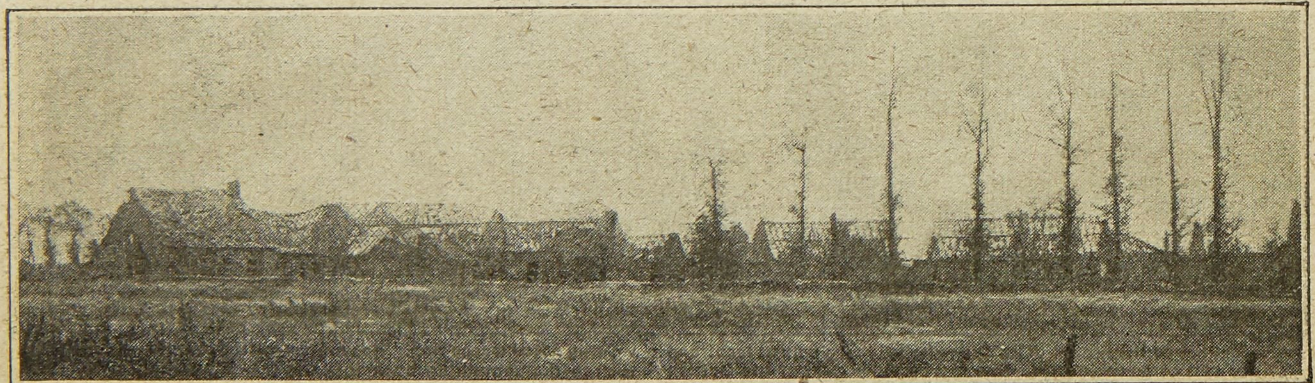
We did not make an immense, surging charge all round the great salient, but delivered two great thrusts. Fricourt was not attacked, but the line on either side of it was broken in two places about two and a half miles from each other. The Gordons advanced against Mametz, and, though raked horribly by machine-gun fire, stormed the position and held it. Then some miles away on their right the men of Lancashire, supported by the Surreys, Kents, Essex, Bedfords, and Norfolks, carried the main ridge at Montauban in one strong, narrow stream of invasion. At the other end of the ridge, by Boisselle, the Suffolks and the Tynesiders, with the Tyneside pipers playing on their men, swept by the northerly German hill fortress and advanced well beyond the salient to the village of Contalmaison. The Suffolks reached this village at the price of only one man killed, but again the German machine-gunners in our rear near Boisselle checked our advance.

The Measure of Success in Four Days

The fact was our wonderful troops did more than had been expected of them. Fricourt was left untouched for two days, as we had made larger gains on either side of it than had been designed. Our principal attention was directed towards smashing up the reinforcements that Einem hurried towards the high ground on the ridge. There we broke brigade after brigade, leaving Fricourt open like a trap for more Germans to enter. But we joined our two wedges round Fricourt on Sunday afternoon, stormed Boisselle the next day, and then advanced some miles eastward along the road to Combles.

So tremendous was the pressure with which we pushed back Einem's northern wing that General Foch's army, in four days of sledge-hammer work, took the plateau south of the Somme, dominated Péronne, hauled up the great French siege-guns, and brought Einem's northern railway and motor communications beneath a heavy incessant shell fire. In other words, Haig's and Foch's armies did as much in four days' fighting to threaten the German routes of supply at Péronne as the Germans had done in five months' fighting to threaten the French routes of supply at Verdun.

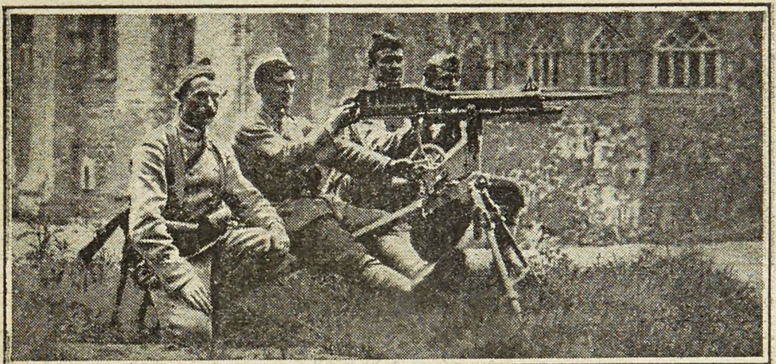
Next Article:
THE JUTLAND BATTLE BY NIGHT



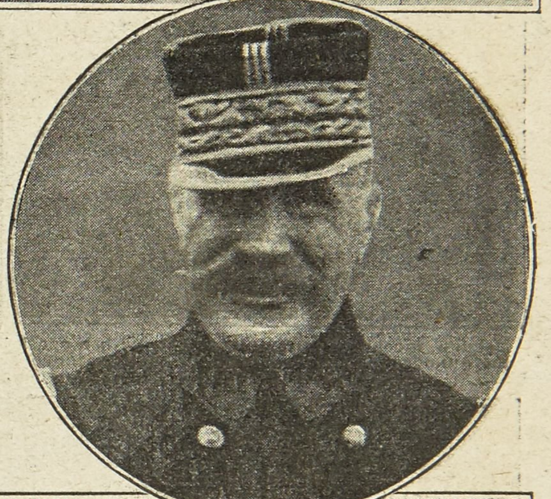
The skeleton village of Zillebeke. Curious effect of shell fire on houses and trees. The tiles have been shaken from the roofs purely by vibration of shells passing and bursting in the vicinity. (Canadian Government copyright reserved.)

With General Foch Advancing on the Somme

French reserves awaiting the signal to advance in the Somme region where the redoubtable General Foch is conducting our ally's offensive.

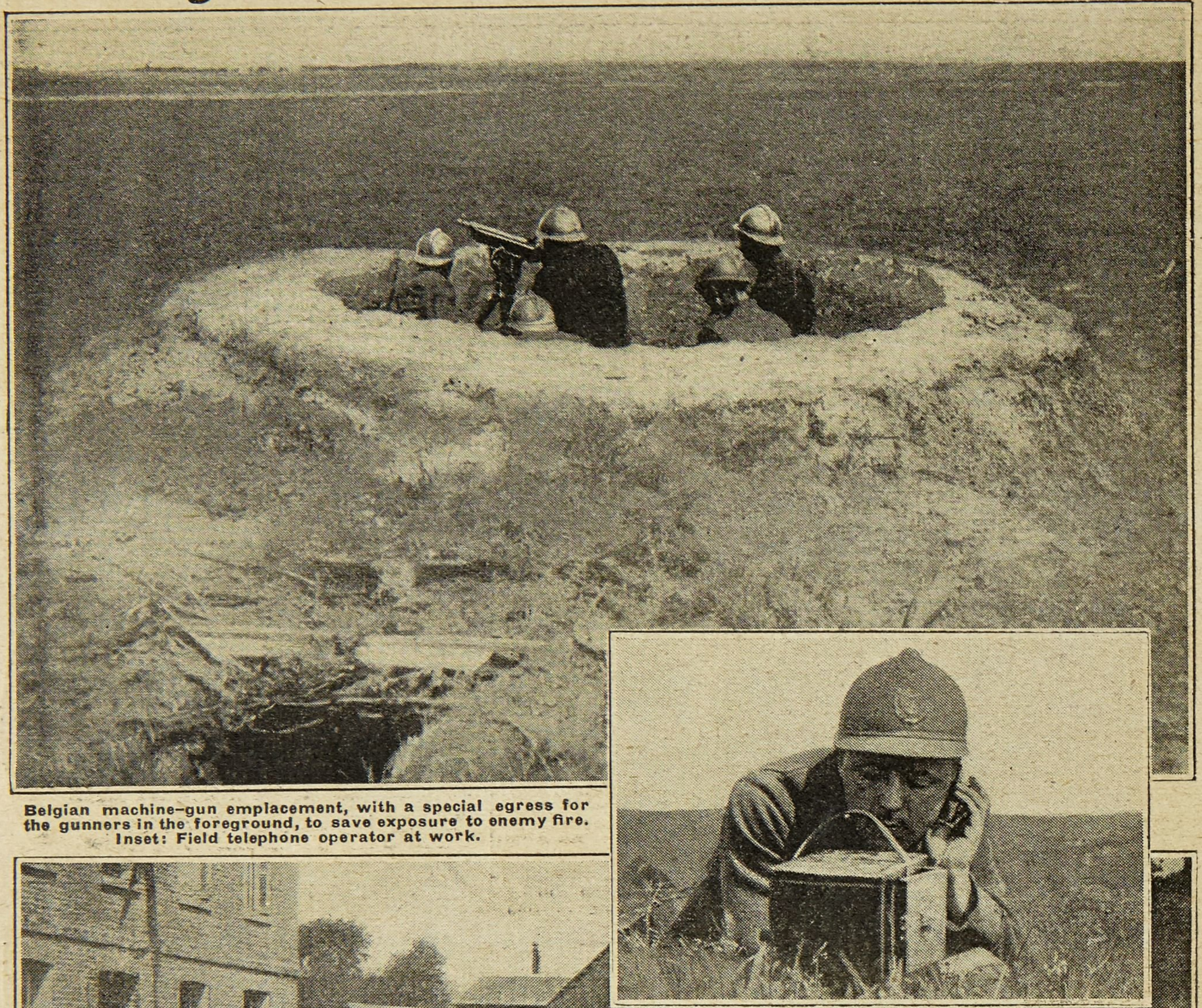


The Germans have relied more than ever on the machine-gun during the Allies' advance. This photograph shows French soldiers practising with a mitrailleuse.

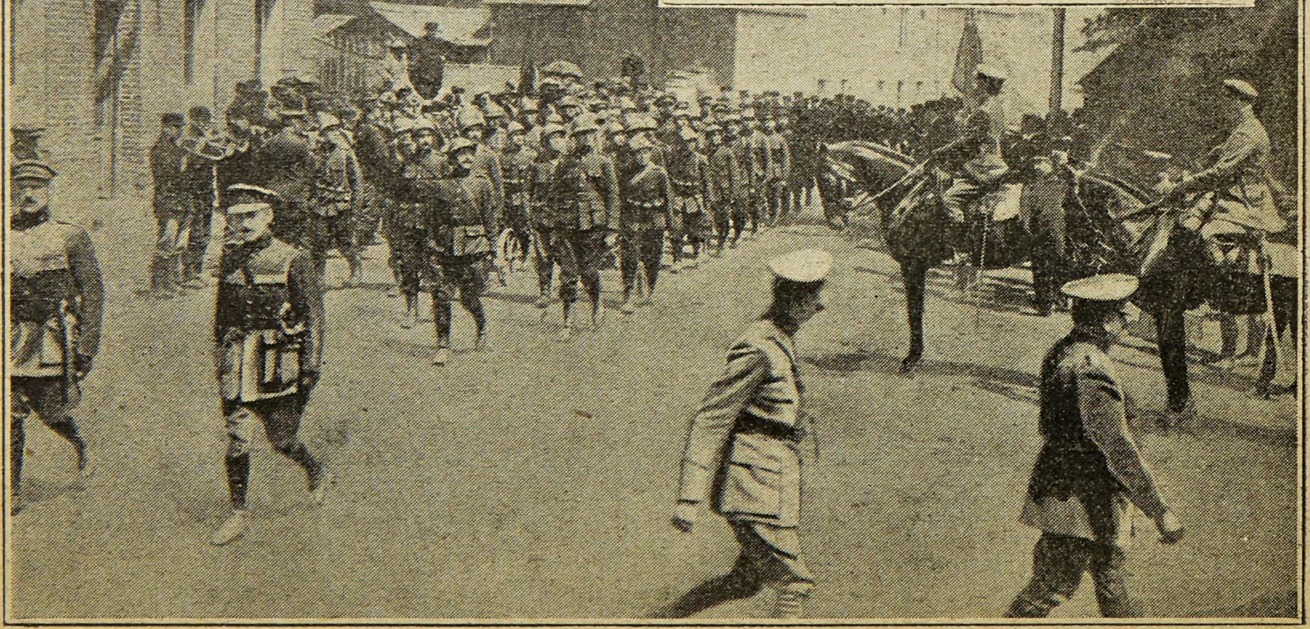


M. Briand, the French Prime Minister, taking tea with a British general on the occasion of his visit to the British front. Inset: Characteristic portrait of General Foch, the brilliant French leader in the Somme.

Belgians in Khaki and Steel Casques

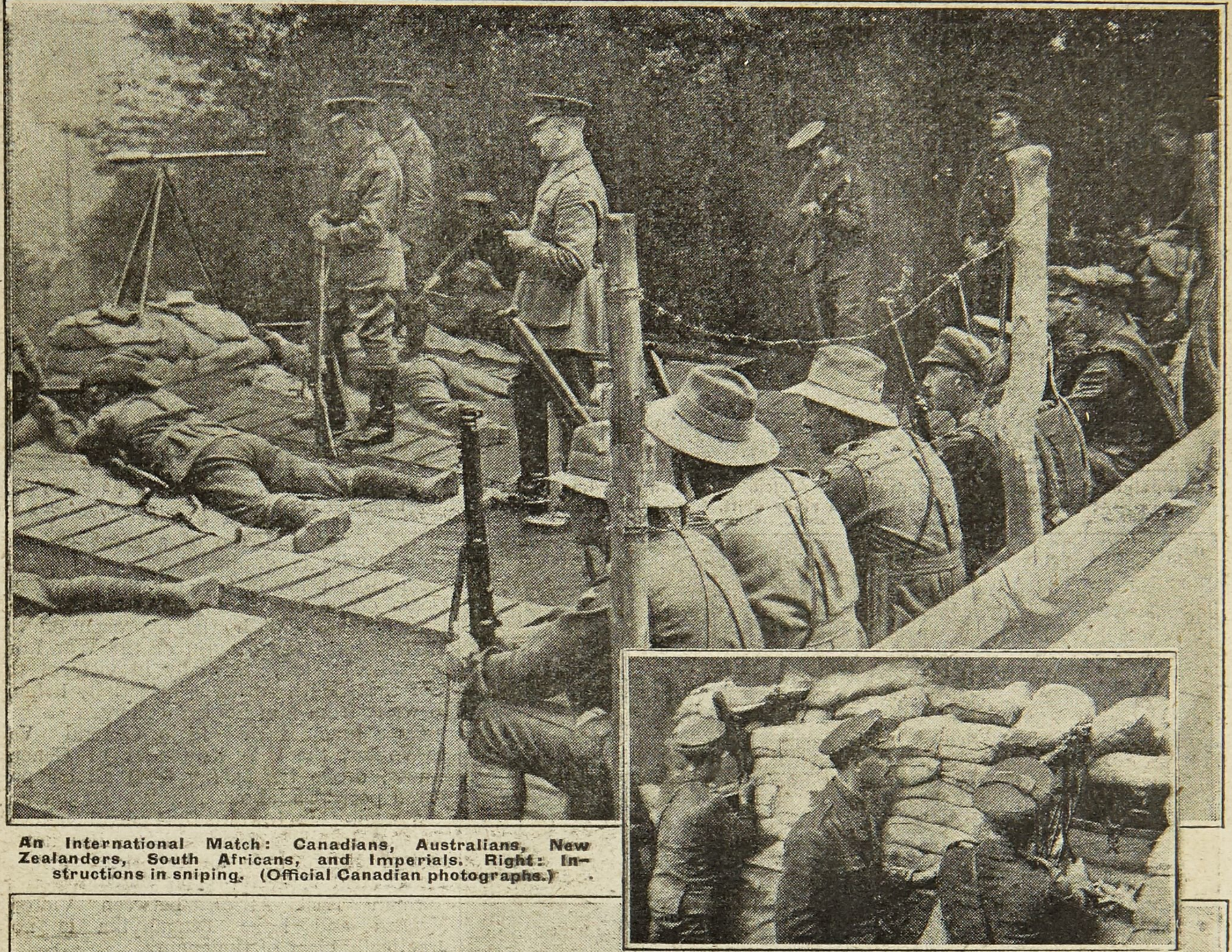


Belgian machine-gun emplacement, with a special egress for the gunners in the foreground, to save exposure to enemy fire. Inset: Field telephone operator at work.



Part of the Belgian Army going up to the trenches, with mitrailleuse section in the foreground. Since they are supplied with khaki and steel helmets their uniforms are almost identical with those of the British. (Official photographs issued by the Belgian Government.)

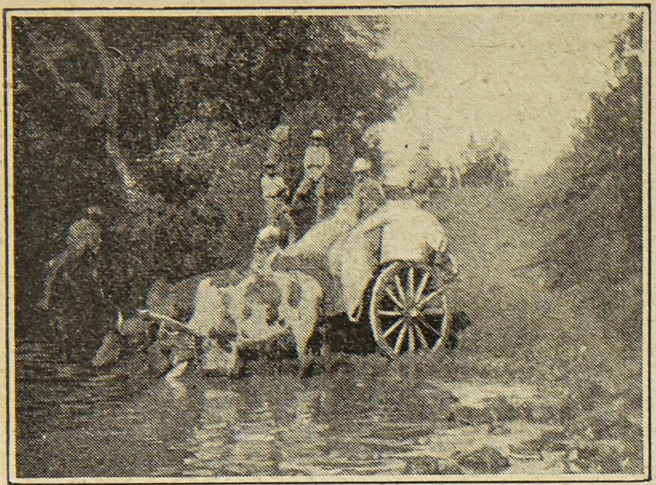
Crack Shots in the Making Near the Trenches



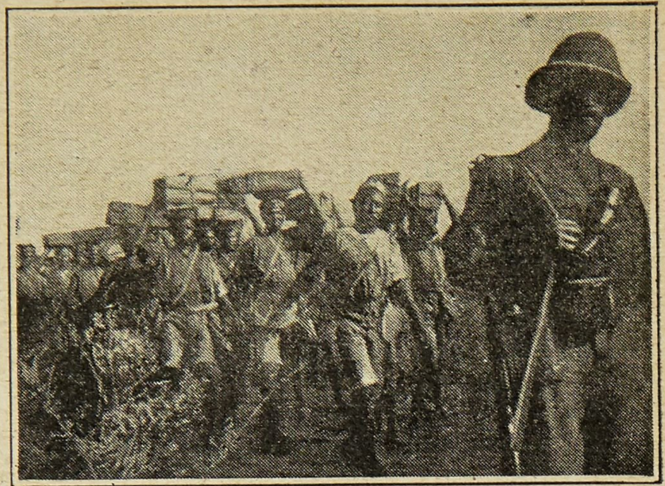
An International Match: Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, and Imperials. Right: Instructions in sniping. (Official Canadian photographs.)

Sir Charles Wakefield, Lord Mayor of London 1915–16, is Hon. Colonel of the Royal Garrison Artillery and a keen soldier. During the month of June he visited the western front and spoke to many men of the London battalions.

War Traffic on the Trek in East Africa:



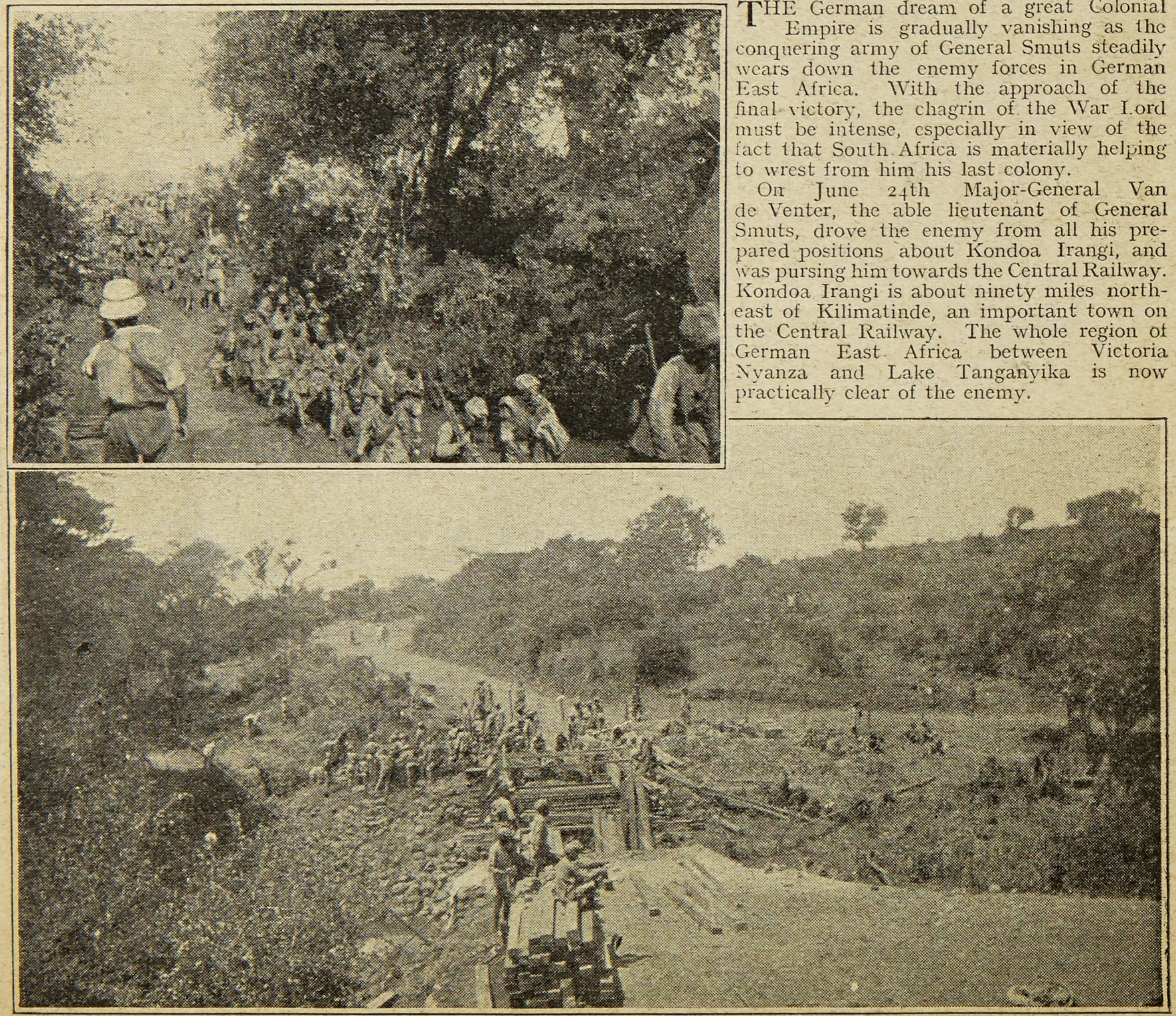
Campaigning difficulties in German East Africa. Regimental transport ox-cart crossing a river drift.



Loyal natives in Freedom's cause. African troops carrying boxes of ammunition.

THE German dream of a great Colonial Empire is gradually vanishing as the conquering army of General Smuts steadily wears down the enemy forces in German East Africa. With the approach of the final victory, the chagrin of the War Lord must be intense, especially in view of the fact that South Africa is materially helping to wrest from him his last colony.

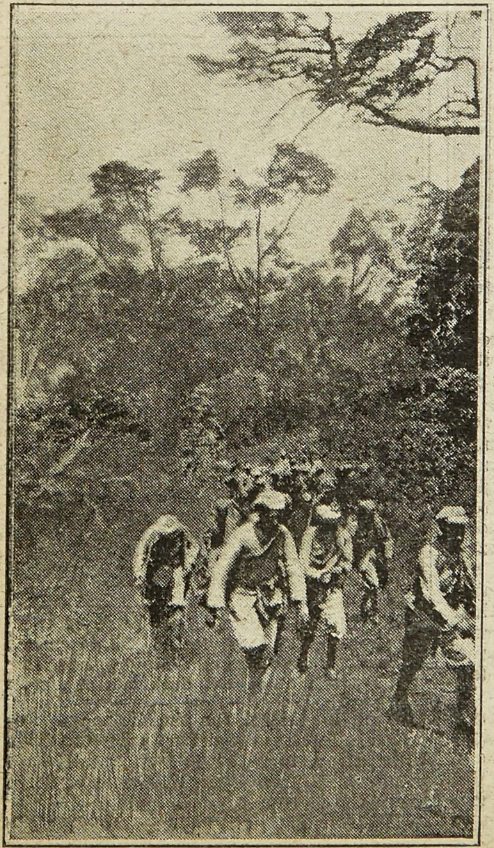
On June 24th Major-General Van de Venter, the able lieutenant of General Smuts, drove the enemy from all his prepared positions about Kondoa Irangi, and was pursing him towards the Central Railway. Kondoa Irangi is about ninety miles north-east of Kilimatinde, an important town on the Central Railway. The whole region of German East Africa between Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika is now practically clear of the enemy.



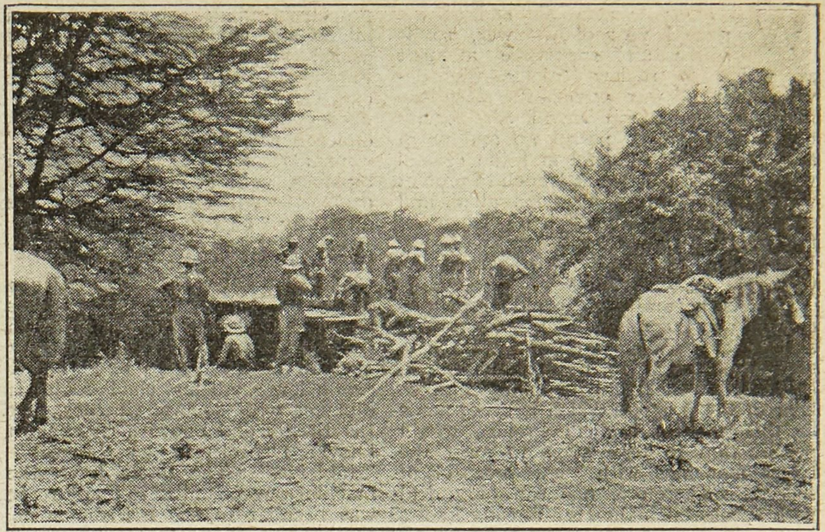
Building a River Bridge.—This photograph gives an excellent idea of the country through which General Smuts' gallant troops are advancing to conquer Germany's last colony, when much constructional work had to be done. Inset: Troops crossing one of the drifts, in which the colony abounds.

Forward to Victory Through the Sombre Bush

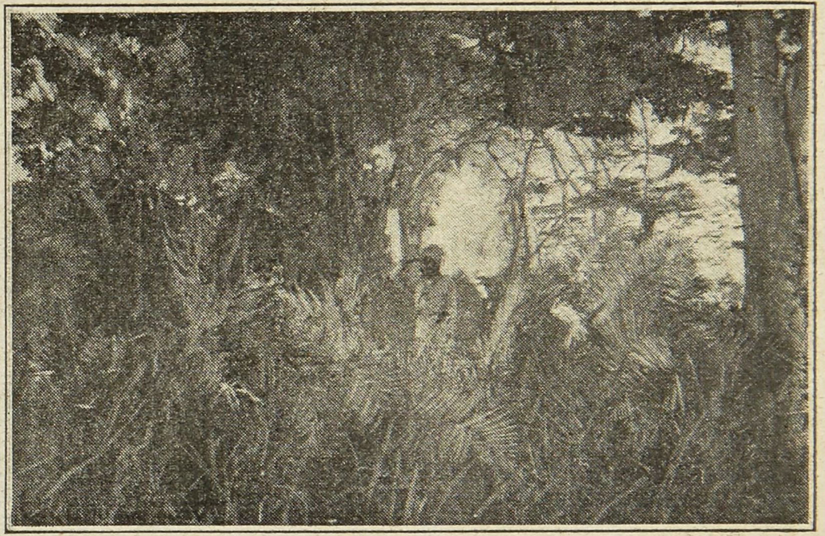
German observation-post, for big gun, up a tree at Kilimanjaro.



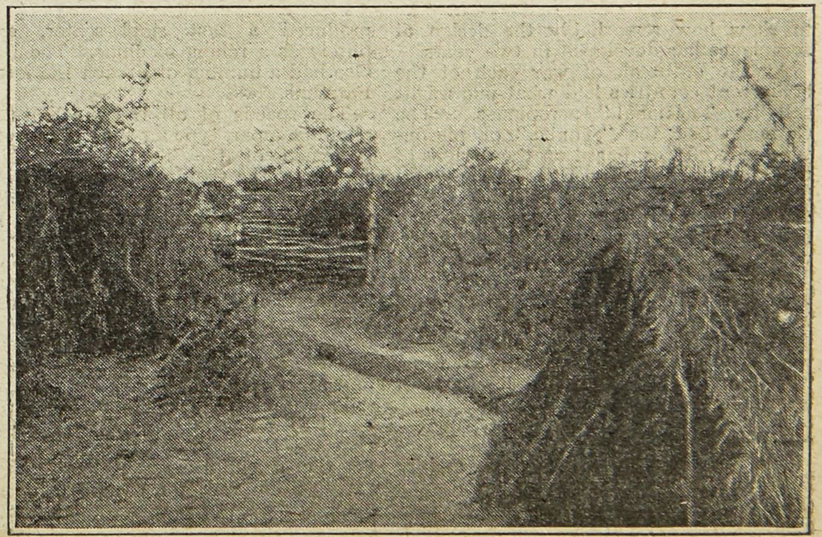
Some of General Smuts' gallant men crossing a river in German East Africa.



Remaking a bridge over the river. In the absence of other material, timber is used, of which the country provides a plentiful supply.



The position where the soldier is standing is a machine-gun post on a raised platform, from which the concealed enemy wrought considerable harm.



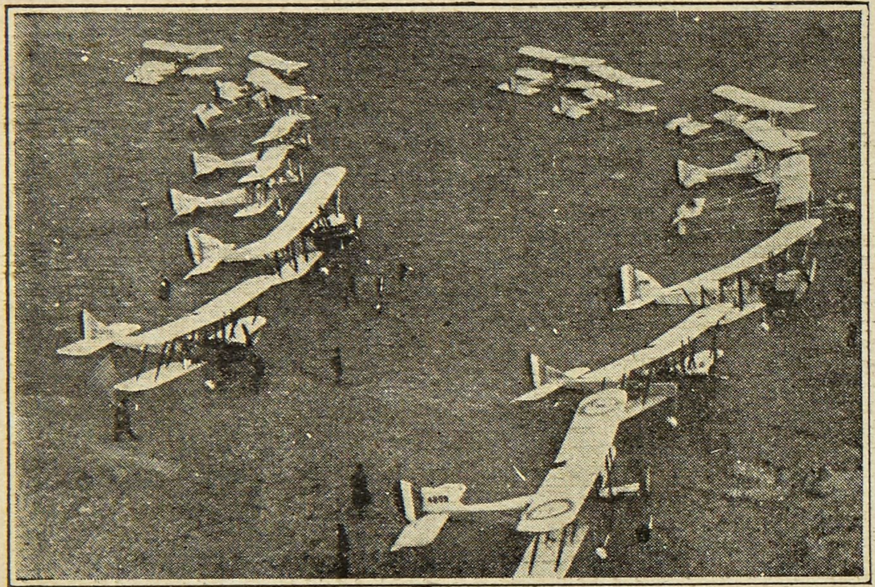
How the enemy utilised the resources of the colony. A cunningly arranged position for a German pom-pom.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AIRCRAFT IN WAR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

WE are now near the end of the second year of the war, so it seems an opportune moment at which to review briefly the development of war aeroplanes since the pilots of the Royal Naval Air Service began their weary patrol up and down and across the Channel and the coastal waters, which has done so much to protect warships and merchant ships alike, and since that day in August, 1914, when the five gallant little squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps flew across the Channel.

One is naturally debarred from discussing forthcoming developments in aeroplanes, because to do so would be to give information to the enemy which, however much it might annoy him to hear of the progress which is being made in this country and in France, would permit him to take steps to meet the latest machines with some prospect of success. Therefore, one can only deal with types which the Hun already knows to his cost. But even these are enough to show how remarkably the design of aeroplanes has developed in two years.



Presentation aeroplanes lined up somewhere in England prior to being piloted overseas to the war zones.

At the outbreak of war each of the belligerent countries had what one might call its "national" aeroplanes. The Germans had the "Taube," or pigeon-type monoplanes, based on the designs of the Austrian, Herr Igo Etrich. They also had some pigeon-winged biplanes, a sort of development of the Taube. And they had some big straight-winged biplanes, which were based more or less on the designs of the early British Avro—but with much bigger engines. The Taube was, however, the national type, and predominated in numbers. The engines were of the motor-car, water-cooled type, with four or six cylinders in line, and of 75 to 100 h.p.

French Machines

The French machines were mainly Blériots, and two types of Farmans (Henry and Maurice); the Blériots were monoplanes with a tractor screw in front, and the Farmans "pushers" with the propeller behind. The engines were nearly all 80 h.p. Gnomes, with revolving air-cooled cylinders, except the Maurice Farmans, which had 70 h.p. Renault engines, also air-cooled, but with eight fixed cylinders arranged in V shape, four on each side of the crank-shaft. There were also some little Caudron tractor biplanes, with 80 h.p. revolving Gnome engines. All these machines were of distinctly "national" type.

British Machines

The distinctive British aeroplanes were the Avro—tractor biplanes with 80 h.p. Gnomes—and B.E.'s, of Government design, also tractor biplanes, mostly with Renault engines of 70 h.p. There were also a few small fast single-seater tractor biplanes with 80 h.p. Gnomes, made by the Bristol and Sopwith Companies, and known respectively as "scouts" and "tabloids." The latter type—the two machines were similar in many respects—was peculiar to the British, as none of the other belligerents had at that time produced a fast single-seater, except purely as a racing machine. The British also had a number of French Blériots and Farmans.

The speeds of all the machines were about on a par, type for type. The average specimen of the Taubes, the Maurice Farmans, the Caudrons, and one kind of B.E. (with a Gnome engine), did between fifty-five and sixty-five miles an hour. The German biplanes, the Henry Farmans, the Blériots, and the other B.E.'s did between sixty-five and seventy-five miles an hour. But the British scored in their other machines, for the Avro did between seventy-five and eighty-five miles an hour, and the single-seaters between eighty-five and ninety-five miles an hour.

It was chiefly because of the superior speed of a few of the British aeroplanes that the Royal Flying Corps was able to do the splendid scouting work it did early in the war, for the pilots of these machines were able to go about more or less unmolested by the Huns, and if compelled to fight they were able to outmanœuvre their enemies. Despite the fact that the work of a scout is to obtain information and not to fight, many of the scouts fought for the fun of fighting, and did good execution.

The French likewise had a certain number of small fast machines which, flown by crack pilots, soon became a terror to the slower German machines, but in the earlier stages of the war, while the armies were on the move from Mons to the Marne, back to the Aisne, and round to Ypres, there was little fighting in the air, for everybody was busy scouting and had no time for other business.

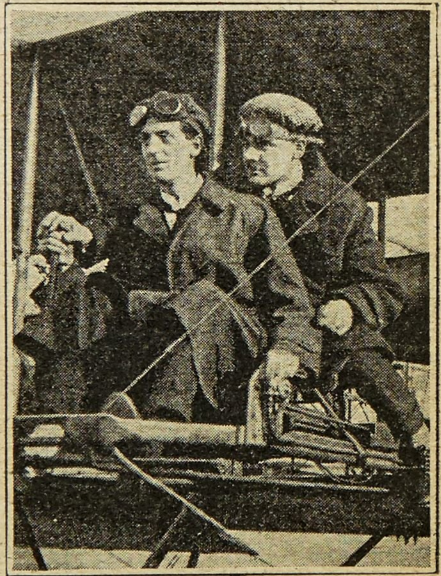
Artillery "Spotters"

Then, when the trench deadlock set in, the business of the flying people changed. The artillery became the only really active arm on the ground, and the aeroplanes became the most valuable ally of the guns. Aeroplanes fitted with wireless "spotted" for the artillery, signalling the results of each shot. Other aeroplanes, fitted with special cameras, flew over the enemy's lines, taking photographs of positions to be bombarded or to be attacked, and these photographs, when compared with maps, gave the precise range beforehand for the guns, the final corrections being given by the wireless "spotters" while the bombardment was in progress. Also a certain number of aeroplanes flew regularly behind the German lines, to look for any reinforcements which might be coming up to attack the British or French lines.

The machines used for this work were more or less of ordinary type, plus the necessary special fittings, and though they themselves were not a new development, they hastened the development of the fighting machines, for the Germans produced gun-carrying aeroplanes to drive them away, and the French and British produced other fighting machines to drive away the Germans.

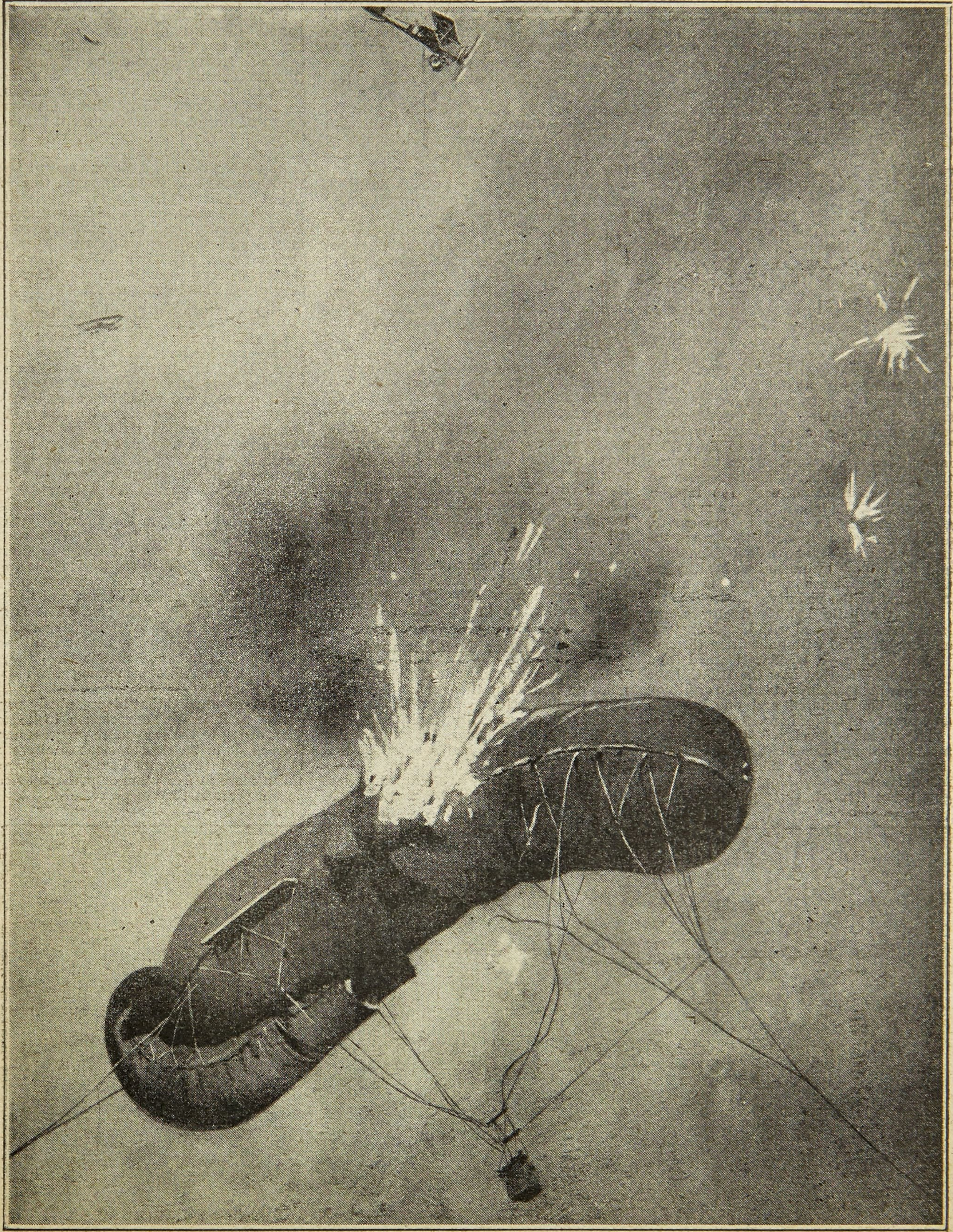
The German fighters were at first big tractor biplanes, with the regular motor-

[*Continued on page* 550



Mr. M. D. Manton, chief pilot of the Grahame-White Aviation Co., enjoys the distinctive record of having trained 150 pilots since the outbreak of war.

How the Huns were Blinded in the Great Advance



Without the great work of the R.F.C. the plans of the British Staff could not possibly have been carried out with any measure of success. Prior to the advance, our intrepid aviators were up and at the enemy's sausage-like observation balloons, blindfolding their inquisitive eyes to the movements of the British armies. The enemy had a whole fleet of these craft prying through the tumultuous atmosphere, but none were able to transmit any practical information, and several were sent flaming to earth through the well-placed rockets discharged on them by our airmen.

WAR AIRCRAFT (Continued from page 548.)

car type engines of six cylinders in line, but enlarged to give fully 150 h.p., and of late the opinion of the aviators at the front seems to be that they must be giving nearer 200 h.p. These machines carry a gunner in front just behind the engine, and another one aft behind the pilot, so that they can bring a broadside of two guns to bear on their victim. These machines were much faster than the older ordinary tractor biplanes, and as fast as the earlier British single-seater scouts.

The Germans also tried a machine with two bodies, looking something like two tractor biplanes hand in hand. And their latest effort, I have heard, is a very fast biplane with a single body, and an engine on each side of it, which is said to be as fast as the fastest French or British machines.

Tractor Scouts

The British reply to these big German machines were at first the Vickers' gun-carriers—good, solid, pusher biplanes, with a gunner in front of the pilot, and a 100 h.p. Gnome engine. They were very easily controlled and did excellent work. Then came a bigger machine of very similar type, of Government design, and with an engine of considerably over 100 h.p., which enabled it to fly rather faster than the Vickers. After that came the little De Havilland fighting scout—a small pusher biplane with 100 h.p., a single-seater, the pilot working a machine-gun himself, very quick to manœuvre, and a regular hornet round the ears of the big machines. These have done splendidly, and life is now by no means healthy for German aeroplanes if there is a De Havilland in the vicinity.

Also the little British tractor scouts have been re-designed with bigger engines, and are arranged with guns firing through their propellers—a trick we learned from the French—so that now the R.F.C. have tiny fighting machines able to do anything between one hundred and one hundred and twenty miles an hour.

The French developed their fighting machines along similar but rather different lines. They adapted their little racing monoplanes—chiefly Moranes—to use a gun firing through their propellers, and fitted with steel plates on the propeller blades to deflect such bullets as might hit the blades instead of passing between them. Alongside these the French produced big pusher biplanes, with engines of between 130 and 200 h.p., designed to carry automatic guns about equivalent to our pom-poms, instead of ordinary machine-guns using rifle cartridges. These had some success, but the little fast British tractor biplanes beat them for speed, so the French set to work to produce similar machines, and did it with much success, the Moranes and Nieuports, with 100 h.p. engines, being comparable to the best British machines.

Another effect of the trench deadlock was that both sides took to dropping bombs on towns which were out of range of gun fire. The big, powerful German machines were well suited for this, but their pilots have never been very successful as bomb-droppers. The French found their big pusher biplanes very useful also, and from them developed regular squadrons of "*aeroplanes de bombardement.*" A most useful machine for this work was the twin-engined Caudron, which, with an engine of 100 or 120 h.p. on each side of the body, lifts colossal weights of bombs so high that the German "destroyers" cannot reach it.

The German reply to the Allies' fighting machines, reconnoitring machines, and bombing machines alike was the Fokker monoplane. Built by a Dutchman who has lived for many years in Germany, this machine was really only a copy of the French Morane, and it was fitted with a beautifully made copy of the 100 h.p. Gnome engine. Its only purpose in life was to hang about behind the German lines and pounce on any of the Allies' machines which came across. The pilot fires through his propeller, as in the Allies' fighting scouts.

The Fokker Outdistanced

The ordinary Fokker does about ninety miles an hour, but those flown by "star turns," like Herren Immelmann and Bölcke, were specially built with big fixed cylinder engines, of apparently 150 h.p. or so, and had a speed of well over one hundred miles an hour.

It was fairly deadly as a weapon against the old Farmans and B.E.'s, and so forth, but it did little execution after about March last, when the new British "destroyers" began to go out in quantities, and Germany must find another weapon if she is going to hold her own in the air.

So much for the western belligerents. Russia depends on copies of French machines, or on actual imported machines—some from America—as the only Russian machine, the Sikorski, does not seem to have been a very great success on active service. The Italians also use copies of French machines, except for the Caproni, a big bomb-dropper, with two bodies and three engines.

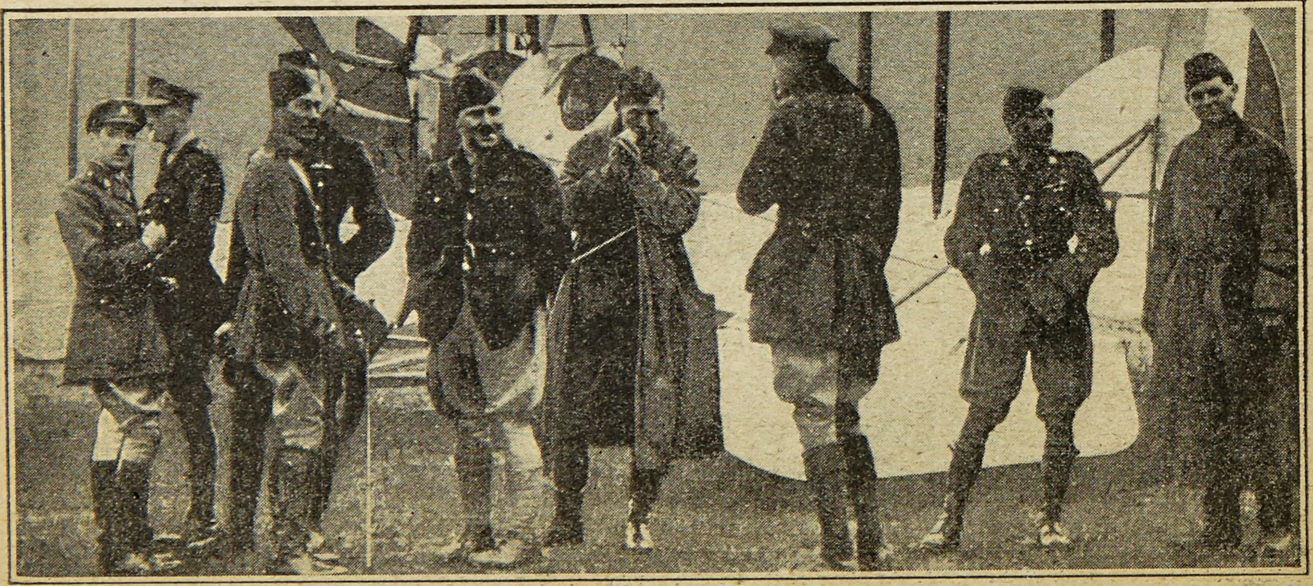
As for sea machines, no one except the British seems to have taken much trouble about them. The Royal Naval Air Service had some pretty useful seaplanes before the war, and they have increased in size and number since then. That is all one need say about them, for the Germans do not see them every day, as they see the land-going machines.

Where Germans Scored

In airships one may admit that the Germans so far have had it all their own way. Both the French and British use small airships for submarine catching and coast patrols, and possibly for occasional night trips over the enemy's lines on land, but the big German rigid ships are the only ones which have done regular, long-distance sea patrols or have really done damage in hostile countries.

The early Zeppelins lifted twenty-five to thirty tons, of which perhaps five tons was "useful load" in the shape of men, ammunition, fuel, and bombs. It is said that the latest types lift forty to fifty tons, of which eight to ten tons is "useful load." The speed of the earlier ships was about sixty miles an hour, and their height limit about 7,000 feet. The new ships are said to do over seventy miles an hour, and to have a height limit of about 14,000 feet. If that is true, they will give the Allies something fresh to think about.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," so it is some consolation to know that, owing to the war, more progress has been made in the development of aircraft in the past two years than would have taken place in five years or perhaps even in ten years in time of peace.

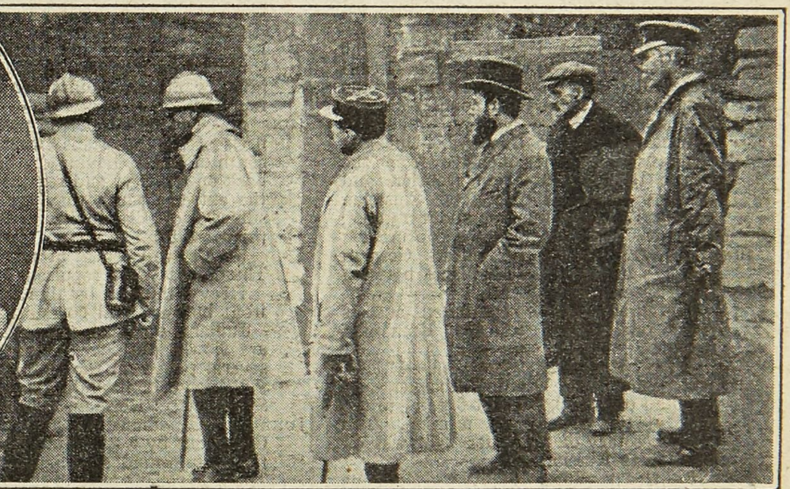


Nonchalant attitudes of the most alert of fighting men. British cross-Channel pilots somewhere on the South Coast awaiting orders for departure. (Special photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

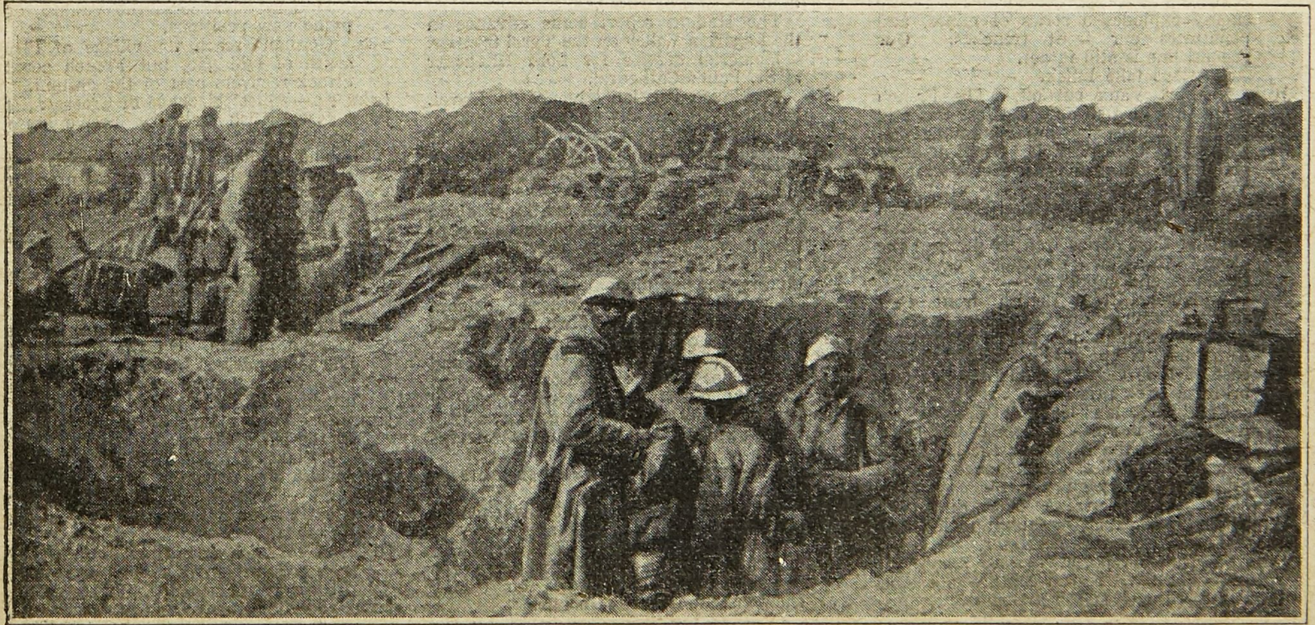
A 'War Illustrated' Contributor on Italy's Front

Battery of splendid Italian artillery advancing to take up its position on the Alpine front.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the eminent novelist, with Italian officer guides at Aquileia



The creator of Sherlock Holmes with M. Maxse, of the "National Review," and M. Rene Berthelot.



Panoramic view of part of the French front in the Somme, showing soldiers sheltering in rough dug-outs. The photographer has caught them in a characteristically casual attitude. There is nothing vainglorious about the modern soldier of the great Republic, only an emotion of sacred courage and determination to win.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, June 1st to 30th, 1916

JUNE 1.—French repulse German attack on eastern slopes of Dead Man Hill, but later the enemy penetrates a front-line trench.

In Southern Tyrol the Austrians are held on the left and centre, but gain ground in the Asiago region.

Heavy gun duel in the neighbourhood of Vimy Ridge.

The new Air Board issues details of many British air fights in France and Flanders during the month of May.

JUNE 2.—**Increasing Fury of Verdun Battle.**—Germans pierce the French lines in southern part of the Caillette Wood, in the region south of the Vaux Pond, and at Damloup. On the slopes of Vaux Fort there is a struggle of "unprecedented violence."

Germans penetrate British front trenches at several points in the salient between Hooge and the Ypres-Roulers railway.

JUNE 3.—Reported that General Smuts' troops carried German entrenched positions between the Pangani River and the Pare foothills on May 30.

Canadians' counter-attack drives enemy from much of ground in the direction of Zillebeke, which they captured on June 2.

Allied troops at Salonika occupy the Government Bureaux, and proclaim martial law throughout the territory occupied by them.

JUNE 4.—Sir Douglas Haig reports that the situation about Ypres has not altered materially, our troops retaining the ground regained in their counter-attacks of June 3.

Russian Offensive Renewed.—Our ally conducts a violent offensive from the Pripet to the Rumanian frontier, and achieves important successess. Austrian prisoners to date number about 13,000; also guns and machine-guns captured.

JUNE 5.—British infantry enter German trenches in five different places between Cuinchy and Fauquissart.

Petrograd reports continued success from the Pripet to the Rumanian frontier.

Lord Kitchener Drowned.—H.M.S. Hampshire, with Lord Kitchener and his Staff on board, sunk at 8 p.m., to the west of the Orkneys, by a mine. The late Secretary of State for War was on his way to Russia.

JUNE 6.—**Heavy Ypres Fighting.**—Germans bombard British positions about Hooge and in neighbourhood of Ypres-Comines railway and canal. North of Hooge the enemy explodes a series of mines, and penetrates our front trenches. Our general line is still intact.

Russians take Lutsk.

JUNE 7.—Fort Vaux cut off. The French claim that at 3.50 a.m. the fort was still in their hands, but no communication with it has been possible. Great artillery activity about Hill 304 (north-west of Verdun) is announced.

War Office reports that the British columns which crossed the Nyasaland-German East Africa frontier pursued the enemy to New Utengule, capturing prisoners and supplies.

Announced from British front that enemy captured our front-line trenches running through the ruins of Hooge. Australian troops raid German trenches east of Bois Grenier, inflicting loss and bringing back prisoners.

Great Russian Gains.—Officially reported that in recent actions in Volhynia, Galicia, and the Bukovina the armies of General Brussiloff took over 40,000 prisoners and 77 guns.

Mr. Asquith takes over duties of Secretary for War, pending appointment of Lord Kitchener's successor.

JUNE 8.—Russia reports vigorous pursuit of Austrians following on capture of Lutsk, and additional 11,000 prisoners.

Loss of Vaux Fort officially admitted by the French.

German Admiralty admits loss of battle-cruiser Lützow in Jutland Battle.

Admiral Jellicoe reports twelve survivors of H.M.S. Hampshire washed ashore on a raft.

A Blockade of Greece by the Allies announced.

JUNE 9.—Continued Russian offensive. General Brussiloff's troops reported across the Strypa. Nearly 14,000 fresh prisoners, making a grand total from June 5 of 65,857.

Verdun Battle. Germans penetrate French lines between Thiaumont Farm and the Caillette Wood.

Admiralty publishes news of a patrol action off Zeebrugge, our force chasing the enemy back to port.

Allied War Council in London, Generals Joffre, Roques, and M. Briand, French Premier, being present.

JUNE 10.—Violent artillery action by both sides in Verdun sector.

East African Successes.—General Smuts reports his troops have occupied Mombo and Mkalamo. Operating from the Rhodesia-Nyasaland border, Colonel Murray's column occupied Bismarckburg.

JUNE 11.—Continued Russian advance. General Brussiloff's armies reported to have taken Dubno, and on the Bukovina border thrusting towards Czernovitz.

German Offensive at Ypres.—The enemy launches a heavy bombardment at the southern part of the Ypres salient. An infantry attack against Sanctuary Wood repulsed.

JUNE 12.—Russians reported pressing on the heels of the Austrians twenty-four miles south of Lutsk, having driven the enemy back on the Styr and regained Kolki. In the extreme south they are nearing the suburbs of Czernovitz. To date the prisoners total 114,700.

Successive German attacks against the Thiaumont Work repulsed.

Heavy mutual bombardment on the front between Hill 60 and Hooge.

Italians continue their offensive, and are slowly pushing the enemy back at several points on the Tyrol frontier.

British column under General Sir Percy Sykes enters Kerman, South Persia.

JUNE 13.—Canadians' dash at Ypres. The Canadians by a splendid attack regain all the lost ground south-east of Zillebeke. The Australians make a successful raid on enemy trenches south of Armentières.

Germans capture French advanced trenches east of Hill 321.

The Italians report some advance in the Lagarina Valley on the Tyrol frontier.

Memorial Service for Lord Kitchener at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Continued Russian advance on Kovel. In the centre our ally crosses the Strypa. In the Bukovina General Lechitsky is officially reported to have captured a whole army corps since the beginning of operations.

JUNE 14.—Russian advance continues along the whole front, from the southern part of the Pripet Marshes to the Rumanian frontier. Total prisoners to date, 1,720 officers, 120,000 men.

General Smuts' northern column reaches Makuyuni. He reports the occupation of Wilhelmstal.

Baltic Fight.—Russian destroyers and submarines attack a dozen German steamers, escorted by destroyers, armed trawlers, and an auxiliary cruiser, south-west of Stockholm. Three enemy warships sunk.

JUNE 15.—French carry a trench on southern slopes of Dead Man Hill.

Italy reports capture of the enemy's lines east of Monfalcone and south of Sant' Antonio, with 488 prisoners and war material. Her air squadron drops 160 bombs and 60,000 arrows on enemy encampment north of Asiago.

JUNE 16.—Total of prisoners taken by the Russians since June 5 reported at 167,000.

War Office announces our trenches on north bank of Tigris, east of Kut, have been pushed forward to within 200 yards of the Turkish Sanna-i-Yat position. On the south bank an advanced position at Imam Mansura occupied.

H.M. torpedo-destroyer Eden collides and sinks in the Channel; 31 saved.

JUNE 17.—Austro-German counter-attack on the Styr repulsed by Russians.

French carry enemy trenches to north of Hill 321, and clear first and second line of trenches on Hill 425, east of Thann, in the Vosges.

Fall of Czernovitz.

JUNE 18.—French repulse German attacks against Dead Man Hill and Thiaumont.

General Moltke, ex-Chief of German General Staff, dies suddenly of heart failure.

JUNE 19.—Russians reported 50 miles from Lemberg. They have taken 3,000 prisoners near Czernovitz, bringing total to date since their offensive opened to 175,000.

Italian Advance.—Officially reported that the Alpini carried a summit of Mount Lidro, taking 200 prisoners.

Successful raid carried out by Royal Flying Corps against a large enemy aerodrome five miles south of El Arish. Two of the ten hangars destroyed, and four hit many times with bombs.

JUNE 20.—In the Bukovina the Russians cross the River Sereth, fifteen miles south-west of Czernovitz.

Three German attacks against French positions north-west of Hill 321 repulsed.

JUNE 21.—Full text of Allies' decisions at the Economic Conference in Paris published.

Furious fighting continues in Western Volhynia. In the north attacks by Hindenburg repulsed.

Advance in East Africa.—General Smuts reports occupation of Handeni, and enemy continuing his retreat towards the central railway. In the southern theatre our troops have occupied Old Langenburg.

JUNE 22.—French air raid on Treves, Karlsruhe, and Mulheim.

Royal Welsh Fusiliers clear Germans from captured trenches.

Russia reports capture of Radautz.

Greek Government accedes to the demands of the Allies.

JUNE 23.—In the Bukovina the Austrians are retiring towards the Carpathians. Russians capture Kimpolung.

Italians advance in the Vallaza, occupying new positions.

Germans reach the village of Fleury, south of Hill 320, but French counter-attack recovers part of the ground.

JUNE 24.—**Allies' blockade of Greece raised.**

JUNE 25.—British artillery active on the whole front.

The Italians in the Pasubis sector extend their lines of occupation as far as the Piazza Valley. On the Posina-Astico line artillery duels take place.

JUNE 26.—**British troops penetrate German trenches** at ten different parts.

Slight French gain between the Fumin Wood and the Chénois Wood.

Further Italian Advance.—Infantry advance from the Val Arsa to the Sette Comuni plateau. On the Posina-Astico line enemy driven back. Pria Fora occupied and infantry pushed on towards outskirts of Arsiero.

JUNE 27.—Fourth day of artillery activity on the British front.

Italians rapidly advancing reoccupy Arsiero and Asiago.

JUNE 28.—General Lechitsky defeats the Austrians on a front of 25 miles east of Kolomea.

JUNE 29.—British activity all along the line; numerous raids on German positions.

Sir Roger Casement sentenced to death.

JUNE 30.—Continued British activity all along the front.

Petrograd reports capture of Kolomea.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

"FRIGHTFULNESS": IS IT "GOOD BUSINESS"?

DESIRE for retaliation must be classed among the natural, primitive emotions of humanity, and the *lex talionis*, or legal sanction of reprisal in kind, must be regarded as the elementary form of equity and justice. On the principle that nothing that is natural is essentially wrong, it requires clever special pleading to convince a man who has been injured that he should be restrained from doing to his oppressor that which his oppressor has done to him, if and when opportunity occurs.

A CHANCE meeting on the top of a London omnibus with a Belgian officer some months ago was only one incident that may serve to point the truth of these remarks. He could speak little English, and some information that he sought having been imparted in arrogantly English-French, a conversation ensued which, owing to the attempts of both participants to be civil and employ the other's language, was amusing enough in the manner in which it was carried on. Its matter, however, was anything but amusing. For the Belgian's wife and three children, the eldest a girl of seven, had been in Termonde when the Germans occupied that place, and from that day forward he had heard nothing of them. He talked in a dry, passionless tone until he was asked whether he thought the Belgian and French troops would indulge in reprisals when they, in their turn, set invading feet on German soil. Then he moistened his lips and spoke not another word.

WHEN, recently, the Italians were driving the Austrians back between the Adige and the Brenta they found considerable evidence of the enemy's barbarous methods along the whole front occupied. Arsiero had been destroyed by fire. Asiago and many smiling villages had been reduced to smouldering ruins, and near Magnaboschi some hundred naked corpses of Italian soldiers were found in the mud. They also recovered Mount Cengio, the occupation of which had given occasion to an Austrian commander to dictate an Order of the Day, in which he reminded his men that "the good wine and the beautiful women of Italy await us."

WHEN the first British Expeditionary Force left England in 1914, Lord Kitchener issued some Instructions which were to be carried in every soldier's active service pay-book. Here are some passages from this document:

"Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct. You can do your country no better service than in showing yourselves in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier. Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and, while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy. Do your duty bravely. Fear God. Honour the King."

ON the composite text furnished by these two quite antithetical Orders of the Day a good many sermons might have been preached in peace times. But that is not the point of view from which we find it interesting to regard them. When we talk about "playing the game," as we do with perhaps rather irritating frequency, the Germans sneeringly retort that war is not a game, but a very serious business. Very well; on that entirely practical basis, which method of making war, as suggested by these two Orders, looks likely to prove the better business?

"YOUR duty cannot be done unless your health is good. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses." In the paper of the day when this article is being written is an official communiqué from Petrograd which bears out the truth of Lord Kitchener's proposition. "West of Kolomea the army of General Lechitsky, after intense fighting, took enemy positions by storm. Up to the present we have taken two thousand prisoners from units freshly brought up. The greater number were intoxicated." From the German point of view it would appear to be rather regrettable that any wine did await the men of those fresh units. From a business point of view they were not of much use, and from any other point of view they were not much credit to anybody.

AND, from the business point of view again, one wonders what answer the German theorist can bring to the question whether South Africa is not eternal justification of the British method of using victory. Germany has held Alsace and Lorraine for more than forty years, and both have remained passionately French, living only for the moment when they, the lost provinces, shall be restored to France. Ten years after the conclusion of the South African War, South Africa, inalienably loyal to the British Empire, is routing every German out of the Continent and pouring out her blood and treasure to destroy for ever all hope of world-dominion for the German Empire. If the British point of view, with its consequent methods of waging war is so patently ridiculous as the German theorists declare, how does it come to pass that it proves so uniformly successful?

ON the whole, and apart from all ethical considerations, it appears conclusively proved that the system indicated by Lord Kitchener's Instructions is a better system, in the interests of both war and politics, than one which holds out promise of unrestrained indulgence in intoxication and debauchery as an inducement to the performance of duty, and regards terrorisation as the best policy to be applied to occupied districts. "Frightfulness" is unsound policy because it engenders and stimulates a desire for retaliation and reprisal that may prove to be irresistible when mature. When the day dawns—it is much nearer now—when Frenchman and Belgian and Briton set conquering feet on German soil, by what arguments will Germany persuade them that German methods should not be applied to German people? And what are we ourselves to say to those gallant French and Belgian gentlemen whose wives and little children were in Termonde and many another little village when the Germans occupied them, and who have not been heard of from that day forward? Before God, we do not know. But contemptible, or ridiculous, or whatever it may be, we suppose, we hope—nay, we know—we shall do as Nelson prayed we might always do; as Lord Kitchener told his men always to do; we shall do our duty and fear God and honour the King, and stand up for the honour of the British Army. But—it will be hard to keep our hands off the Germans in that day! C. M.

The War Illustrated — News Notes and Comments

Memories of Agincourt

IT is a great truism that war is the best teacher of geography, and the recent move of the British and French armies is no exception to that rule. Already it has made us acquainted with many places—Fricourt, Curlu, Mametz, and Hardecourt, for example—which, it is safe to say, nine out of ten of us had never heard of before. But there is one name prominent in accounts of the recent hard fighting with which every schoolboy is familiar. We have all read of the River Somme, for does not every history-book tell how Henry V. crossed it on his memorable march from Harfleur to Agincourt? It is very pleasant to recall in these days the chivalry of the French on that occasion, for they were always honourable foes. Their army came upon Henry before he reached the Somme, but they did nothing to prevent him from crossing that stream, and then, in the true spirit of knighthood, their leader, the Constable d'Albret, sent heralds to the English king asking him to name a day for the battle. Truly, as the French say, "other days other manners." There is nothing of that spirit on the German side, but there remains with the French the same high sense of honour which they displayed in 1415.

The "Far-Famed Picard Field"

IT is not uninteresting to turn, once in a way, from the map of France as we see it in the newspapers to-day to one showing the country as it was before the Revolution; to forget the big black line which marks the "front," and remember only the France of the *ancien regime*, the France divided into provinces—Normandy, Brittany, Languedoc, Gascony, and the rest. Those provinces are gone, quite as completely as our own Wessex and Mercia, but their names still linger, and in military history some of them will linger long indeed. Four, at least, of them have been the scene of desperate fighting during the Great War. Flanders and Artois, away in the north-east, were for many months little more than one big battlefield; farther south is Champagne, the scene of the great French offensive in September last, and now we hear of fighting in Picardy. No part of France has a more interesting past than Picardy, especially in military matters. Therein is Crecy, called by Macaulay "that far-famed Picard field," and the Picard had a great reputation as a soldier, one corresponding to that enjoyed by our own Highlanders. In 1588 the Regiment de Picardie was formed, and for over two hundred years was perhaps the most famous in the French Army. It is fitting, therefore, that in Picardy that Army should have surpassed itself in glorious deeds.

French Names and their Meanings

MANY people with imagination have been struck by certain examples of sinister nomenclature current in the Verdun sector of the Meuse. Crows' Wood or (Bois des Corbeaux), in the region of Béthincourt, must have occurred as a strangely appropriate designation for a wood which has been choked with the brave dead of two nations. Dead Man Hill (Mort Homme), too, is uncanny in its realism. Then again the Dead Girl (Fille Morte) seems singularly in accordance with the tragic side of war. The literal translations into English of many of these French titles, however, gives an entirely erroneous conception of their original meaning. No attempt should, therefore, be made to render names of French positions into English. Mr. Charles E. Roche, in the "Morning Post," shows exactly how far wrong the literal translation of Mort Homme goes:

> The *Mort-Homme*, translated as *The Dead Man*, is a misnomer. It should be the *Mort-Orme*, the *Dead Elm*. There stood formerly on the top of "hillock 295" (the *Mort-Homme*), an elm, which died of old age. In the Champagne and Meuse districts *orme* is variously called *houlme, houme*; in Provence, *olm*. The people of these regions say "Morhomme" (the *t* not being sounded), thus approaching somewhat the pronunciation of the word *orme*. Probably, some cartographer, ignorant of "hillock 295's" story, converted the word *orme* into *homme*.

The Post-Bag of Mars

THERE is at least one member of the Government who deserves a tremendous popularity among the millions of Britons serving in France. He is Mr. Pease, the Postmaster-General. In the old days when men went off to the wars communication between them and their relatives must have been exceedingly precarious, if not altogether impossible. To-day every fighting unit is kept in touch with home interests through the magnificent postal organisation. According to Mr. Pease, our troops receive weekly 7,500,000 letters and 700,000 parcels; while 5,000,000 letters are sent home by the soldiers. In addition to this onerous burden the postal authorities make themselves responsible for the delivery of letters and parcels which arrive from Germany, addressed to 40,821 naval, military, and civilian prisoners in this country, as well as for the despatch of similar letters and parcels from England to 30,710 British prisoners in the enemy's country.

"W. I." Cover Pages—A Suggestion

A NUMBER of my readers have sent me various suggestions as to the make-up of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, some expressing great pleasure at the recent alterations, others regretting that certain matter which they would like to preserve appears in the outer pages. I take this opportunity of pointing out that I have been careful to arrange that nothing is printed on the cover pages which is really essential to the permanent record of the war. Mr. McKenzie's weekly survey, "The Progress of the War," deals, obviously, with events continuously changing in character and importance, and as such is of immediate but passing interest. In the body of each weekly part the literary matter is now so arranged that every incident of real historical importance is adequately chronicled and described in a definite manner, "Battle Pictures of the Great War" being an episodic history of the struggle as it progresses and as the material for full description becomes available. I hear from various readers that they are collecting our cover pages with the intention of binding them separately as a supplemental volume to the completed work, and this strikes me as a good plan for those who desire to preserve these pages. By the time the work as a whole may be regarded as complete, it will no doubt be possible to compile a separate volume from the outer pages alone, and one of the publishers' ordinary binding cases could be used for that purpose by instructing the binder to paste a special label over the volume number.

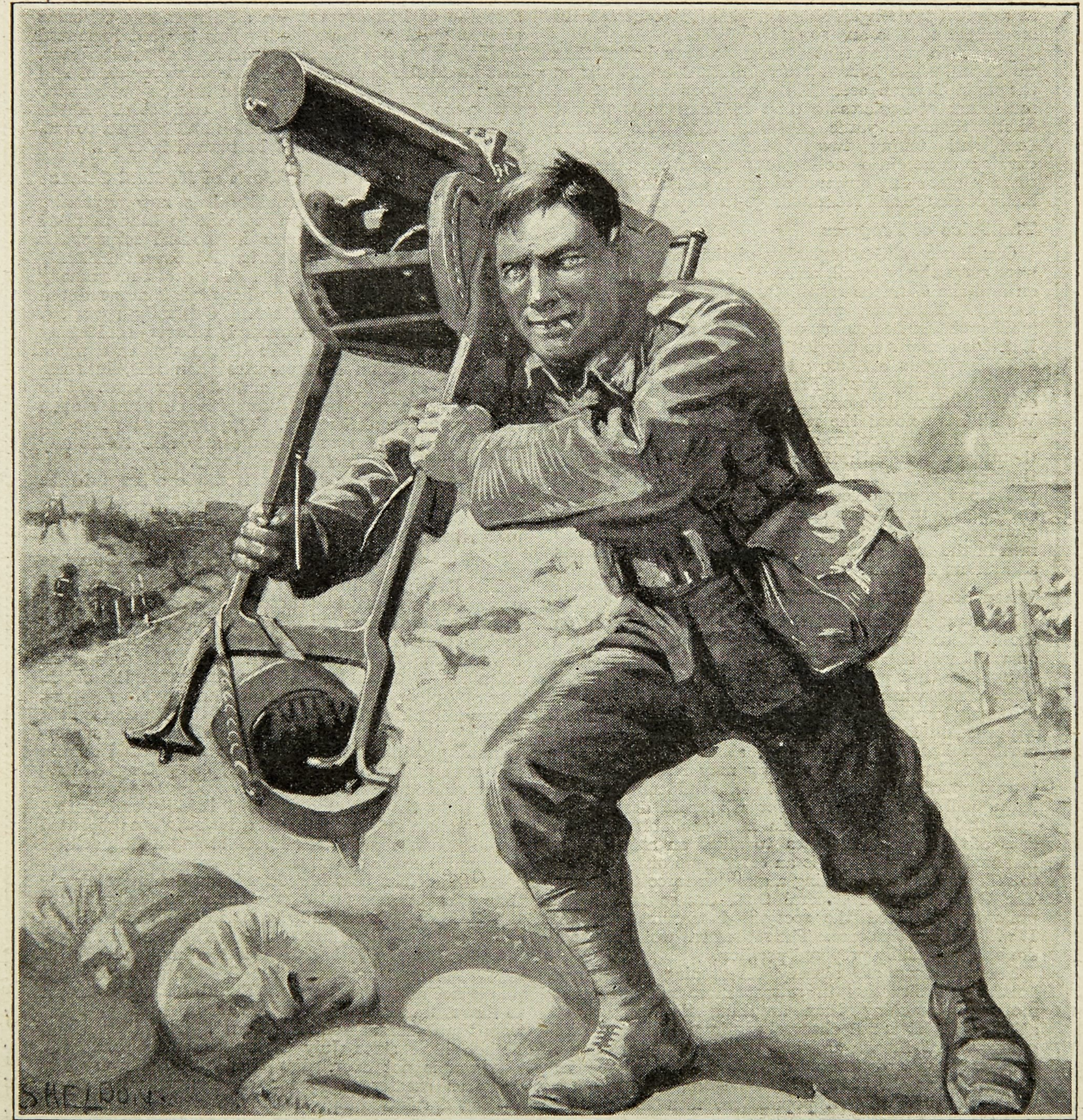
Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, July 29th, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Photo-Panorama of the Great Advance

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 4

Out of Harm's Way: Brave Briton Captures German Machine-Gun

No. 102

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE French National Fete Day, July 14th, will probably go down in history as the real turning-point of the war. The British attack upon the first German series of trenches which began on July 1st was remarkable and in the highest degree encouraging, but it was not unique. Front-line trenches have been taken in other parts of the fighting field previous to this, although perhaps not on so great a scale or so far. But military critics, while rejoicing over our successes, wondered if it would be possible to follow them up. Could we accomplish an intermittent offensive? That is to say, could we take one set of lines and use them as a base for strengthening our position to attack the second set of lines, and so on?

July 14th proved that we can do even better than we hoped. The British then delivered an attack on the main German second-line positions from a point south-east of Pozières to close to Longueval, a front of five thousand yards, capturing the entire German line, and taking two thousand prisoners. Our cavalry came into action for the first time as cavalry since the autumn of 1914, and showed in a brilliant charge and return charge their quality.

The Price of Progress

Our losses at the beginning of the second advance were surprisingly small, although as the fighting went on and the Germans rallied their forces, we lost more heavily. Naturally, progress such as we are now making cannot be accomplished except at a heavy price. But it is cheaper to pay it than go on for months with dribbling fights and slow bleeding to death such as marked the siege war. From nowhere in this country or at the front does one hear complaining or repining. We all have noted the remarkable letters of soldiers, written the night before our great advance, welcoming the prospect of death, if death must be, for the sake of their country. "I don't want to die, I want to live," wrote one young officer, shot a few hours later when entering a trench at Contalmaison. "But what a glorious end, to die for England!" The courage of the men in the trenches is rivalled by the spirit of parents and sisters at home.

When the Germans Fall Back

We have now reached the stage in the fighting on the western front when we can begin to speculate on what will happen when the Germans are forced to retire from their present lines of trenches. The moment must come when the enemy, in order to avoid the wholesale capture of troops in the trenches, such as happened in Bukovina, must fall back all along their northern line. It is possible, although improbable, that the Germans when retiring may resolve to hold certain great cities, such as Lille, confident that the Allies will not dare to inflict wholesale destruction upon their own people. This is improbable, because it is admittedly bad tactics to allow an army to be hemmed in, unless there is an early hope of being able to relieve it by despatching a stronger force to its aid. The German Grand General Staff has so far almost uniformly followed the recognised maxims of war. It will do so in this case. The retirement would be to a doubtless carefully prepared position.

The Germans are already threatening us with a policy of destruction in retreat more merciless and more far-reaching than anything they have yet attempted. It is not obscurely intimated in unofficial quarters that French and Belgian cities such as Lille, Valenciennes, and Brussels will be burned to the ground before the Germans leave them, and that the entire able-bodied civil population, men and young women, will be taken back as prisoners into Germany. Two years ago such a suggestion would have seemed barbaric and impossible. To-day we can no longer dismiss it in this fashion. Nothing is impossible to the Hun in the way of deliberate cruelty and destructiveness. But what may well influence them against the policy of wholesale destruction is that in doing it they will be preparing a rod for their own backs.

No one likes reprisals, but there are times when a severe policy of reprisals is the most humane. The Russians are showing this on the eastern front. Their policy is that when the enemy adopts deliberate methods of barbaric warfare all the enemy prisoners at that point are bayoneted. This is what happened recently when liquid fire was used against the Russians. The liquid fire failed, 1,100 prisoners were taken, and the Russians officially announced that as punishment the 1,100 had been killed with cold steel. If the Germans deliberately burn French and Belgian towns, surely their own towns will be burned later on.

Great Work of Medical Science

In reading the long casualty lists now appearing daily in our newspapers, it is well to bear in mind that, thanks to the advances in medical science, the majority of men wounded in a battle recover sufficiently to go back to the fighting-line. The death-rate among wounded men who reach base hospitals is now reduced to a very small percentage. Generally speaking, 60 per cent. of our wounded recover sufficiently to return to the ranks. The Germans claim a much heavier proportion of recoveries than this, in some instances as high as 83 and 84 per cent. The explanation seems to be that the Germans reckon their recoveries differently. The 83 or 84 per cent. refers to men who are subsequently able to do any useful work for the Army whatever.

The situation along other fronts continues to be in the highest degree satisfactory. The French armies south of the Somme are pursuing their offensive in brilliant fashion.

Cause for Confidence and Courage

The Russian armies, after severe fighting, have won some more remarkable successes. There has been a big offensive a dozen miles south of Riga, and according to the Germans' own report some of their trenches have been taken and held. The Austro-German attempts to crush the Russian armies in the south, piece by piece, have recoiled on themselves. A strong enemy attack on the south side of the Russian salient in Volhynia utterly failed, the Russians counter-attacking, capturing just on thirteen thousand officers and men and a number of guns, compelling General Linsingen to retreat for ten miles.

In Italy the policy of limited liability and limited participation in the war, which hitherto has prevented our ally from making her latent strength fully felt, is apparently coming to an end.

Events of the past few days bring out more clearly than ever the great fact that in this war the final factor will be men. Colonel Feyler, the distinguished Swiss critic, stated a few days ago that the Central Powers have within the last month lost a million effective men. An examination of the figures will show that this is not an over-estimate. The Russians are known to have taken 275,000 prisoners in Europe—apart from the Caucasus—since June 1st. The British and French have since July 1st taken 22,000 prisoners. The war is not over. Far from it. But every day gives us greater cause for confidence and courage. We can thank God and press forward.

29th July, 1916. No. 102. Vol. 4.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

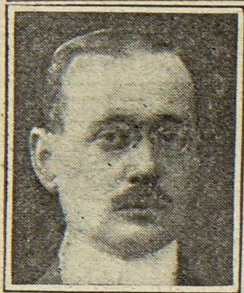
THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF WAR.—Actual photograph of a British soldier bringing a wounded comrade out of danger. Though all the time under heavy fire this great hero saved as many as twenty stricken men in this way.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

THE LEGEND OF GENERAL CANTORE

An Italian Leader Who Gave His Life for His Men

By R. Mackenzie



Mr. R. Mackenzie

IN all virile nations war reveals human character at its very best. Certainly it invests Latin soldiers with a wondrous glory and superb dignity that seem to reduce the men of the Central Empires to mere puppets of martial mechanism. Perhaps it is the spontaneity of Italian expression, the romance and tradition of antiquity, that infuse the individual with a spiritual force which is winning back the Trentino, no less than Italy's heavy artillery. This story of General Cantore, expressly written for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Mr. R. Mackenzie, a prominent British journalist in Italy, who has represented the "Daily News" in Rome for over eleven years, is one of the most appealing narratives in the history of Italy's great effort amidst the eternal Alps.*

THE first general killed in the war between Italy and Austria was the most popular man in the Italian Army, General Antonio Cantore, who was in command of a division of Alpine troops, and was generally known as "The Father of the Alpini." He was shot dead by a sniper a year ago. A week before his death a handful of Alpini had scaled an almost inaccessible mountain and occupied its peak. The Austrians fled, neither attempting to hold the position when attacked nor to take it back when reinforced after they had been driven away. There was a bridle-path leading to the position, and as it was sheltered, the men off duty often used it as a short cut. Somewhere hidden behind a rock there was a sniper. At first it was thought that there were two, as two rifles were simultaneously fired, and many Alpini, who despite the danger insisted on using the bridle-path, were shot.

There was something strange about this sniper. He never missed his man, and always shot him at the same place—a sharp corner of the winding path. The rest of the path was safe, but it meant certain death to turn that corner. Naturally the Alpini were ordered to find the sniper, and they explored all the heights and climbed over every side of the mountain, but without success. Then they took it for granted that the sniper had fled, and they boldly went up the path, but when they reached the corner one or two men fell.

General Cantore wanted to find the sniper himself, so one evening he went up the bridle-path and stopped at the corner, calmly put up his field-glasses and looked. Just as he raised his arm and pointed with a finger towards a ledge of rock he was hit by two bullets in the forehead and fell stone dead.

Shot by an Austrian Sniper

The sniper was subsequently discovered hidden behind that ledge of rock with two rifles firmly fixed in front of him, their barrels aiming straight at the corner of the path. He explained, as he begged for mercy, that he never aimed but just pulled the two triggers whenever he saw anybody rounding the corner, as the rifles had been fixed and sighted by an officer who "gave him this job." General Cantore had uselessly exposed himself. Probably the sniper would have been discovered just the same sooner or later, and the general's life might have been spared. There was really no necessity for the general to risk his life. Every soldier of his division knew and felt that the general, their "father," had died for them, as he often said that he would have willingly offered his life to save theirs, and they knew that he meant what he said.

General Cantore was an old-fashioned man, and belonged to what is known as the old school. He wore glasses, and his appearance was far from martial. He looked more like a professor than a general of Alpine troops; but then he had a charmed life, and he always wanted to find out things for himself. He was probably the best-loved man in the Service, as he possessed the genius of knowing how to order his men. Nothing was too difficult for them to do for him. During the Tripoli War he was in command of the Alpini, and he always marched in front of them, and had so many miraculous escapes from death that the men said he wore the "shirt of the Madonna," and that he had a charmed life.

Legends spring up very easily in Italy, where even in these matter-of-fact days there are still many simple-minded people who compare heroes to gods. Most of the men of the Alpini division waging mountain warfare on the Dolomites and Carnic Alps, 10,000 feet high, are evidently deplorably superstitious, and like all mountaineers, their belief in the supernatural is deep-rooted. This explains why nearly all these men are still convinced that General Cantore is not dead, and that when the Italian flag shall be hoisted over Trent he, their father, will be there. Of course this is only a legend; but twentieth-century legends are rare, and well worth writing about, even if, after all, these is nothing else in them but the incomplete biography of an Italian general shot by an Austrian sniper.

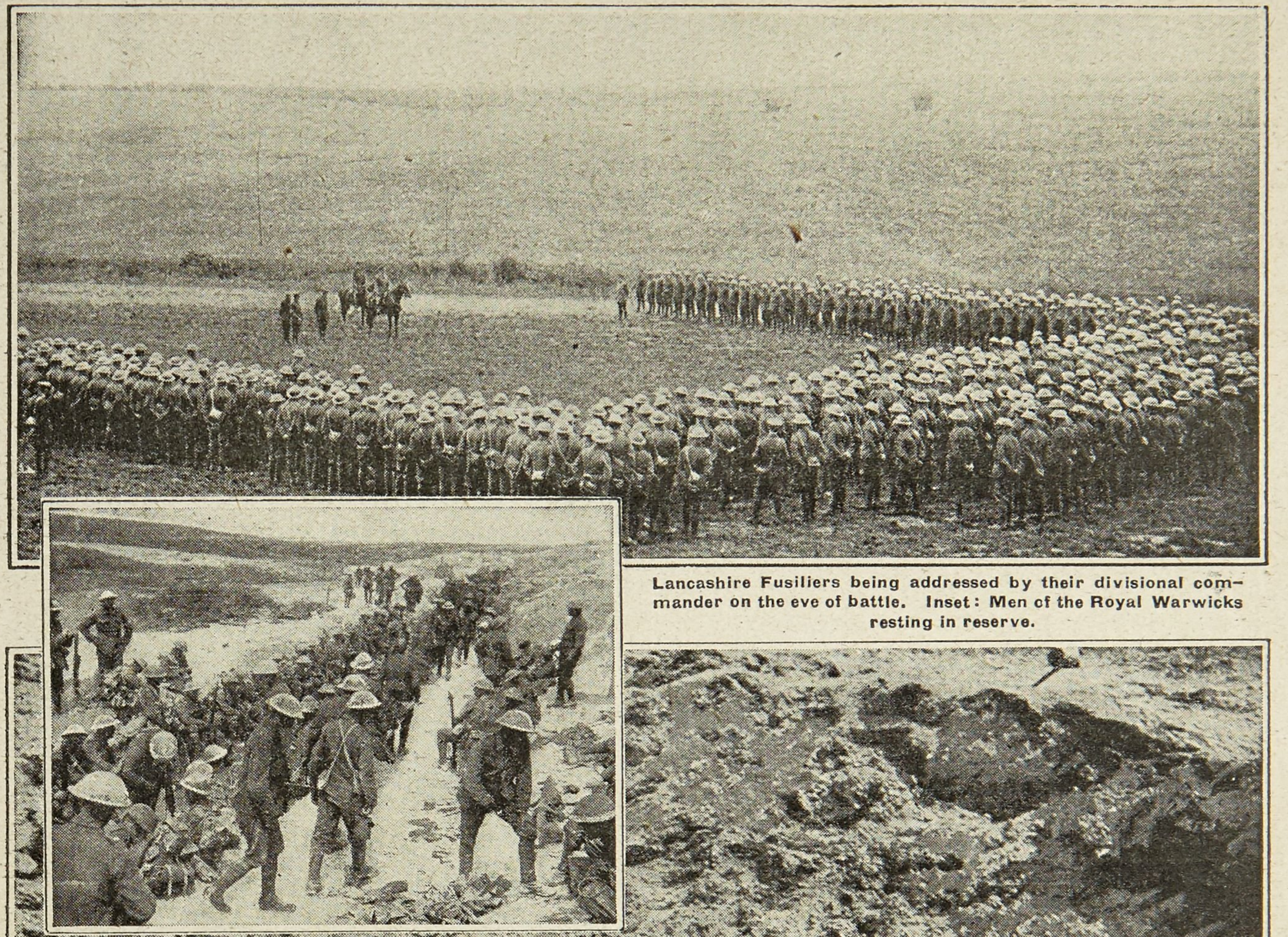
A Much-loved Leader

Incidentally, in writing about General Cantore, one gets some idea of the admirable individual work accomplished by officers of all ranks, from generals to subalterns, during this war. So many officers have been killed that details about General Cantore's death were withheld for some time. But when it was known how the general died, people began to realise the meaning of this individual work done by officers. For instance, the absolute lack of red tape which allows each officer to risk his life in what appears to be useless reconnoitring, but in reality forms a perfect system of scouting that has yielded the wonderful results all the world admires. And then the story of General Cantore illustrates the love between the Italian soldiers and their leaders. His nickname, "the Father," meant so much.

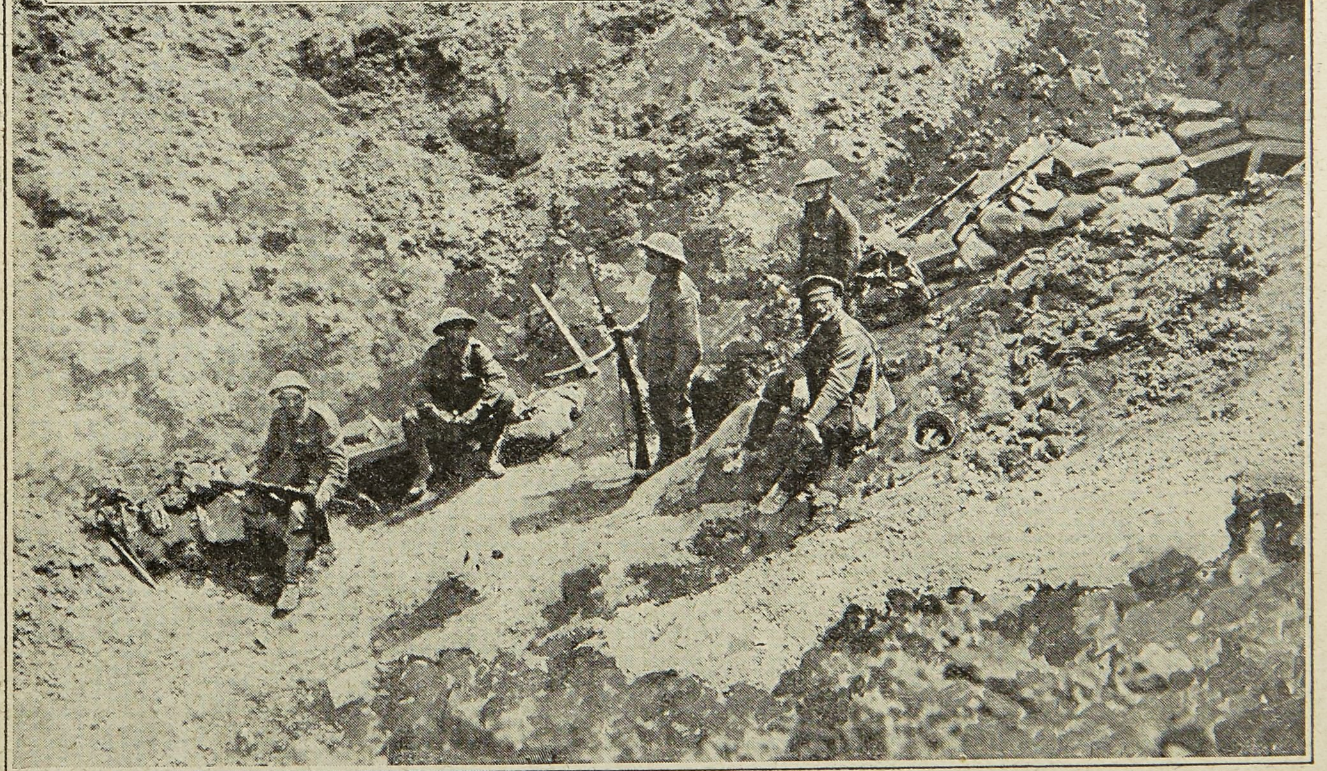
Most of the Alpini of General Cantore's division had fought under him in Libya, and these veterans, pointing to the general, told the recruits: "Do you see that old man with glasses and the white moustache? He is our general. We call him our 'Father.' If you go up to him, salute, say 'Good-morning, general!' and tell him your name, ten years hence, if he happens to see you again, he will remember it. That is why we call him our 'Father,' because he considers us as his children!" And then, probably, just a few minutes later, the general would have strolled towards the men, who sprang up to attention at sight of him, and asked in quite a casual way: "Are there two men among you who will go with me to inspect the enemy's entanglements to-night?" The entire company would take a step forward, and all the men would say, "Yes, sir—I!" Then the general would look pleased, and smile with pride and satisfaction, as if saying to himself, "I knew it would be like this!" and add out loud, for all the men to hear: "No, my children; I only said two, and cannot take you all. I only need two this time, but there will be plenty of chances for everybody later on." And with his escort of

[*Continued on page* 556.

Lancashires & Warwicks on the Eve of Battle



Lancashire Fusiliers being addressed by their divisional commander on the eve of battle. Inset: Men of the Royal Warwicks resting in reserve.



Few people realise the great size of a crater caused by a mine explosion. This Crown copyright photograph gives at least an idea of it compared with the men keeping guard. It was captured by British troops during the advance which started on July 1st.

THE LEGEND OF GENERAL CANTORE

(Contd. from page 554.)

two men, the general would go out scouting at night, his hands in his pockets and talking with the two men marching one on each side.

On one particular night the general and his two men reached a spot within a hundred yards of the enemy's trenches. He ordered the men to halt and lie down. "Wait for me here for ten minutes," he told them, "and if I do not return, run back as fast as you can." Much as the two men hated to let him go on alone, they had to obey, as the general knew how to command when he wanted. So he went on alone and reached the enemy's entanglements, which he carefully examined, using his electric torch to explore the different obstacles, such as contact mines and man-traps, while the Austrians opened fire and their guns boomed and their rifles rattled. The general on his knees concluded his work, even sketched the enemy's positions, and then calmly returned to where he had left the two men who were supposed to protect him. The Austrian searchlights were on him all the time, and the two men knew he was coming back because the bullets were falling their way. When the general appeared with his hands in his pockets and walking slowly, as if he did not notice that he was being fired at, the two men sprang up and saluted. They looked in awe at their general, this wonderful man with the charmed life. He took out his watch and said, "Time's up, boys. Come along!"

Scouting at Night by Himself

Often General Cantore was accompanied by a sergeant—his sergeant, he called him. This man had been his orderly in years gone by, and worshipped him. When General Cantore went to Tripoli the sergeant was with him, and when war broke out again he left his family and his business and joined the general. He followed him like a dog. In fact, he hardly ever allowed the general to get out of his sight, and the general knew that wherever he happened to be, if he asked "Where is the sergeant?" a voice from some place near by would answer, "Here, sir!" and the sergeant would appear.

The general made a point of always calling the sergeant and ordering him to wait for him at a particular place when he went out scouting at night by himself. This was a necessary precaution, as otherwise the sergeant would follow him. When, however, the general used to say, "Sergeant, wait here!" in a tone of command, using the third person singular instead of the familiar second person, then the sergeant halted and remained nailed to the ground.

One of General Cantore's favourite expressions was, "If anyone is to risk his life, it is going to be myself!" and the sergeant knew that it was impossible to argue with the general. Had it not been for General Cantore, in those first days of the war the Alpine division under his command would have been decimated when the first attacks against the enemy's trenches were made. He discovered that ordinary pincers were useless to cut Austrian wire entanglements, and that even artillery fire often failed to destroy them, as they were made in such a way that they could be pulled up only when the infantry advanced. General Cantore was the first man to find this out, and he discovered that the only way to destroy entanglements was by means of dynamite tubes carefully placed underneath the wire and fired by means of an ordinary fuse. He tried the first tube himself. The sergeant carried it for him, and he was ordered to halt at a safe distance, but he saw the general bend down and light the fuse. Just then an Austrian sniper hidden in a tree discovered the general. He was so excited when he recognised the rank of the middle-aged man firing a dynamite tube that, unconsciously, he exclaimed, "By God, it's a general!" And then he raised his rifle to fire, but he shook so much from excitement that he dropped it. The general waited until the dynamite had exploded, and when he made sure that the entanglements had been destroyed, he calmly walked back towards the sergeant, and passing near the tree he picked up the sniper's rifle. "Here is a rifle for you to carry!" he told the sergeant, who replied: "Yes, sir; very well, sir. Please excuse me for not saluting, but I have both my hands on the owner's neck!"

"La Bella Morte"

When General Cantore was killed—he died the beautiful death, *la bella morte*—the sergeant was near him. He never shed a tear, but took charge of the body and asked for the privilege of burying it on the peak of the mountain where the general had fallen. Then the general's wife was summoned from Genoa, and she arrived just in time to see the burial. They had been married thirty years and had had no children, so their love increased as they grew old together. The old lady wept and called her husband by name. "Antonio! Antonio!" she shouted, while tears fell down the faces of the officers and men who stood at the salute while the general was buried.

The general's widow then returned to Genoa, and his sergeant asked for a month's leave. "I cannot get over it otherwise," he pleaded. He never returned home, however, but remained at Divisional Headquarters, and for a month he was seen walking the streets of the small town where the general and his Staff used to be. Officers often recognised him and stopped to ask particulars about the general's death. The sergeant saluted and replied: "The general is not dead, sir!" "But you buried him yourself!" he was told; but he again replied, "The general is not dead, sir!" And he has hardly said anything else since.

The poor widow, who returned to Genoa, has not wept any more, nor has she worn mourning, and when people went to see her and attempted to condole, "Oh!" she said, surprised, "but the general is not dead. He is at the front, but coming back soon!"

And the legend thus sprung up among the men of the Alpine division a year ago, and the men there say that the general is not dead. They tell you that his wife and his sergeant both say so, too. Evidently they feel that he is still with them, perhaps in spirit. And thus the best-loved general in the Italian Army has not been wept as dead.

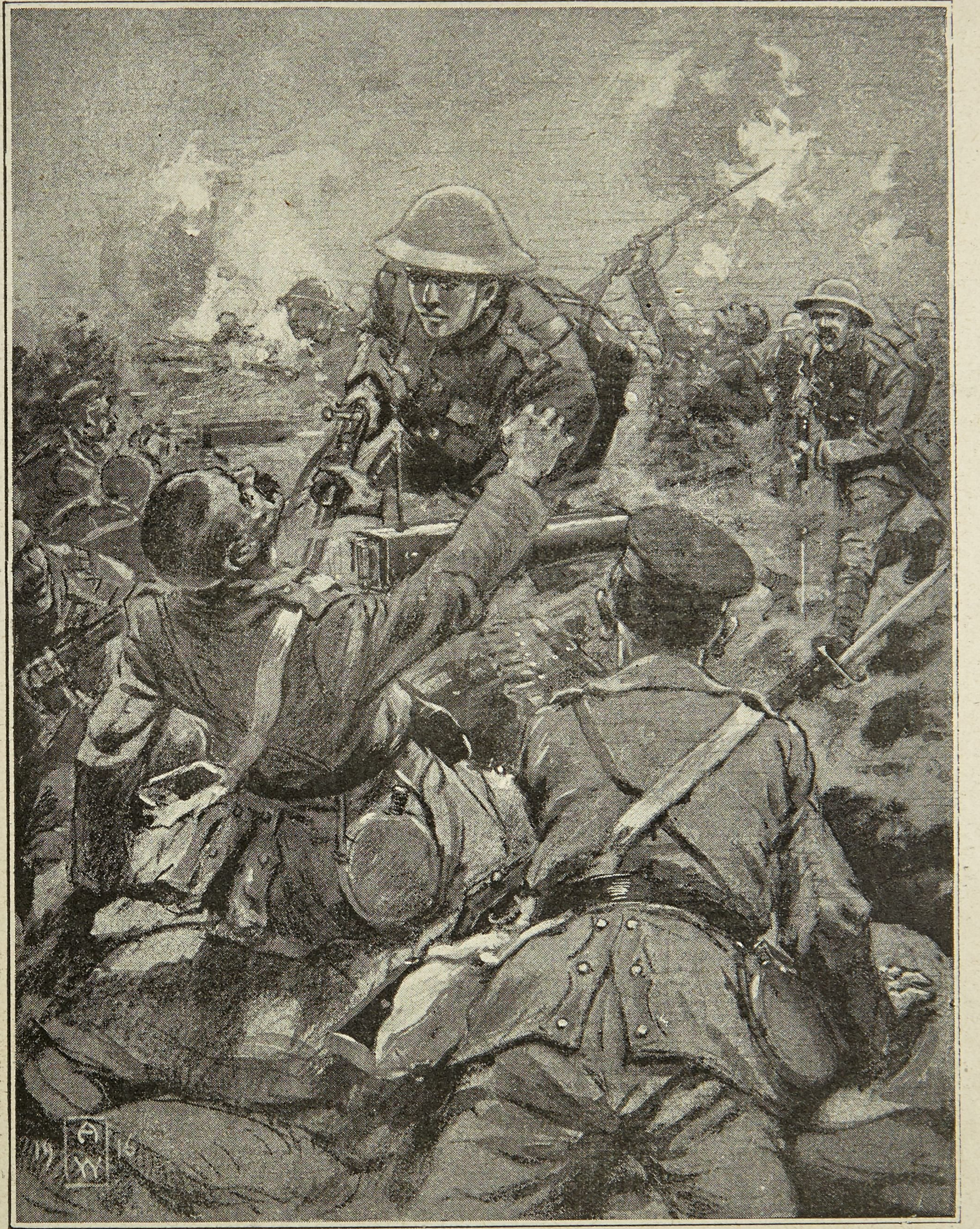
Is this hero-worship or superstition, one wonders?

Next article: A NIGHT AFFAIR

By H. F. Prevost Battersby

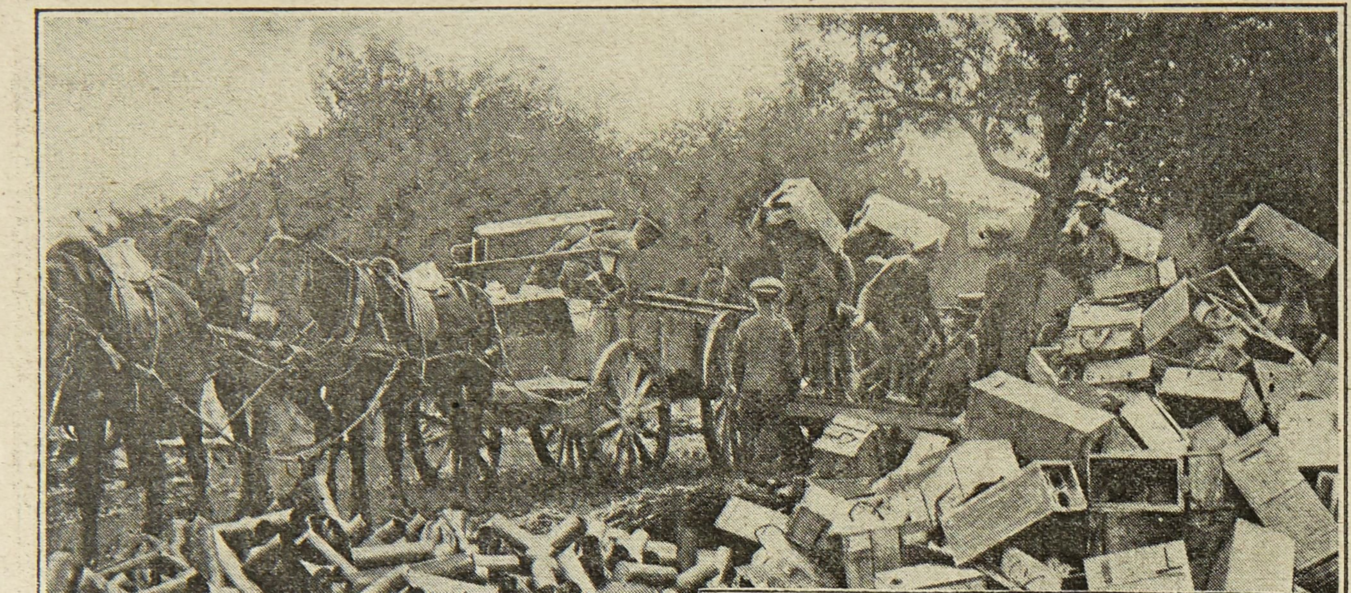
The interminable procession of Mars in the beautiful Somme Valley. Ammunition waggons going up to the front, while motor-lorries return to the base for new supplies.

The Deathless Story of Gommecourt Wood

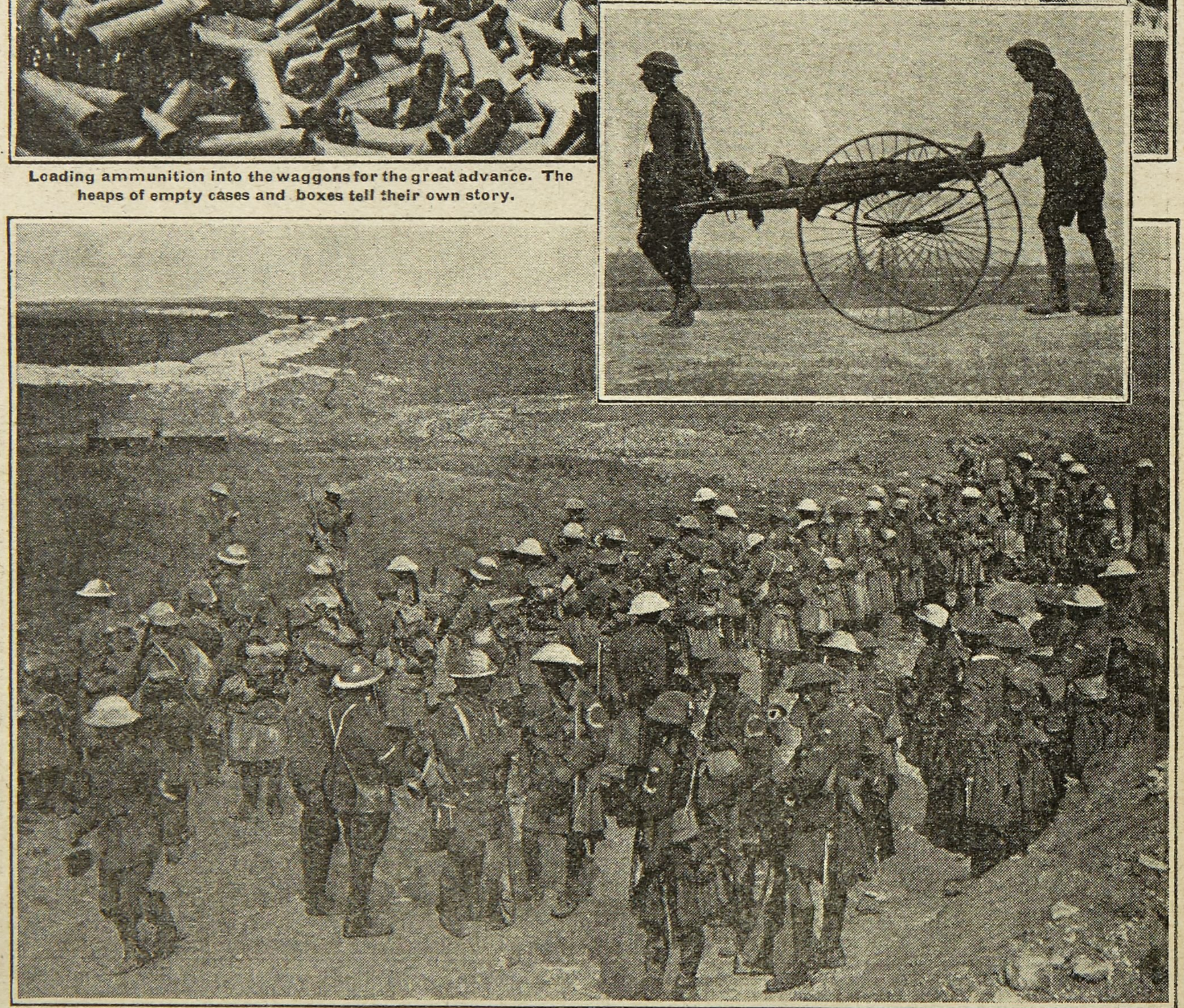


Perhaps the most glorious epic of the great advance which began on July 1st is the undying story of Gommecourt, at the northern end of the British attacking line. An attempt to capture the Gommecourt Wood drew from the German guns a triple barrage fire. Nevertheless, the British went forward as though on parade. Men were struck down at every step, but many succeeded in getting through the three curtains of death, only to be confronted by a number of machine-guns. Owing to their heroism, which diverted the German forces, these troops greatly helped to achieve the victory farther south.

Calling the Roll After the Dawn of Victory

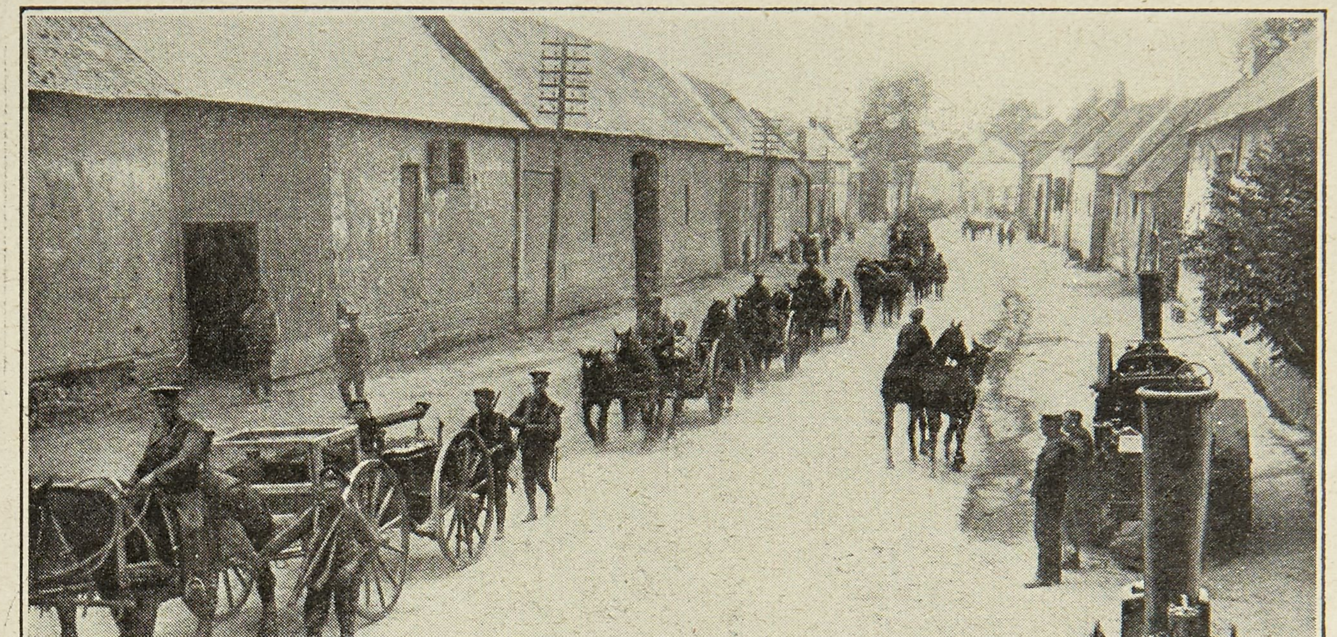


Loading ammunition into the waggons for the great advance. The heaps of empty cases and boxes tell their own story.

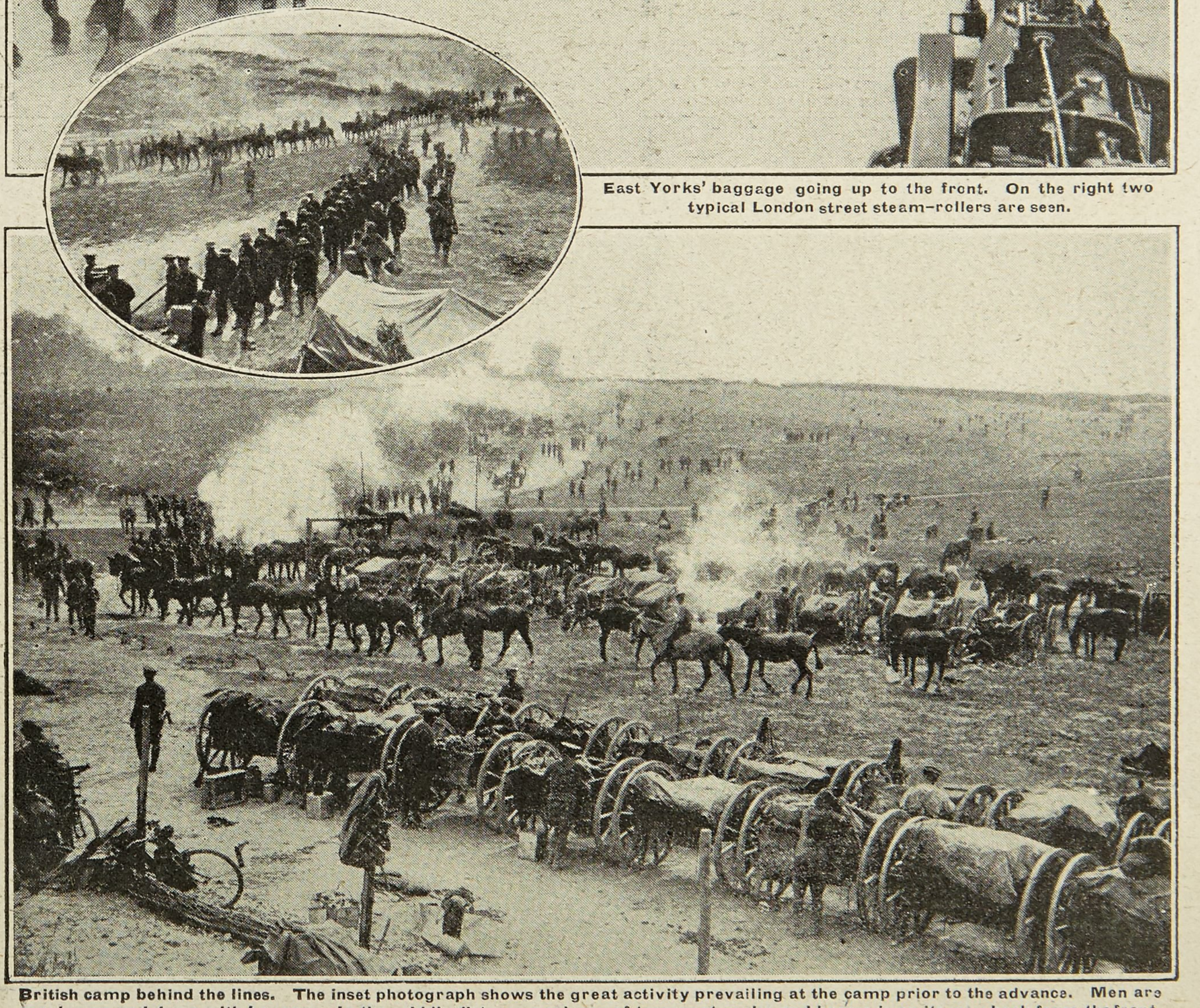


The roll-call of the gallant Seaforths after the first day of the "great push." This remarkably pathetic photograph is reminiscent of Lady Butler's famous picture of a former campaign. Inset: Bringing in a "casualty" on a newly-designed stretcher.

Work of the Supply Section in the Great Push

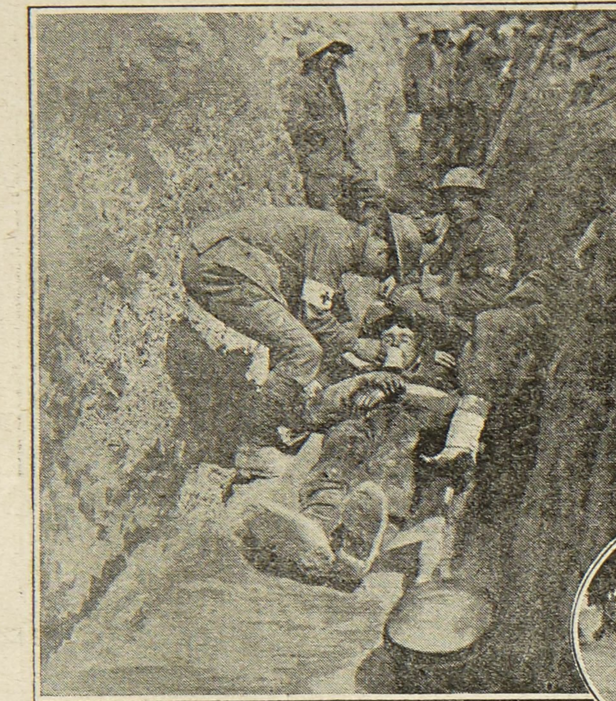


East Yorks' baggage going up to the front. On the right two typical London street steam-rollers are seen.

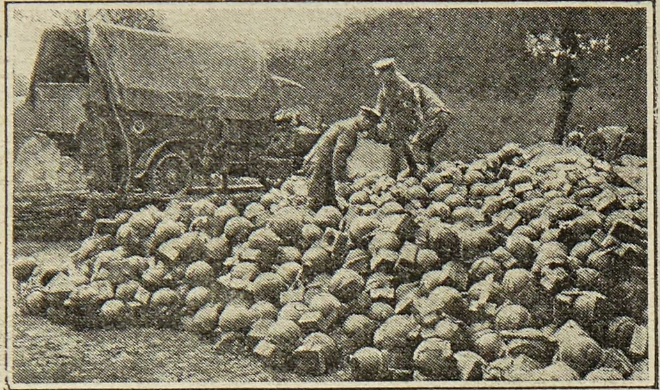


British camp behind the lines. The inset photograph shows the great activity prevailing at the camp prior to the advance. Men are moving up and down with baggage. In the middle distance a column of transport mules and horses is on its way back from the front.

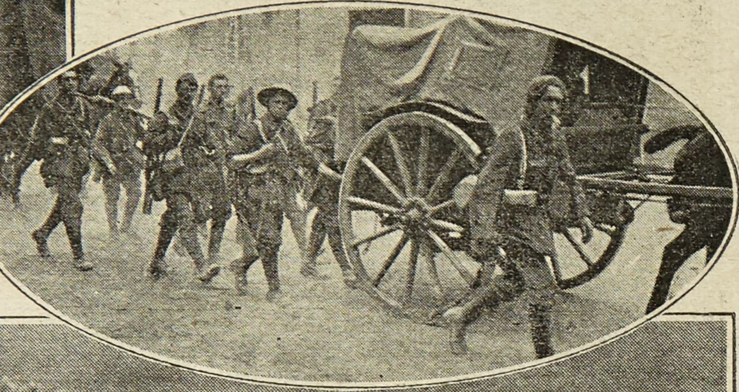
Royal Welsh Fusiliers Along the Somme

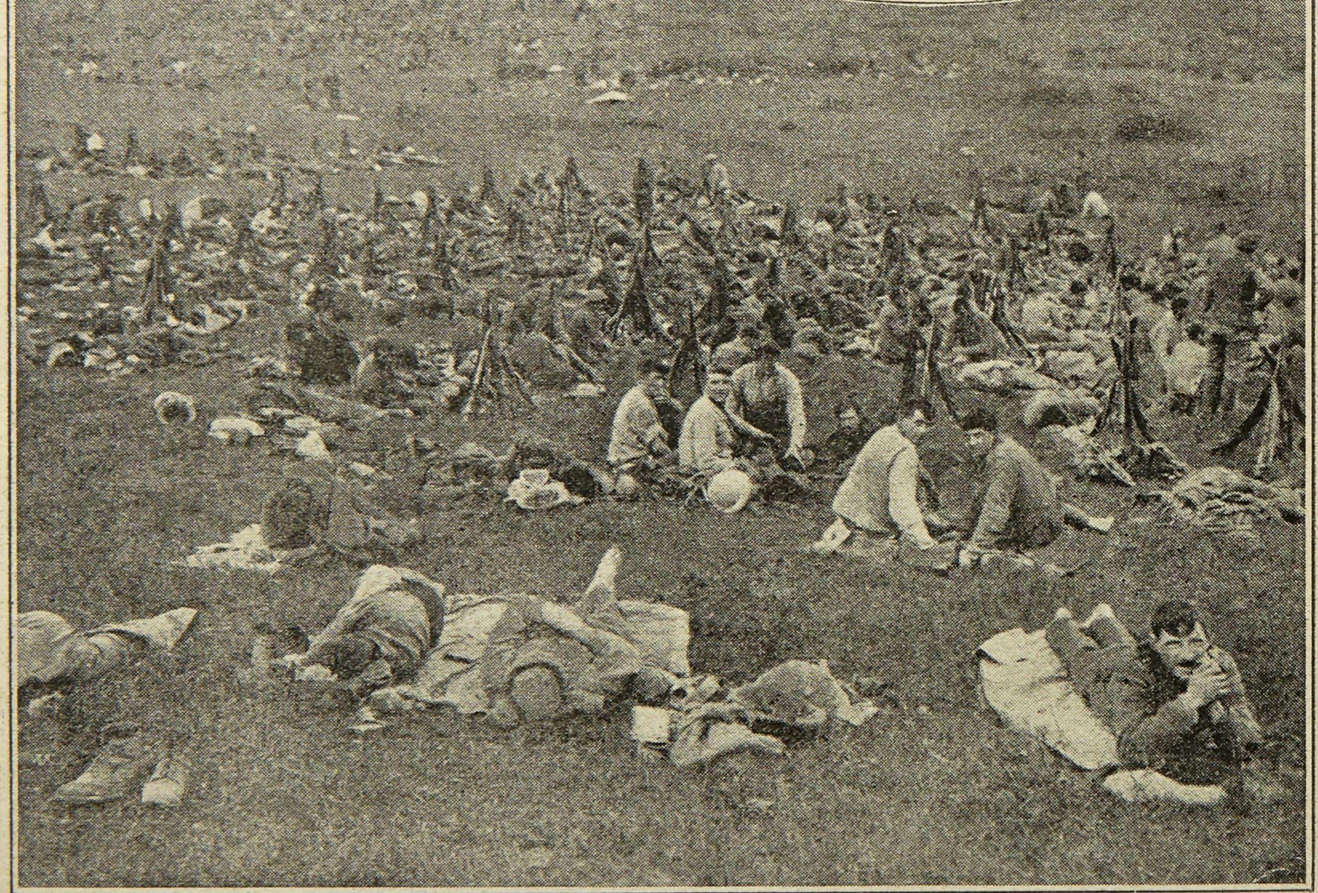


First–aid for heroes of the Somme. Looking after the wounded in the trenches during the great advance.



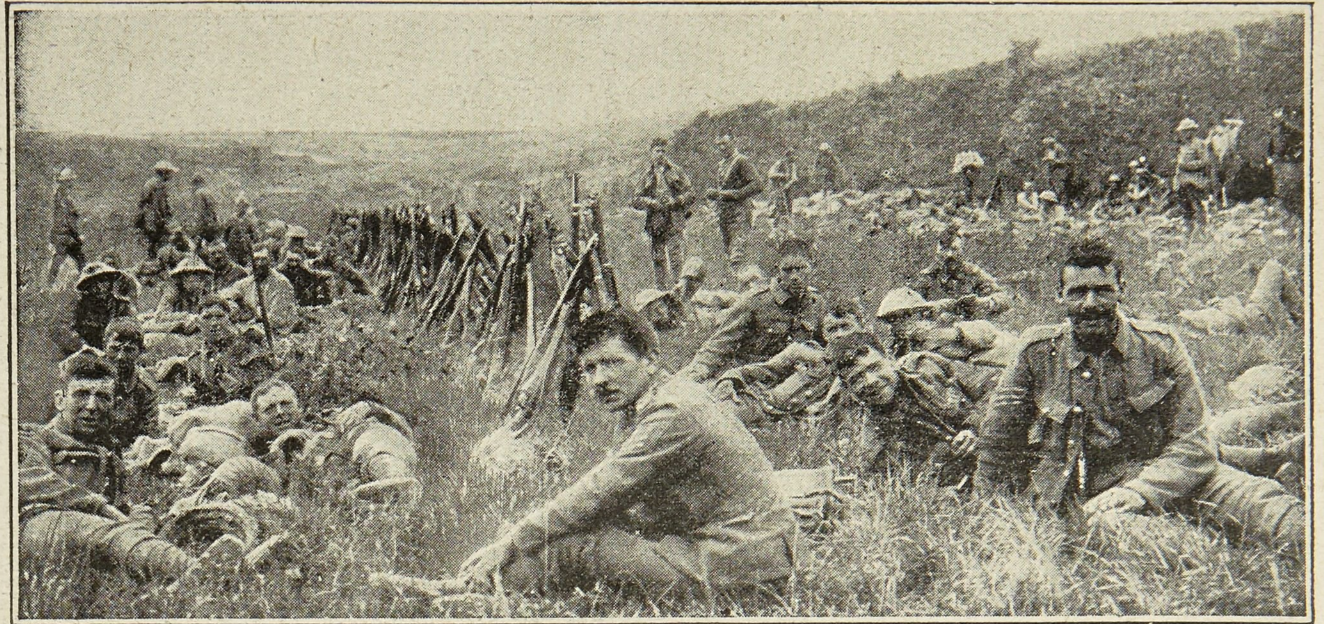
A heap of trench–mortar ammunition behind the lines ready for transport to the firing front.



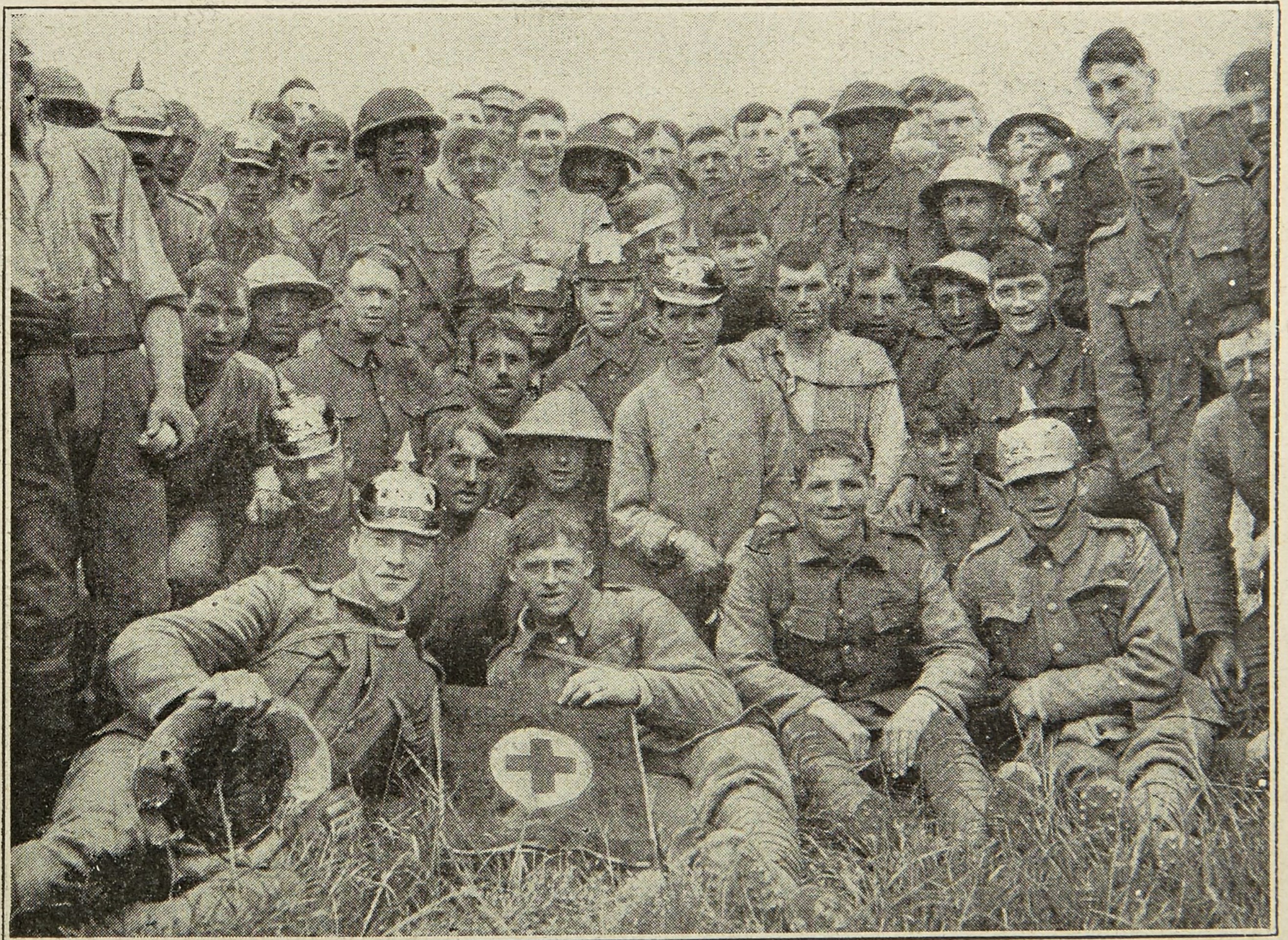


Remarkable photograph of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in bivouac. On July 6th these gallant fighters made a successful raid into the German trenches south of the La Bassee Canal. Inset: The East Yorks on the march through a French village to the front line. (Official Photographs.)

Smiling Soldier Sons of the Emerald Isle

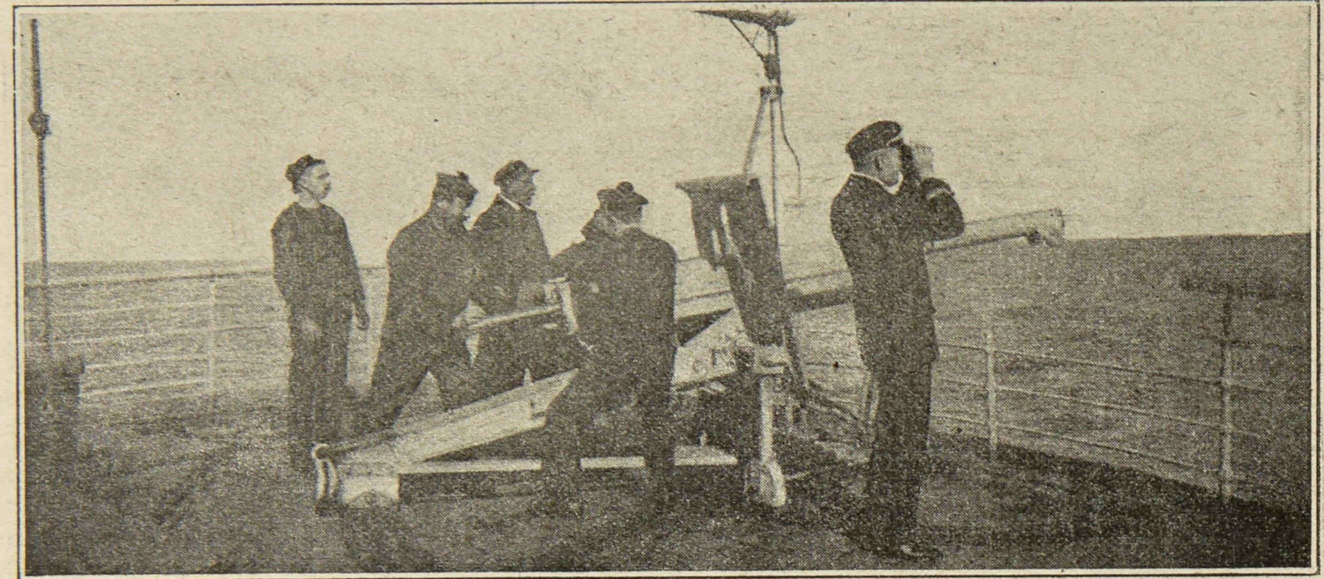


Men of the Royal Irish resting in the long grass behind a rampart in France. Rifles are piled, and the mental tension of war is relaxed. But even through the broad smiles of these loyal men from Ireland one can detect the determination to win. (Photographs Canadian copyright reserved.)

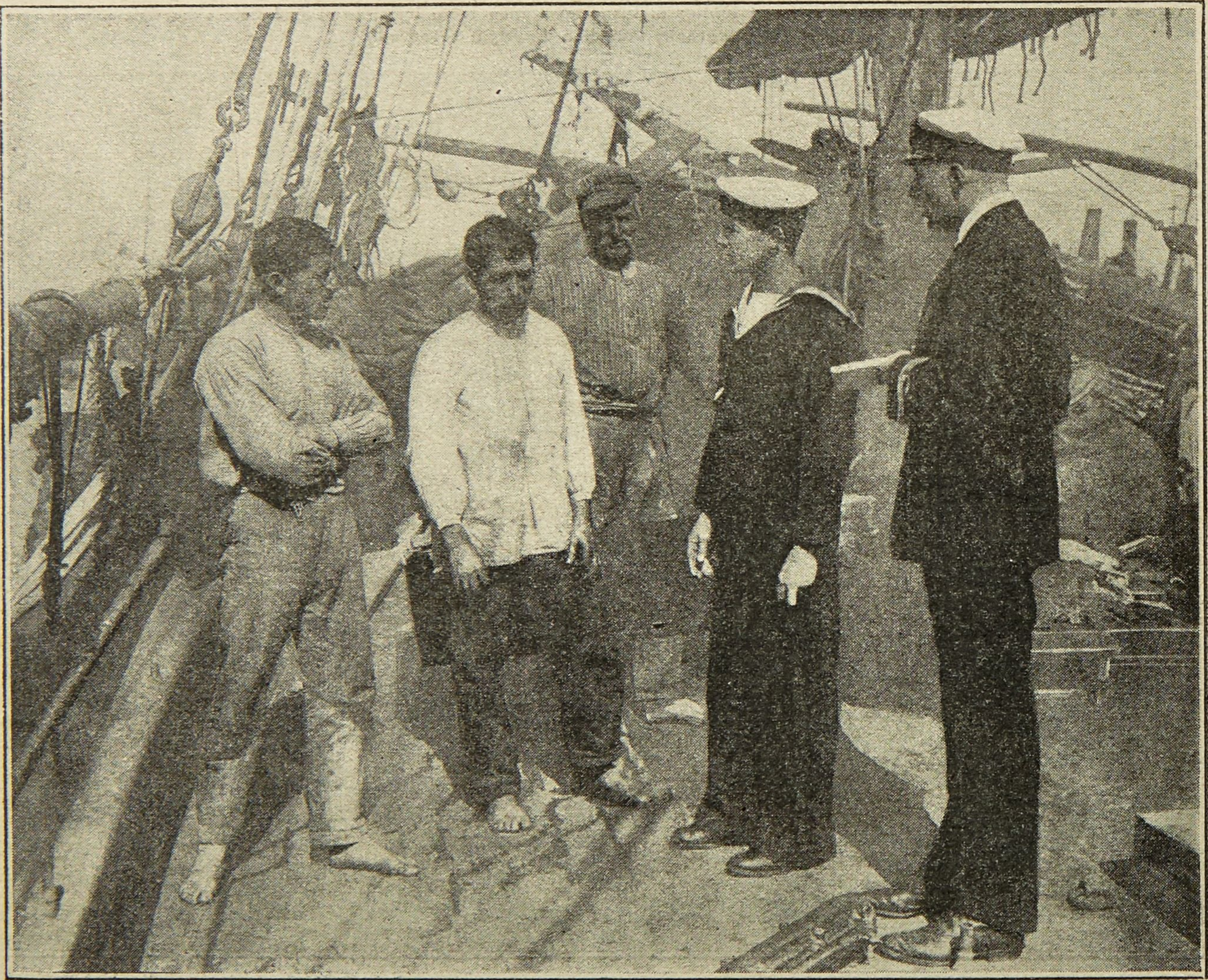


Some fighting expressions of the Royal Irish. Many of the men are wearing enemy helmets captured just prior to this photograph being taken. But no number of Pickelhauben could possibly make a British soldier look like a German.

Shelling Submarines and Seeking Contraband



The French Navy in action in the Mediterranean. A "75," mounted on a transport laden with Moroccans, about to fire on a submarine which has been sufficiently indiscreet to show itself on the surface.



Officers in charge of a naval search party making exhaustive inquiries into the cargo of a sailing ship. Thus every effort to run guns and munitions on the high seas is being negatived by the British watchdogs.

BATTLE PICTURES of the GREAT WAR

The Jutland Battle by Night

By Edward Wright

EVER since Admiral Togo's torpedo-boats destroyed, by a series of terrific night attacks, the Russian Baltic fleet off Tsu Island in 1905, the youthful commanders of torpedo craft in all the leading navies of the world have looked forward to the wild work they might do in sublime dashes at night in the searchlight-riven darkness. Grand-Admiral von Tirpitz had been in his time a torpedo specialist, and it was on torpedo work he chiefly based his hope of breaking our command of the sea. He admired the gunners on his battleships, but he loved the torpedo men on his smaller craft; and the commanders of German destroyers were most carefully trained to make the decisive "hussar stroke" by which he intended to shatter the strength of our battle fleet.

But when the supreme test came, with the deepening of twilight and the thickening of mist, on May 31st, 1916, in the North Sea, the German destroyers' commanders and men were not equal to their task. They were met and mastered by scores of British lieutenant-commanders and lieutenants, with hundreds of Britons under them roused to the highest pitch of heroism. There had been by daylight some remarkable trials of strength between the opposing light craft. At a quarter past four in the afternoon Rear-Admiral Hipper attempted the first great torpedo stroke in the war, and flung fifteen German destroyers and a German light cruiser against Sir David Beatty's diminished battle-cruiser fleet. But as the German craft swept up to attack, they were met by twelve British destroyers. The advantage of numbers was with the enemy, and also the advantage of gun power, as he had a light cruiser. But in a short, fierce engagement at close quarters the sixteen German boats were outmanœuvred, outfought, and sent scurrying back to the shelter of their battle-cruisers, after losing two of their number.

In a Tempest of Thunderbolts

Our victorious flotilla then made the most amazing attack in modern warfare—something that eclipsed all the Japanese had done. In broad sunlight, when the sea was still clear of mist, the British destroyers charged the German battle-cruisers. Small, frail boats like river steamers many of them were, with no armour whatever to protect them from the hundreds of 6 in., 11 in., and 12 in. shells that rained upon them. All they had to rely on in the way of defence was their agility, enabling them to zigzag through the waves like water fleas. The German admiral turned southward and closed round our glorious destroyers, and one of his big guns smashed and stopped the leading boat, the Nomad. Yet the other foremost boats, the Nestor and Nicator, continued their heroic course, and, at a range of only 3,000 yards, drove through the tempest of thunderbolts and torpedoed one of the big German ships. The Nestor was then struck and stopped, but the Nicator escaped, as also did the Nerissa, which was reported by Sir David Beatty to have got a torpedo home on another German battle-cruiser.

The Sparrow Kills the Eagle

For years the Germans had talked about their naval "hussar strokes," and our naval officers had smiled and said nothing. One of the men who had smiled was Lieutenant-Commander John C. Tovey, who may now surely be acclaimed the prince of torpedo officers. At six o'clock in the afternoon, when he was in the destroyer Onslow guarding the Lion, he sighted an enemy light cruiser three and a half miles away, trying to get a torpedo into Beatty's flagship. Like a furious sparrow flying against a hawk, the Onslow steamed towards the bigger enemy vessel to within little more than a mile's range, pouring in shot as fast as her guns would work. By quick and deadly marksmanship she overpowered her heavy opponent. But as she was preparing to finish her off with a torpedo, the huge German battle-cruiser, the Derfflinger, loomed out of the mist. Thereupon the Onslow turned her torpedo-tubes towards the capital ship, but after firing once, she was struck amidships by a heavy shell that damaged her boilers. Lieutenant-Commander Tovey thought all his torpedoes were gone, and began to crawl back. But finding that he had still three full tubes, he first sank the German light cruiser, and then, with his last pound of steam, dragged his frail craft towards the Derfflinger, and while the great ship put all her guns on him he gave her his last two torpedoes. It was like a sparrow, with both wings broken and a shot through its lungs, making a despairing death attack upon an eagle. Yet the attack succeeded. For either the Derfflinger or a ship of her class was sunk.

A Doubtful German Success

By this time it was evening conditions at sea. The haze had thickened so that in regions where there was no thick fog the range of vision was less than four miles. Amid the fog drifts vessels of all sizes were at times getting within 3,000 yards of each other before sighting. All this favoured torpedo work, and the admirals on both sides sent out light cruisers and destroyers in charge and counter-charge. First the Falmouth, under Captain John D. Edwards, and the Yarmouth, under Captain Thomas D. Pratt, while looking for smaller enemies, closed on a leading enemy battle-cruiser and hit her with at least one torpedo. Then the destroyer flotillas of the main German battle fleet sent up great clouds of smoke to screen their capital ships, and darted out in an attack upon Beatty's battle-cruisers and Sir John Jellicoe's battleships.

The Tiger appears to have had a warm time of it, as a swarm of the stinging German midgets closed upon her. But bringing her secondary armament of 6 in. guns to bear upon the swiftly wriggling attackers, the pride of the cat squadron sank several of them and drove the others away. The only success the Germans won in torpedo work was to get, just before seven o'clock, a hit on one of our finest battleships, the Marlborough. This seems to have been the work of an enemy submarine rather than that of a hostile destroyer, and despite the damage done to the Marlborough, she righted herself and, eighteen minutes after being holed, smashed up a German Dreadnought by fourteen rapid broadsides delivered with her ten 15·5 in. guns.

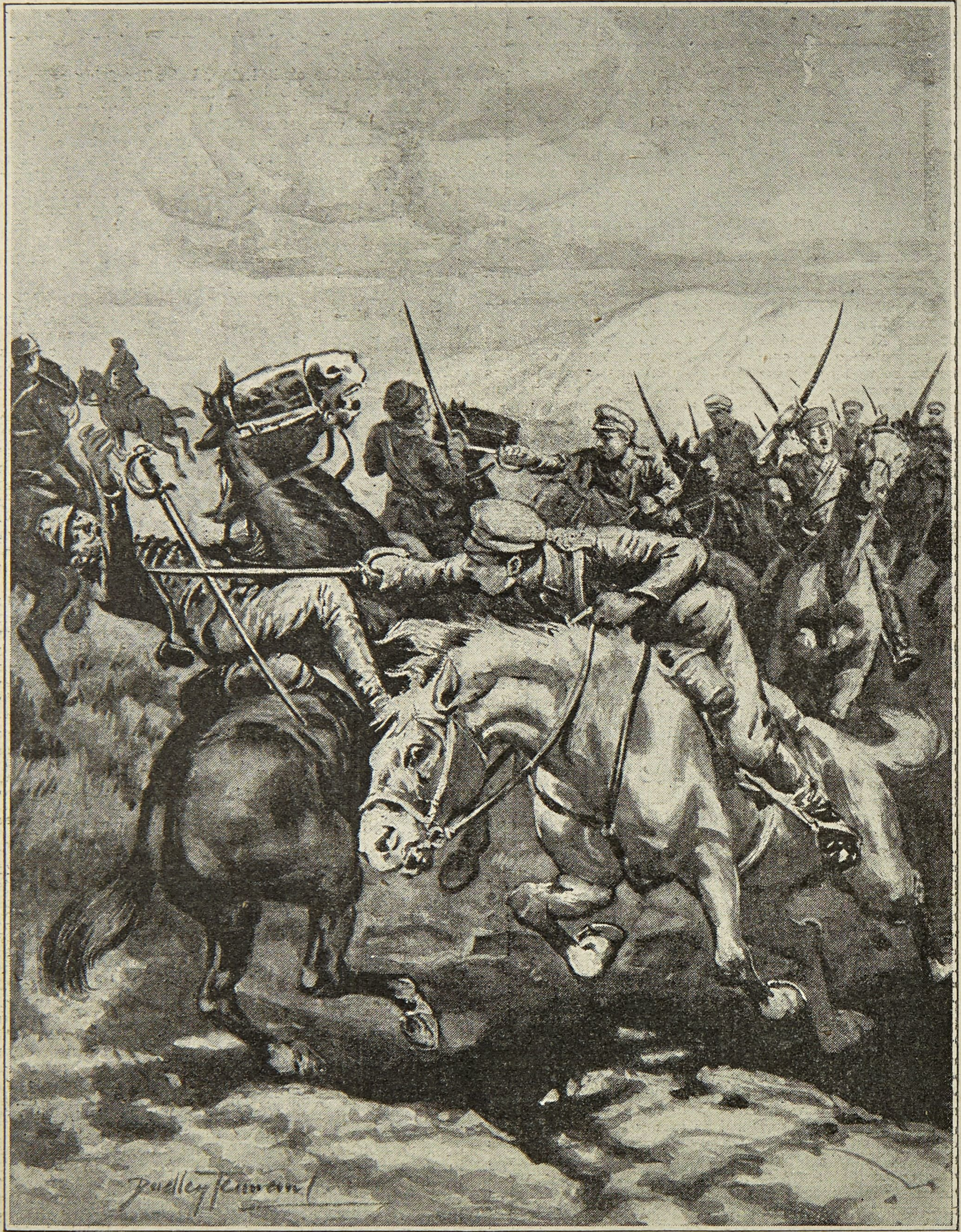
Tactics of "Hell-Fire Jack"

By this time our leading battleship squadrons were hammering the enemy's best ships at the very close range of about five miles, while our light cruisers were mainly engaged in smashing up by gun fire the enemy destroyer flotillas. Sir John Jellicoe had long been known to his sailors as "Hell-fire Jack." His principle of attack was opposite to that of the opposing admirals. He believed in gun fire—concentrated, high-speed, infernal, smashing gun fire—and it was through his skill in getting a ring of flame round rival British commanders in battle manœuvres that he had obtained his nickname. While daylight lasted he smashed up two German destroyer charges by gun fire. Then, when night fell at half-past eight, and all the German High Sea Fleet was scattered westward and cut off from its base, the British commander considered his guns had done their main work, and that the proper time had come for torpedo tactics. This, indeed, had been Admiral Togo's method, and the Japanese commander was trained by us.

As instruments for his first attack Sir John selected, not his destroyers, but his light cruisers. The Fourth Light Cruiser Squadron, led by Commodore Charles Le Mesurier in the Calliope, swept out against a squadron of Kaiser battleships. The Calliope and her sisters first smashed through the guard of destroyers which the German admiral had flung out to protect his big ships, and after sinking and routing these with a storm of 6 in. shells, the British light cruisers closed upon some Dreadnoughts of the Kaiser class and torpedoed one of them.

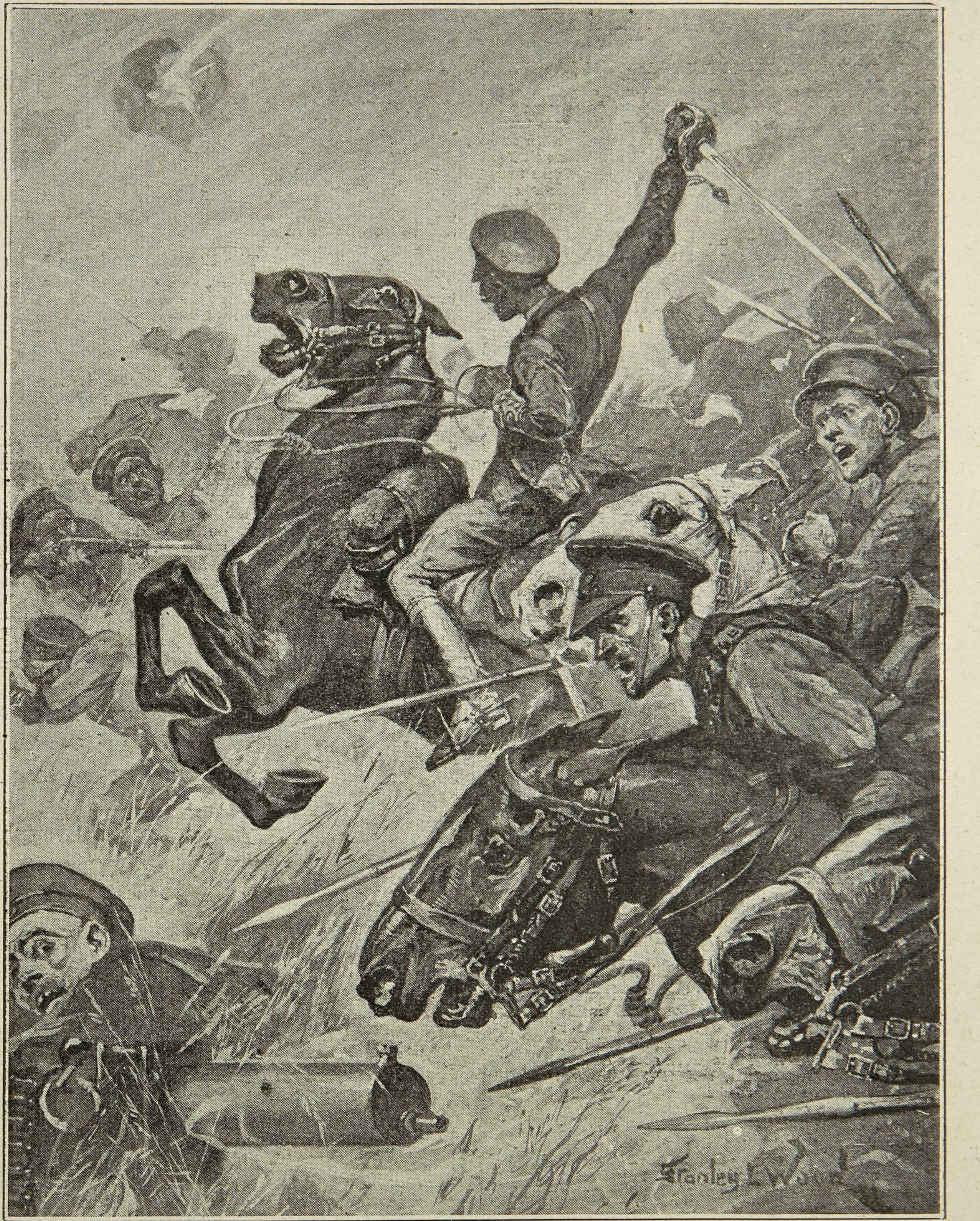
[*Continued on page* 566

Great Opportunity for Russian Cavalry



From reports that have come to hand of the continued Russian successes in the southern part of our ally's long-drawn line it appears that the Cossacks have played a big part. Our artist has depicted a spirited charge by these fearless horsemen against the finest Hungarian cavalry. The latter were a crack hussar regiment, but had no chance against the Cossacks, who sabred large numbers and dispersed the remainder through the woods. It is of interest to note that the distinctive body of cavalrymen known to-day as hussars were first raised, in 1458, by a former King of Hungary to fight against the Turks.

Dragoon Guards Rout German Infantry



One evening during the great advance a detachment of Dragoon Guards and Deccan Horse worked forward with British infantry between Bazentin and Delville Woods, towards the German lines. A machine-gun opened fire from a cornfield in which a number of the enemy were taking cover. The Dragoons put their lances down and charged through the wheat, despatching several of the enemy. The cavalry then turned back and charged again among the scattered groups, putting them to flight. This was the first occasion on which the cavalry had been in action since October, 1914.

THE JUTLAND VICTORY BY NIGHT

(Continued from page 563).

Such is the plain statement in Sir John Jellicoe's despatch. But to visualise that statement we have to picture first a line of light cruisers, and behind them a flotilla of British destroyers, whose work was to occupy the German destroyers. Each vessel was first a racing smudge of fire in the darkness, as her furnaces worked up the steam power to the highest point. Then, below the lurid radiance from the funnels, came abruptly the thunder flame of exploding cordite from the guns, as soon as the searchlights could catch and hold some enemy mosquito craft. Immediately the guns rang out and alarmed the German battleships, they also turned their searchlights towards the scene of action. Then amid this electric blaze of battle, the British light cruisers charged into the great sweeping swords of fire westwards, and under a tempest of 12 in. and 6 in. shells, neared their great targets and, while firing their own small guns, loosened their far deadlier torpedoes. The Calliope was hit and had several men killed, but no other ship of her squadron was damaged. This clearly showed that the crack German gunners had lost their nerve.

British Ships' Night Vigil

After our light cruisers blew up a ship of the Kaiser class, at forty minutes past eight, no more was seen of the German destroyers. All night our heavy ships remained, stretched across the North Sea within eighty miles of Heligoland, without being subjected to a single attack by the men Tirpitz had trained for many years for this purpose. The work the German destroyers had been built to do was performed by our Fourth Flotilla, under Captain J. Wintour, our Eleventh Flotilla, under Commodore Hawksley, and our Twelfth Flotilla, under Captain Anselan Stirling. The Eleventh Flotilla had already made a fine charge just at nightfall, and in a later attack Commodore Hawksley, leading his flotilla in the fine new destroyer Castor, sank an enemy destroyer at point-blank range.

Then Captain Wintour, controlling the Fourth Flotilla from the Tipperary, with the Spitfire, Ardent, Ambuscade, Garland, and other boats steaming behind him at thirty knots an hour, broke through a line of German destroyers and light cruisers, one of which was the Elbing, and converged upon some German battleships. The enemy illuminated the water with his searchlights. Every hostile gun was trained upon the zigzagging, manœuvring British destroyers. The Tipperary was struck by a great shell that appeared to fire her ammunition. Wrapped in a sheet of flame she vanished, Captain Wintour going down with his ship. But the flotilla, barking with its little guns at the German leviathans, and increasing its attacking pace to the utmost, closed upon the enemy battleships. Either the Ardent, Ambuscade, or Garland got a torpedo amidships a German Dreadnought that lurched and heeled over. Then the Ardent was smashed and destroyed by a big shell, sinking with her Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Marsden. But again in the wild melée another enemy battleship was struck, for Lieutenant-Commander Trelawny, in the Spitfire, got a torpedo home. There were some of our cruisers behind the flotilla, and they delivered tremendous short-range broadsides, while steaming past the German capital ships at terrific speed.

In the charge by the Twelfth Flotilla, under Captain Anselan Stirling, the Onslaught, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Onslow, nobly distinguished herself. A powerful German squadron, consisting of six battleships of the latest type, with light cruisers and a destroyer guard, was completely taken by surprise. All our boats in this supreme Balaclava of the seas were new and uncommonly fast. They broke through the enemy's guard and got among his biggest ships before the admiral of the German squadron knew what was happening. Our men fired some scores of torpedoes, and explosions were seen on the second and third battleships in the German line. The Onslaught blew up her victim, and manœuvred to escape and reload her tubes. But as the officers were mounting the bridge to congratulate Lieutenant-Commander Onslow on his success, some German light cruisers in the rear of the line opened fire on the victorious destroyer. A shell fell on the bridge, disabling nearly all the officers, and Midshipman Reginald G. Arnot, of the Royal Naval Reserve, assisted Sub-Lieutenant Kemmis to bring the ship successfully out of action and into port. Twenty minutes after the Onslaught attack, another charge was made by the Maenad, under Commander John P. Champion. She also got through the enemy's guard, and put a torpedo into the fourth ship in the German battle line. In this single British destroyer charge, therefore, the enemy had one battleship blown up, and two others holed and crippled.

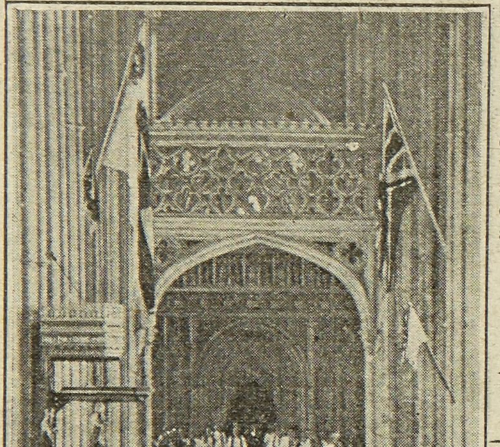
The Enemy's Minimum Losses

Then the Thirteenth Flotilla, with Captain James Farie leading in the Champion, made a series of attacks on that part of the German battle fleet which was near the Lion. First the Turbulent and the Petard tried to stop an enemy battleship from reaching its base. The Turbulent, however, was struck and disabled. But some hours afterwards another boat of the flotilla, the Moresby, sighted four battleships of the Deutschland class trying to steal into Wilhelmshafen, and got a torpedo home on one of them.

All these successes are mentioned in Sir John Jellicoe's despatch, which I had not seen when I wrote my first account of the Jutland Battle. My estimate of the minimum German losses must now be revised. The enemy lost four battleships and two battle-cruisers. One of the latter, the Seydlitz, was raised from shallow water, but it is doubtful if she is worth repairing. These, however, are the extreme minimum losses of the enemy, and while allowing that our light cruiser and destroyer charges tended to cripple rather than to annihilate the German heavy ships, we may yet fairly suppose the enemy lost more battle units than are given in our official list.

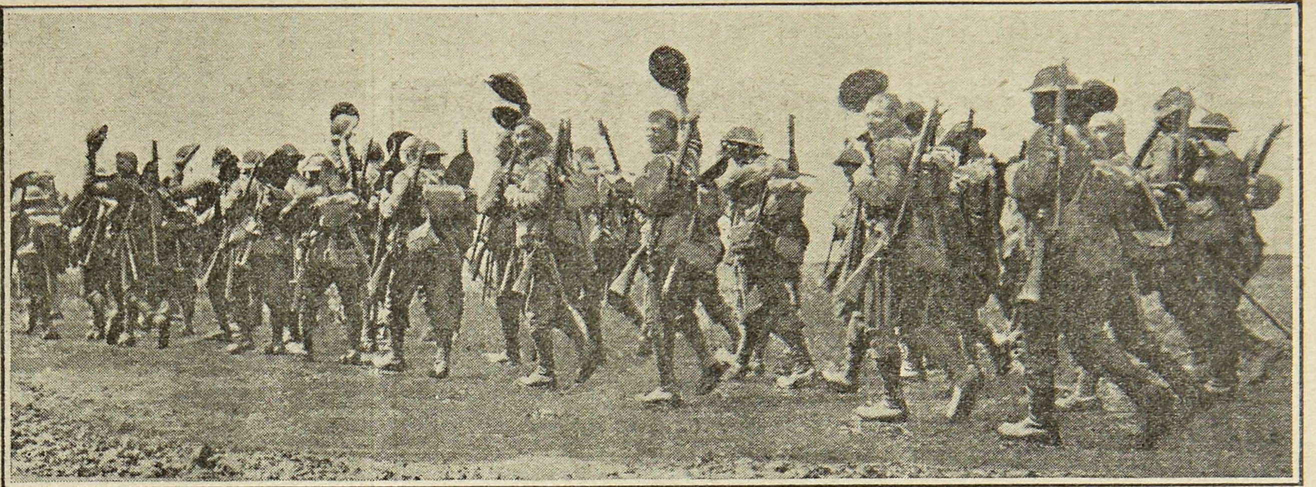
Next Article :

FOCH'S GREAT THRUST AT PERONNE

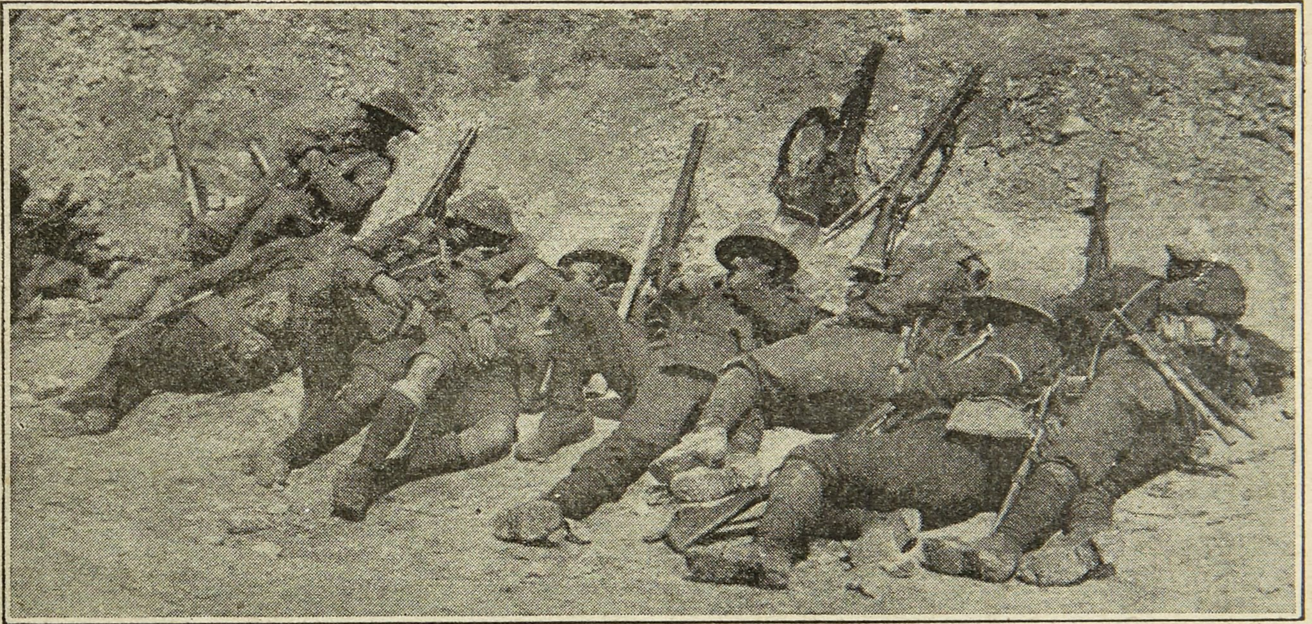


Sailors of H.M.S. Canterbury, which was engaged in the Jutland Battle, carrying their flag into Canterbury Cathedral. The first photograph shows the flag hanging in the cathedral by the ensign of H.M.S. Kent.

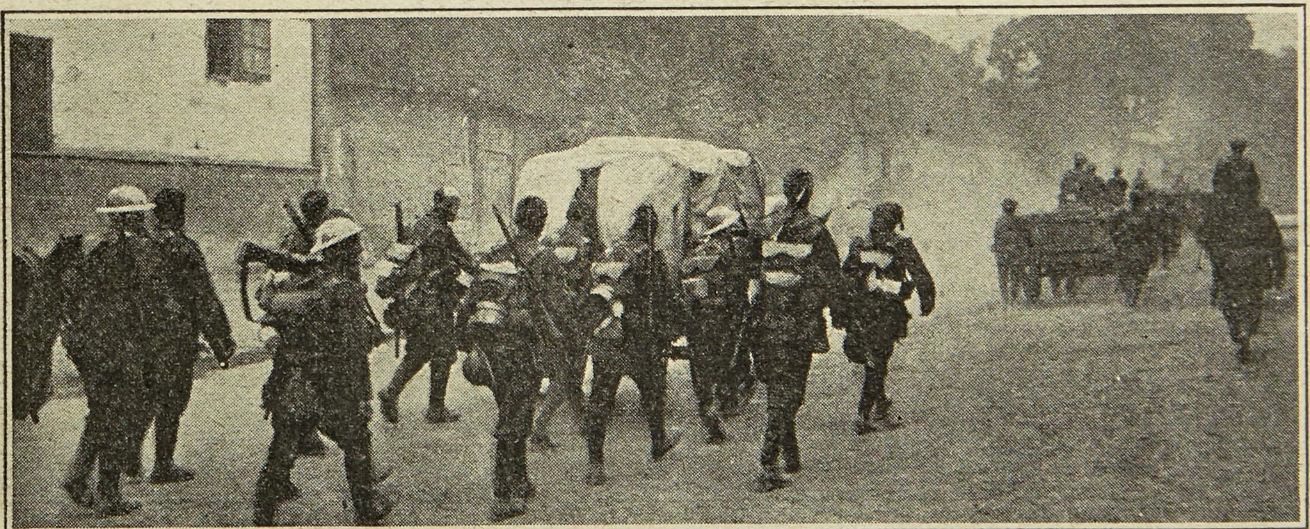
Wiltshires and East Yorks in the Forward Move



Wiltshire yeomen, high-spirited soldiers from the historic English county, on their way to gather laurels in the momentous fields of Flanders. Brandishing their steel helmets with a loud hurrah, these men were truly glad to be on the move.



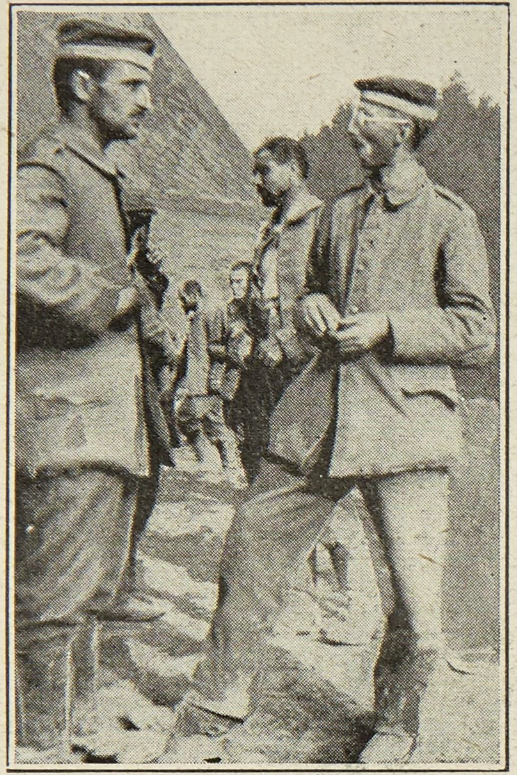
The Sleep of the Brave. British reserves resting in the trenches. So tired were they after a long march that they did not even trouble to remove their steel helmets.

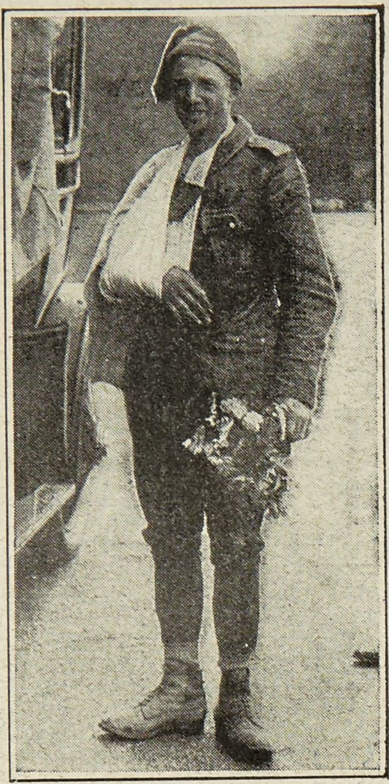


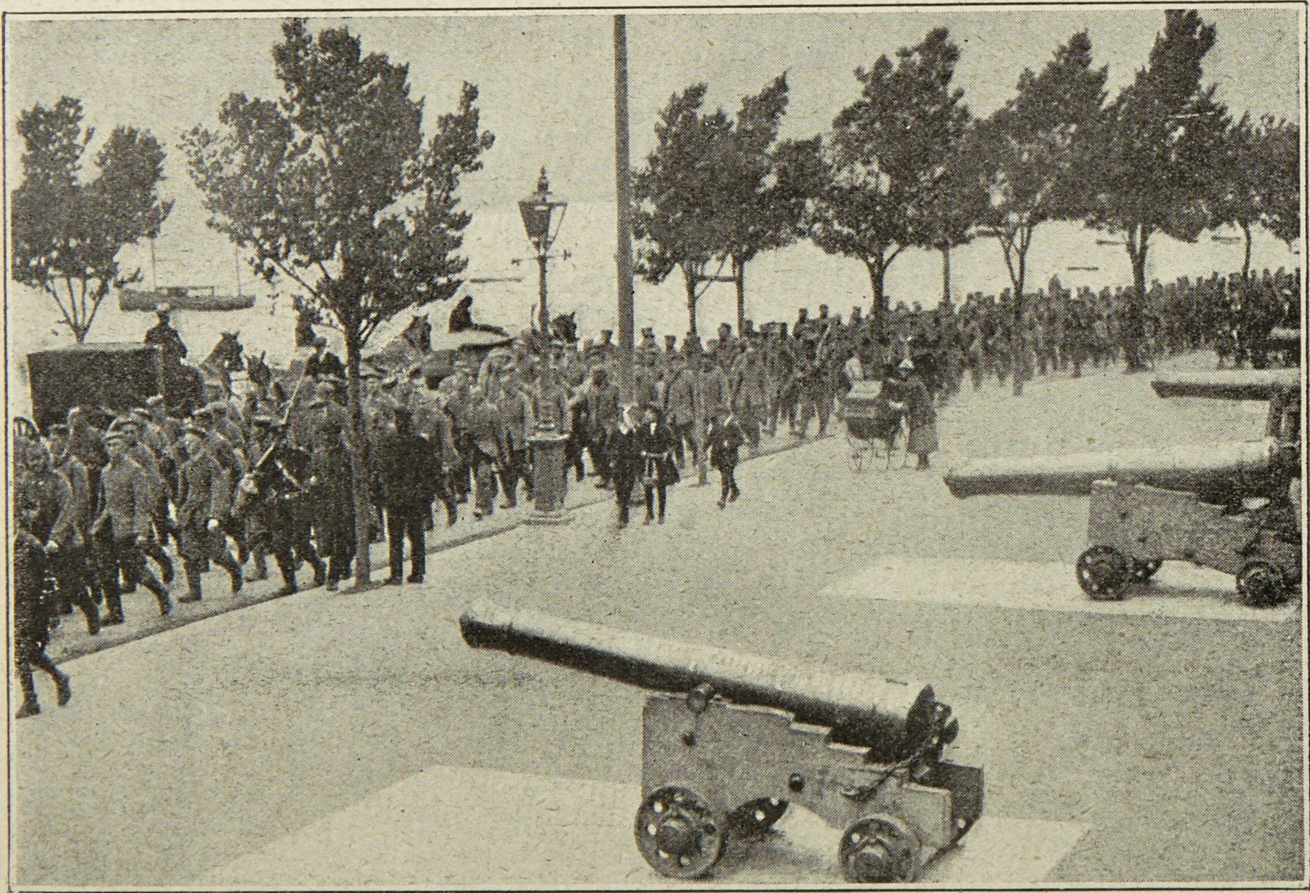
Men of the East Yorks passing along a French village street to the zone of operations. Heavily equipped, smothered in dust from head to foot, these men are typical of thousands going forward in the cause of Albion and Liberty.

Friend and Foe After the Ordeal of Battle

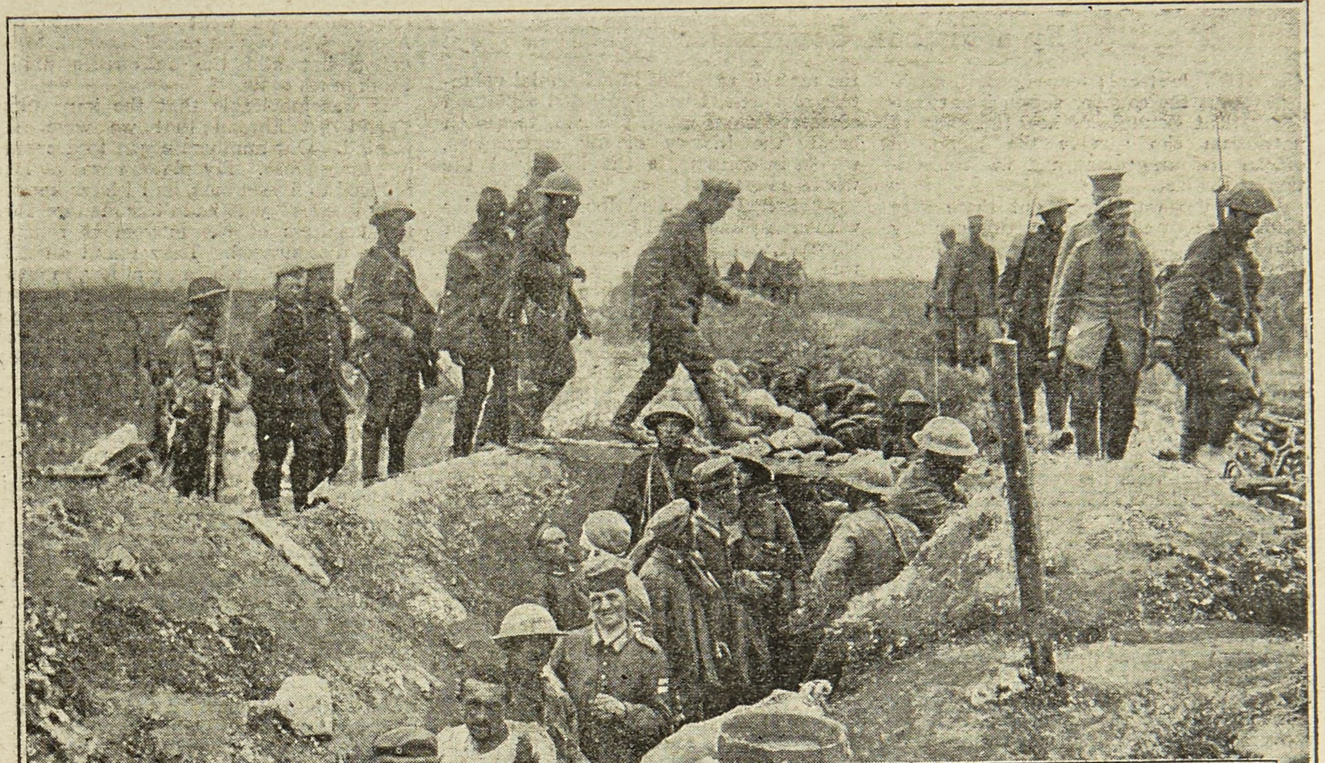
British soldier, wounded in the advance, poses for his photograph in a German helmet.

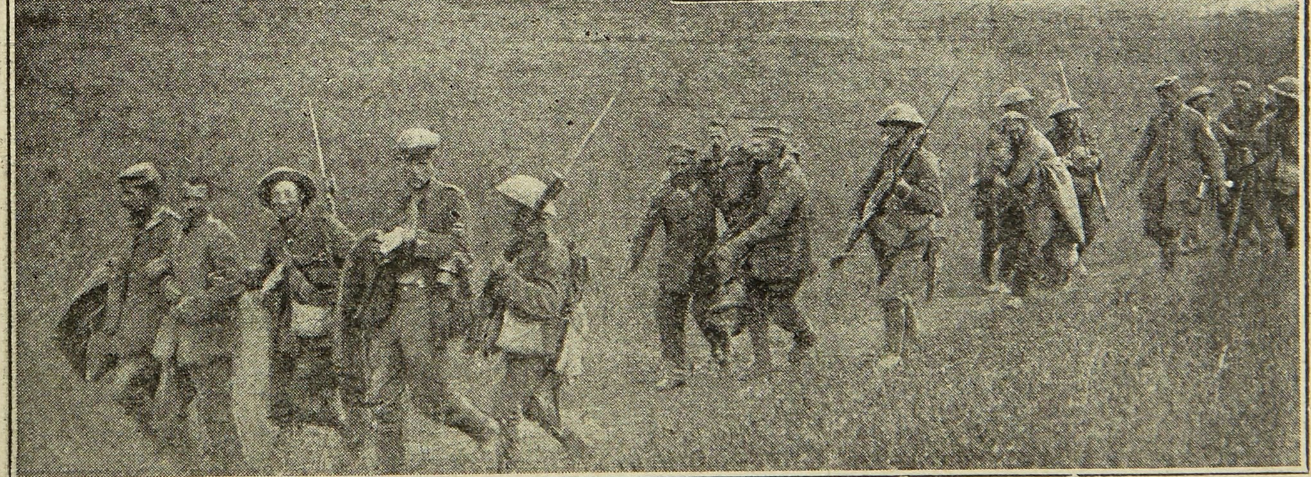

Types of German prisoners captured in the recent British offensive movement.


Newfoundlander arrives at one of the military hospitals with a bouquet presented to him at the station.


The "invasion" of England. Some of the Prussian Guard after leaving the boat at Southampton en route for an internment camp in the North of England. They were interested in the trophies of the Crimean War, which are a feature of the sea front.

Prisoners from Contalmaison and Boisselle


German prisoners arriving from Contalmaison. Many of them, particularly the wounded ones, are proceeding to the rear via the trench, thus to be out of danger from shell fire. Of the three figures in the foreground, one is severely wounded.


Brothers in adversity cling together. Scene on the footpath to La Boisselle, showing German prisoners trudging along, some carrying their helpless comrades. Inset: British soldier gives a wounded German water from his flask. (Official photographs.)

"DOING THEIR BIT." A NEW SERIES

VOLUNTEER DEFENCE FORCE

By a Platoon Commander

THE Volunteer Defence Force throughout the country supplies an excellent example of how the spirit of patriotism can survive the blight of official discouragement and win recognition at the last.

When the war broke out there were a few far-sighted people in this country who realised that, sooner or later, every available man under forty-one would be required for the front, and that upon the surplus male population above and below this age would ultimately devolve the task of providing the troops for home defence. The Government was occupied with the tremendous business of raising a vast army and keeping it supplied. With them it was a case of one thing at a time, and the founders of the Volunteer Defence movement had to depend upon their own resources.

Origin of the V.T.C.

There was, fortunately, in existence at this time an organisation known as the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps, started some years before the war, with an address in the Temple, and with Mr. Percy Harris, now M.P., as secretary. It was from this Central Association that the Volunteer Defence movement derived its inspiration and its machinery of organisation. All over the country men of every age banded themselves into platoons; these were linked up into companies, which finally, in their turn, were merged into full-fledged battalions. The men were drilled by retired officers too old to go to the front, and it has been estimated that within the first six months over a quarter of a million men were voluntarily submitting themselves to military training and discipline. In London the response was extraordinary, and the City Guards, the United Arts, the Inns of Court, the Old Boys, the Pharmacists' Corps, and the London Volunteer Rifles—to mention only a few—sprang into existence.

The chief backers of the movement were the Marquis of Lincolnshire, Lord Buckinghamshire, and Lord Desborough. In common with thousands of other men I joined one of these Volunteer Training Corps—the organisation, by the way, has been known variously as the Volunteer Training Corps and the Volunteer Defence Corps—and because I had held the rank of an officer in a Colonial volunteer regiment, I was appointed a platoon commander. I want, if I can, to sketch briefly the history of my experiences, which, in epitome, is the history of the whole movement.

At first I was a platoon commander without a platoon. I had to find the men whom I was going to command. To do this I had to organise meetings in my district, canvass from house to house, and demonstrate the seriousness and utility of the undertaking. The Special Constabulary had already "cornered" most of the men over military age, and these specials were reluctant at first to do more than one job. But gradually I got together my platoon.

Then began the squad drills, conducted for the most part in barns, deserted workshops, or village schools. When the summer came the drills, of course, took place in the open air. At first we only had three rifles among fifty men—rifles borrowed from the local rifle club—and we had, generally, to be content with wooden dummies. Ultimately, however, a subscription list was opened, and a few more rifles were provided.

The Ban on Khaki

Then came the question of uniforms. Many of my men were agricultural labourers who could not be expected to provide uniforms out of their own pockets. By various methods I obtained money sufficient to purchase uniforms for all the men, and it was a proud day when I saw my platoon in their grey, well-fitting clothes. We were not allowed to purchase khaki, because the War Office at this time looked askance at the whole movement and withheld its official sanction to our being "too like soldiers."

The next advance was the partial recognition of the force by the authorities. The Marquis of Lincolnshire, in the House of Lords, kept the movement before the Government; and at last, half-grudgingly, we were allowed the red armlet with the letters "G.R." upon it, which gave us official status as a combatant corps. The idea of this armlet was that if the Germans landed in this country and we were called up, we could not, according to international law, while wearing these armlets, be shot as civilians in possession of arms. Encouraging, wasn't it?

Before the passing of the Military Service Acts we allowed men of military age to join us, and I am not boasting when I say that tens of thousands of men got their first taste for things military in our ranks, and went straight into the Army. This was an excellent work to be doing, but still the authorities didn't think much of us.

It was inevitable that the impression should get abroad that we were not wanted. Our numbers began to decrease in consequence. My platoon was at last reduced to fifteen men, and I have known "companies" who hadn't as many. But the inspirers of the movement refused to be discouraged. They found an ally in Viscount French, and a few months ago it was announced that the old Volunteer Act was to be revived, and such county battalions as offered themselves were to be enrolled under it, the officers having proper commissioned rank.

Priceless Patriotism

At the time of writing, these arrangements have not been completed, but the effect of the recognition was at once noticeable. I got my full platoon back, and not only that, but I got rifles for them, and ammunition. We started our firing practices. Four times a week we spent two hours at the range, and one by one the men qualified. It sounds a simple thing written here, but the work involved an enormous amount of labour—the tabulating of scores, the keeping of records, and the constant superintendence of individual men. Added to this there were the various squad drills, platoon drills, and the fortnightly company drills, and—finally—the great day when we had a full county battalion parade. I don't know how the other officers felt, but I know I was conscious of a certain pride when I saw those thousand men, properly armed and uniformed, going through their evolutions like tried soldiers, and remembered that all this had been done by voluntary effort without asking the Government for a single penny!

The men have been splendid—they belong to all classes—we even have a judge who is a private in our ranks, and a very good private, too—and they are ready, willing and eager to release the thousands of younger soldiers, who are being retained in this country for its defence, when the War Office gives the word.

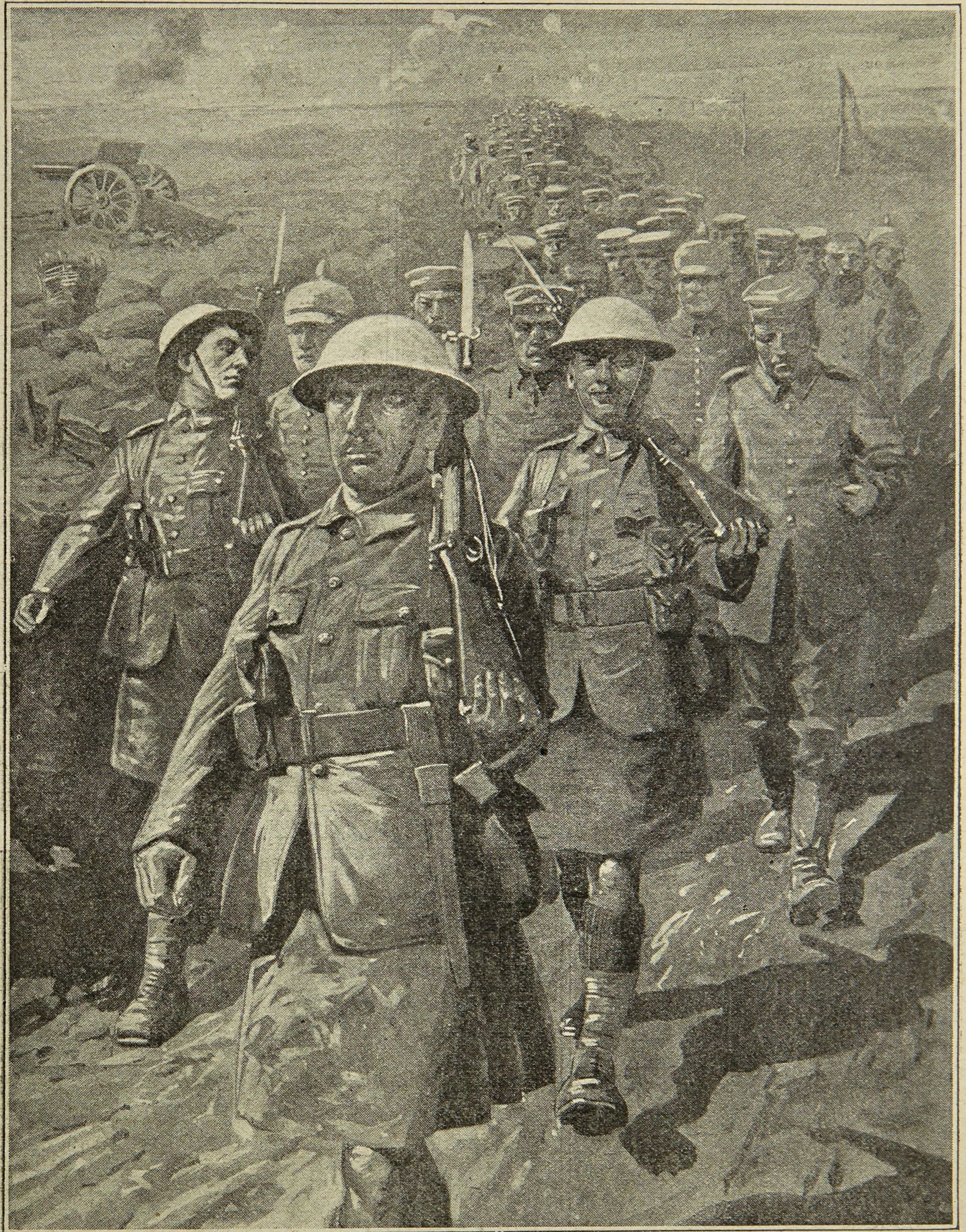
Next article:

THE COAST WATCHERS

By One of Them

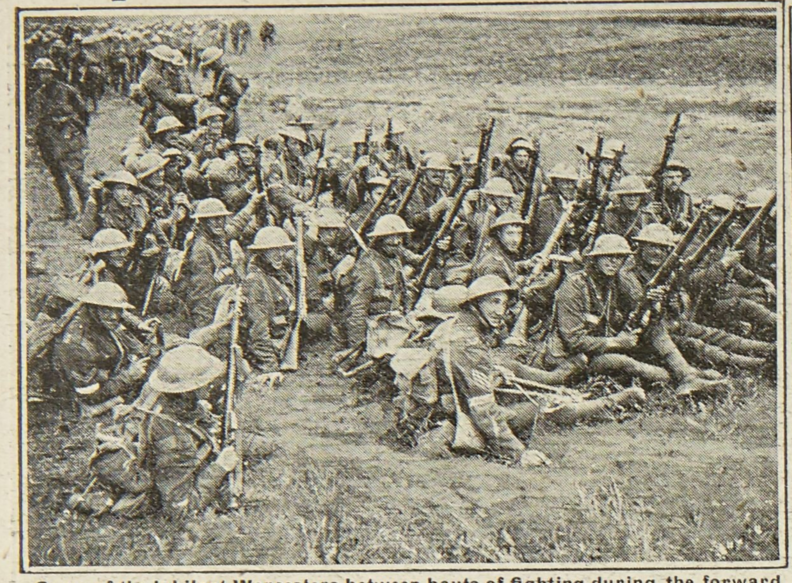
Members of the Volunteer Training Corps on the Downs at Brighton, where generations of our old Volunteers manœuvred.

Three 'Jocks' Guard Six Hundred Prisoners

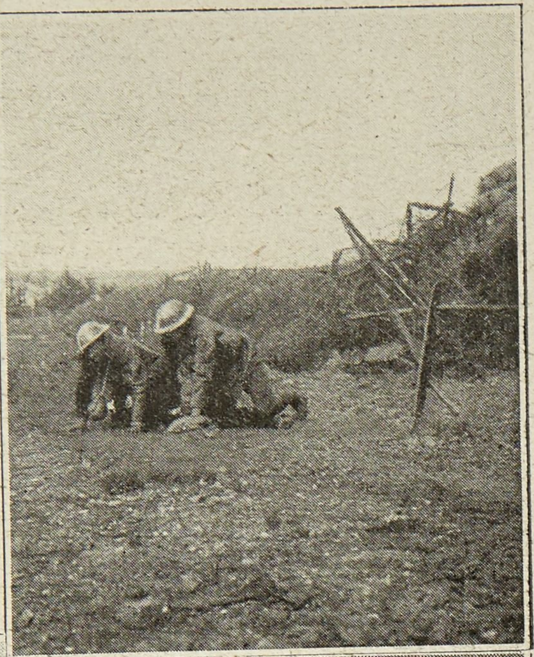


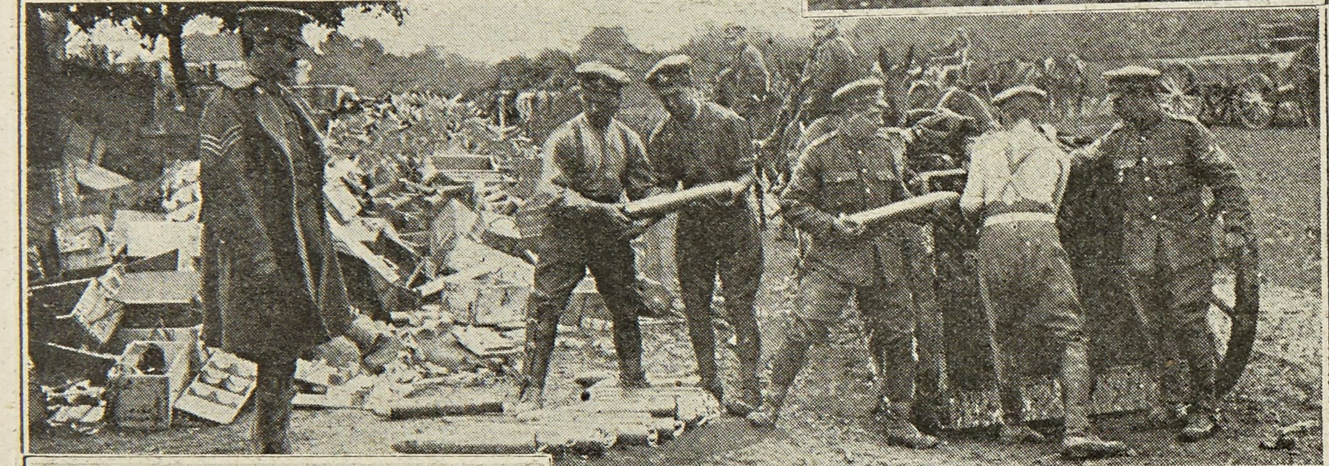
Reports as to the moral of enemy troops must always be read with discrimination, but during the attack on July 1st there certainly was one cardinal incident which proved that many of the enemy were demoralised. An officer writes that, while on his way to the dressing-station, he came across six hundred German prisoners whose entire escort consisted of three tall "Jocks," "all blood and dirt and rags." The swagger of this little guard followed by a comparative army of Huns was a sight for the gods.

Splendid Britons in the Crucible of War



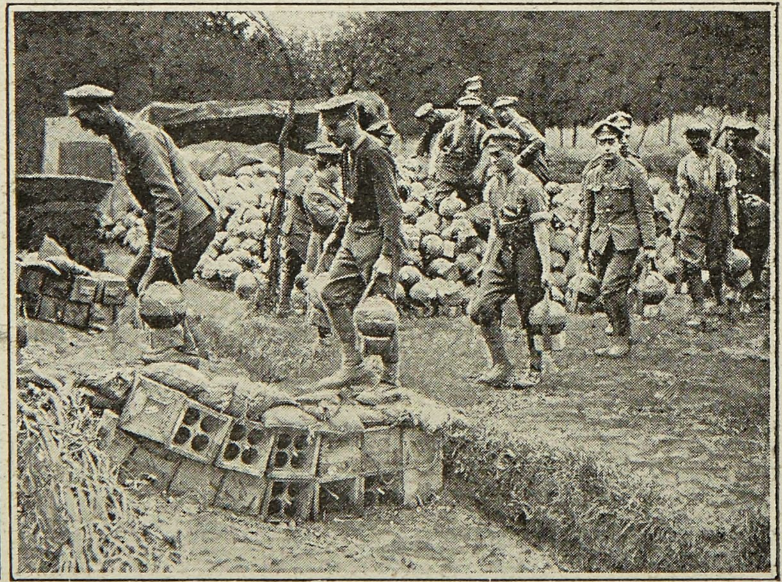
Some of the jubilant Worcesters between bouts of fighting during the forward movement. The steel helmet gives them a somewhat frivolous appearance.





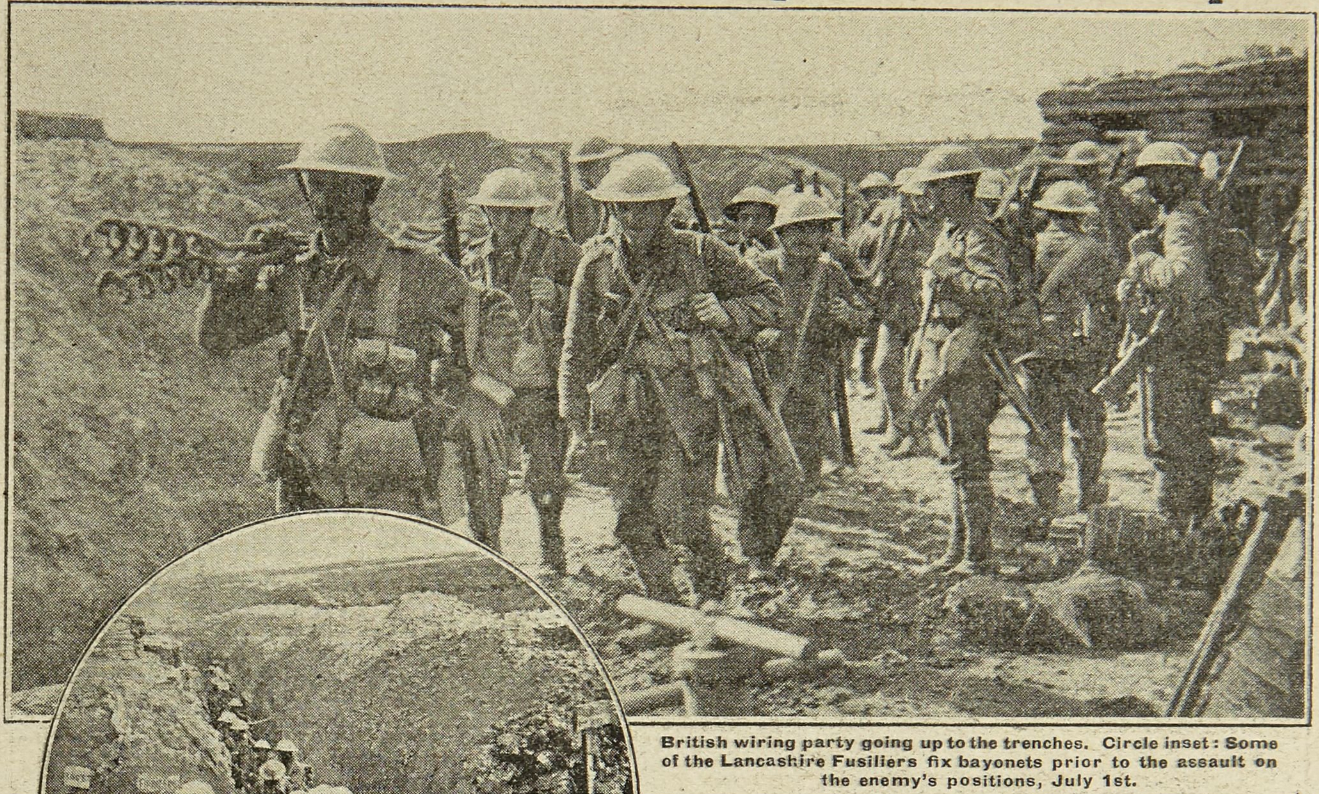
Loading waggons with field-artillery shells. The second photograph shows a wounded man being brought back to the British lines under heavy fire.

Raiding the enemy in broad daylight. British patrol crawling towards the German trenches.

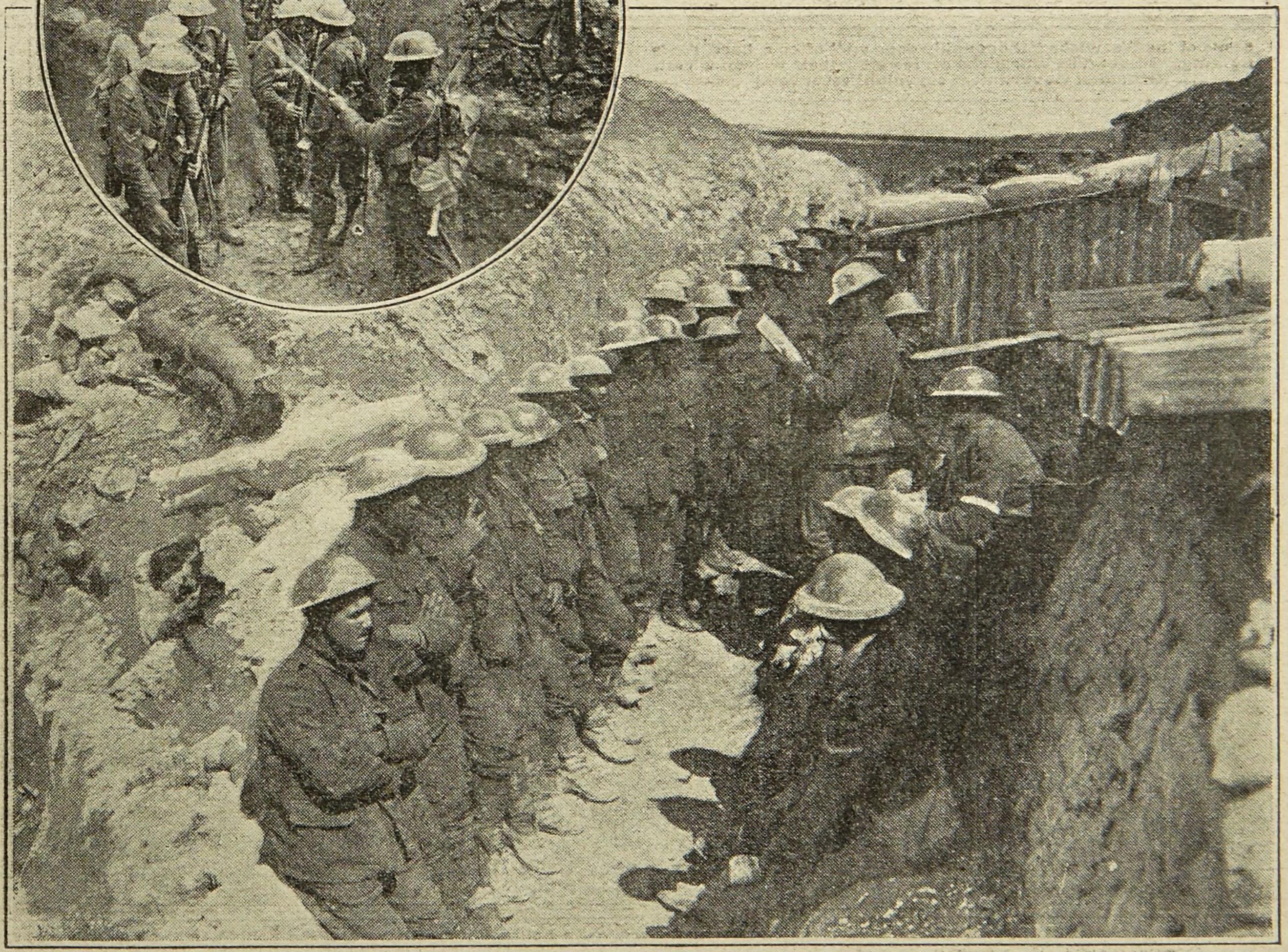


Feeding the spreading flames. Soldiers conveying trench-mortar ammunition to the front line.

Before and After Going Over the Top



British wiring party going up to the trenches. Circle inset: Some of the Lancashire Fusiliers fix bayonets prior to the assault on the enemy's positions, July 1st.



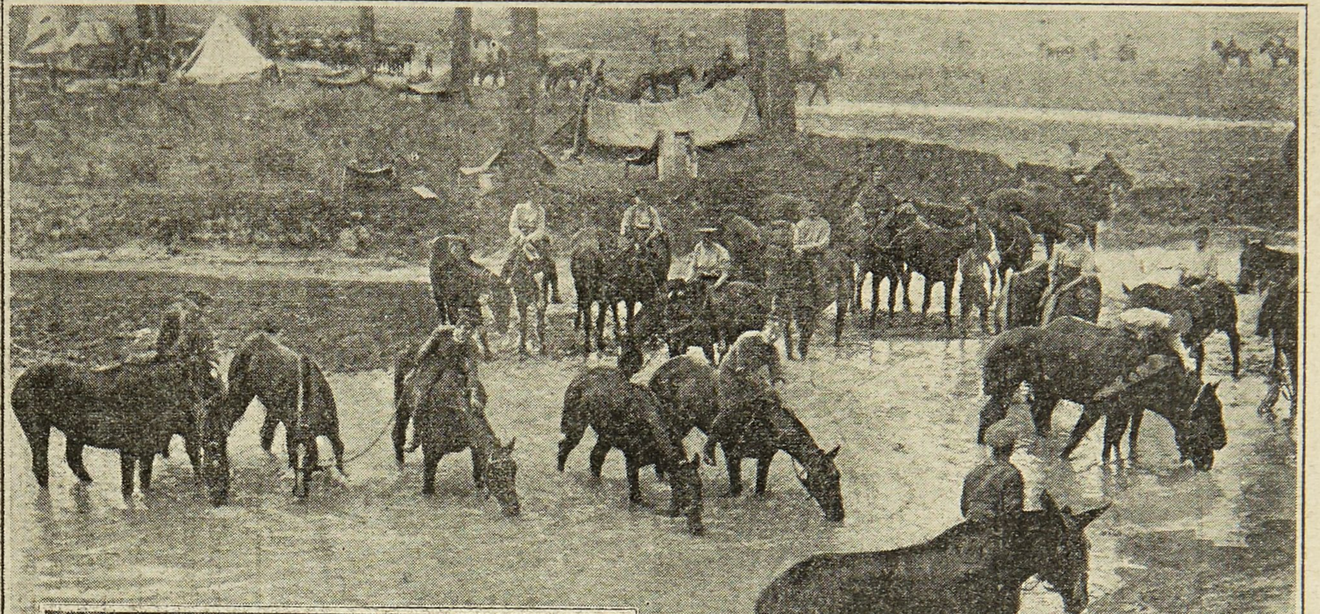
A tense moment in the trenches is when the roll-call is made after a charge, and the number of missing men is revealed by the absence of their voices. This photograph shows such a roll-call on the memorable First of July.

The Fighting Warwicks Dream of Victory

Some of the Warwicks "thoroughly done up" after a hard day's fighting. Inset: The Warwicks revive after their welcome rest. (Canadian Government copyright reserved.)

Another impression of the Warwicks. Under the canopy of heaven, with helmets for pillows and the rolling field as a bed, these splendid patriots are sleeping the untroubled sleep of men who have done their duty by humanity and civilisation. The photograph is reminiscent of the famous "Dream" picture by the French artist Detaille.

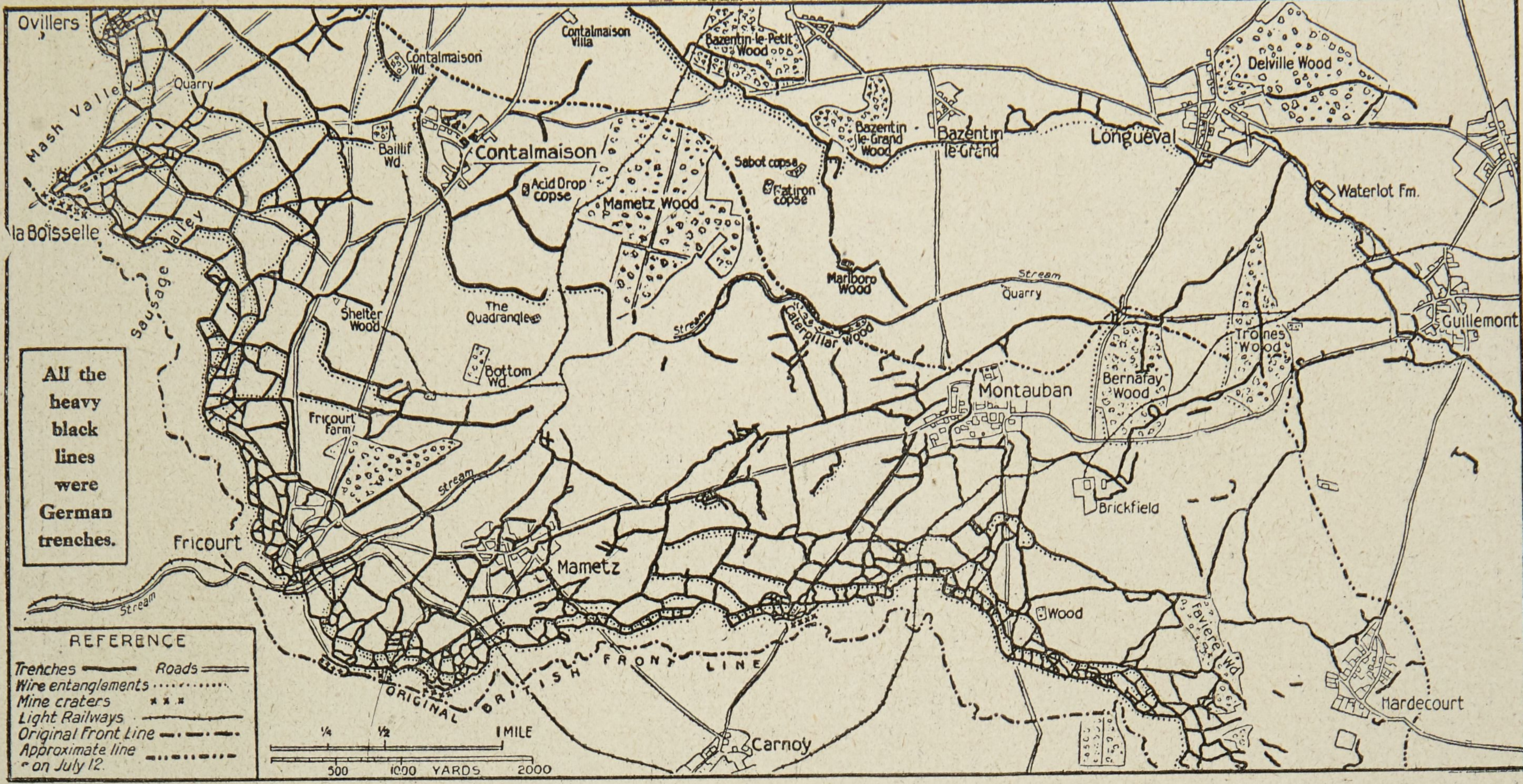
Cavalry in Action: Dragoons Move on the Foe



Getting horses ready to take their part in the great advance. Army steeds being watered at a roadside stream in France.

King's Dragoon Guards, the cavalry regiment which, with the Deccan Horse, was in action during the forward movement. The cavalry had anxiously awaited the day when the general move forward would give them their chance. Inset: Dragoons getting a machine-gun over a stream.

The Crippled Tentacles of the German First and Second Line



WITHOUT first-hand knowledge and experience, it is impossible to realise the complicated system of defences in siege warfare. If it were but a question of only three lines of trenches, the German growth in France and Belgium would long ago have been uprooted by our high explosives. The three German lines against which the British, with incredible courage, have hurled themselves since the First of July were, in reality, several lines, as shown in this official diagram. The German first front comprised an ingenious ant-like system of earthworks, involving in some parts as many as seven lines, at distances of one to three thousand yards. Running at right angles to these lines were communication and support trenches, and these travelled for great distances. Thus it was possible for the defenders to proceed several miles underground from the German first trench line to the ultimate end of the German third-line communication. A strong wire entanglement was erected before each individual line, and all the villages involved in this system of tentacles were fortified and served as "keeps." The second line of German defences only began at Contalmaison Villa, Longueval, and Guillemont. It is interesting and gratifying to note that the German second line is by no means as strong and complicated as the first. Up to July 18th the British had advanced into and beyond the German second "system" as far as Delville Wood.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

JACK CORNWELL AND SOME OTHERS

THE photo-group of the war heroes of the allied nations, which was presented as a supplement with the hundredth number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, will be kept, one may suppose, by very many people besides the relatives and personal friends of the hundred men and women whose faces look out from the close-filled page. The pictured company is one that sends thought travelling down many a long line. Its interest is inexhaustible. It holds material of history, of great drama, and of romance enough to fill as many volumes as there are figures in the group. It offers a study in types that might occupy the psychologist for long days, and employ the brush of the portrait painter for all the remainder of his time. Innumerable are the articles, essays, books, plays and poems, epic and elegiac, suggested by the individual faces and by the many combinations of faces that may be made haphazard.

JUST one, perhaps, of those articles may be offered legitimately to the periodical that published the supplement, the more so because it arises from a conversation that actually was held as a result of the picture hanging in the room. A good many points had been touched on—the distinctive stamp given to the men of the British Navy by their clean shaving; the general impression of forcefulness given by the physiognomy of these people; the steadiness of their regard, with, very commonly, a quite exceptional fixity of attention; the high order of intelligence manifest behind the courage; and so on. And presently someone, turning away, remarked: "Well, it illustrates the old saying that 'You never know your luck.' I bet those two chaps never dreamed of having their portraits printed alongside of a bunch of kings and queens and what not." And he pointed to the splendidly cheery face of Seaman Samson smiling from above the aigrette of King Peter of Serbia, and to the resolute countenance of Drummer Bent, equidistant from King Peter and from King Albert of Belgium and the Grand Duke Nicholas.

ONE can imagine the seaman and the drummer assenting with a laugh, and then dismissing the subject from their modest, because brave, minds; but it was, nevertheless, one of those chance remarks which drift on the wind like feather-borne seeds to fall somewhere and develop their own purpose in due course. It is an unusual thing for men not holding high commissioned rank in the British Services to find themselves included in Royal company. It is even an unusual thing for men to rise from the ranks of the British Services to positions of high rank which would render their inclusion there not unlikely; more unusual than for men belonging to the services of Continental Powers, where conscription is the rule, and every man begins his service in the lowest rank.

SEAMAN SAMSON and Drummer Bent would very likely protest that it was merely "luck," and point for corroboration to the editorial note above the key to the portraits, which says that "other names will readily occur." "There," they would say, "it's just luck that ours were not omitted from the hundred." And that, of course, is plausible, with the important reservation that the note goes on to say that none of the portraits given could justly be omitted. But "luck" finds no place in our philosophy. It was not just "luck" that these brave men won the Victoria Cross; not just "luck" that other men who did acts as brave were not observed in the turmoil, and so did not receive the recognition of the cross; and it was not just "luck" that decided the inclusion of the portraits of this seaman and this drummer in this plate. These things are brought about by higher processes than blind chance. It is very meet and right, as the old words have it, that these two men should figure in this great company, and it is an object-lesson to the whole wide world.

SINCE the plate was prepared we have heard the name of John Cornwell, mentioned in Sir John Jellicoe's despatch for the example of courage and devotion to duty which he gave to the whole Fleet by remaining at his post when he was the sole survivor of the gun team at his station, and when he was himself mortally wounded. We have no means or measure by which to conjecture the thoughts that passed through the mind of that young lad as he stood there, almost certainly knowing that he was hurt to death, amid that inferno of noise, watching a spectacle that for sheer awfulness was unprecedented in the history of the world. In conditions so entirely abnormal thought can hardly be normal, and it is highly improbable that the boy had sufficiently clear recollection of his own to be able to give any coherent account of it before he died. We may be sure, however, that no idea of himself as a world hero entered into his mind. And then he died, and was buried by his mourning mother unostentatiously, because she shrank from the idea of a public ceremony, and not until the earth had been laid over his body in the common grave did the country for which he died know even that he had existed.

IS that "luck," good or bad? And is it "luck" now that his mother has been prevailed upon to consent to a reinterment of her dead son, to be accompanied with full naval honours and the immense publicity which will be inevitable? And if "luck," luck for whom? No, surely, surely all this comes about well and wisely for every one of us. Why, the very circumstances that at first seemed regrettable, the omission, from whatever reason, to do honour to a brave lad, will only heighten the honour when it comes to be paid, and spread wider and farther the lesson of his fine example, which else might have been interred with his bones. Cornwell, too, like Samson and Bent, like Kitchener of Khartoum and Elizabeth Queen of the Belgians, like every other figure portrayed on this historic plate, simply did his day's duty, his day's work, with a single mind to that, and each and all of them have only been a little surprised to find the great word "hero" perpetually appended to their name.

THAT is how imperishable honour and reputation are won—just by doing one's job conscientiously and entirely forgetting oneself during the process. The man who thinks first of himself is bound to have himself between his job and himself; he is his own obstacle, and must fail. The thought that should be suggested by the faces of Drummer Bent, V.C., and of Seaman Samson, V.C., looking steadily out of this plate should not be "You never know your luck," rather should it be the thought expressed by someone in a sonnet on Shakespeare, that he was only the

> "Greatest of those who wrought with soul aflame
> At honest, daily toil, then found it fame."

C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

A Notable Anniversary

AUGUST 1st is the anniversary—the 157th—of one of the great battles of the British Army. On that day, in 1759, the Battle of Minden was fought, and even in these stirring times the story of the six British regiments that fought there merits remembrance. Like Balaclava, the affair was the result of a misunderstanding; and like Balaclava again, it was fought against the gallant soldiers of a nation with whom we are now happily allied. The six British regiments were formed up in two lines, three in each, and through an error in the delivery of a message they moved forward before the time, before the British guns had had a chance of shaking the French massed between the Weser and a morass. As ordered, the scarlet line advanced with drums beating, and soon they came under a heavy cross-fire from the French guns. Still they marched proudly on, quite unsupported. Then the French cavalry swept down, but waiting until they were only ten yards away, the British met them with a volley which threw them into confusion. The second line of the French horsemen then came on, but they, too, met the same fate; and pressing steadily forward our men at last came to the French infantry, who were only pushed back after a hard fight. All this time the British cavalry had remained motionless. Its leader, Lord George Sackville, refused to give the order to advance, and so the glory of the day remained with the infantry alone.

Hats Off, Please!

THE Hon. John Fortescue, historian of the British Army, who has been selected to write an official history of the Great War, suggested recently that every British boy should be taught the names of the six Minden regiments, so that, in case he ever has the good fortune to meet one of them anywhere, he may take off his hat to it. Here they are. In the first line there were the 12th (now the Suffolks), the 37th (now the Hampshires), and the 23rd (now the Royal Welsh Fusiliers). The second line consisted of the 20th (now the Lancashire Fusiliers), the 51st (now the Yorkshire Light Infantry), and the 25th (now the King's Own Scottish Borderers). Altogether they were 4,434 strong when they attacked, and in the fight they lost 78 officers and 1,252 men. The heaviest losses fell, not, as one might expect, upon the three regiments in the first line, but upon the two on the right—the 12th on the right of the first line, and the 20th on the right of the second. The reason for this was the position of the French guns. The 12th had 302 killed and wounded, and the 20th had 322.

The Super-Pecksniff

SATAN reproving sin affords no more staggering spectacle to normal humanity than that of the Hun publicist prating of German "morality." The setting up of wooden idols in the market-places of the Fatherland, the supersession by the All-Highest of the Iron Cross for the Cross of Calvary, are examples of congenital superstition or mere blasphemy. The attempt to confuse the issue between what is moral and what is immoral is an outrage against universal speech of which only a super-Pecksniff could be guilty. The precious "moral qualities" and "mental and psychic composition" of the leaders of the German Army are now employed in dragooning the Belgian villagers into tending the sick and wounded murderer and oppressor. They are displayed in shooting the wounded, in abuses of clemency in the battlefield that would disgrace the Yahoos, in chaining the "common" soldiers of the Prussian military Moloch to their machine-guns. Stark savagery never went further than this.

"By Their Fruits"

WHITHER the doctrines inculcated by German "morality" lead is more simply eloquent in records of the Somme battles than any language at the command of the Hun publicist. He, blindly or of set purpose, is throwing dust into the eyes of the more honest or less "kultured" of his countrymen. One item of evidence in support of this contention may be cited. Second-Lieutenant Philip Wedgwood, of the Royal Irish Rifles, came to a dug-out where there were some twenty Germans. He might have killed them, but instead offered them their lives if they would come out and surrender. They did so, and all came out. Wedgwood then turned his back for a moment, when one of the Germans shot him dead. One may be sorry for this German, but not for his teachers. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Military Medal for Women

SINCE Florence Nightingale defied the Early Victorian conventions and went to the Crimea on her errand of mercy, the value of feminine service in war time has developed to an undreamt-of extent. The work and devotion of women in the hospital, on the field, and in the munition shops is quite as worthy of official recognition as that of their brothers in the trenches. The decision, therefore, to confer the Military Medal on women, "whether subjects or foreign persons, who have shown bravery and devotion under fire," is as gratifying as the new, if belated, gold stripes for the wounded and the badge of honour for those returning to civil life.

Animals Under Shell Fire

THE proverbial sphinx-like imperturbability of cats is once again demonstrated by the fact that pussy is the only quadruped known to face shells without a natural feeling of trepidation. Even after two years of devastating bombardment, Ypres, the dead city of the Flanders plain, still boasts a number of cats which prowl and flourish in this wilderness of calcined débris. Horses are more human, inasmuch as they are afraid of shells, but endeavour to show a bold front. Dogs are the greatest cowards, and the sound of a "Jack Johnson" sets them running as fast as their legs can carry them from the danger zone. Perhaps, however, the most unaffected of all natural life within sound of the guns are larks and sparrows. These birds treat a hurricane fire with aloofness and contempt, singing and chirping through all the din as if the uproar were but an uninvited accompaniment to their song.

How You May Help

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED can greatly assist the publishers in conforming with the Government restrictions as to the consumption of paper by ordering this journal to be supplied weekly by their regular newsagents, instead of buying it casually. In this way it is possible for the publishers more accurately to judge their weekly printing order, and thus avoid wastage as well as prevent disappointment.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

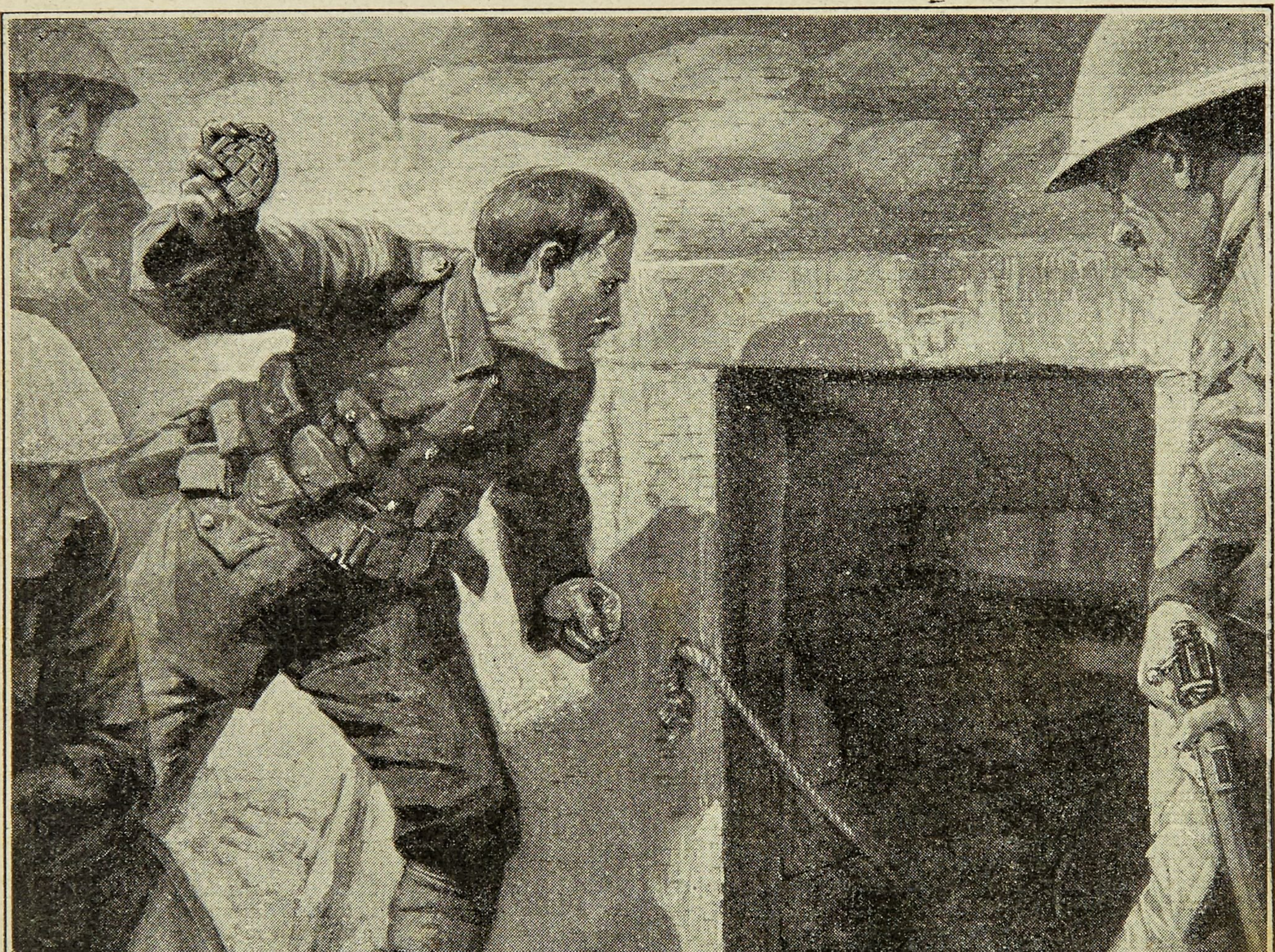
The War Illustrated, August 5th, 1916.

Regd as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

Our Sailors as I Know Them, by Lady Beatty

The War Illustrated

2D Weekly



Vol. 4

Dug-out Warfare in the Great Advance: Bomb and Bayonet Ready for Lurking Foes

No. 103

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE second anniversary of the war finds Britain better prepared and with better reason for good hope than ever before. The first year was our year of awakening; the second year was in the main one of preparation; the third year promises to be our year of harvest. We have had our disappointments and disasters. Many hopes confidently entertained at the beginning of the war have proved false. We and our Allies have had our black chapters in our story—Poland, Serbia, Gallipoli, and Mesopotamia. Yet to-day Britain, Russia, and France are stronger and in better positions than they have ever been. Russia's new seven millions of splendidly equipped fighting men, Britain's four millions, and France's entire manhood in arms are now making their force fully felt. We have wrested the initiative from the enemy. East and west we are exerting a steadily growing pressure.

Depression in Enemy Ranks

Even the Germans are beginning to recognise this. Nothing has been more remarkable in the large number of letters found on German prisoners captured in the recent fighting than the note of depression and war weariness running through them. One finds the same note in the German Press. "The hour has come when we must clench our teeth and summon all our power of determination, for the situation is grave," wrote the Bremen "Weser Zeitung" recently, and went on to deplore the impossibility of abandoning the Verdun offensive, the paralysis of the Austrian move against Italy, and the insignificance of the Turkish action in Persia. "And now the British and French are hard upon us on the Somme, the Russians are upon us from Riga to Rumania, and the Anglo-Boers in East Africa. Valona is tying up the Austrians and Hungarians, Salonika the Bulgarians, and the Suez Canal the Turks. Nor are they making any progress worth mentioning." For the first time since August, 1914, a feeling of apprehension is spreading over the German people.

On the Somme the progress of our armies is now necessarily slow, but continues to be satisfactory. We cannot expect to have no temporary set-backs. Our progress is slow because we are "up against" unfavourable weather, country well suited for defence, and a strongly entrenched foe. The German positions immediately fronting us at Pozières and the Bois des Foureaux are placed in undulating, well-wooded country, rising with numerous dips and gullies towards commanding crests. We have been fighting our way so far up-hill. The Germans are naturally doing everything that they can to prevent us from seizing the commanding heights, such as the Bois des Foureaux.

Elaborate German Defences

The woods are defended by trenches, by wire entanglements, by pits, by mines, and by every device known to war. Each point is guarded by machine-guns, so placed behind as to sweep the lines of advance. As we approach the heights of the ridge we have to fight almost foot by foot. The enemy has had time to bring up still stronger reinforcements and still more guns, and the long, hard battle continues day after day. But it continues with ever growing advantages for us. Strong German counter-attacks, made with an absolute disregard of cost in life, have had no more than temporary success. We are moving on and on, strengthening our gains on the flanks and advancing our front. Even before these lines are published the commanding ridges will probably be in British hands. Advance then may well be more rapid, for the advantage of position will be with us. The fighting of the past month has markedly shown the superiority of the Briton as an individual fighter over the enemy. The German fights well. I have yet to meet the soldier who denies this. He shows courage—often a very high degree of courage—stubbornness, and discipline. There are cases of cowardice among the enemy, as for instance the case of a colonel who was found in a dug-out forty feet below the trenches while his men were fighting above, but they are exceptional. Some sections of the enemy are better than others. The Bavarians have won our respect by the fierceness of their sustained resistance. But good as the enemy is, every day's fighting has shown that ours are the better men. Our young soldiers, who a year ago were clerks in Liverpool, shopmen in Manchester, farm hands in Lincolnshire, warehousemen in London, and the like, are revealing a daring, a resourcefulness, a power of initiative, and resistless fighting fury that enable them to accomplish the apparently impossible. The British soldier never had any doubt about being the better man.

Russia's Splendid Millions

We have reached the climax of the fighting for the first series of enemy defences. The French under General Foch are co-operating with us and continue to advance south of the Somme. The French armies in Champagne are being further reinforced by fresh Russian troops who recently arrived at Brest.

It will be interesting to see if the Allies attempt to prevent a further concentration of German forces at the Somme by a serious offensive at some other point along the line, or whether they will ignore this concentration, confident of their strength to batter a way clean through any armies Germany can bring to bear here.

The position of the Russian front both north and south of the Pripet Marshes gives rise to some speculation. The enormous Russian armies, the largest in number and the most splendidly equipped Russia has ever had, continue to manœuvre for positions. A certain number of minor successes are reported. Day after day we hear of bodies of the enemy, sometimes as many as 10,000 or 12,000, taken prisoners. But the fighting, so far, has been mainly the preliminary moves for greater battles ahead.

From Riga to Volhynia

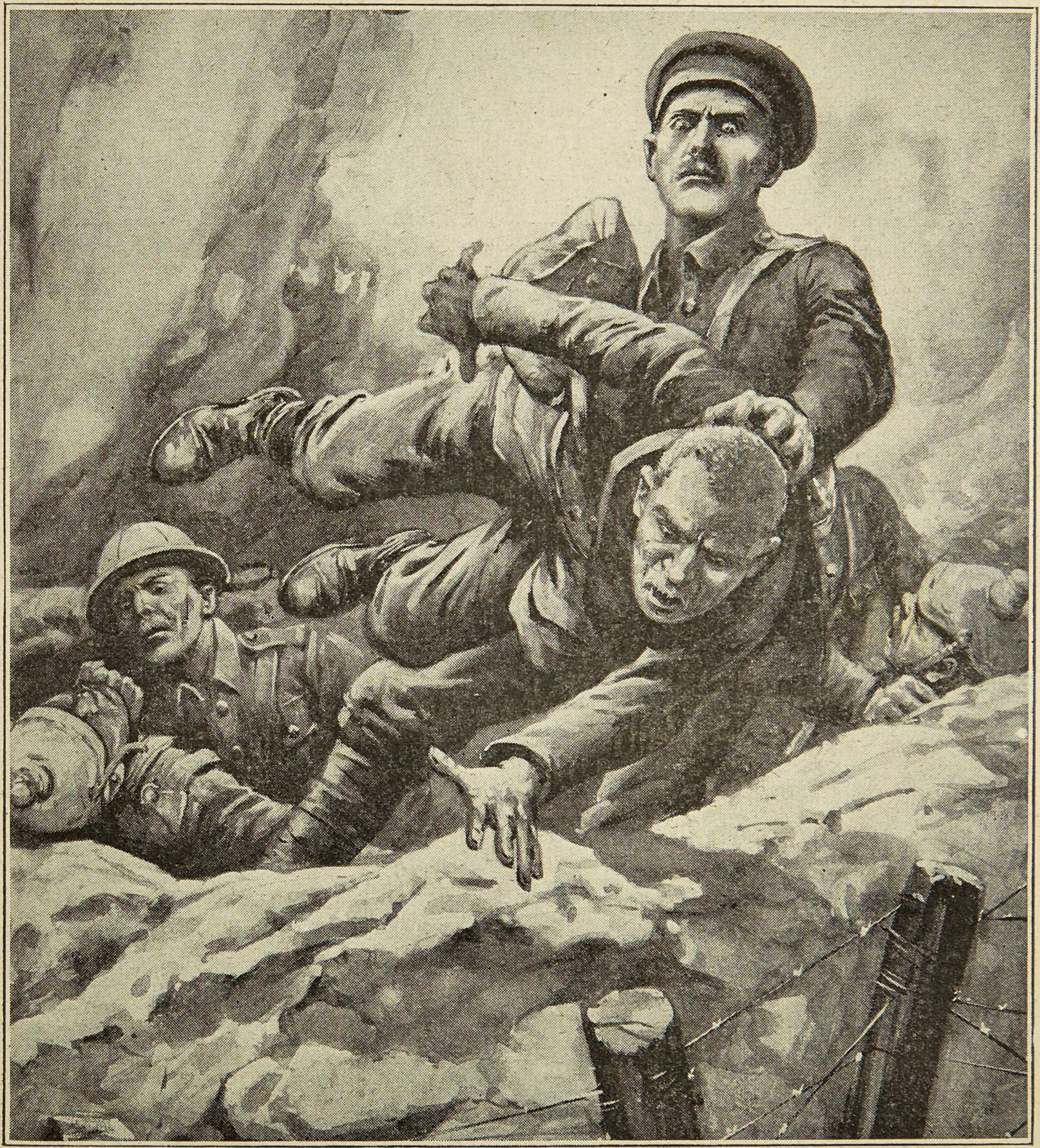
The Russians have not yet succeeded in capturing any really vital German or Austrian position on either front. Kovel still remains in German hands, and General Bothmer still holds his lines on the Strypa, although his avenues of retreat are being threatened.

The enemy, north and south, on the eastern front are being severely pressed. Where they expected a triumphant advance they have been thrown on the defensive. Where they hoped to sweep through Russian territory they find themselves retiring upon secondary positions and only holding on—sometimes apparently by the skin of their teeth—to their main points. Any day now may bring news of great battles on the eastern front, greater than any this year has yet given us. Kuropatkin's armies are striking at Hindenburg in the Riga sector. In the centre Russia and Germany are swaying to and fro like master wrestlers at the height of a great struggle. In the south Brussiloff's armies continue their attack on their greatly strengthened enemy with the same irresistible zeal with which they first smashed into the Austrian front.

5th August, 1916. No. 103. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD of Events by Land, Sea and Air. Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON



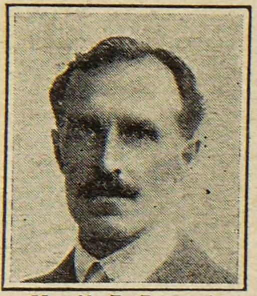
"A SPLENDID SCRUM."—On July 14th, at Bazentin-le-Petit, an English regiment stormed a trench and actually tackled the Germans with bare hands. An officer who was there said he never saw anything finer in his life. "Never was such a splendid scrum. One big section commander of mine was like a terrier with rats. He smashed them down, grabbed them by the breeches and the neck, and chucked them back over the parapet to roll down into the remains of their own wire."

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

A NIGHT AFFAIR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

How British Daring Foiled a German Surprise

By H. F. Prevost Battersby



Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby

MR. H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY, the brilliant war correspondent of the "Morning Post," was educated for the Army at Woolwich and at Sandhurst, whence he passed to a commission in the Royal Irish Rifles. He represented his paper throughout the South African War (being twice wounded), and in Somaliland, and he is now representing it in Flanders, where he was wounded recently. Under his pen name of "Francis Prevost" he has published two volumes of poetry, works on hockey—in which game he played for the South against the North on five occasions—and many novels. Author, traveller, big-game hunter, and all-round sportsman, Mr. Prevost Battersby has enjoyed a varied career. His identity with the brilliant novelist "Francis Prevost" must not lead our readers to suppose that this present story is a piece of fiction; it is cast in fictional form because that helps to bring the thrilling adventure before the mind with more vivid actuality, but it is really a narration of fact.

HENRY ALTON looked at his colonel with a certain mild surprise. None of his surprises were ever more than that.

"Yes," said his C.O. "It is, as I told you, rather off the usual line, but the Chief sees no other way of doing it. He doesn't want to waste the men on a raid, and besides, you know how little one learns from them of what the Boche is up to."

Briefly, the job was to discover what in the way of mining the enemy was doing. Along this stretch of the front mining on both sides was the chief amusement. Very little, so far, had actually come of it, but nothing is more trying to the steadiness of men who have much else to try them than the muffled tick, tick of a hostile pick at some unknown depth beneath them, with the certainty at no distant date of being dismembered in the air or buried alive under the débris of one's own parapet.

Alton was therefore asked to discover where the mine shafts started in the German lines, and the direction they took. How he was to do that, no one, including himself, had the least idea. He was not a soldier by profession, having been, till past thirty, a bank clerk in a Midland town, and, having a wife and child and no money, had tried for as long as he could to think that Britain could do without him. He had enlisted, but found himself after five months' service a first lieutenant. He was the sort of man men trust, and having captained a famous football team, knew how to handle them.

To go with him on this occasion he chose a small, quick-witted Cockney of his own company, called Smith, on the strength of his ability to think quicker and go through smaller gaps than himself.

The thing had, of course, to be done at night, and they waited at the sally-port—a dignified name for the little tunnel that burrowed under the parapet and out beyond the barbed-wire—for enough darkness to conceal their movements. They each had revolvers, which they did not mean to use, and, fastened by a loop to their right wrists, the handle of an entrenching tool up to the top of which had been slipped a cogged circlet of iron, guaranteed to crush the hardest of Square-head skulls.

Rain and an Ill Wind

Grey blankets were draped like Crusaders' cloaks from their shoulders, to mask their outlines when they had to flatten themselves against the ground to cheat the German flares. There was the usual dreary drizzle of rain, that smeared the sides of the trenches with slime, and made the bottom boards slippery as an ice-slide. The rain was all to the good; the soft drift of it would dull as much of the sentry's ears as it had not hunted under his coat collar, but the wind that brought it was the wrong way, west by south, carrying sounds to the enemy.

The man who was thrust into such an enterprise was taking his life in his hands, in his finger-tips one might say, so insecure was the holding; but where that is done by so many, it loses all its picturesqueness. There was no "warm grip of a hand" to speed him on his way. There was no warmth anywhere a yard away from the braziers that chilly night. A certain length of the front line had to be warned of his adventure, so that he should not be fired on going and returning, otherwise no one would have paid any particular heed to him. He did not expect them to. He had seen men, shaving by a periscope mirror, just crook their bodies forward to make room for a casualty carried away in a blanket, without troubling to look to see if it was one of their pals. He did not even know the subaltern who gave him a careless nod of farewell at the sally-port. He had been away on a week's leave, and there were a lot of new faces. That was the way of the Army, always renewing itself like a tree; old leaves fell, new ones sprouted; the tree remained.

Flares and Rifle Shots

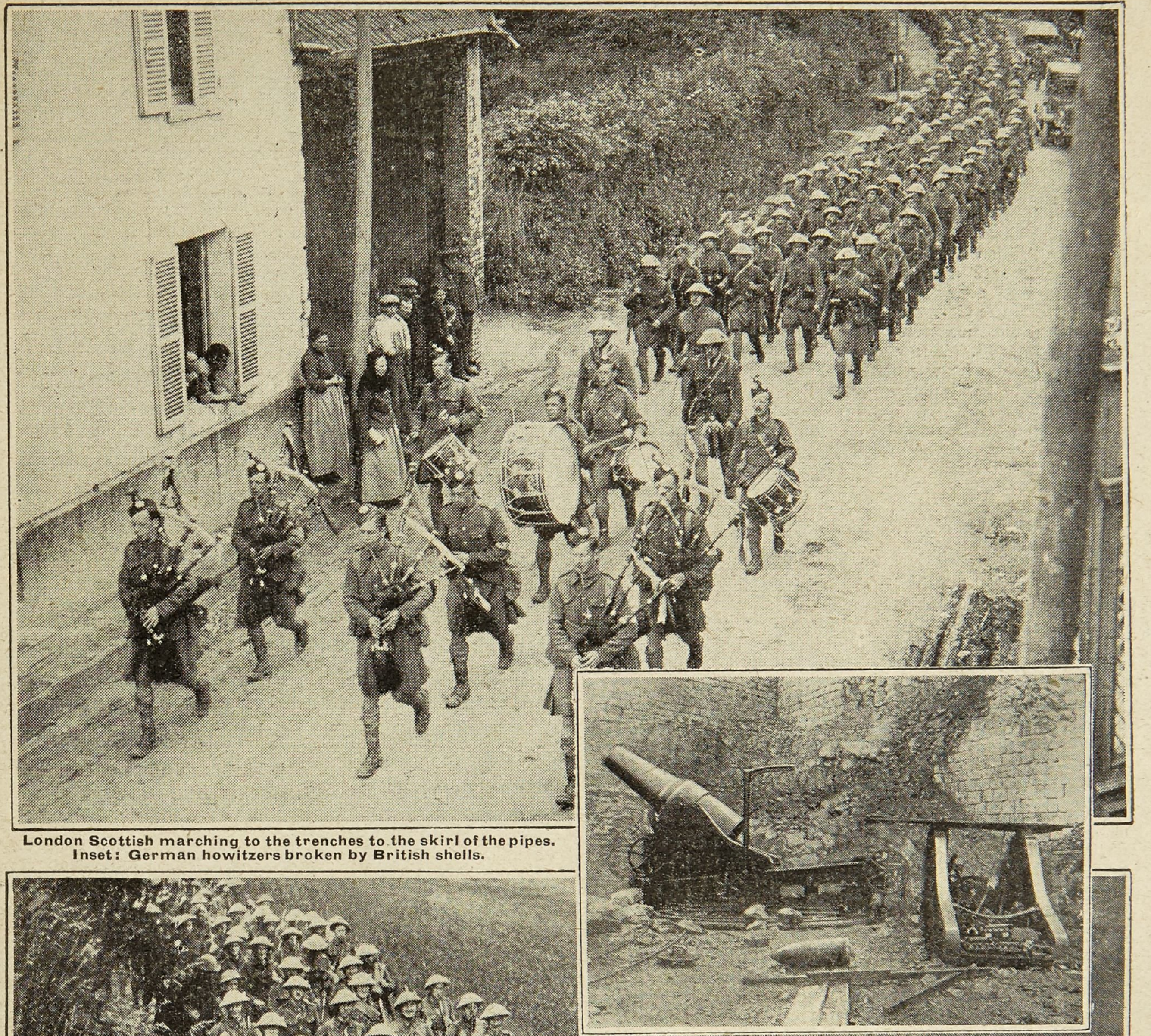
Clear of the slimy little tunnel, he looked carefully about him, only his head raised. Here and there the quick crack of a rifle told of vigilant or nervous eyes strained across that uninhabitable country into which he was come, and flares, like flowers of white flame opening in the air, were beginning to outline the battle frontier for leagues on either hand.

His idea was to find some unseen way into the German trenches. He had really only a hazy idea of what he expected. He would crawl along the entanglements, hoping that, in the glare of the Véry lights, some dark port of entry might reveal itself. Then, if he could get into the trench, he would have to grope about among its defenders—who were fortunately known to be few—till he found what might pass for a mine-shaft. It all seemed very vague and unpromising; but other men had done it.

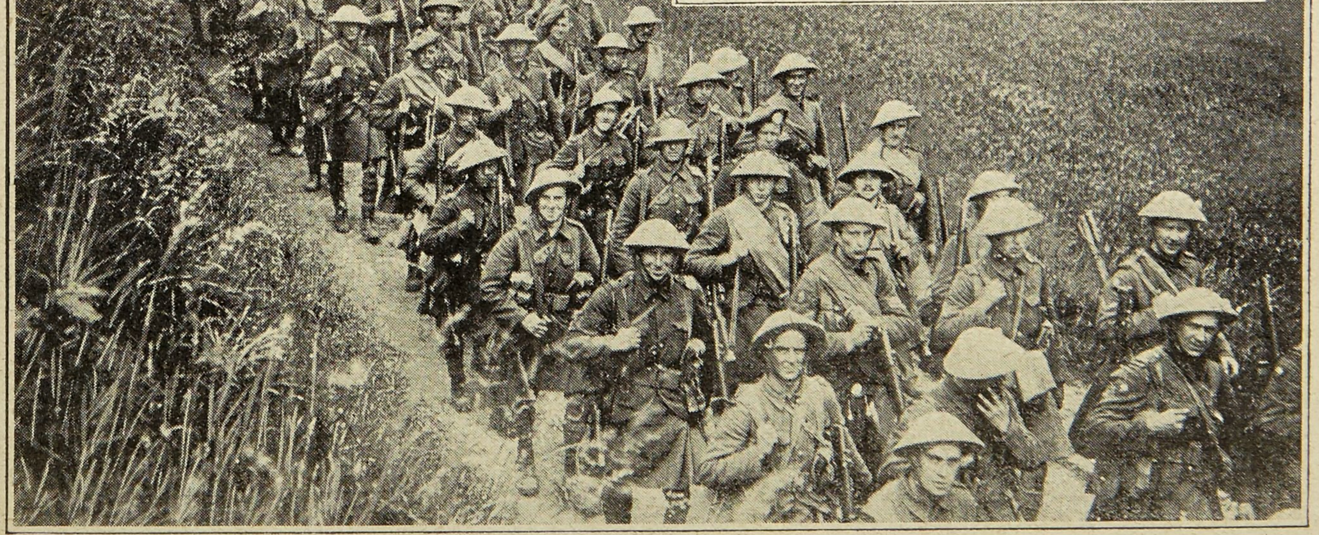
He crawled along in the rain, the Cockney youth behind him, the blankets trailing over their backs, all the front of their bodies from their chins to their toes soaked from being pressed for concealment at every flare-burst into the soggy ground. As they crawled, even with outspread palms, their arms sank to the elbows and the slush closed over their knees. The rain dulled their hearing, but once, when stopping to listen, they were aware of whispering voices. They flattened themselves into the mud at once, and Alton, his hands cupped over his wet ears, could make out the speech to be German. The trenches here were far enough apart for night patrols to be used, and when they met, fierce, stabbing, throttling fights ended in one or other being finished off in silence. While wondering if he dared make such a fight for it, there was a soft rush in the air above them, and, before the flare burst, the mud quaked with the precipitation into it of the German patrol, too big a one obviously for two men to tackle.

[Continued on page 580

London Scottish Advance to the Pipers' Tune



London Scottish marching to the trenches to the skirl of the pipes.
Inset: German howitzers broken by British shells.



The steel casque in place of the glengarry. London Scottish on the way to the fighting zone equipped from head to foot. Highland soldiers are perhaps the most popular Britons, among General Haig's armies, in the land of our Gallic ally.

NIGHT AFFAIR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

(*Continued from page* 578.)

The Germans lay grunting and muttering for several minutes, only a few yards away; then crept on cautiously towards the British lines, one of them actually stumbling over Smith's foot, which he took, no doubt, for one of the many that would never move again from that country.

About thirty yards farther on, while still crawling, Alton felt the ground give way under his arms; the grass at which he grabbed proved to be lying loose about him, and his body slid forward till all of it had disappeared except one boot, to which his follower clung with a faithful pertinacity that almost foiled Alton's apoplectic efforts to free it.

The Secret Passage

He had fallen into what proved to be the end of a tunnel about four feet deep. Canvas had been laid across the opening, and strewn with grass and earth. The tunnel led towards the German lines, but could hardly be a mine-shaft, and was needlessly long for a sally-port.

Alton paused. The chances of his coming out of that burrow alive, if he went into it, were, he knew, small; but he was there for just the chance it offered, so, whispering to his companion to wait for him for a couple of hours before returning, he unstrapped the blanket from his shoulders, felt along the lanyard to the handle of his revolver, took a firmer grip of his knobkerrie, and began to grope his way with lowered shoulders through the gluey slush which clung half way to his knees. He listened after each thrust into it of his clotted feet, and heard presently above the queer conch-like hum of the tunnel, the drip of water. Caution, bred of the sound, and the swift thrust of his head against the roofing, saved him from mishap a moment later when his foot suddenly trod upon air. There was plainly some sort of a drainage hole in front of him, and after much wary balancing between the slimy walls he managed to bridge it with his long legs and again crept forward.

Ten yards farther on—they took him as many minutes—he heard a grunting which seemed to be human. The sound came nearer, but, while it still appeared to him some little way off, a heavy body lurched against him. He struck as he lost his balance, and buried his knobkerrie in the oozy wall. There was a splutter of Teutonic gutturals before he struck again, hitting this time a solid that was not mud. Something heavy fell forward against his stomach, and he felt fiercely for it with his hands, making out with desperate swiftness a man's head and shoulders, and fixing his fingers into the neck. There was no resistance, and, with the swift instinct that danger quickens, he crushed the thing in his hands down into the mud and held it there for a long two minutes. Then he felt for the rest of the body, and, pressing it down to the side out of his way, went on. He was not conscious of being upset, but had to stop because he was trembling. Killing a man in that dark, secretive fashion seemed somehow more like murder than war. A little farther on he thought his nerves were playing tricks for he began to see something red that came and went in that subterranean blackness.

It was a long time before he made it out to be the glow of a brazier near the end of the tunnel, and figures passing to and fro in front of it. He moved nearer, cautiously, and caught the murmur of voices. Nearer still, and he could hear what they said, and discriminate between shapes and shadows against the parados. He propped his back on the side of the tunnel and listened. The talk was spasmodic—the mere trench personalities that he knew so well. He waited half an hour, chilled to the marrow, biting his fingers to keep the blood in them. Then they began to talk of to-morrow. He knew German well, but not well enough to make out all they said; but it was clear that there was going to be some sort of sally the next day, and the outlet they were guarding had something to say to it. Then he tumbled suddenly to the meaning of that long tunnel.

By it, and others like it, the Boches were going after dark to get out into No Man's Land, close up to our wire, waiting there for their guns to demolish the parapet, knowing that when our guns replied they would be laid ineffectively to prevent a raid on their own empty trenches.

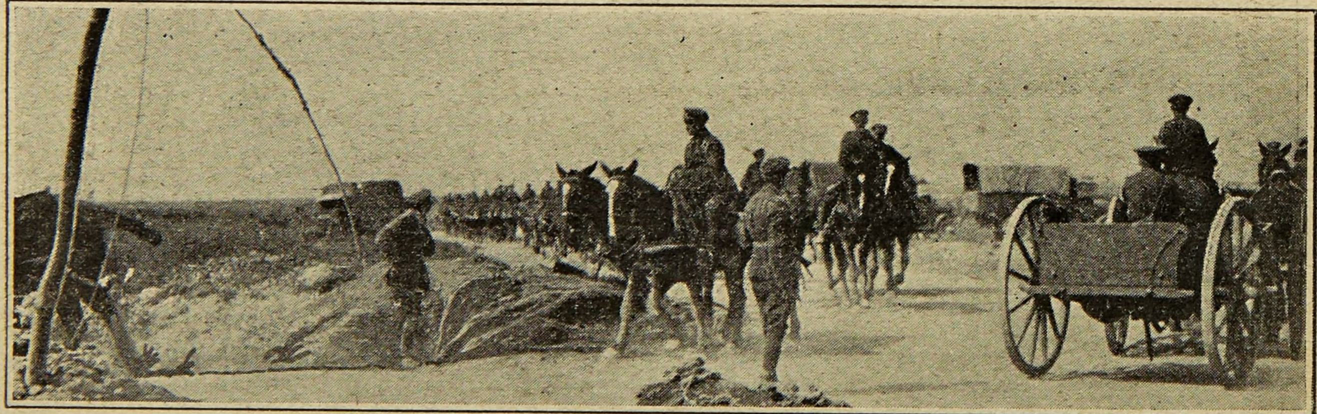
It was quite a new move in the game, and new moves paid; and the knowledge of it was much more important to his own people than any news of mine-shafts. As he turned stiffly to go, something was being hauled into the mouth of the tunnel, a machine-gun, perhaps. That gave a better chance to his stiffened joints to carry him out of danger. As he blundered along on them he fell over the dead German. Obviously he could not be left there, yet to drag him through that mud out of the tunnel was not to be thought of. Then Alton remembered the drainage pit. By an immense effort he pulled the body forward, and thrust it down into the hole, hearing with great relief the slime slushing down on top of it. Then suddenly a beam of light flashed past him. The men carrying the gun were using an electric torch. They saw him, but probably taking him for the comrade of whose corpse he had just disposed, only grunted something at him. He was soaked with sweat when he reached the entrance, and got a grip of the little Cockney's hand. The men behind were so near that they could not replace the covering of the tunnel. To leave it uncovered might give away their knowledge. Signing to Smith to imitate him, Alton spread himself by the mouth of the tunnel, his knobkerrie laid back to strike. A head appeared, then another; woollen caps on both.

The Work of the Knobkerrie

"Now!" he said, and struck. Fortunately Smith had selected the other. Both men had to be got out of the hole, by no means an easy job. Then they had to be dragged towards the British lines, so that their deaths might, when discovered, be attributed to an indiscretion. It was risky work, for either side might shoot. The bodies were at last laid near our wire, and then Alton, to run no risk, smashed in one of the skulls with his knobkerrie.

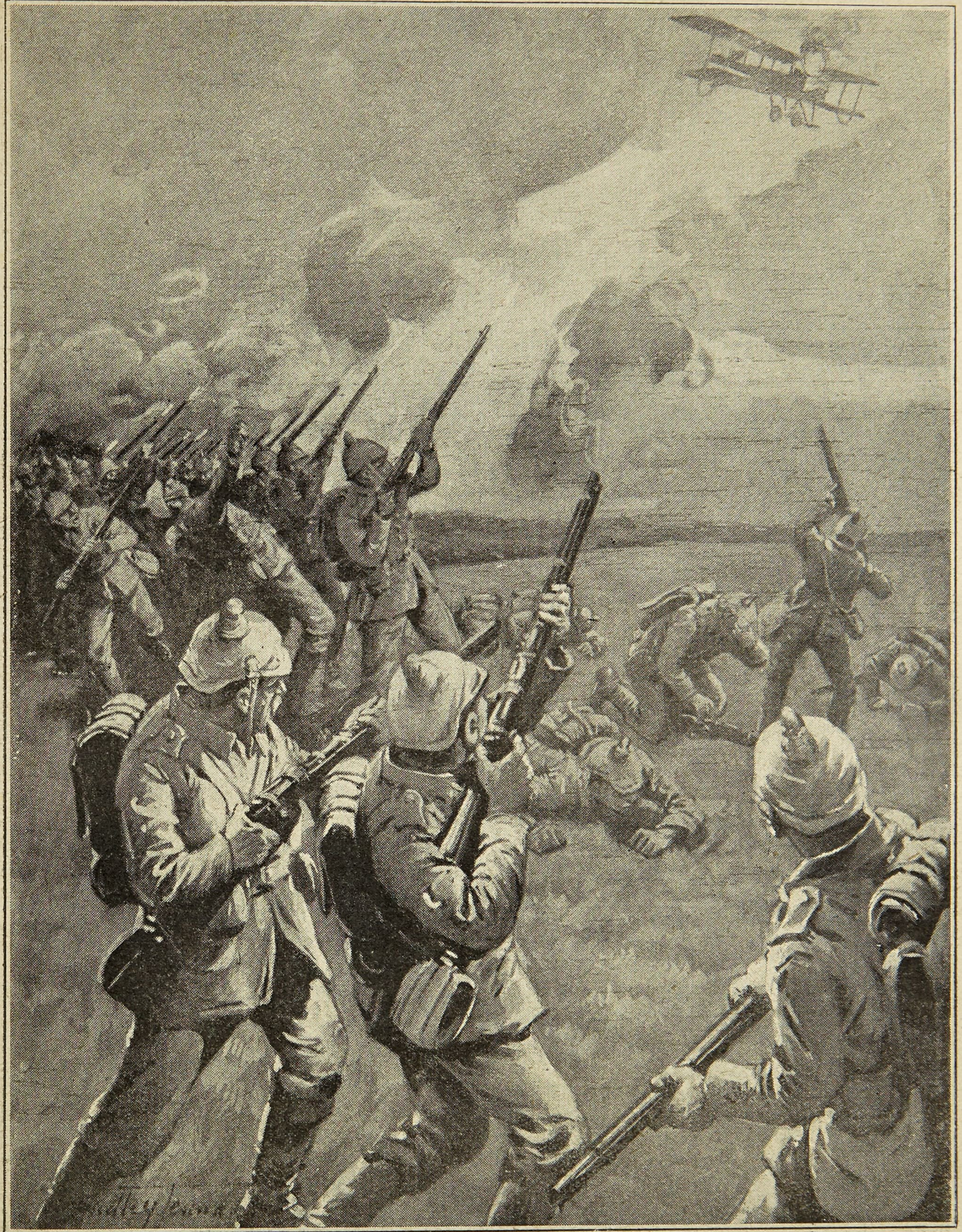
He was going to repeat the operation on the other when his companion saved him the trouble, with a blow into which he put an infinite relish. Ten minutes later they were again within their own lines with the news that would foil the enemy's raid on the morrow and carpet the sad spaces of No Man's Land with blue-grey uniforms.

Next Article: THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S FAITH IN THE UNSEEN
By Hamilton Fyfe



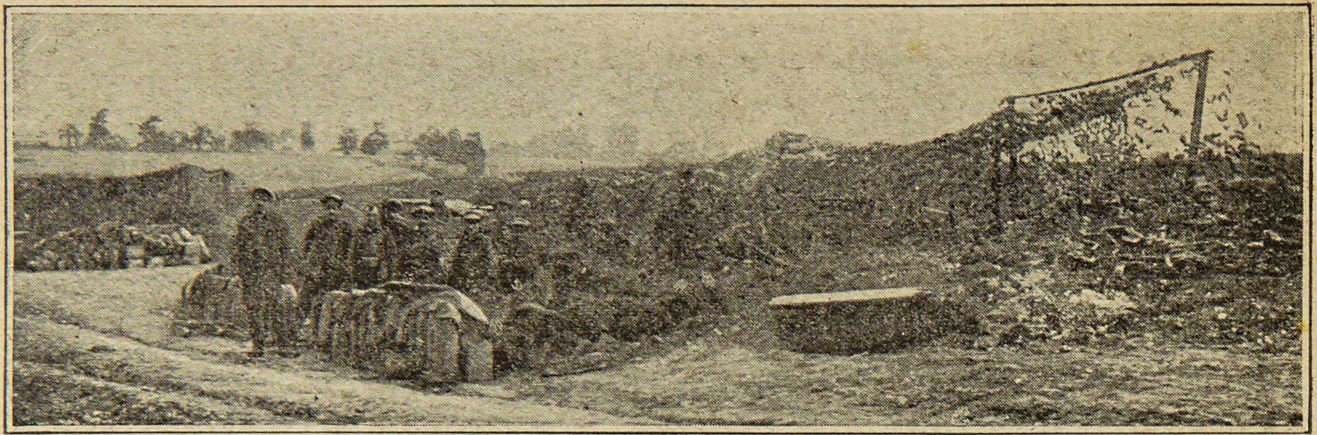
TRAFFIC CONTROL AT THE FRONT.—British troops moving along a main road during the course of a British advance in the west, with a military policeman on point duty in the middle of the road. (Official photograph.. Crown copyright reserved.)

R.F.C. Champion Attacks Prussian Battalion

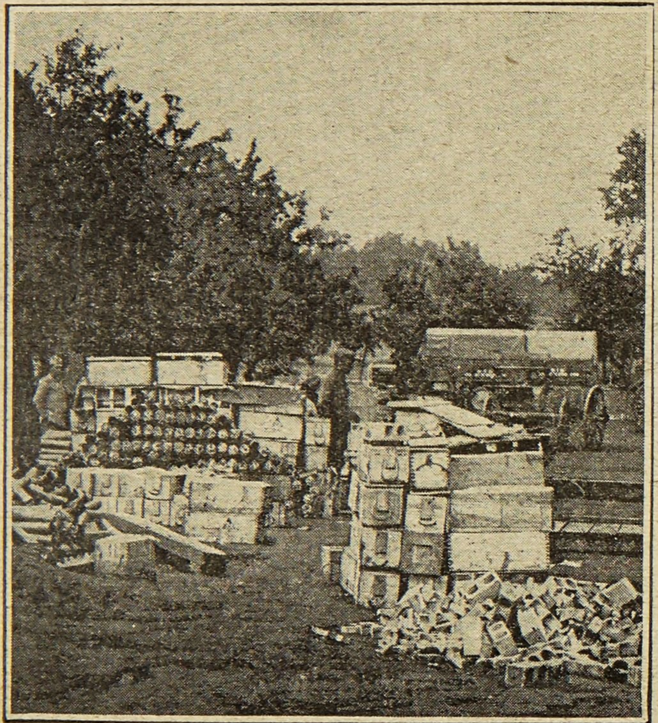


A wonderfully daring feat performed by a British airman was recorded from the region of hottest fighting in France. A battalion of the Prussian Guard was on its way to relieve some of its hard-pressed comrades when an aeroplane dropped to within three hundred feet and the observer began to enfilade the whole battalion with machine-gun fire. Scores of rifles were turned on the aeroplane, but the skilful pilot evaded the danger and soared triumphantly back to the British lines.

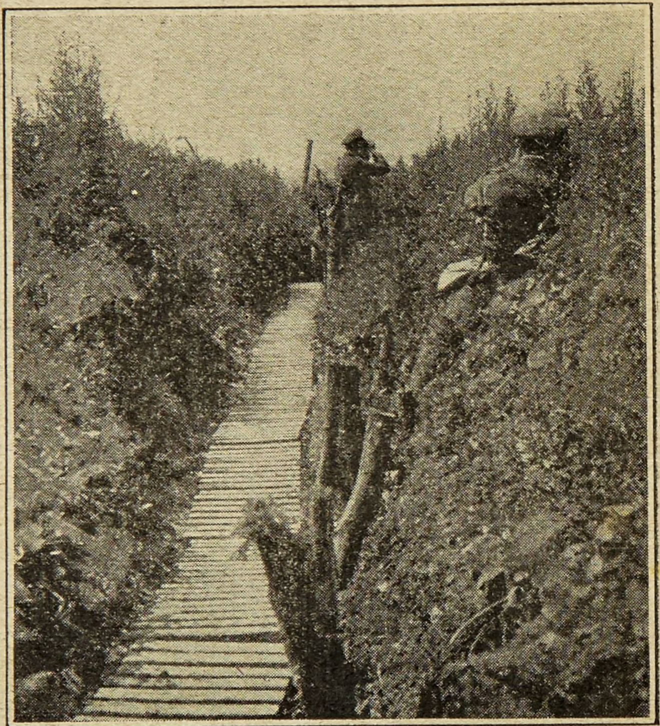
The Roar of Britain's Cannon Far and Wide



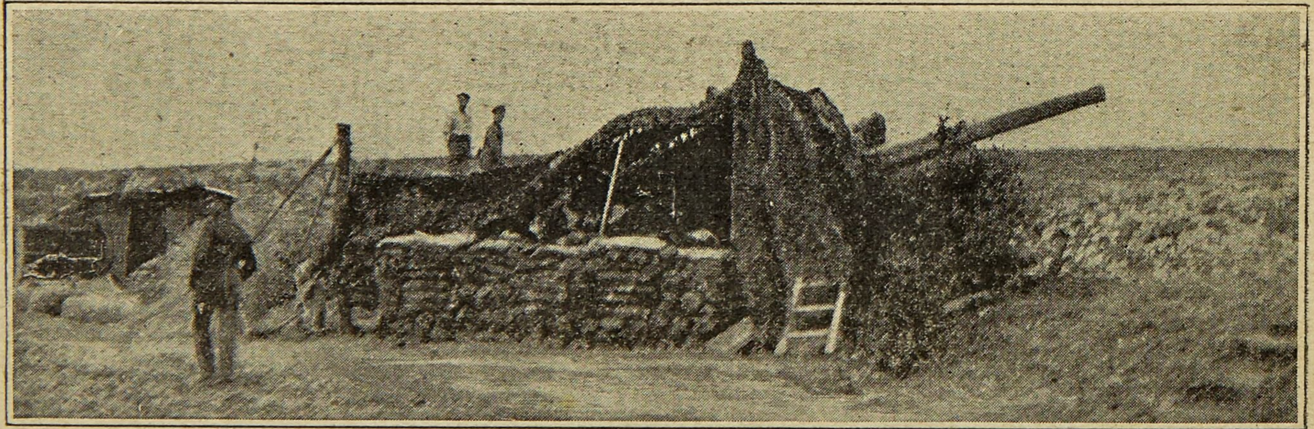
Invisible! Where one of the most powerful British howitzers daily barks defiance at the enemy. Note the enormous shells, which are covered with tarpaulins, and the typical British gun-crew facing the camera.



Ammunition dump. Returned empty 18-pounder cases in a park behind the Franco-British front.



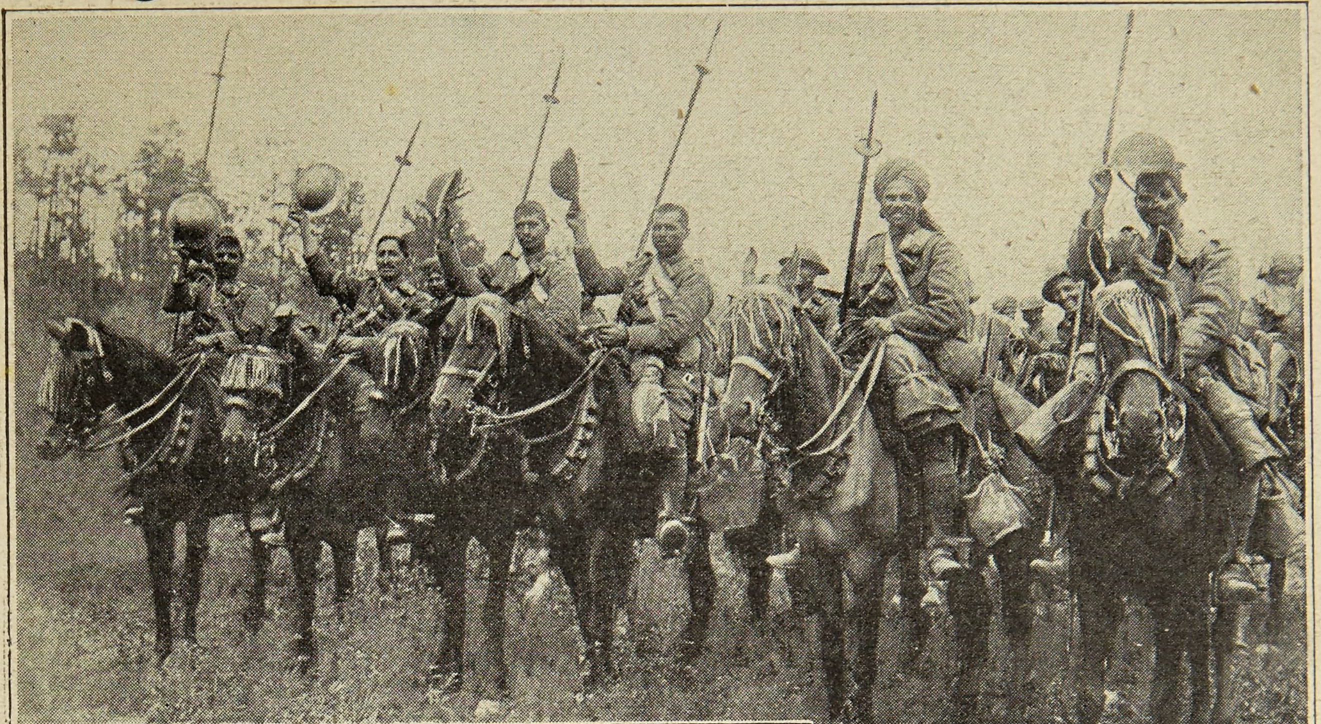
Profuse vegetation and flowers growing over a communication trench within a thousand yards of the first line.



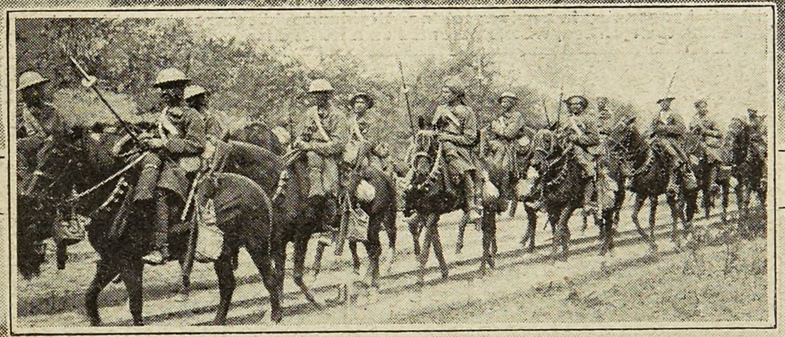
Big British gun in action. Save for the sombre barrel, the whole machine has been veiled with matting, and a strong barricade of earth-sacks has been erected on either flank to protect the gunners from flying splinters of enemy shells

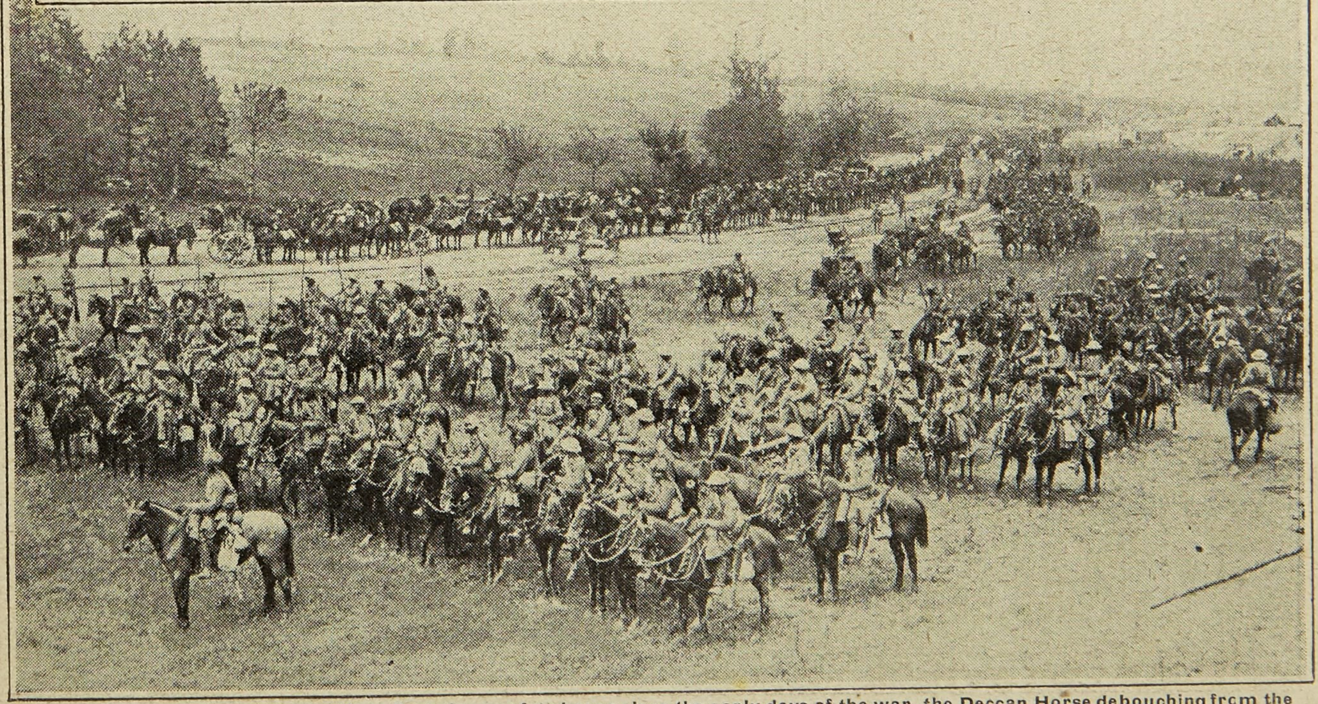
---

Charge of Deccan Horse at Foureaux Ridge



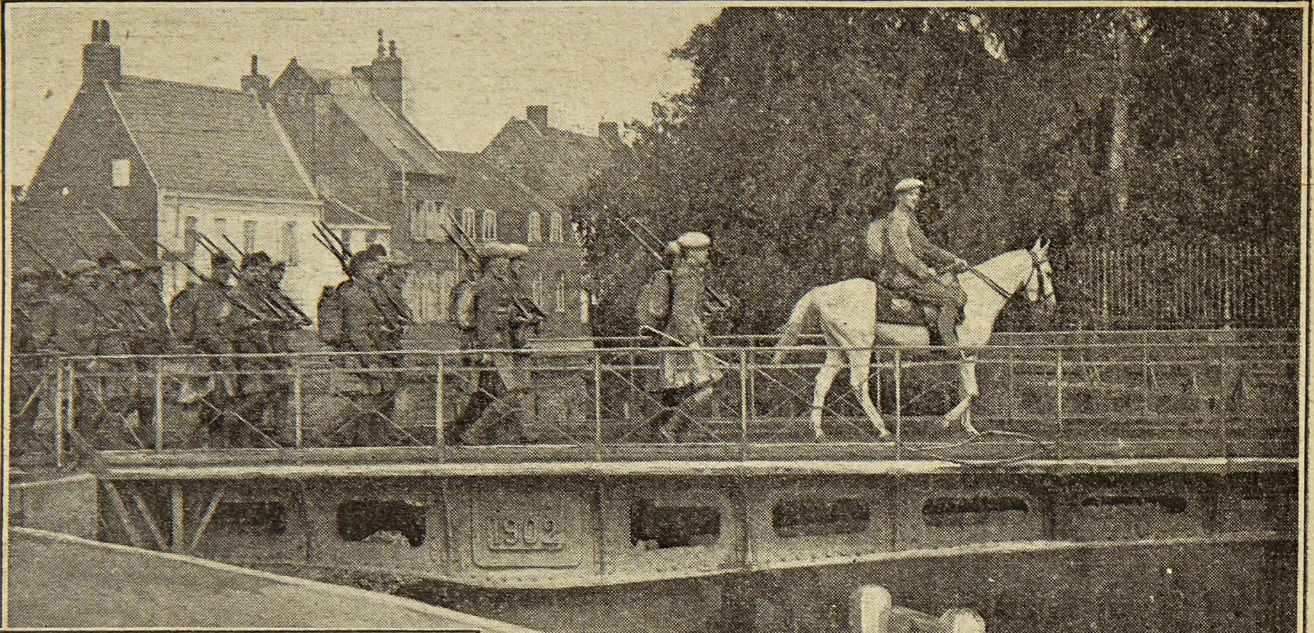
After the charge on July 14th. Deccan Horse pleased and elated with their performance.



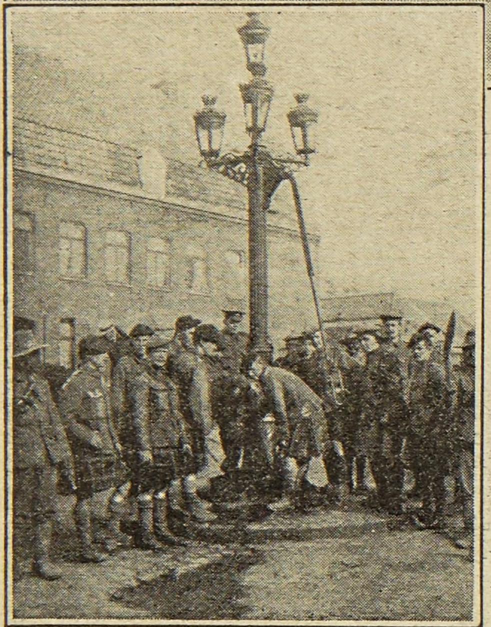


On July 14th British cavalry got their first chance of a charge since the early days of the war, the Deccan Horse debouching from the woods and riding down the enemy infantry, retreating through the cornfields. This striking impression shows the Deccan Horse awaiting orders to advance. The inset picture was taken while the Indian Lancers were on the move. (Official photographs.)

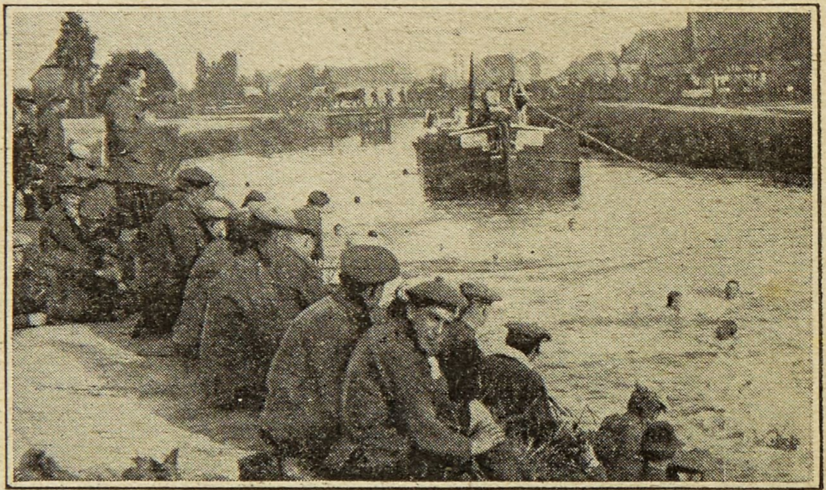
In Flanders Where the Empire Holds Tryst



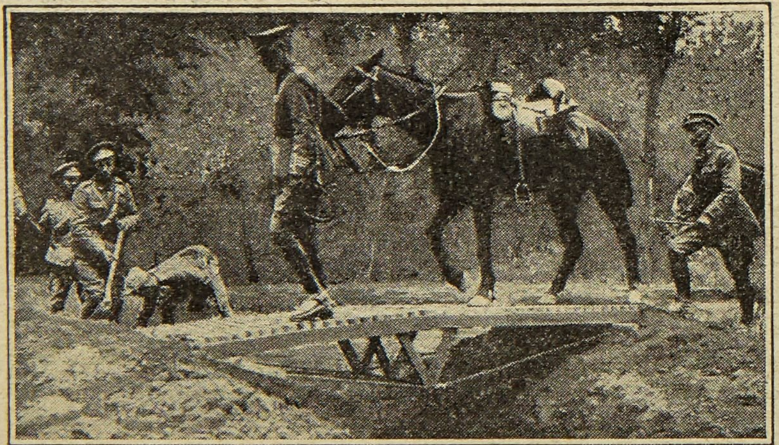
Martial pageantry in a sylvan setting. Highland soldiers crossing a Flemish canal behind their officer, who is mounted on a white charger. (Crown copyright.)



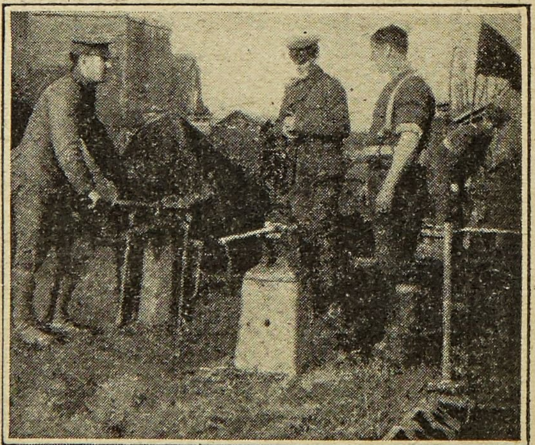
Seaforths and Gurkhas filling their water-bottles at a French village pump. (Crown copyright.)



A summer dip in perilous waters. Troops bathing in a French canal within the shelled area. (Crown copyright.)

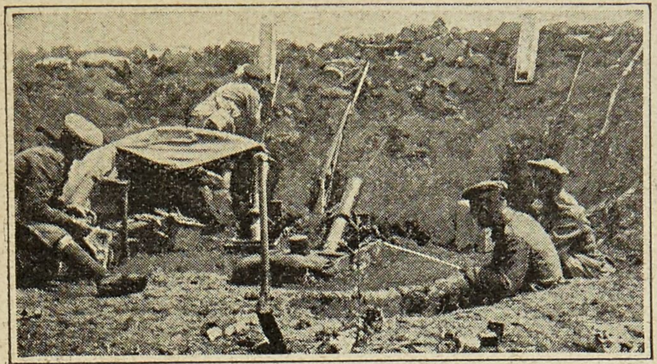


Rapid engineering work. Members of the Fort Garry Horse bridging a trench in France. (Canadian Government copyright.)

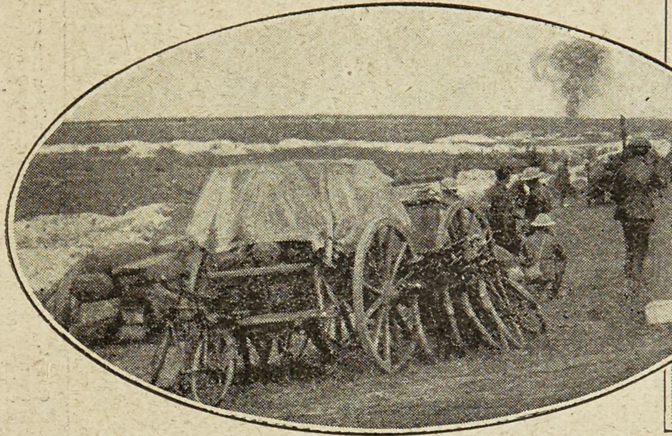


Sharpening entrenching tools at a field forge on the western front.

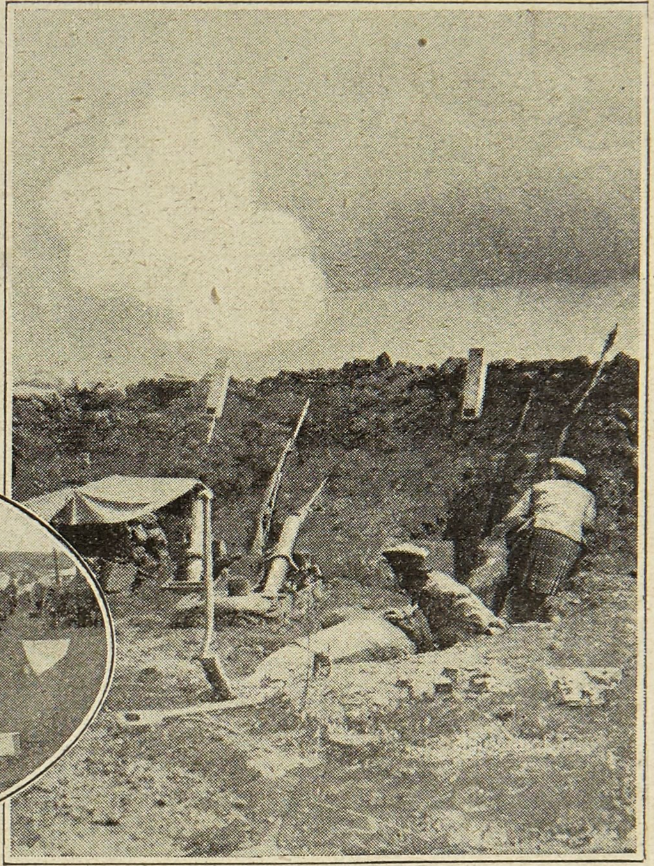
Pluck and Peril with the Gallant Seaforths



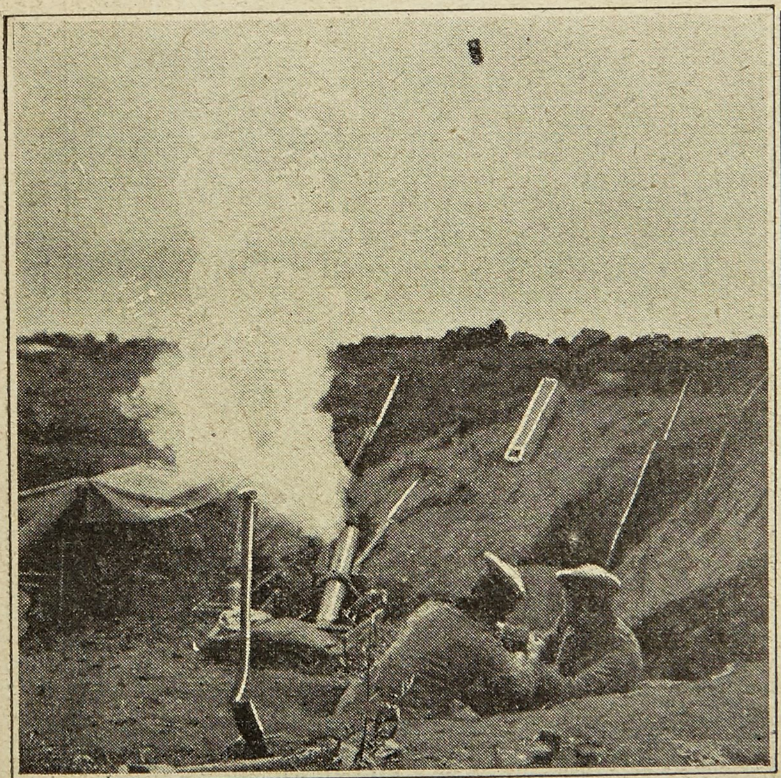
Two of the Seaforths ready to fire a trench-mortar directly the observer, watching through the periscope, indicates the moment. The tins in the foreground are for subsequent use as bombs.



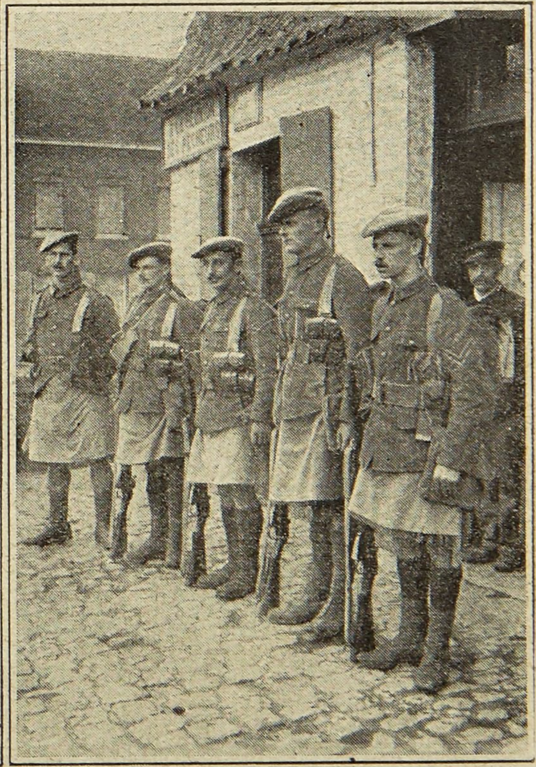
German shell bursting near a British rest camp. Some soldiers are contemplating the explosion with unconcern.



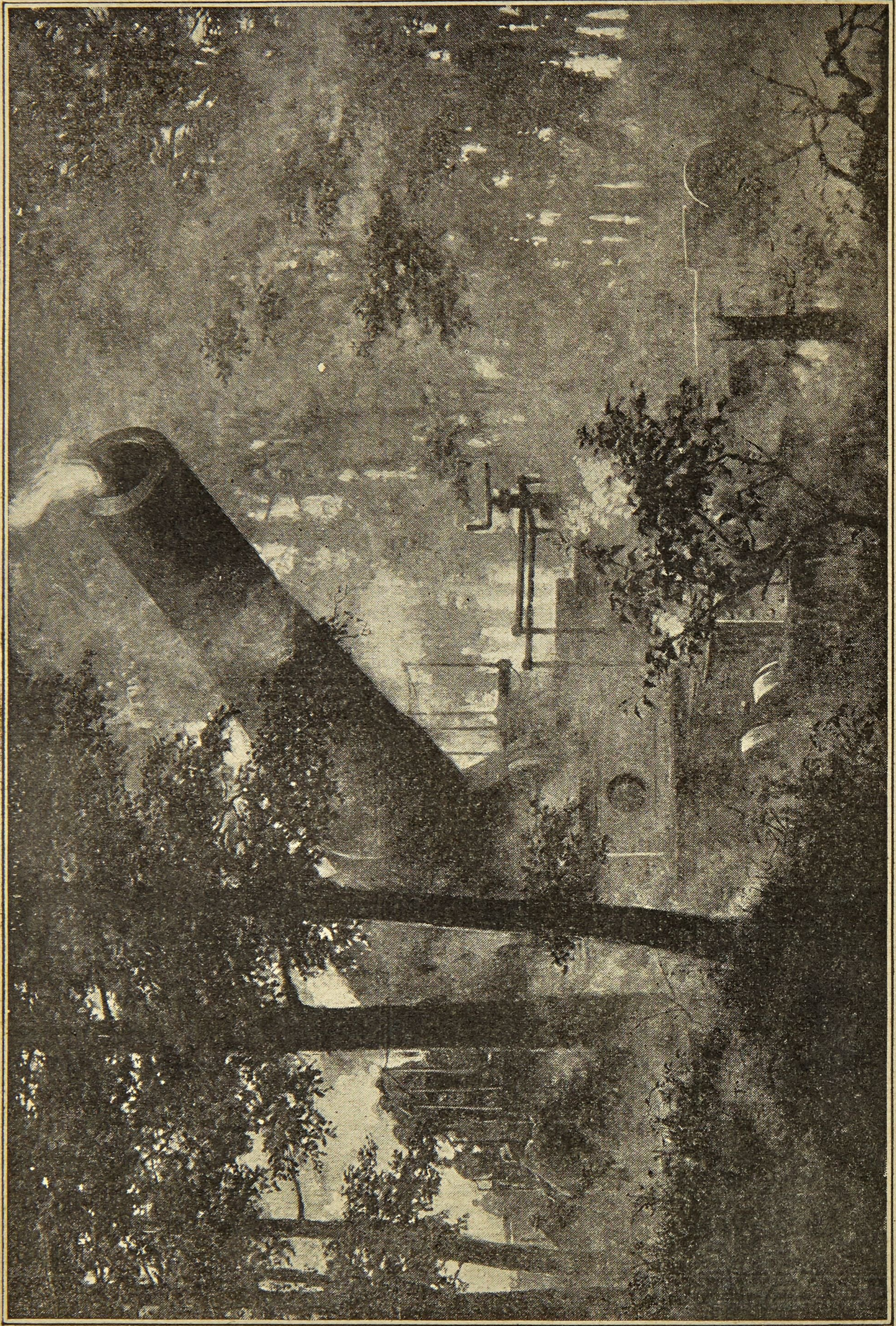
German reply to the mortar seen in first photograph. Shrapnel bursting near the British parapet.



Having received the signal from the observer shown at the top of the page, the Seaforths fire their bomb, which can be seen in flight. (Photographs Crown copyright.)



Seaforths who won D.C.M.: R. S.-M. Sutherland, Sergt. Porter, Corpl. Ward, Lce.-Corpl. Reid, Corpl. Macleod.



THE GIANT OF THE FOREST.—All along the winding line from the sea to the Vosges the roar of the Allies' great artillery is heard. So incessant and loud is it that when the wind is in the right direction the thunder penetrates even so far as certain towns on the English South Coast. At last France and Britain are equal, if not superior, in gun power to the enemy. This monster machine, one of the new French weapons, hurls a 17 in. shell, and it is with such terrible engines that the French are blasting their way through the German positions.

BATTLE PICTURES of the GREAT WAR

The French Swoop on Peronne

By Edward Wright

THE Germans had long since known that France was using all her finest troops round Verdun. At Douaumont the Germans had been forced back by the supreme French fighting force—the famous Iron Division, which had won the Battle of Nancy, broken the German centre on the Marne, and made its first commander, General Foch, the hope of his country. With the Iron Division was another superb division of Bretons, who formed, with the Ironsides, the 20th French Army Corps under General Balfourier. The Germans knew these troops were at Verdun, because they had been defeated by them.

They also knew that General Pétain had brought with him from Champagne to Verdun an army corps, composed of the Colonial Division and the Moroccan Division, which had conquered the Hand of Massiges in the Battle of Champagne in September, 1915. The Colonials and the Moroccans had made the fame of General Pétain even as the Iron Division had made the fame of General Foch. And the Germans had the satisfaction of knowing that so long as they continued to batter at Verdun, they would retain there the two finest French Army Corps.

But another French general had recently risen to power in the same way as Foch and Pétain. His name was General Fayolle. He had fought in Artois under Foch, and in Champagne alongside Pétain. Foch asked for him in view of the allied offensive on the Somme, and General Fayolle was given any troops he cared to select. Naturally, he took the best, and when the Germans, towards the end of June, 1916, were making their supreme effort against Verdun, there were only regiments of the Line opposed to them.

Veterans from Verdun

The divisions of the 20th Corps were travelling by rail and motor to the Somme, and after them came their rival in tenacity and veteran valour, the Colonial Division, with the Moroccan Division. The two army corps had naturally suffered considerable loss in the Verdun battles, but they were brought up to full strength by picked young men from the farms of Brittany and from the French plantations in Northern Africa. The corps were much strengthened by the new young blood; they had the vehemence and swing of youth, harnessed to the most experienced skill in fighting known in history.

While thus the spearhead of France was being directed towards the new point of attack, the German General Staff was being misled by the combined efforts in deception of General Joffre and General Foch. From the opening of trench warfare on the western front, General Joffre had fixed on the little town of Peronne as a point towards which a thrust must be made. So he gave orders that Peronne and the country round about should not be disturbed, and when General Foch took over the control of the north-western front he followed the policy of his Commander-in-Chief and imposed it upon our troops. The British forces along the Somme became known as "the Deathless Army," because they had so little fighting to do. Worn brigades from Ypres and the Lille Ridge used to be sent towards Peronne to enjoy a rest cure.

Successful Ruse Round Peronne

The idea, of course, was to lull the enemy into a feeling of complete security, at the point where the French commander intended to launch a grand attack when France and Britain could equal the enemy in heavy artillery power. Simple as the scheme was for making the Germans round Peronne easy and unsuspicious, it succeeded. From October, 1914, to July, 1916, the Sixth German Army, under General von Einem, had practically no work to do. The apparent weakness of the French and British forces opposed to him once made Einem over-confident, and he attempted to thrust along the Somme River and break the junction point of the Allied Armies at the village of Frise. He lost more than a division, and was thrown off the hills he won, but allowed to retain Frise. General Foch appreciated the geographical situation better than did Einem, and thought that if Frise was in the hands of the Germans it would be the easiest possible place at which to break the enemy lines.

Frise lies in a marsh threaded by the Somme Canal and the Somme River. On either side of the marsh rise the white cliffs of the great chalk tableland of Santerre. On the southern bank the river and the canal make a great bend, carving the mass of chalk into a large low promontory, at the eastern base of which nestles the romantic city of Peronne, by a marsh some two miles broad. Beyond the marsh, on the German side, are high ridges of chalk, where the main German heavy batteries dominated Peronne and the river valley. From the German point of view, Peronne was not worth taking by the French, for if the French reached Peronne they would be faced by the wide marsh and the ridges of trenched and galleried chalk, concealing guns that could hammer Peronne to ruins. But it was on this German view of the situation that Joffre and Foch had built. The French commander did not want Peronne, but only the great chalk promontory immediately west of it, and we shall afterwards see why he wanted this promontory.

Charge of the French Colonials

The action of the British forces north of the Somme River seems to have been designed merely to assist the French swoop on Peronne. As our force at Gommecourt helped our more southerly force at Montauban, so our army at Montauban, with the 20th French Corps that fought beside it, helped General Fayolle's main force that advanced towards Peronne. When, on Midsummer Day, our guns began their terrific bombardment, General Foch also opened fire between the Somme and the Aisne. His principal weight of metal, however, was at first thrown on the Roye sector, some twenty miles south of Peronne. In other words, he feinted with his artillery fire in much the same way as did Sir Douglas Haig. But at dawn on July 1st, 1916, some hundreds of the gigantic new French howitzers were rapidly massed along their light railway lines behind the French trenches on the Somme, and with the rest of the French artillery they completely shattered the German earthworks at Dompierre. Here the French Colonial Division charged with remarkably slight losses.

General Petain's Trick of Attack

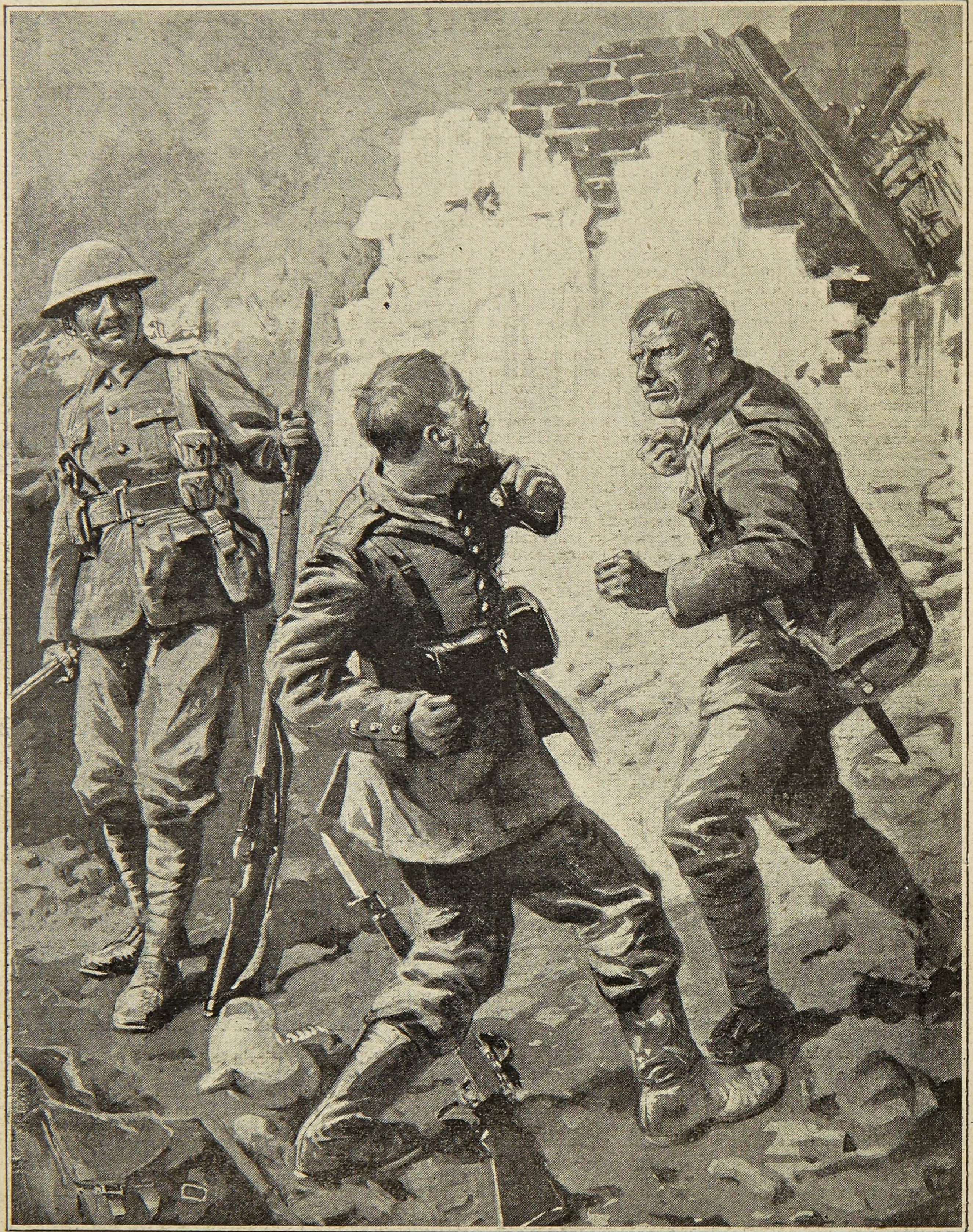
More experienced than some brigades of our New Army, they were not caught in the rear by enemy machine-guns when they advanced into the second, third, and fourth lines of German trenches. In Champagne, in September, 1915, Pétain had taught the French Colonials a trick of attack which prevented any German surprise. Each French company was divided into a charging force, mainly armed with bayonets, and a clearing force, mainly armed with hand grenades. When a long stretch of German trench was won, the charging force climbed over it, while the clearing force stayed behind and entered every dug-out, house, cellar, and tunnel, and smashed the German machine-gunners.

The Colonial Division is said to have had only a hundred men killed in the Dompierre action. The men, however, did not go far. They walked to their goal, instead of running, and their officers held them strongly back when they reached the line that had been assigned to them. The French regiments in action had been through the furnace of Verdun, and it was easy, therefore, to restrain them from becoming impetuous. For they knew what would happen to them if they went beyond the limit of the full power of curtain fire from their artillery.

All that happened was that they did the work assigned to them with swift precision and almost mechanical regularity. Covered by their guns, they killed every enemy

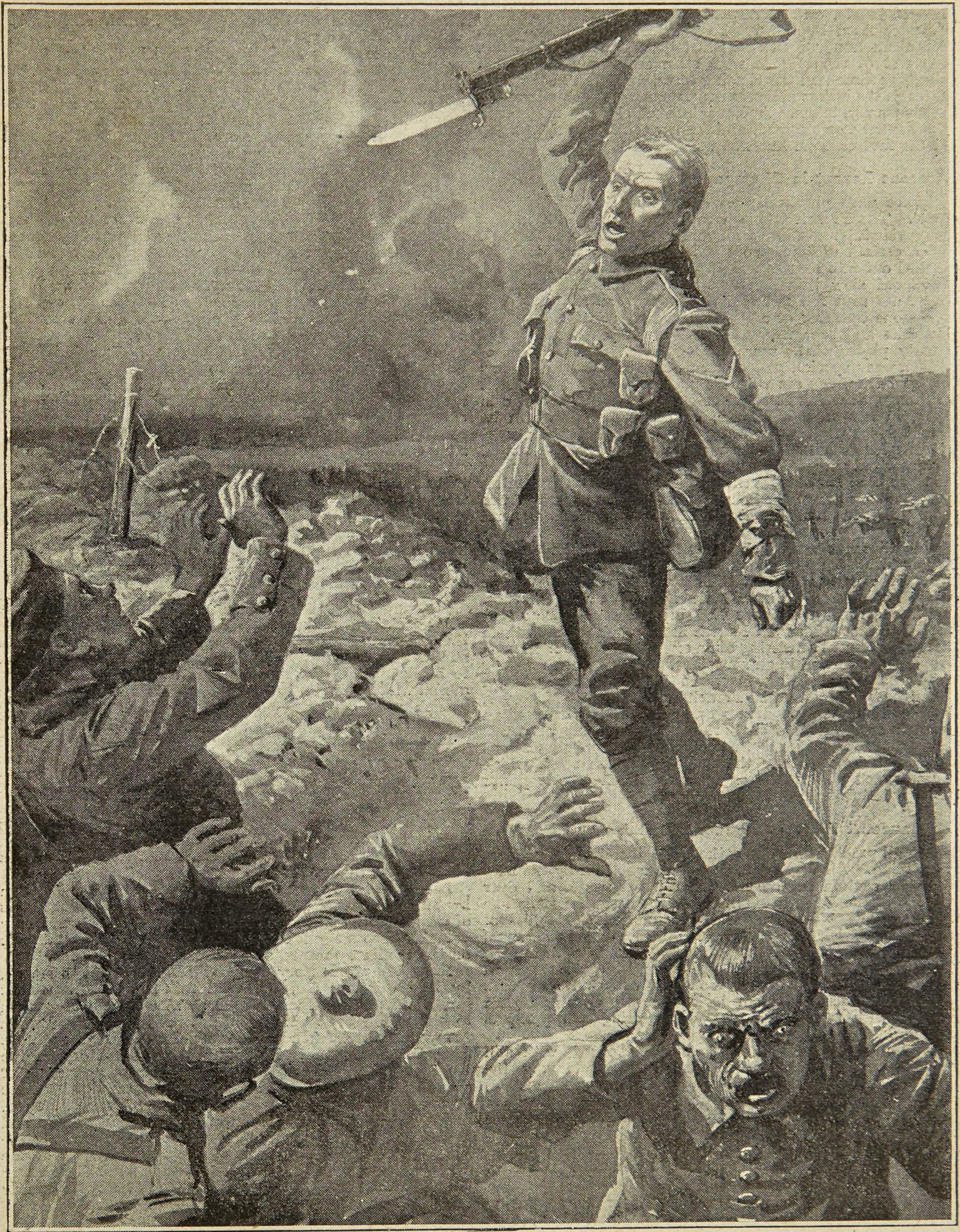
[Continued on page 590.

Briton Resorts to Fists in Lieu of Bayonet



During the first two weeks of the British advance on the Somme the hand-to-hand fighting was particularly fierce and merciless. Yet there was one British soldier who could not forget his native sportsmanship even then. He was a quiet-looking fellow, and he asked a comrade to hold his rifle while he polished off a German with his fists. When he was asked afterwards why he had chosen this method, he explained ingenuously that "the bloke was too old to shoot in cold blood and too thin to bayonet."

Wounded Lance-Corporal Subdues Five Boches



A striking instance of pluck and presence of mind on the part of a lance-corporal. During the great advance he was sorely wounded in the left arm, but, nothing daunted, he gripped his rifle the harder with his right hand and was able to subdue five Germans by sheer weight of his brave personality. Holding his rifle high over his head he shouted furiously to the Germans to drop their arms. They immediately complied with his command, and the lance-corporal marched them all back to the British lines.

THE FRENCH SWOOP ON PERONNE

Continued from page 587).

that showed fight, and killed him with their ancient fierceness of attack. But not a man of them got drunk with the lust of battle, and attempted to go beyond the limit of advance fixed by General Fayolle. In Dompierre, where seventeen hundred Germans had been killed by shell fire, the rest of the brigade were slain and wounded by the charging force and the clearing force, and then in the hunt through the cellars and caverns a remnant of seven hundred prisoners was taken. At Becquincourt, close to Dompierre, the hamlet was stormed, and farther south at Fay the gap in the first German line was widened.

Lessons Learnt in Champagne

There were practically no charges in the old-fashioned style. The French troops went forward in single file, at very wide intervals, under an arch of shells from their guns. At a certain distance from the hostile position each file fanned out into lines of walking men in open order. If the advanced slow thin line met with any resistance whatever, the men fell flat and sought for cover, while their telephone operator or aerial scout communicated with the batteries and brought, with great rapidity, a hurricane of closely placed shells upon the obstacle. This method of attack was a speciality of General Fayolle. He saw nothing of the battle, but sat with his staff at a central telephone exchange, at which he could bring thousands of his guns to bear, in less than a minute, on any point at which he learnt his troops were being held up. His manner of sending his divisions out in single file, so that they presented a target only a yard broad to the enemy's guns, appears to have been his own invention. The device of the central telephone exchange for handling all the guns in mass was something he had learnt in Champagne from General Pétain.

The Germans wasted shells by the hundred thousand in trying to break up, by a great curtain fire, the non-existing lines of charging French infantry. The enemy gunners could not discern the new French tactics of file advance. Their observation balloons had been either destroyed or forced to descend, as the French had brought against them a new instrument consisting of an explosive rocket fired from a small gun carried in an aeroplane. The German scouting machines and fighting machines had also been driven from the front by a grand French aerial attack. Moreover, the country was veiled in morning mist, so the German gunners on the distant chalk ridges could not see what was happening. Nearly all their telephonic communications had been destroyed by the monster French shell, which was charged with a new explosive of much greater power than lyddite or trinitrotoluene.

Mereaucourt Fortress Reduced to Ruins

For all practical purposes, therefore, the German gunners were blind. All they could do was to maintain by the map a heavy curtain fire over the first French line, and over the No Man's Land between the barbed wire fences. The result was that the very widely separated single files of attacking divisions received only some chance shrapnel bullets, and many of these bullets were turned by the French steel helmet. The Colonials and Moroccans, in an action lasting three hours, took and occupied four lines of German trenches, from Dompierre to Fay, and then worked with tremendous energy in erecting new parapets and building new machine-gun positions.

Behind them the rest of the army laboured, with still more intense and sustained energy, in prolonging the light railways down which the great howitzers moved, in digging pits for guns and chambers for shells, and in bringing up munitions of war. The modern soldier is in the first place a navvy, and only in the second place a rifleman and grenade thrower. For one ounce of blood he sheds in a victory, he has first to pour out gallons of perspiration.

But the next day these great labours for the advancing artillery gave General Fayolle a larger command over the promontory of Santerre. There was only one wood of importance on the tableland—Mereaucourt Wood, running east of Frise, with a prolongation towards Peronne known as Chapitre Wood. Mereaucourt Wood was an immense fortress, consisting of redoubts quarried in the chalk and covered with cupolas of armoured steel. Beneath the cupolas were heavy howitzers as well as pieces of field artillery. But no armoured steel could withstand the shattering force of the new giant French shells, which were more than a ton in weight.

On the morning of July 2nd the labyrinthine fortress of Mereaucourt was an utter ruin, though no Frenchman had attempted to set foot in it. When the Colonials advanced they took Frise as easily as they had taken Dompierre, and walking through the chaos of chalk, that had once been a wood, they occupied it and built a parapet near the cross-road running from Feuilleres to Assevillers. All night and all day the fire of the light and heavy French guns continued, hundreds of them being again moved forward, while thousands continued the overwhelming bombardment. The Germans had some forty thousand infantrymen originally holding the attacked positions, and the larger part of these men were put out of action by French gun fire. Before Einem could bring up two army corps of reinforcements, General Fayolle broke the centre of the second German line at Herbecourt, captured the northern German wing position at Feuilleres and the southern German wing position at Estrées.

This happened on July 3rd, when the French infantry were still working very close to their guns. The German commander seems to have miscalculated the range of the new French artillery. For he sent forward in daylight a considerable part of his reinforcements, and they were caught and broken by the French gunners. French airmen circled only five hundred feet above their infantry, watching all their men's movements, and wirelessing to their batteries if any obstacle or counter-attack menaced the advance. Above the lowest squadrons of aerial scouts there were level over level of French flying men, some reconnoitring, others observing for the guns, with, at twelve to thirteen thousand feet, the supreme conquerors of the Fokkers, ambushed in clouds and guarding all the aerial fleet from attack.

General Fayolle's Success at Santerre

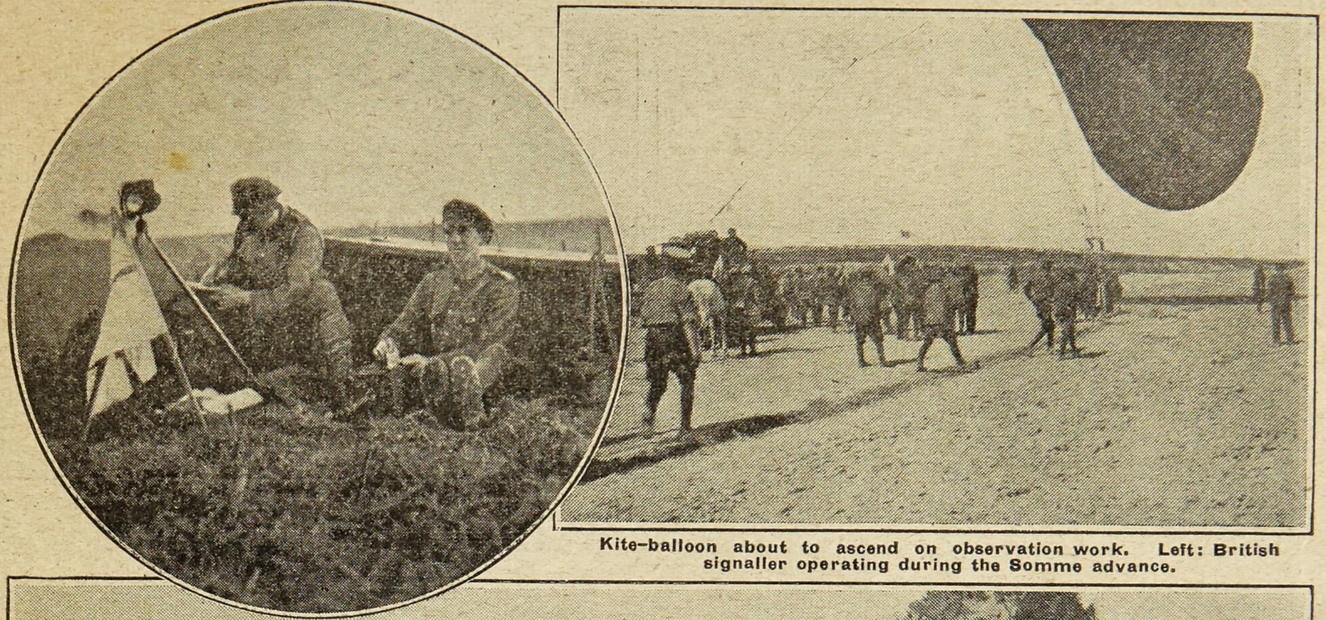
By midnight, July 3rd, the French had penetrated more than four miles into the German lines. Some days of rain and thick weather then enabled the German commander to bring up reinforcements, and to make a great counter-attack which completely failed, owing to the fact that the French were completely covered by their guns. These guns were able to move forward through the curtains of rain without their movements being espied, and on July 9th the southern Battle of the Somme was practically won. The new monster guns then had a network of light railways running to the highest point of the conquered promontory. They shattered the hamlet of Biaches, three quarters of a mile from Peronne; and when Biaches was occupied by the French infantry the guns were turned on the neighbouring high ridge of La Maisonette, which was also stormed by our Allies.

Along the northern bank of the Somme the Iron Division kept in line with the British advance, and carried the villages of Curlu, Hem, and Hardecourt. But their work was only valuable in so far as it cleared the ground for the great guns on the Santerre promontory, south of the river.

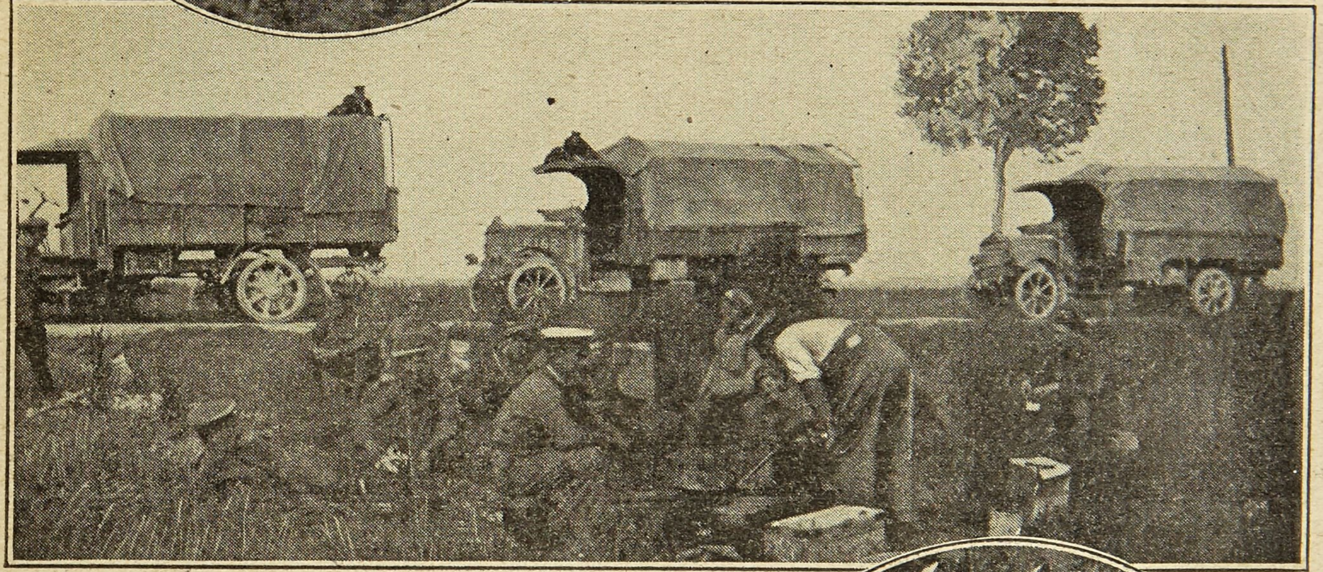
From the promontory, General Fayolle began to smash, by long distance fire, the vital railways and important canals that knotted at Peronne. The town was useless to him at the time. He could not use it until the British Army and the French 20th Army Corps curved round it from the north-west. But from the promontory in the bend of the Somme the French howitzers and monster cannon were able to break the two German railway lines of supply that fed the great enemy salient round Noyon, and also to reach the railway that ran towards Laon and helped to feed and munition the German front along the Aisne. Fayolle had cut one of the main arteries of the invading armies, and he had done it with such slight losses that his method of attack became at once even more famous than that of Pétain.

Next Article:
STORMING THE BAZENTIN HILLS

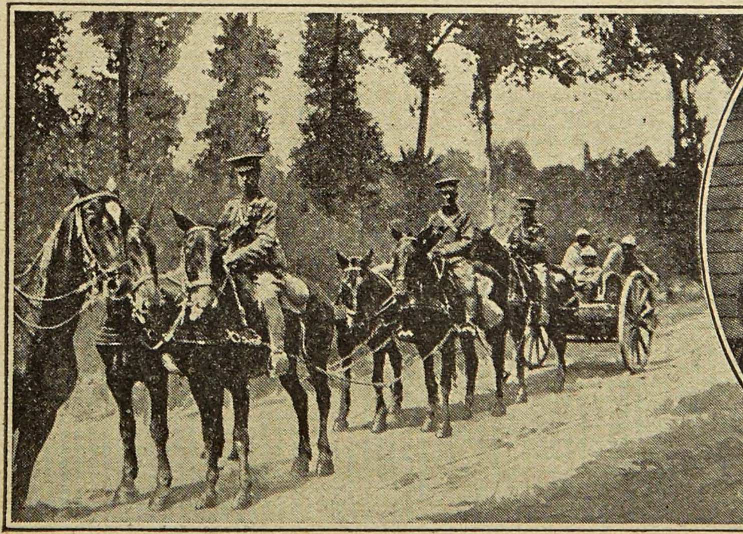
Flying, Motoring and Signalling on the Somme



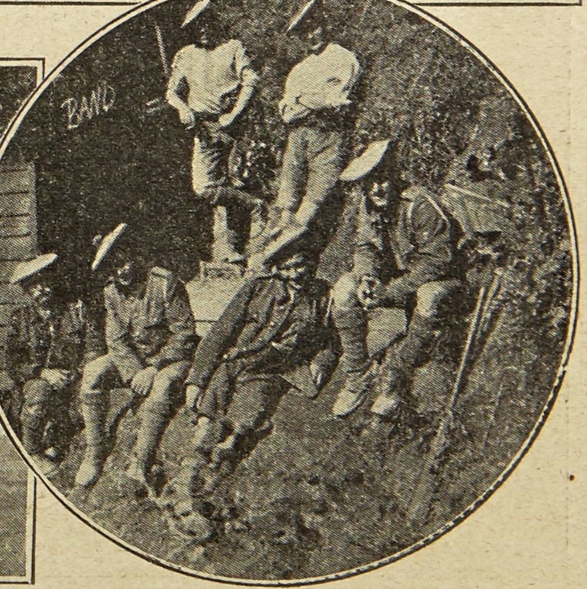
Kite-balloon about to ascend on observation work. Left: British signaller operating during the Somme advance.



Mechanical transport drivers call a halt for supper along a road leading from the firing-front.

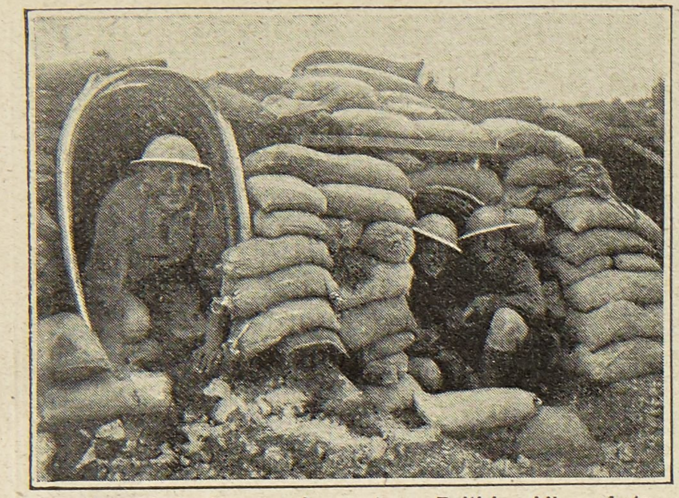


British ammunition waggon on the Somme giving a lift to three wounded French Colonials.

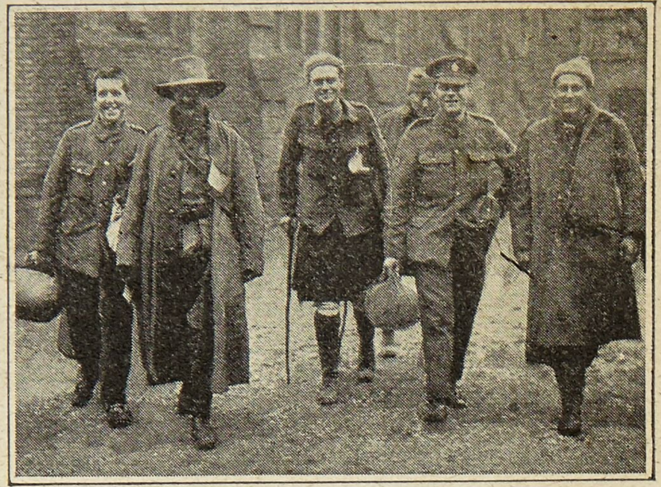


Royal Scots' band outside their hut in France. (Official photographs. Crown copyright reserved.)

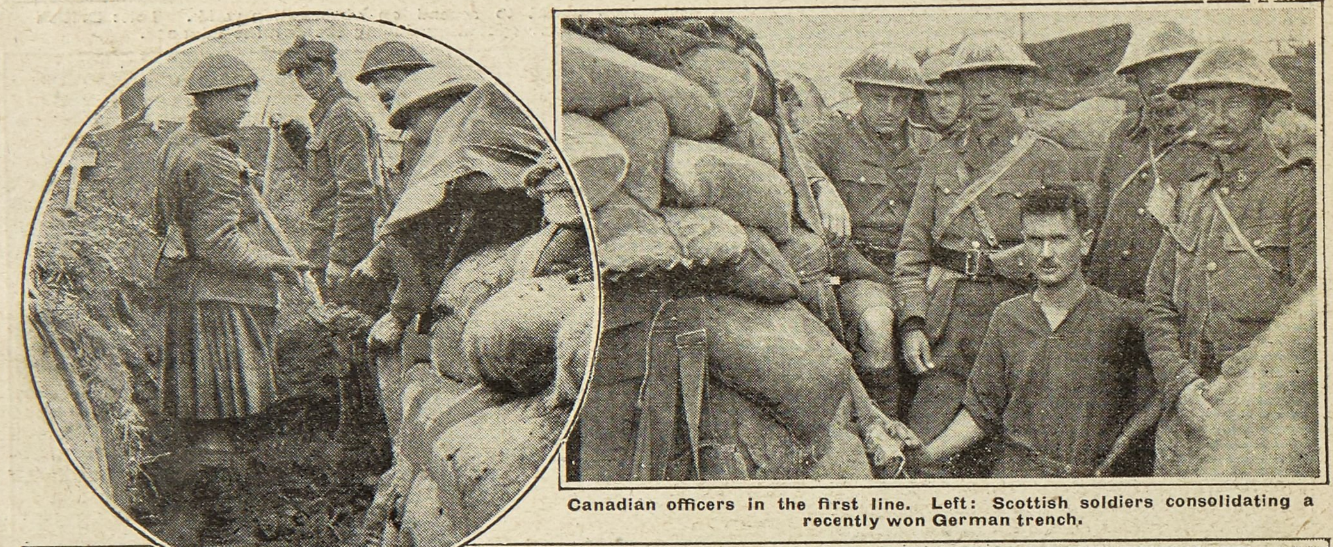
Jubilant Britons Consolidate Their Gains



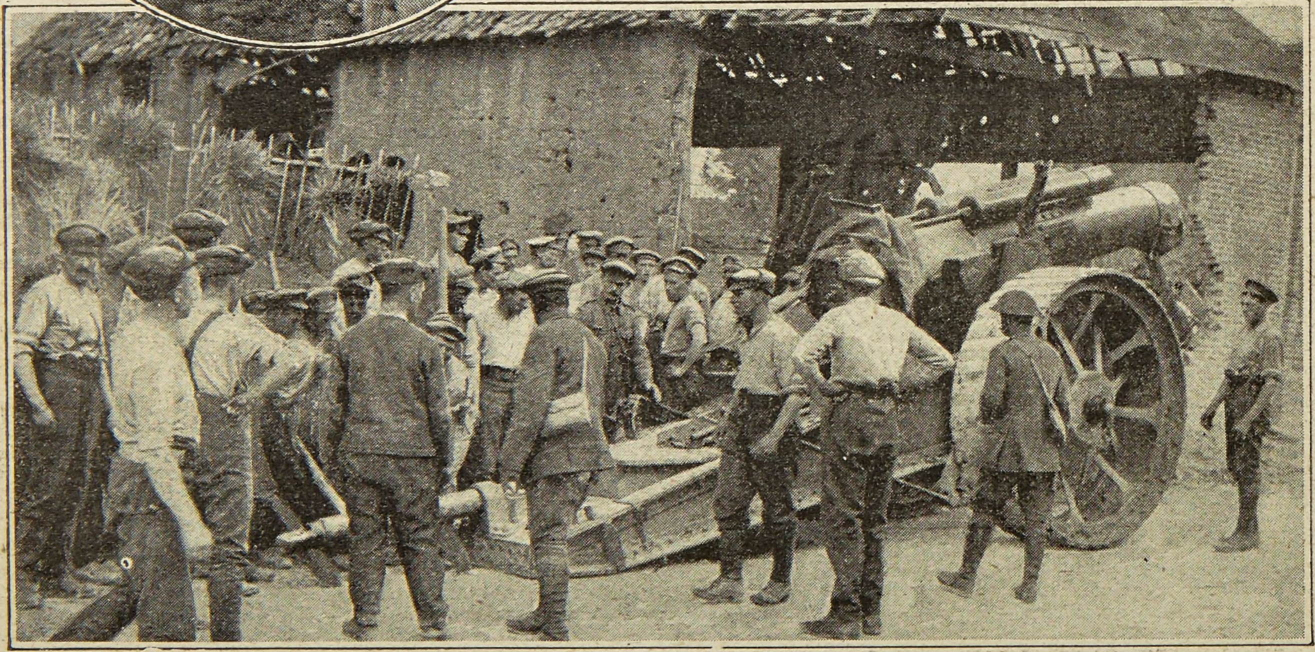
Comfortable in the enemy's quarters. British soldiers photographed in German dug-outs captured in the advance.



Africans wounded in the advance. Some of the men who captured Belmont Wood walking to the London Hospital bath-room.

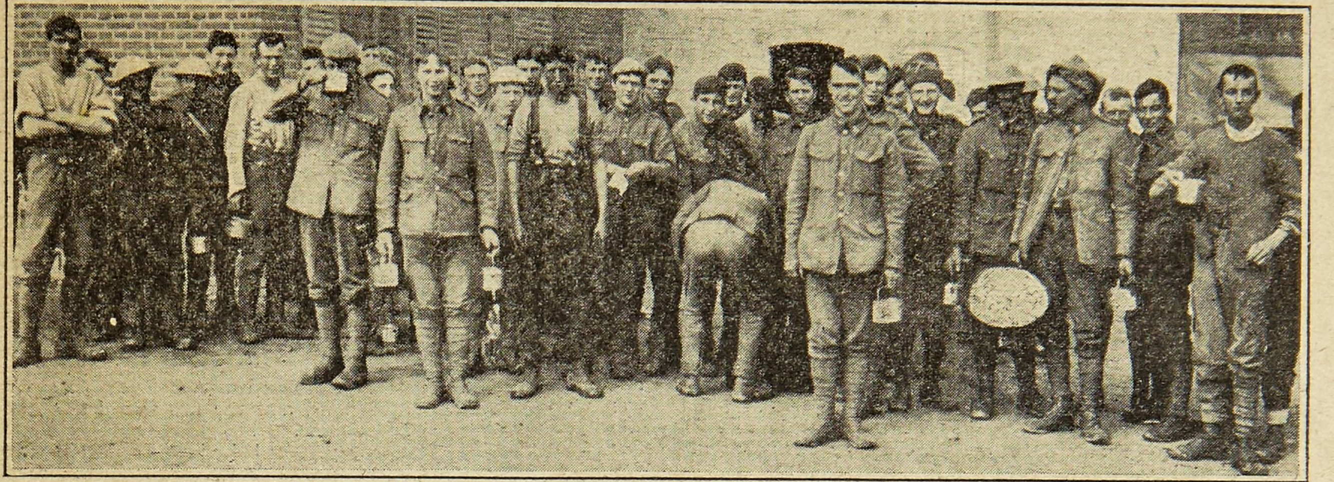


Canadian officers in the first line. Left: Scottish soldiers consolidating a recently won German trench.

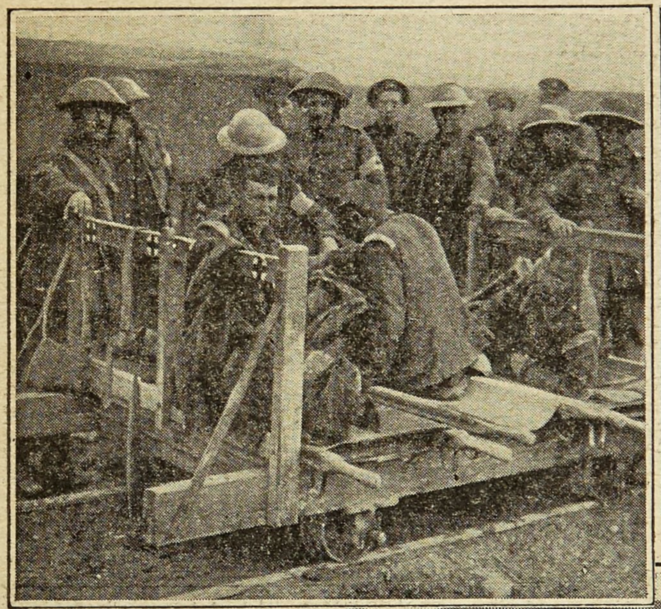


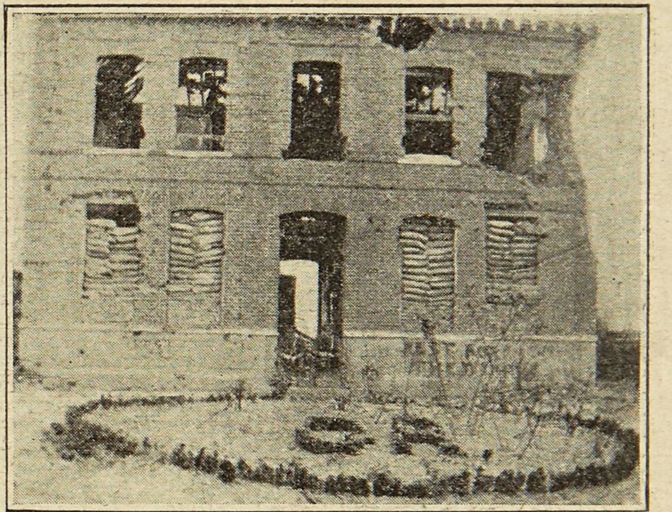
Monster British howitzer being placed in a new position on the western front. It is partially under cover of a farmhouse which has already been struck by German shells. This enormous machine recalls the 16 in. siege-guns with which the Germans reduced Liege and Maubeuge. (Official photographs issued by the Press Bureau.)

Reserves and R.A.M.C. in the Fighting Zone

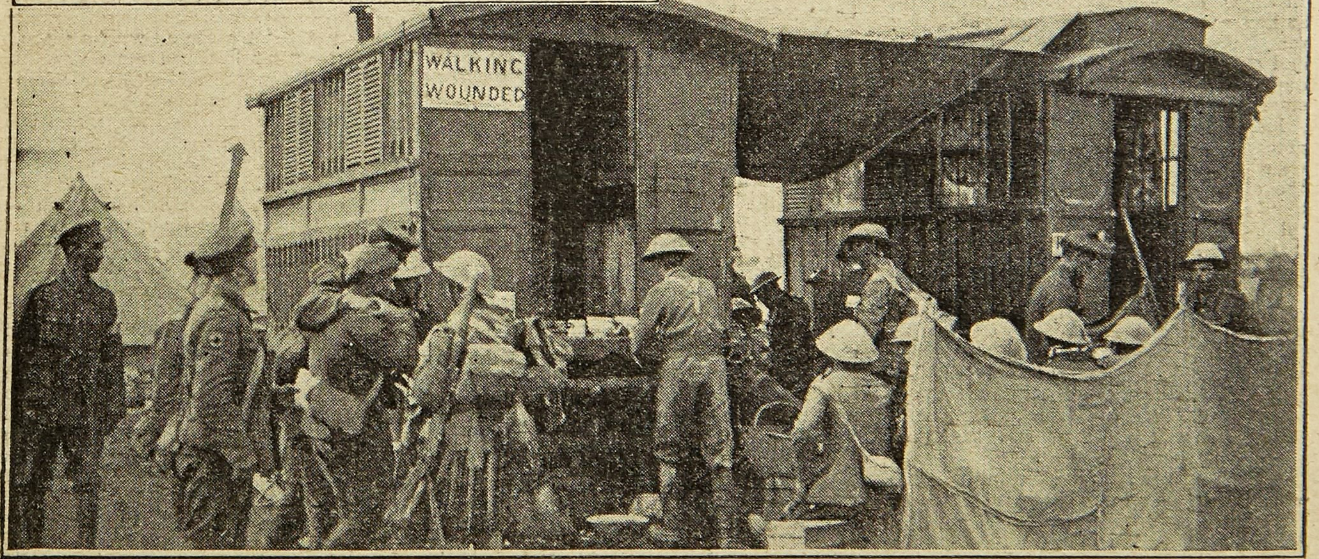


The Allies celebrated July 14th, the National Day of France, by successful attacks on the German lines north and south of the Somme. This photograph shows men who were about to relieve others in the British front line having a meal before starting.





A "Rest Home" for soldiers near the firing-line. Note the Royal initials "G.R." formed in plants in the flower-bed.



While the casualties in the Battle of the Somme were of course very heavy, authorities agree that the proportion of light wounds was very high. At this caravan buffet for "walking wounded" the refreshments appear to have been more interesting to its patrons than their injuries. Inset: Wounded being brought to the dressing-stations on a trench tramway. (Official photographs.)

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE. A NEW SERIES

WITH THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE IN MESOPOTAMIA

BY PRIVATE JOHN HAIG

Private John Haig, 2nd Black Watch

WE'D been in France, wherever the fighting was thickest, right from the start of the war, being sent home from India with the first draft. And we had been in everything that was of any importance—Mons, Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, and Festubert. So when they said there was big fighting to do in Arabia, they selected us, and we went out there determined to do big things.

Our luck started when we left Malta. We belonged to a big convoy that was going to Salonika, and when it came to the parting of our ways we steamed right through the two lines of ships. They gave us rousing cheers that did us good to hear, and then we lost sight of them, and heard nothing more till we got to Alexandria, and then they told us a troopship had been lost out of the convoy.

We had understood that we were going to land at Alexandria, and were all ready to do so. Our baggage was on the upper deck of the transport, but when we arrived we got orders to proceed to try to relieve General Townshend at Kut.

Port Said was our next port of call, and here we coaled ship. H.M.S. ——, with several destroyers and monitors, was lying here for the defence of the Suez Canal. They, too, cheered us in a chummy fashion as we cleared the Canal and steamed along on our way. At Aden we stayed long enough to fill all our tanks with water; and at last, on Christmas Day, we reached the mouth of the Tigris.

Christmas Day in the Old World

We had a glorious Christmas dinner—corned beef, with no potatoes, and dried biscuits, washed down with a tot of rum. In the evening—just about the time folks at home were pulling crackers and sitting round the nice bright fires telling stories and enjoying themselves—we humped all our baggage to a second transport, and started off up the river to Basra.

Here the Seaforths disembarked and proceeded in flat-bottomed barges, while we of the Black Watch went on shore to the old Turkish barracks—what a smell they had, to be sure!—where we stayed till the last day of the year, when our main battalion arrived in still another transport.

Hogmanay—New Year's Day—which is always a Scotch festival, we kept up in fine style, singing all the songs we could think of as we plugged along the Tigris in flat-bottomed barges. They hadn't given the main battalion a single day's rest; they'd just chucked 'em from the transport to the barges, and sent 'em along with us up the river.

We landed next morning at Kurna, where the Garden of Eden is supposed to be, with a "forbidden fruit" tree as old as Adam and Eve. We didn't get any chance of tasting it, for we were bound for Amara, and after a short spell on the shore we pushed on again. When we reached Amara we did some field work on the sand, just to show that we hadn't forgotten the way to attack.

And didn't it rain! Drops as big as shrapnel bullets fell all around us, and soaked us through and through in less than ten minutes. It was fun seeing us double across that sand, where there wasn't a bit of shelter; and I couldn't help thinking about Neuve Chapelle, where the lead was coming over us every bit as thick as the rain, and the Black Watch advanced through it all as steady as on parade. They didn't mind lead and bullets a bit, but they cursed that rain something shocking!

Back to the barges; up the river in the rain to Allegarbi, where we got out all our gear and prepared to start out the next morning. It was here that I first made the acquaintance of a bed on the sand. It's just about the worst bed you can have. As you lie there, your hip-bone seems to be on concrete, and when you turn over the sand seems to shove out hard ridges, and nearly breaks your back. We got a tot of rum just before we made camp, but there wasn't a wink of sleep the whole night through for any of us.

Blistering Heat in the Desert

We were glad when morning came, and the sun shot up in a hurry, as it always does out there. And we were in for a grilling, I can tell you. At eight o'clock we got orders to break camp and start off. I've done some marching in my time—out in India, and France, and at home—but never anything like that. It was hot—seemed as if the sun had made a bet to scorch us up. There were a lot of new chaps with the Black Watch, lads who'd recently joined, and they couldn't stick it. Every now and then one would fall out and rest, done right up with the heat. We were fully loaded—packs, rifles, pouches and bandoliers full of ammunition, water bottles and haversacks full, and our blankets on our shoulders. The very rifle barrels got hot, and if you touched them with your bare hands they raised a blister, while the water in our bottles was lukewarm.

When we halted at four in the afternoon we were just about all out. We lit fires and made tea, but nobody wanted anything to eat; a tot of rum was just about as much as we could manage to dispose of. We simply lay down on the sand and pulled our blankets over our faces to keep the flies off, and as soon as the sun went down and it got a bit cool the rain started coming down again in bucketfuls. But we were too fed up and too tired to move; we simply lay there and soaked through, blankets and all.

Black Watch Goes Forward

At seven we crawled out, broke camp, and started off again, and at ten our advance guard came under the enemy's artillery fire. It seemed really funny to hear the guns in this strange land; everything seemed at least a thousand years old, and if the enemy had been armed with bows and arrows we shouldn't have been a bit surprised.

There's one thing about the Turks, they're good clean fighters. If they see a man down they won't fire at him, and any wounded who come into their hands they'll bind up and leave for the stretcher parties to find.

We were told that the Turks were retiring, that the Seaforths had got 'em on the run; so we halted again and gave the Seaforths a yell of encouragement, though, of course, they were too far away to hear us.

Our colonel was well out in front on his horse, and as we lay there in the broiling sun he came back, his charger all in a lather.

"Fall in, Black Watch!" he yelled out. "You're wanted up there! There's plenty of work to be done this day—and you're just the boys to do it!"

The cheer we gave then simply tore the air; we were all anxious to get a slap at the Turk. We didn't need any coaxing, I can tell you. We were going in support of the Seaforth Highlanders, but we got word that the enemy's right flank was retiring, so we spread out in extended order on the left of the line, with a whole flank opposing us. We had no supports behind us, and the fire was deadly, and no mistake.

One young lad, just fresh out from home, got a bullet through the ankle, and yelled shockingly. Our corporal, trying to put some heart into him, pulled his leg, and put a bandage round his knee. But the lad wouldn't see the joke. "Where's the nearest dressing-station?" he said, and when we pointed it out to him he started off on his own, limping as fast as he could go. Another bullet caught him and he fell down, and the corporal who'd been having a joke with him jumped out of the trench and picked him up. He carried him through the rain of bullets and the hell of shell fire to the station, and then came back through it all without a scratch, as cool as you please. We gave him a cheer that meant more than a dozen Victoria Crosses to him.

9th Lancers Scatter Arabs

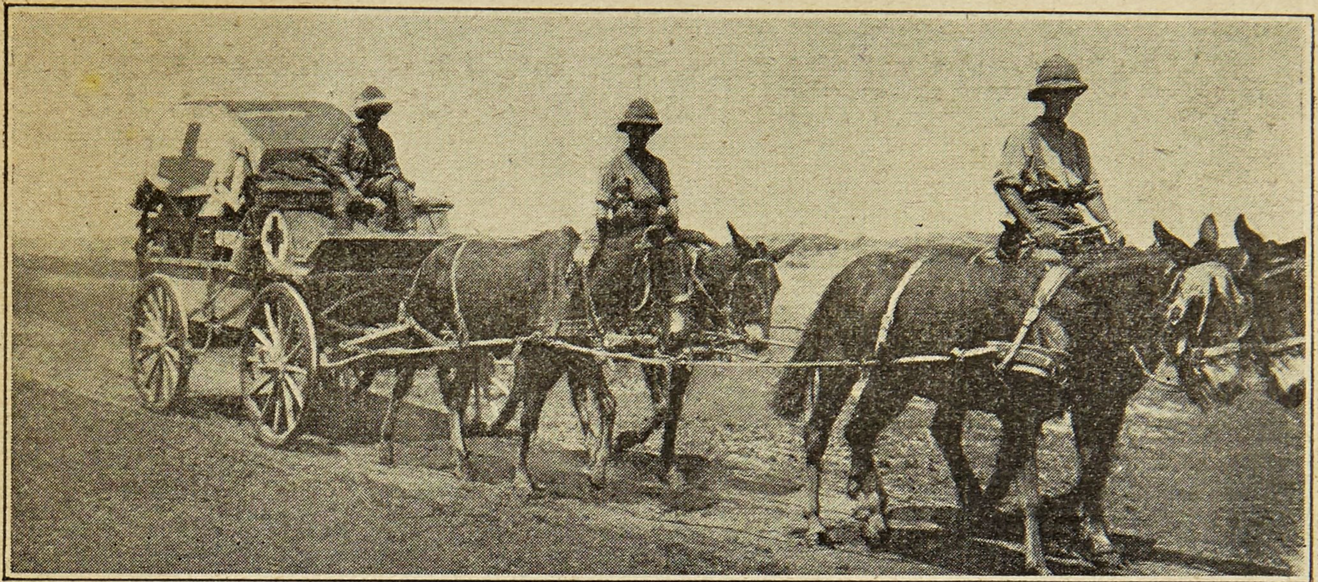
Just then the Arabs tried to rush round our flank, but the 9th Lancers—a native Indian regiment—met them and gave 'em pepper, red and raw. They beat 'em back time and time again. It was a glorious sight—the horses crashing against each other, the lances and the swords flashing, and then the white garments of the Arabs streaming out as they flew back on their horses.

I'm only telling the cold truth when I say that the ground was dyed crimson. Shrapnel shells and bullets were making the air black; one shell burst in front of me, and I got a smack with a piece of hard earth that knocked me down. Up I got, and was advancing again when a bullet plugged me in the thigh. I got out my field-dressing and tied it up, and tried to crawl on, but my leg seemed to freeze and was a dead weight. So I took off my pack, and used it as head cover for myself.

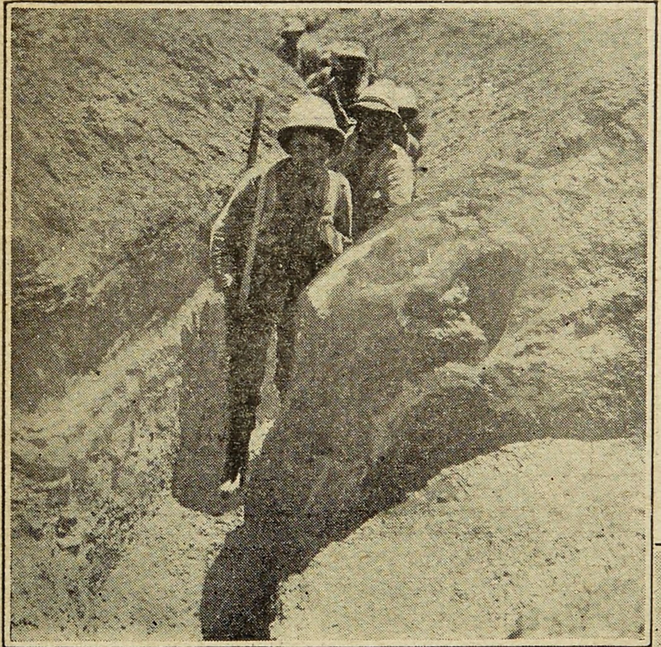
I lay there a full two hours, till the firing died down, and then, using my rifle as a walking-stick, started off back to the dressing-station. I reached it at four in the morning, completely exhausted, and when I got there I found over half the battalion there as well. There was nobody to attend to us, and we had to do what we could for each other. It was pitiful, and we cried like school kids who've lost their mothers. Lads were dying off all round like flies, and we said some hard things about the hospital people, I can tell you.

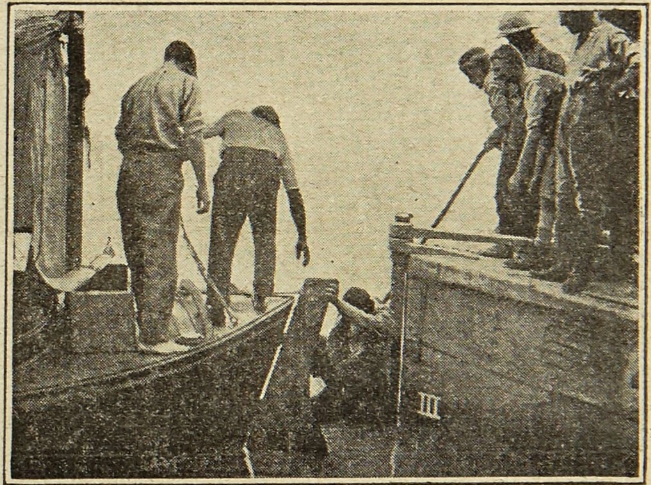
The unwounded troops collected us next morning and packed us in the barges and sent us down river, where we were transferred to the hospital ship Varella. We reached Bombay on January 22nd—just seventeen months after we'd left India to go to the Front—and I left for Blighty on April 14th.

Trench and Transport Scenes Along the Tigris

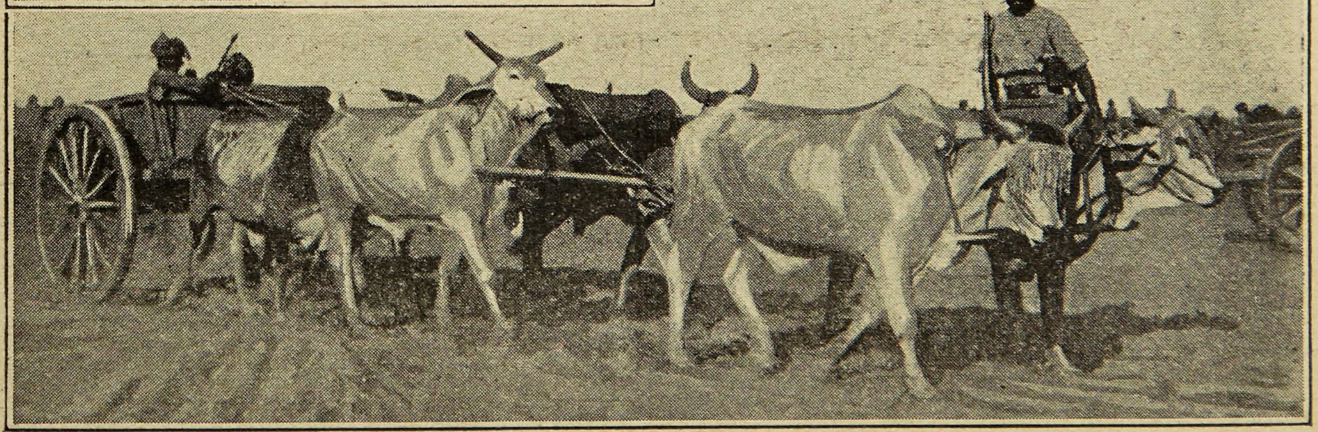


Campaigning in Mesopotamia. Stout-limbed British soldiers escorting a Red Cross waggon from the trenches to a field-hospital. Mules are found of great service for transport along the rough roads of the Tigris Valley owing to their sureness of foot.



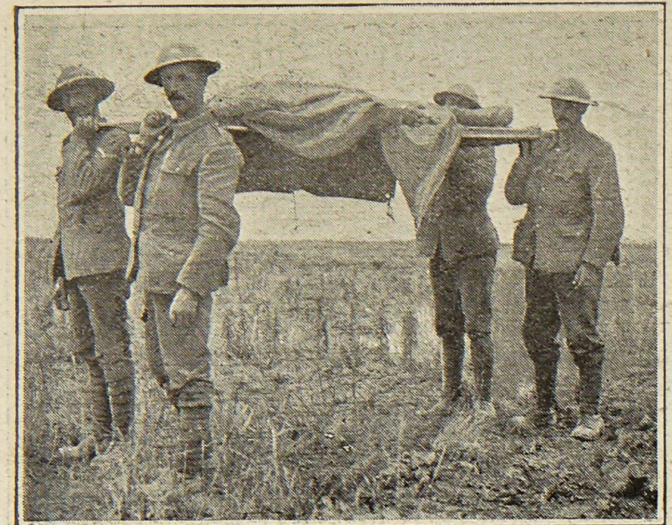


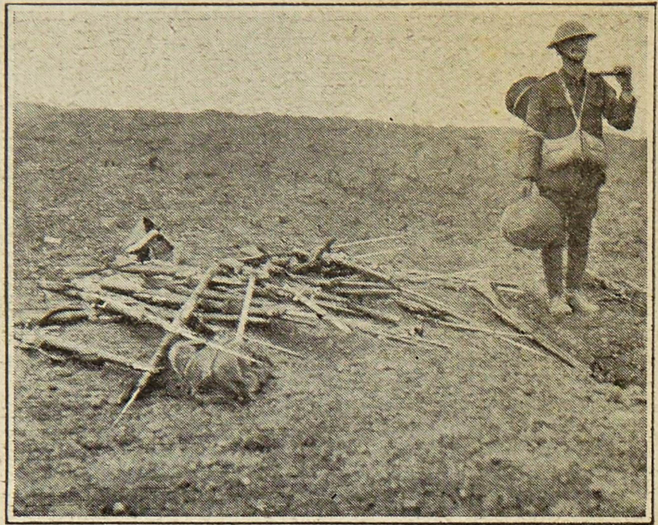
Motor-launch on the Tigris. The vessel's rudder has fouled the rope of the barge it is towing.

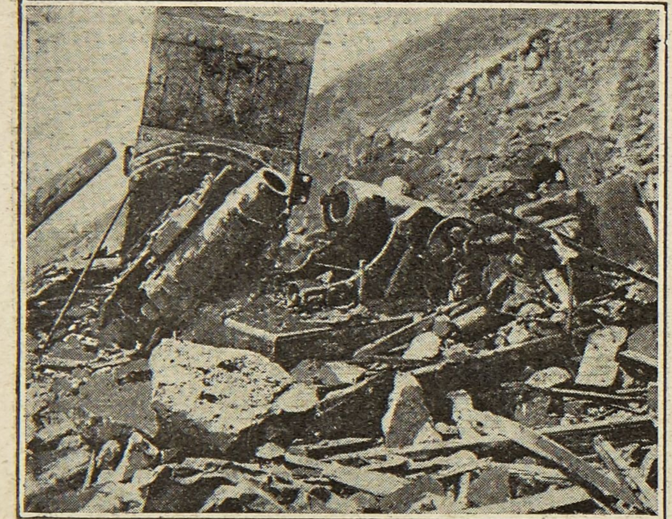


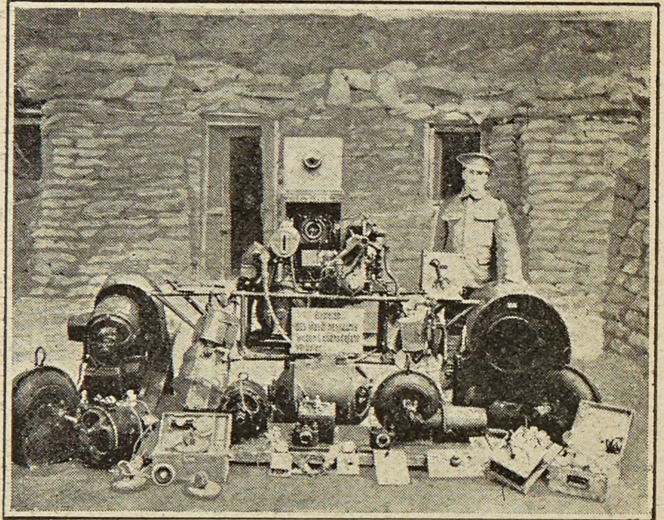
A bullock transport in Mesopotamia. Inset: British troops proceeding along a communication trench on their way to attack the Turks. The barren nature of the country where the campaign is being waged is strikingly illustrated.

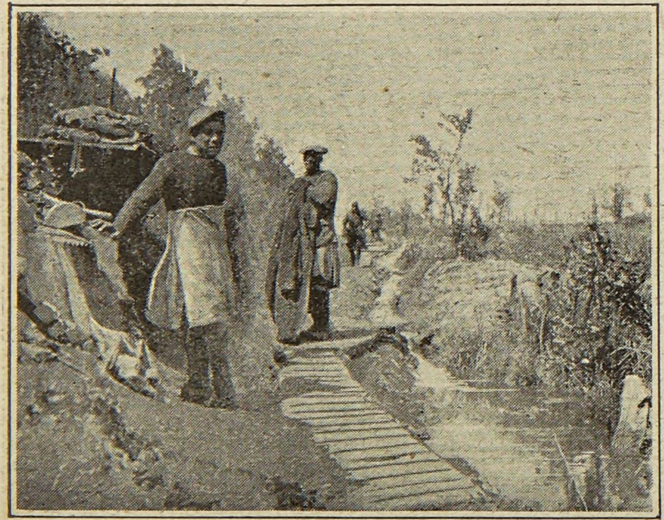
With the British at the German Second Line

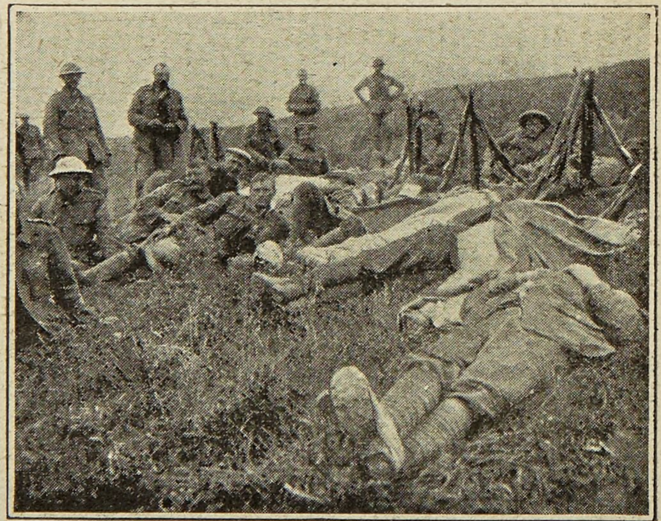

Bringing in the dead from the battlefield. Four Canadian soldiers on melancholy duty in France.


Canadian sergeant gathering equipment left on the battlefield after the advance. These are collected for further use.

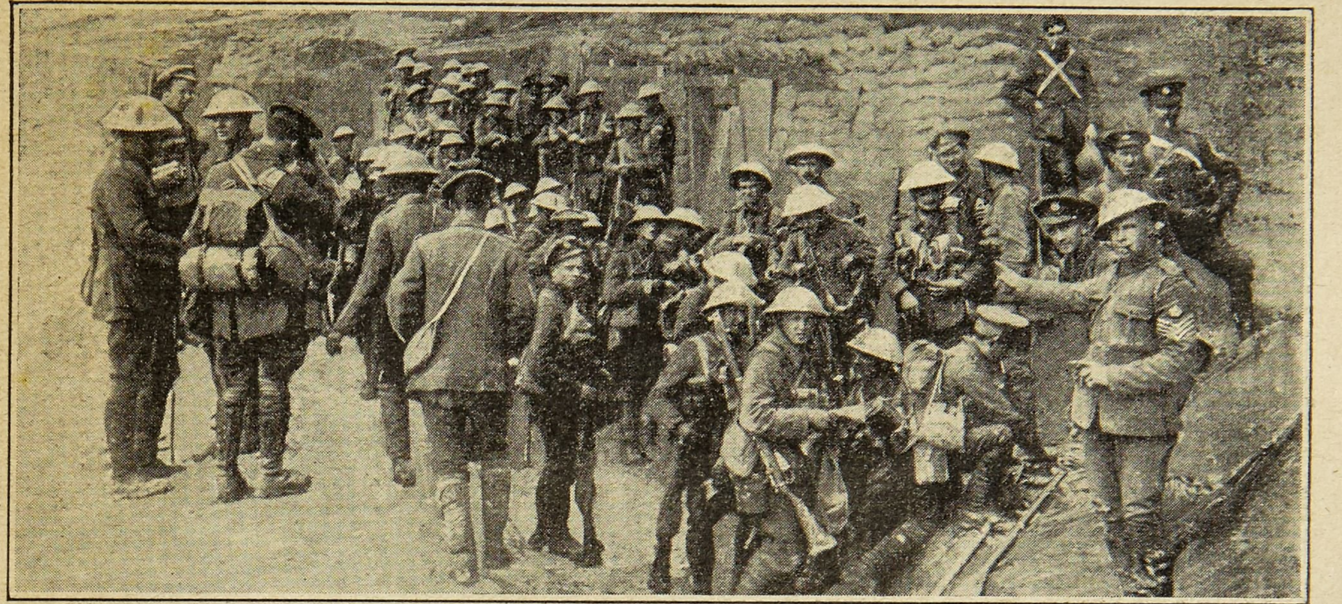

German howitzers shattered on the Somme. A vivid impression of the power of our new guns and munitions.

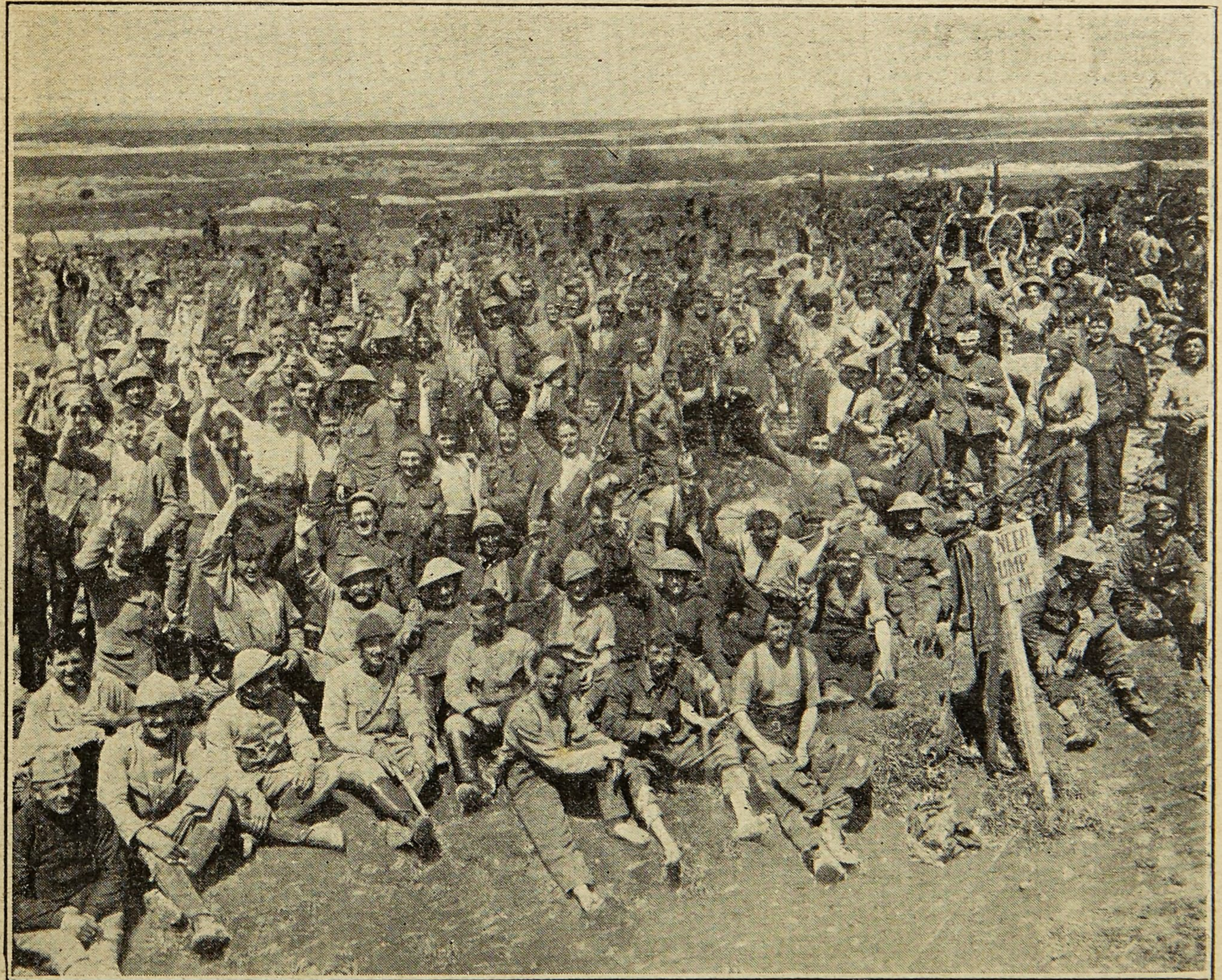

Relics left behind by the Germans: Mining machinery, bells, lights, etc., discovered in an enemy dug-out.


Doughty Canadian Highlanders behind their ramparts in France. (Photographs on this page are Canadian Government copyright.)


Some of the Warwicks after a stern fight with the enemy enjoy welcome repose on the slope of a hill.

Two Phases of the Victory at La Boisselle


Assembling men ready to storm the German trenches, one of the most dramatic pictures of the war. A sergeant is giving orders in the foreground. On the left an officer laden with equipment is about to change his cap for a steel casque.


After the capture of La Boisselle. Men of the Royal Fusiliers indulge in a pardonable display of pride and spirit. Scattered among the crowd are a number of French officers. In the far distance is the battle-line. (Official photographs.)

THE BRITISH SAILOR AS I KNOW HIM

An Appreciation of "Jack" Afloat and Ashore

By Lady Beatty

BEFORE dealing with a phase of the sailor's life that is very near and dear to me, let me try to give a few general impressions of the brave lads which may be of interest.

Naturally, the gallant British sailors occupy a warm place in my heart, and there can be few at the present day who do not share this admiration and affection with me. After seeing our brave men at close quarters—before and after battle—I am more than ever amazed at their wonderful vitality, their devotion to duty, and their cheerful outlook. Men who fear nothing, who are always uncomplaining, ever ready to endure storm and stress with patience and grit, they undergo privations with a cheery heart, are happy on shore and afloat, and in the heat of battle prove to all the world that they still have the Drake and Nelson spirit.

People often speak of the sailor as being very human. This is true, for I have studied him very closely, and find it so. He is fond of life—he *lives*, if anybody does—and I think he gets as much out of it as most people. Sometimes you would think these big, strong, efficient men had never left their boyhood behind them, for they have the heart of happy schoolboys. They seem so free from all care and worry. They are children of Nature, free and easy in manner, boundless as the blue sea in their vitality and outlook, always kind-hearted, and never for a moment despondent.

Photo: H. W. Barnett.

A charming portrait of Lady Beatty, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, K.C.B., D.S.O.

Work of Y.M.C.A.

Let me now briefly describe the work of the Y.M.C.A. Everyone is familiar with the magnificent work of the "Red Triangle." There is no mistaking what our sailors think of it, and, after all, it is their opinion that counts. They have come to realise that the sign of the Red Triangle at home and abroad spells comfort and peace. It suggests to them a real "home from home," where in their leisure moments in port they can find kind friends and willing helpers, rest, refreshment, and recreation.

Here at Rosyth, shortly after war broke out, a large wooden Institute was erected near the dock gates, with the encouragement of the Admiralty, at the cost of about £1,500, to meet the urgent temporary need for such a place. The Admiralty gave £400 towards the scheme. As at other places, the use of this Institute by men of the Fleet is limited, as the requirements of the Service at present are such that the men's leave ashore is short and uncertain. The establishment of the Institute at Rosyth has been amply justified by the use being made of it by the naval community ashore, and by the sailors on short leave granted to them. Ever since I had the honour of opening the Institute in September, 1914, I have taken a warm interest in its welfare.

In the winter months the sailors have no other place to go to except the canteen, which is very good in fine weather. But they are glad to come to the Institute and give their own concerts. These are got up by the different ships. Almost every ship stationed there has given an entertainment of some sort. These are generally given on board, and afterwards repeated at the Y.M.C.A. Hut.

In this connection it is sad to think of the splendid men of the Queen Mary. Not long before the recent naval Battle off Jutland, the officers and men of this fine battle-cruiser had been rehearsing for a special performance to be given in the hall of the Rosyth Institute. A contingent of bluejackets from several ships had been invited to the performance. It had been arranged for Wednesday afternoon, May 31st. The final rehearsal had been a success. Special costumes had been supplied by a London firm, and appropriate stage fittings, including electric footlights, installed. At the time the performance was to have been given she was at the bottom of the sea. And for more than three days none felt disposed to dismantle the hall.

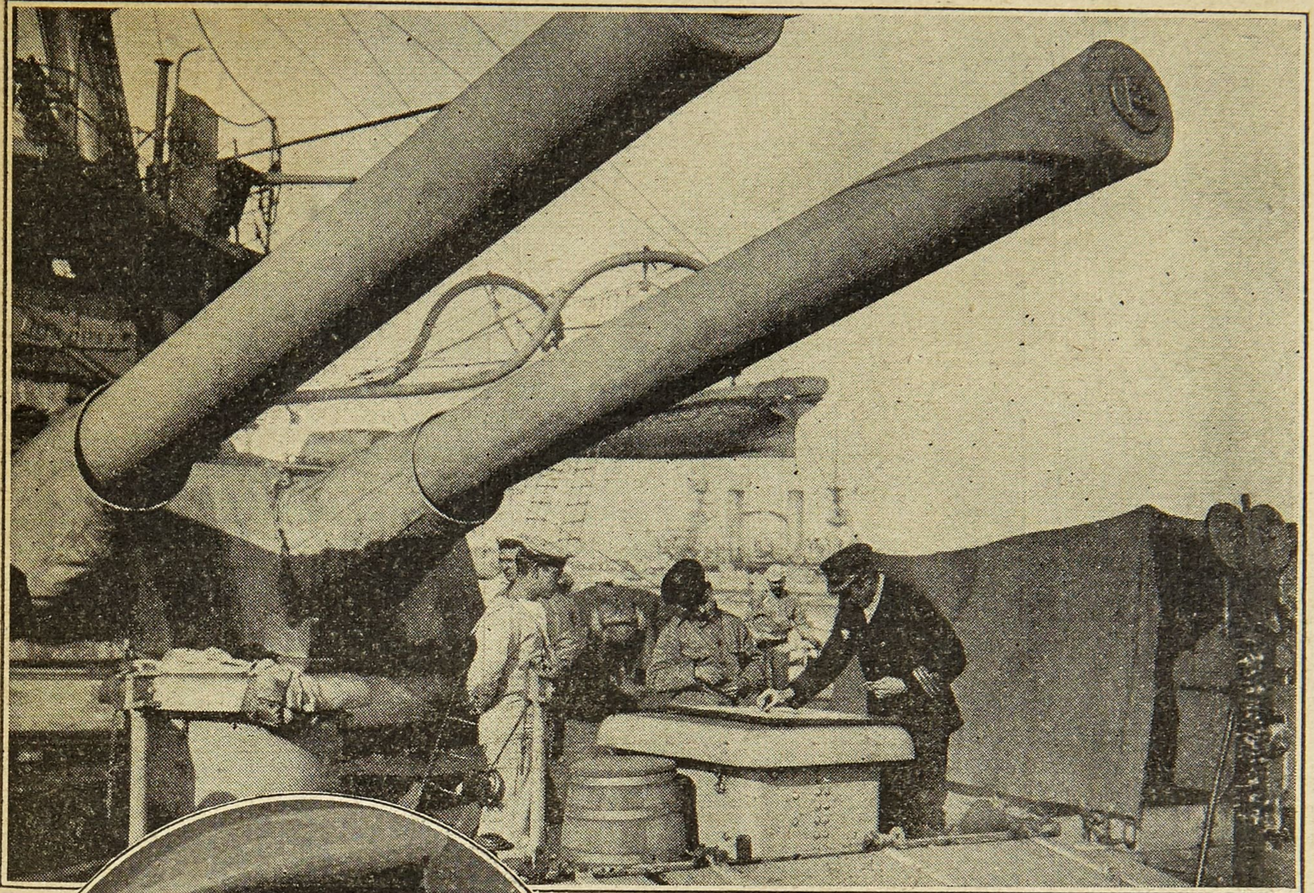
One could describe at length the wonderful work that is carried on at the Rosyth Institute, but space only admits of a very brief account. The men come ashore for certain hours, and spend their afternoons in a most enjoyable fashion. They give concerts, play billiards, read, write, and amuse themselves. A canteen, presided over by the ladies, supplies them with food and drink. These efficient helpers come on duty at twelve and relieve each other.

A Favourite Institution

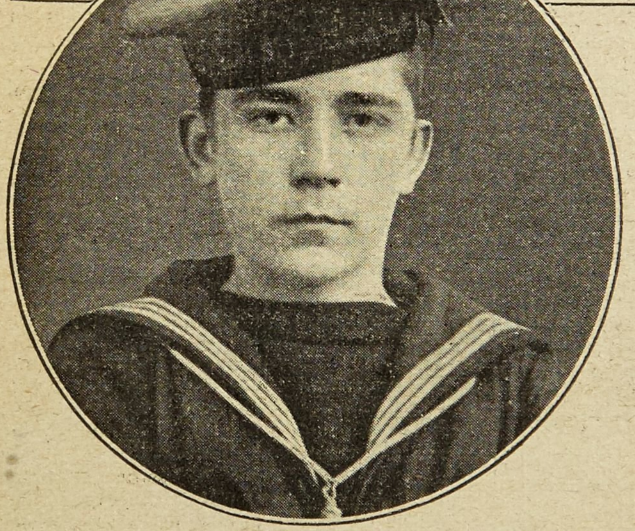
Sometimes the fine hall is given over to a dance. No one who has not witnessed it can imagine the scene when six hundred or seven hundred sailors are dancing, men who have been keeping vigil on the North Sea or recently been in action. They bring their own band. A pianola has recently been added to the hall, with money sent to me from the Colonies for this purpose, and is highly appreciated by the men. The men's spiritual welfare is not overlooked, and on Sunday afternoons there is a Men's Bible Class for sailors, which is well attended and much appreciated.

Everything possible is done for the sailors' comfort. The fine hall has a large seating accommodation, with a stage fitted up at one end, and makes an admirable recreation room, and the billiard-table is much patronised. At the other end of the hall is the canteen, also the library, the volumes of which are eagerly devoured by the men—when the buns run out!

The dining-hall is one of the finest of its kind, and several hundreds can sit down to a meal. In the dinner hour it is chiefly patronised by the dockyard men, and the meat-pie dinner is a favourite institution peculiar to Rosyth. The sailors patronise the dining-hall in the afternoons, and greatly appreciate the substantial teas that are provided. Their favourite menu is a "bacon-and-egg tea." The kitchen has been enlarged, and is now one of the best of its kind, with everything up to date. There are bath-rooms, store-rooms, and cubicles for the staff, also a much-sought-after rest-room for the petty-officers, containing a billiard-room. I am very anxious now that there should be added about one hundred cubicles, principally for dockyard men and twenty or thirty for sailors when they come ashore on leave and have no other place to go to.



Coaling a British man-o'-war in the Eastern Mediterranean. An officer is recording on a slate the number of sacks shipped by the different coaling parties.



John Travers Cornwell, the First-Class Boy of H.M.S. Chester in rank and deed. Memorials to his honour have already been mooted, but the best appreciation of his gallantry would be in the nature of making happier and easier the lot of his comrades and their dependents, as suggested by Lady Beatty.

To turn now to a different topic. My idea is to establish a fund which can be utilised for the proper education and encouragement of the children of those sailors who have lost their lives in the service of their country. I have found the public very good in their generosity, and I feel confident that any sensible scheme that has for its object the helping of our sailors will appeal to them. One can imagine how terribly hard it is for the widows left with young children. Yet they have a natural repugnance to being made the objects of charity.

My scheme is to get together a committee of officers' wives to organise a fund, but before doing this it would be advisable to ask some practical and sympathetic people to interview the wives, and in this way ascertain exactly on what lines they would like to be helped. I am very anxious that the idea of charity should not enter into the scheme. In addition, I think it would be a good idea to help the older girls of our dead heroes. These girls, after leaving school, are often at a loss to know what to turn to. The scheme will, I feel confident, secure the hearty and generous co-operation of my readers.

Don't Send Woollies

Our sailors are very deserving of help after all they have done and are doing for us. People have a soft corner in their hearts for these splendid men.

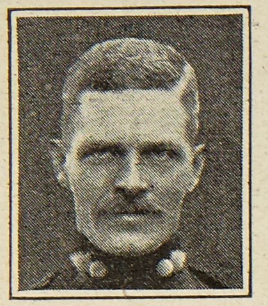
Not long ago I visited some of them in the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, who were taken there after the fight, and was deeply struck by their bravery and patience. A nurse told me she had never known such "angels" as patients, and they were so uncomplaining and brave, never a single murmur, although many were seriously injured. "We must get at them again," was their one thought and voiced utterance. They like to think someone is helping their folks when they are away on duty.

This leads me to speak of the needs of our men. People often ask me how they can help. Many would like to help, but don't know quite how to. It is a waste of money to send "woollies," of which I get thousands sent to me, people having an idea it is just what the sailor needs. The North Sea is not any colder now than in peace time. But these good, kind-hearted people could very well spend their money on other things, or keep their money for times when different things may be needed. Books, games, gramophones, and cigarettes are always acceptable; also sweets, for the sailors are tremendous people for sweets.

These, then, are a few impressions of the British sailor as he appears to me, and from what has been said it will be evident that nothing one can do for him and his can be too great, in view of what he has done and is doing for us.

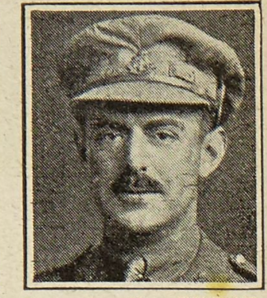
Ethel Beatty

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

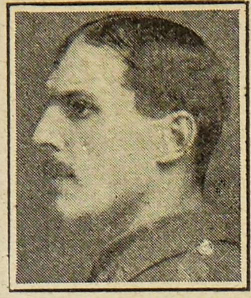


Major J. H. W. JOHNSTONE, Royal Field Artillery.

Capt. W. C. HAYDEN, Hon. Artillery Company.

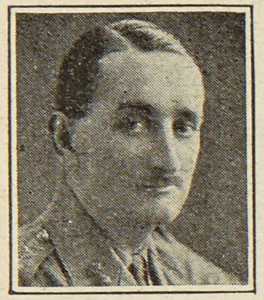


Capt. C. M. HUMBLE-CROFTS, Royal Sussex Regt.

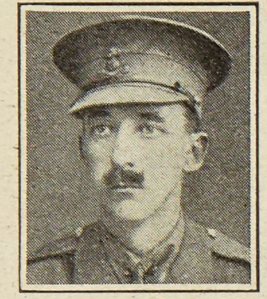


Capt. J. R. WALPOLE, Royal West Surrey Regt.

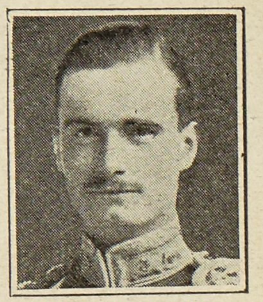
Capt. H. F. MOTT, London Regiment.



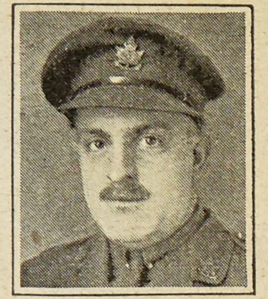
Capt. D. V. F. ANDERSON, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Capt. L. P. WALSH, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Capt. G. N. ALISON, Seaforth Highlanders.



Lieut. F. J. CORR, Canadian Infantry.

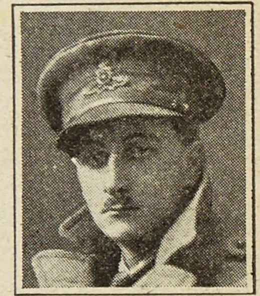
Lieut. J. J. B. BALL, Royal Field Artillery.

Captain W. C. Hayden joined the Honourable Artillery Company in 1897. In 1910 he won the championship of the regiment for shooting at the annual Bisley rifle meeting. On the outbreak of war he volunteered for active service with the 1st Battalion H.A.C., and was immediately offered his commission, leaving with his regiment for France about September, 1914. He was wounded in the attack at Hooge, June, 1915, and was killed in action while in his dug-out by a shell at Hooge, on September 15th, 1915.

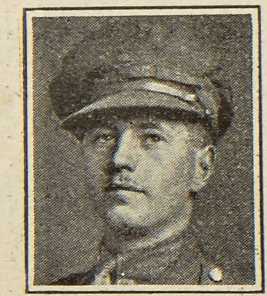
Captain Cyril Mitford Humble-Crofts, Royal Sussex Regiment, was the third son of Prebendary and Mrs. Humble-Crofts, of Waldron Rectory, Sussex. Captain John Robsart Walpole, Royal West Surrey Regiment, received his commission in January, 1901, in the Lancashire Artillery Militia, and subsequently, in 1904, a commission in the "Queen's." Resigning in 1910, he spent three years rubber planting in Malaya. On the outbreak of war he rejoined his old regiment, and was gazetted captain in December, 1914. He was the second son of Sir Charles and the late Lady Walpole.

Temporary-Captain Hugh Fenwick Mott, London Regiment, who was twenty-two years old, was educated at Marlborough and Oxford. He received a commission in September, 1914, and was slightly wounded once. He was awarded the Military Cross in the Birthday Honours of 1916. He was killed in action, "gallantly leading his company in the attack."

Captain Denis Vipont Friend Anderson, 1st Battalion the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, which formed part of the "glorious 29th Division," was killed in action in the Gallipoli landing, on April 25th, 1915.

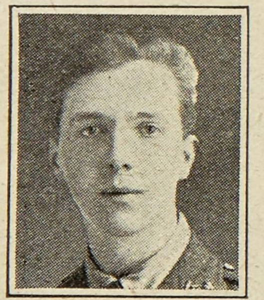


Sec.-Lt. P. K. BADDELEY, Royal Field Artillery.

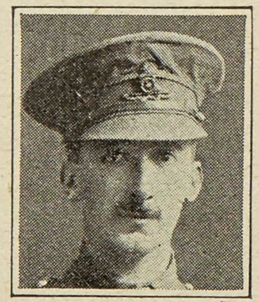


Sec.-Lieut. W. H. JOWETT, King's (Liverpool) Regt.

Lieut. F. L. PUSCH, D.S.O., Irish Guards.



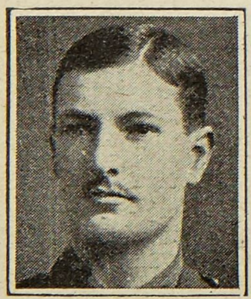
Sec.-Lieut. R. J. C. LEADER, Durham Light Infantry.



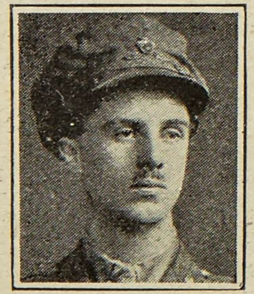
Sec.-Lieut. H. L. TATE, Royal Field Artillery.

Sec.-Lieut. G. PERKINS, West Yorks Regiment.

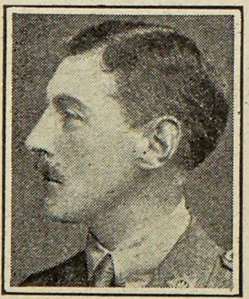
Sec.-Lieut. J. M. HUNTER, Wiltshire Regiment.



Sec.-Lieut. G. H. MASSEY, Royal Field Artillery.



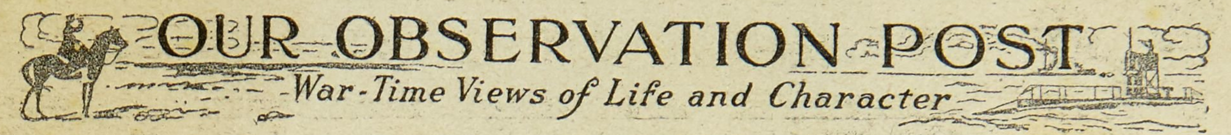
Sec.-Lieut. O. LL. JOHNS, Royal Field Artillery.



Sec.-Lieut. P. F. GETHIN, Devonshire Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. M. L. PRICE, Middlesex Regiment.

(Photos by Chancellor. Elliott & Fry, Claude Harris, Brooke Hughes, Lafayette, Russell & Sons, Swaine, Lambert Weston.)



OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

THE RED CROSS AND CHARING CROSS

POETS have always liked to attribute some measure of consciousness to material things that have long associations with human life. Ancient castles, old houses, venerable churches, immemorial trees—all these things are so intimately linked with life as we think of it that it seems incredible that they can be wholly unconscious of the drama played on the stage of whose scenery they are part. Perhaps it is more than poets' fancy that they are not unconscious of it. Where we know nothing it is foolish to deny anything. And since all beauty has its use we may as well take innocent pleasure from the thought that the old places knew the old people and actually helped to make them the dear old people they were.

IT was Charing Cross that set a rather tired mind free this evening from the burden of care and sent it wandering down vistas that were pleasant because dim. Of the particular event which it commemorates the cross itself, of course, was not a witness, but one can picture the people crowding to the village green of Charing as the Royal procession came to a halt and the sad king watched the coffin that held his queen being placed upon the spot where now the cross aspires. The citizens had flocked there from London, and bishop and abbot and monks had come to receive the casket that held the king's dearest treasure. Many prayers must have risen to heaven that night from the crowd gathered at Charing, and as the broken king rode away one can picture the sympathetic women wiping their eyes and murmuring, "Poor man!" And afterwards, when Eleanor's Cross was raised to mark the spot where Eleanor's body had rested, they would have told their children all about it, and how at Waltham and at Delapré, and wherever else the body had rested, a like cross had been set up to the glory of God and in memory of a good woman.

AFTER that, Charing Cross saw events which are so many landmarks in the history of England. It saw each succeeding sovereign make State entry into London, by State barge down the river to the Tower or on horseback or in State coach by road from Westminster Hall. It saw them all, and mention of only some of their names makes the thought wonderful: Harry the King, who fought at Agincourt, and Henry VIII., and Mary, Elizabeth, and Charles the Martyr, the Merry Monarch, Anne, George III., Victoria; test your mind by some process of psycho-analysis and see what pictures those names conjure up. Eleanor's Cross saw them all. And to witness every spectacle, the Fire of London, the Jubilee Procession, any one that can be thought of, always the people of London gathered at Charing Cross to see the spectacle, too.

BUT not since Eleanor's body was brought there all those hundreds of years ago has the spot that is marked by her cross been the theatre of a drama more poignant than that which is enacted there every night now. As evening draws on you notice that the men moving westwards, homeward bound from work, begin to lag and loiter as they reach the top of Villiers Street; you loiter, too, and see that the rough-paved, slippery, sloping street is lined all down one side with ambulances, heavy, almost forbidding looking vehicles, with their drab curtains drawn back revealing the four narrow stretchers from which the straps hang loosely. Nurses are beginning to gather near them, and men in dark-blue uniforms, and as yet they all display an indifference to the work before them that strikes you as unfeeling; you do not know—thank Heaven that you have not had occasion to test it!—how deft those men are and what tender hearts and gentle hands those splendid women have. They want no gallery and let you know it, and as the ambulances turn in under the archway at the bottom of the hill you go on your way a little.

TO stop at Eleanor's Cross. Beyond that point you can hardly go, so dense is the crowd now. From the entrance gate of the station yard to the gate under the hotel up to the platform, the people are standing six or seven rows deep. And on both sides of the narrow passage left the women are laden with roses. At the gate the flower-girls—let the old name be kept—are calling out, "Roses, roses!" and pressing on you the lovely red and yellow blooms. If you are a man you need not buy them, unless it is to give them to some girl in the crowd who is looking at them wistfully, knowing, because she has felt them all, that none of the coins in her bag have milled edges; she will accept them gratefully, but not for the sake of your bright eyes; she understands that you understand; roses are the women's tribute to the wounded men who have come home, and you are giving them to her to give to them.

THEN the gate opens, and very slowly the motor-cars come out from the station. The first are private cars, and a couple of officers are in each looking out of the window curiously and rather shyly at the gazing crowd. Then one will smile as a rose is flung through the open window, and, if he can, he will salute and then lean back more shyly still. But it is for the Red Cross ambulances that the women reserve their largesse. Very slowly these move forward, and, as they pass, the women crane forward and shower roses through the parted curtains at the back; before the ambulance has reached the street the rugs that cover the four still forms are heaped with roses, and sometimes in the tense silence you catch a word of thanks. That is enough; too much. The women say "Poor man!" just as they said it of the broken king those hundreds of years ago, and the flower-girls push forward and fling all that is left of their store—their living, mind you—into the great cars as they turn away towards one hospital or another. And as you put on your hat—"capping" is man's tribute—you blow your nose and mutter, "What a fool I am!"

THEY say that when the British soldiers come back from the trenches to their rest billets in the French villages the French girls come out to meet them, give them roses, and say "Thank you!" One is very glad that when British soldiers come home to their rest and, please God, restoration in English hospitals, British women come out to meet them, give them roses, and say "Thank you!" too. It seems a little thing to do and say to men who have nearly died for you, but the outward and visible signs of sacraments are generally rather trivial. Roses will serve as well as a splash of water or a cube of bread. It is the other aspect that matters, and one knows that the prayers that rise to heaven each night from the crowd gathered at Charing are as acceptable to their God as their roses are to their men.

C. M.

The War Illustrated
News Notes and Comments

I WISH particularly to draw my readers' attention to Mr. Edward Wright's new series now appearing weekly in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. Several readers have expressed regret that our weekly article "The Progress of the War" appears on the outer pages, which they do not bind up in volume form, but I have already explained that Mr. F. A. McKenzie's admirable weekly summary of events is clearly of passing interest and deals with the ever-changing situation; it thus lacks the permanent value of an orderly historical narrative. On the other hand, Mr. Edward Wright's contributions are written only when the fullest information concerning the subject in hand is obtainable, and are historically valuable. Mr. Wright is probably the most successful of all those who have dealt with the historical aspects of the Great War. His brilliant contributions to our sixpenny contemporary "The Great War" have found admiring readers throughout the whole English-speaking world, and are followed with intense interest. He has been a regular contributor to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED from the first number, and no one better than he can put into graphic phrase and words that live the dramatic events of the conflict. His "Battle Pictures of the Great War" will provide a permanent record of all the memorable episodes on every front, and really form a history of the war told in independent chapters. The new series continues and enlarges, in a more methodical manner, our old and popular "Great Episodes of the War," which were also written by Mr. Edward Wright.

A Singular Coincidence

A LETTER just received from a Wesleyan minister in the West Indies draws our attention to a singular coincidence which will interest other readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, especially those who may see in "coincidence" something more than a long-armed device with which novelists wrench events to fit their little purposes. "In recent cablegrams received in this part of his Majesty's Empire," he says, "we have read with profound regret and concern of the passing of that incomparable modern soldier—Earl Kitchener. We have heard that his successor is likely to be Sir William Robertson, K.C.V.O., etc. Imagine my curiosity and astonishment, a few days later, to discover that in your issue of April 10th, 1915, you have on the inside cover pictures of the ill-fated vessel H.M.S. Hampshire and Sir William Robertson. The Hampshire comes first in order. It is a strange coincidence, and I wonder if others have noted it."

More About Mort-Homme

MR. CHARLES E. ROCHE writes to me from the Savage Club:

"You did me the favour of reproducing a letter I wrote to the *Morning Post* regarding the *Mort-Homme*. It has called forth a reply from a French friend, who writes to me: 'I find in the *Semaine litteraire* the following: 'Some there are who have gone to the Spanish for the etymology of Mort-Homme, which they would derive from *morron*, a hill, yet the foresters of the locality favour the *dead elm*. But archæologists have something to say to this, basing their argument on the fact that several hills bearing the name of Mort-Homme are to be met with in Champagne. Now, wherever this name exists, one has discovered traces of cemeteries of the Gaul or of the Merovingian period; hence Homme-Mort or Mort-Homme, signifying Dead Man, it should be, according to these *savants*. We all pronounce the word as Moromme, but the people of the region say *Mortomme*. In the Department of Cher, a long way off from the Mort-Homme, is a little *commune* in the *arrondissement* of Bourges, by name, Morthomiers. *Grammatici certant*. The discussion is open to all.'

"According to the *Cri de Paris*, 'the people of the district say *Mortomme*, and not *Moromme*.'

"M. Jules Develle, Senator, and a former Minister for Foreign Affairs, says: 'In the Verdun region the word is pronounced *Mortomme*, just as Mortemart. Refugees from Varennes and from Clermont-en-Argonne do not cease protesting against the pronunciation *Moromme*, which seems to prevail in Paris.

"Besides, there are several Mort-Homme in France, and in the Department of Pas-de-Calais Morts-Hommes is to be met with. Again, if one consults Cassini's old map (seventeenth century) one is struck by the fact that all the localities known as Mort-Homme were isolated eminences, and all crowned with gibbets. On this map the Mort-Homme so often referred to nowadays is represented as crowned with a gibbet, hence *Mortomme* would be the right pronunciation."

English, Please!

THE article, published in this number, in which Charing Cross is contemplated as the pulsating heart of London and the national life, renders timely an appeal to the railway authorities to remove the unsightly German notices that hit the eye directly one enters the station-yard. Since naturalised Germans may be expected, at any rate, to understand the English language, and Germans who are not naturalised—if not interned, as they ought to be—are not permitted to wander at will over this country, there seems to be no good reason why the ugly words "Fahrkarten Ausgabe," "Auskunfts Bureau," and "Handgepacke," in huge lettering, should be left to offend people who loathe everything connected with the enemy. We are all for constitutional methods, but our sympathy is with the music-hall artist who recently repaired to the station bearing a ladder and a pot of paste, and, being taken for a decent bill-poster, solemnly proceeded to mount to the notice-boards and paste over the offending words a sheet of paper bearing in large type the patriotic legend "Rule, Britannia."

Doctors and Nurses Too

THE lamp first lighted by Florence Nightingale at Scutari in the bygone '50's burns more brightly than ever to-day under the sacred symbol of the Red Cross. Talking in a London hospital with a young private of the Middlesex Regiment, I was deeply impressed by his enthusiastic tribute to the work of the R.A.M.C.—doctors and nurses too; by his account of the way in which, at the highest pressure, the mission of mercy goes forward, in the removal of the wounded from the field; of the skill and devotion displayed at first-aid posts, casualty clearing stations, the base hospitals, and the institution in which the boy was speaking. He himself had lost his right arm, but he was much more ready to talk of the care bestowed upon him than of his own injury. This spirit is general throughout the Army.

How You May Help

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED can greatly assist the publishers in conforming with the Government restrictions as to the consumption of paper by ordering this journal to be supplied weekly by their regular newsagents, instead of buying it casually. In this way it is possible for the publishers more accurately to judge their weekly printing order, and thus avoid wastage as well as prevent disappointment.

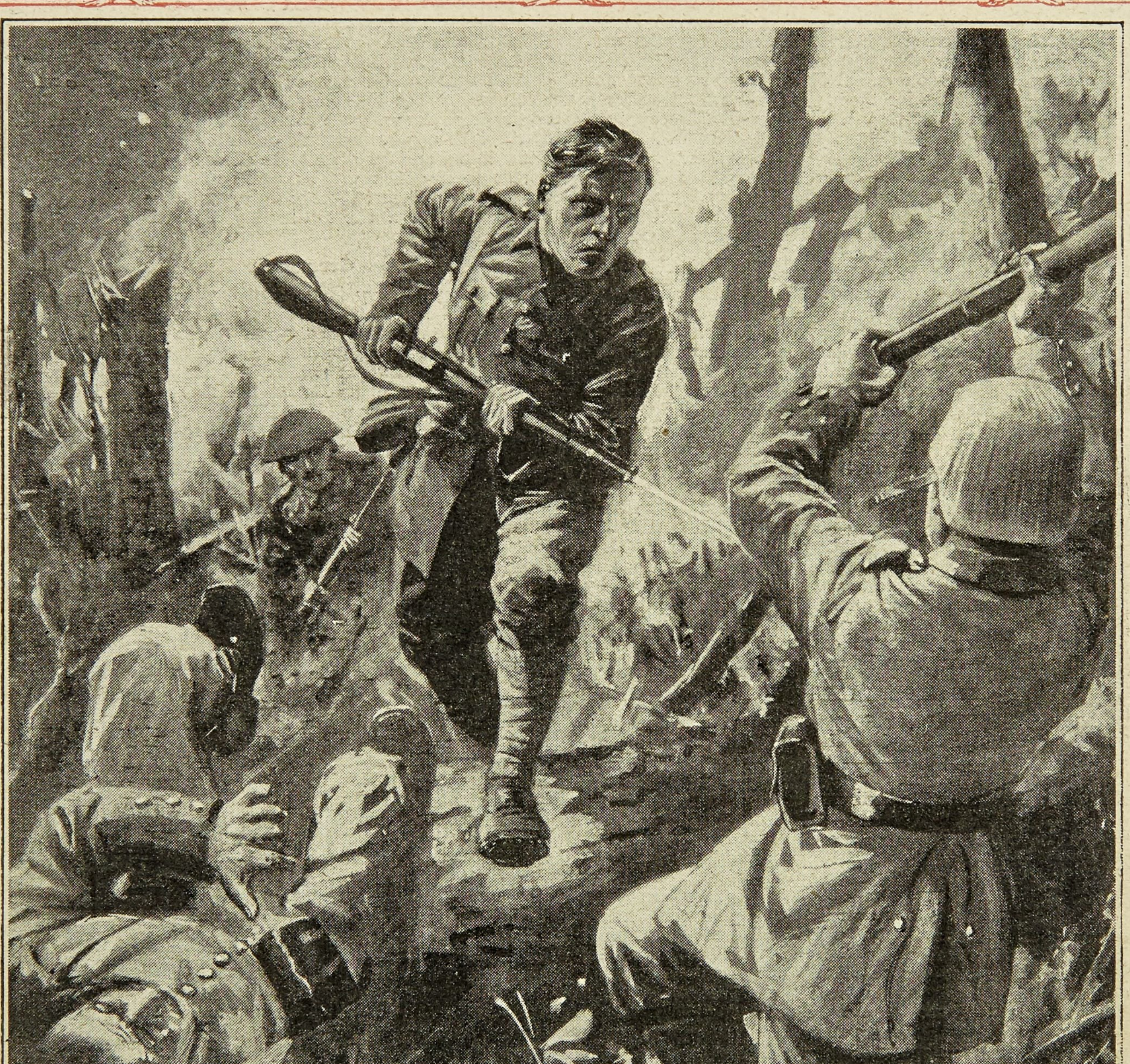
Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, August 12th, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

The Soul of Resurgent Russia By Hamilton Fyfe

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 4

Bayonet versus Rifle-Butt: Hand-to-Hand Fighting in Delville Wood

No. 104

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

WE are on the eve of a new spell of "frightfulness." The judicial murder of Captain Fryatt, of the s.s. Brussels, a murder contrary not only to international law but also to Germany's own naval laws, is a sign of what is coming. There will be a submarine campaign on a scale greater than any yet attempted. The Zeppelins have given us already evidence of renewed activity. There are many signs of further coming German naval moves.

New Campaign of Terror

The Germans hope, by heaping horror on horror and slaughter on slaughter, to sicken us of the war. Each week now their position grows worse. Temporary victories on one field or another would not alter the situation for them. They can fight on for a long time yet, but they will fight against foes whose strength grows while theirs is on the decline. Their Verdun campaign has failed; their new offensive against Russia has never been allowed to develop; the Austrian campaign against Italy has injured only them; Serbia, like a phœnix, has arisen from the ashes and is attacking in the south-east; and, in the west, France and Britain are driving them hard. Since the days of the Prussian War against Denmark the Germans have been accustomed to fight in superior numbers, with the inspiration of victory behind them, crushing remorselessly through their foes. Now they find themselves being slowly driven to the wall. Their leaders know their danger. Hence the beginnings of the "frightfulness" campaign, which will be waged with a view to convince us that it would be cheaper and wiser for us to make terms with the enemy than to push things to their final conclusion. This new campaign of terror will be accompanied by a widespread peace agitation, promoted by Germany.

German military critics are busy whistling to keep their courage up. They express great satisfaction with the result of the fighting on the Somme. They estimate our losses at from 150,000 to 250,000, and they are attempting to hearten the German people by assuring them that our offensive has completely broken down. But the German people will soon learn better. The Battle of the Ridge continues, and the fighting is at least as severe as anything that has hitherto taken place in the war. The strength of the artillery on each side is enormous, and the guns are at work day and night. The fight in Delville Wood and in Pozières has approached the very climax of horror.

Capture of Delville Wood

The enemy are contesting every yard of our advance, and it would be foolish to deny the strength of their positions or the obstinacy of their resistance. But all their strength and determination have failed to keep our men back. The capture of Delville Wood by our forces and the consequent occupation of a commanding position over the Valley of the Somme towards Bapaume has given us great advantage which we are using to the full. The enemy realise the importance of Delville Wood, and have tried time after time to recapture it, each effort ending in very heavy loss to themselves. We are now using this position as a centre for a new advance southwards in the direction of the Somme. There comes a time in a battle when the fighting reduces itself to a test of endurance. Every man on the limited front is taxed to the utmost; every link in the great machine is strained almost to snapping point. That is the stage of the battle as I write. The fact that the Germans have ordered the civilians from Bapaume, and are fortifying every house in that town, shows they regard our presence there as at least an early possibility. What will be the effect of our capture of the whole line of the Ridge—Thiepval, Martinpuich, and Courcelette? Will our occupation of these positions force the enemy from the valley positions between the Ridge and Bapaume? Not necessarily! It is quite possible under present conditions of trench warfare for one side to hold positions in a valley while the other commands the hills around. We, for example, hold the Ypres salient, although the semicircle of hill positions fronting it is in German hands. Farther south we hold the valley around La Petite Doube, while the Germans hold the hills of Messines. Contrariwise, we hold the great hill position of Kemmell, overlooking great lengths of German valley positions. While a command of the hills does not necessarily drive the enemy from the valleys below, it does give the occupier of the hills a great advantage for artillery work, for observation, and for attack, let alone for defences. It is safe to say that with our present strength in the region of the Somme, the conquest of the Ridge will be followed in a short time by the occupation of Bapaume.

Germany's New Naval Plans

The German Navy is apparently making ready for a fresh offensive. The Battle off Jutland inflicted heavy loss on one portion of the German Fleet, but the major part of it was not engaged in the active fighting. The German naval plans may contemplate either an attack in the Baltic or a battle with British ships in the North Sea.

The news from Russia is of a most satisfactory character. The armies south of the Pripet Marshes have struck again at the combined German and Austrian forces massed against them, and have scored victory after victory. Brody has fallen into the Russian hands, and from it a further advance is being undertaken in the direction of Lemberg. Russian armies are moving forward on both sides of the important railway junction of Kovel, which from the first has been one of the great Russian objectives, and the early capture of Kovel is now confidently anticipated. The number of German and Austrian prisoners captured by General Brussiloff's armies has now reached the enormous total of close on 400,000. This second advance of the Russian armies is even more important and significant than the first great Russian move in the early summer, when General Brussiloff drove the Austrians back. The Austrians could claim that they were then taken by surprise by the accumulation of Russian strength in men and guns. They can make no such claim this time, for they had accumulated troops all along the southern Russian front for a counter offensive.

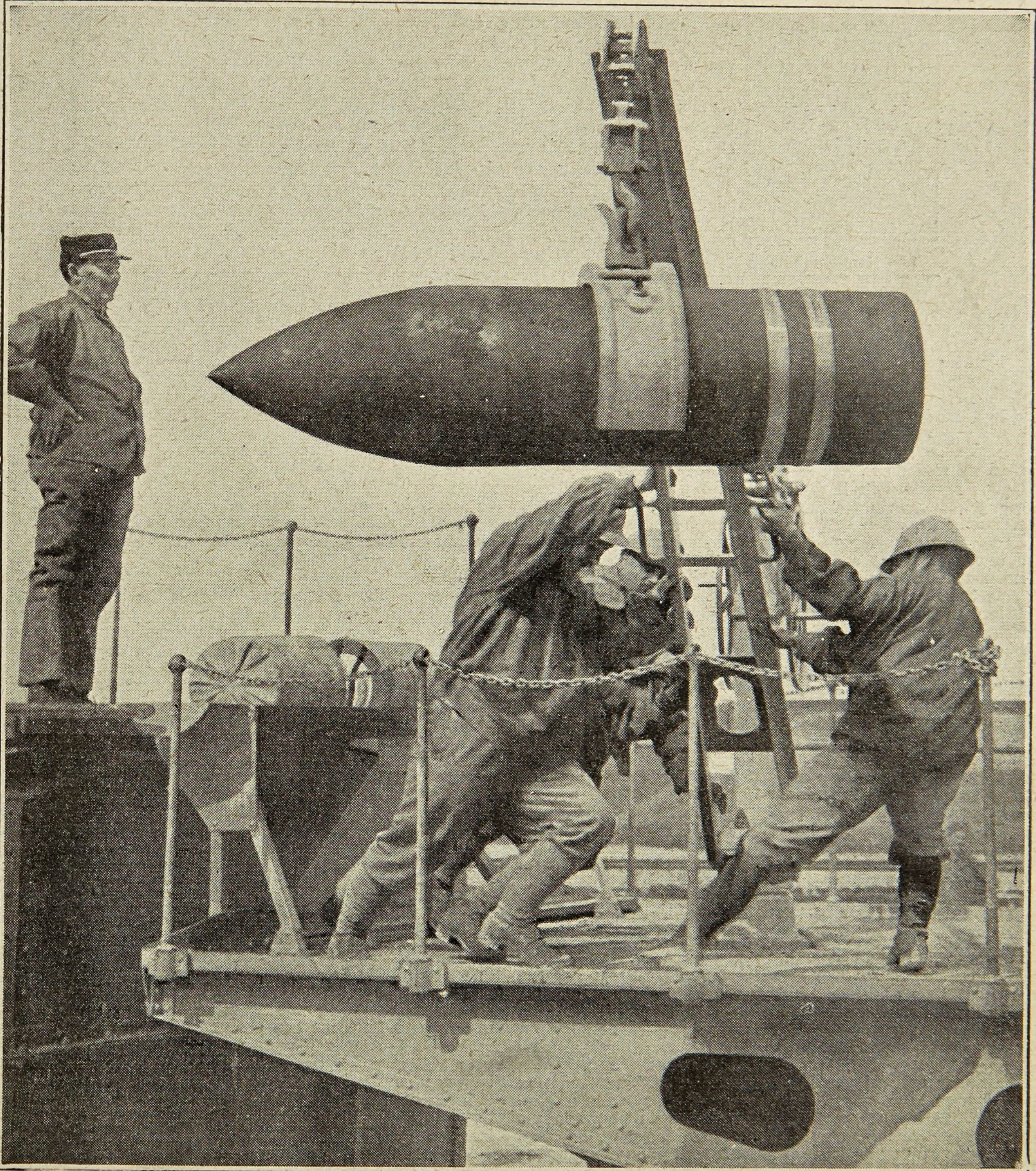
Russian Campaign in Galicia

The campaign in Galicia has barely begun. The Russian advance, splendid as it is, cannot be regarded as completely satisfactory until the army of General Bothmer, which still, as I write, holds its position on the River Strypa, is either driven back or captured. Our experience early in the war teaches us to be careful in forecasting the downfall of Austria. That Power recovered amazingly eighteen months ago, when it seemed at the point of collapse; but Austria to-day is feeling the strain far more than then. Her treasury is bankrupt; her armies against Italy and against Russia have suffered cruel defeats; many hundreds of thousands of her sons are prisoners in Russian camps; and the shadow of danger is darkening on her Serbian front. Her outlook is very bad.

12th August, 1916. No. 104. Vol. 4.

THE WAR
Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



A HARBINGER OF VICTORY.—During the four weeks ending July 24th last, it is computed that the British artillery put no fewer than five million shells into the German positions. From the French lines the shell expenditure cannot have been much less. This tornado and the unsurpassable gallantry of the allied troops robbed the foe of the initiative. Our photograph shows one of the gigantic French 400 mm. shells being hauled to the gun-breech. Victory is still synonymous with shells! shells!! shells!!!

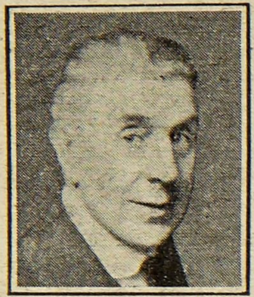
TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S FAITH IN THE UNSEEN

The Simple Piety of the Tsar's Fighting Men

By Hamilton Fyfe

Special Correspondent with the Russian Army


[Hoppe

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe

OF all national temperaments the Slav possesses the most lovable, if the most complex and mysterious. Humorous, generous to prodigality, with a rare detachment from the material issues of life, the Russian is the very antithesis of the over-industrialised Teuton type. The Tsar's Holy War declared against the Austro-German alliance is no picturesque figure of speech, but a fervent national expression of the will to triumph over the unendurable menace of the Central Empires. The religious zeal and spiritual exaltation of the Russian peasant-soldier form the subject of this most engrossing instalment of our "True Tales" series. The author is Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, whose vividly-written despatches from Petrograd and Russian Army headquarters have been an important feature of the "Daily Mail" for more than twelve months. Mr. Fyfe has had great experience of the war both on the east and west fronts.

MOVING about along the Russian front one comes across constant evidence of the religious element in the Russian character.

Nothing in the war has made me think or feel more deeply than this. At first it astonishes an Englishman, or a Frenchman, to find a whole army, with very few exceptions so far as I discovered, sincerely, unquestioningly, openly professing its faith in the Unseen. Later, this becomes so integral a part of one's daily life that one scarcely regards it. It is the same everywhere. At first one is surprised in the cities to see people of all classes crossing themselves when they leave home, when they return home, when they pass a church (even if they are in a train or a street-car), when they are within sight of a shrine containing a holy picture. Afterwards one does not notice it.

In the Army, as in civil life, the phrase "Slava Bogu" (Glory to God) is constantly used, and used with meaning. When they sit down to a meal, most of the older and many of the younger officers are careful to cross themselves. Wherever I have happened upon services held by regimental priests, I have seen them eagerly thronged by all the men who could be spared, and listened to with reverent attention. There is no need to have church parades. If the men are free, they cannot keep away from the sound of the singing and the *basso profondo* intonation of the priest. I stopped for a few minutes recently at a divisional headquarters, to pay respects to a general whose trenches I had permission to visit.

"Come and see our church," he said at once, and took me into a big room fitted up for the Orthodox ritual. It was not Sunday, but a Mass was being sung, and the room was packed with soldiers.

Spiritual Exaltation of the Slav

Two services to which happy chances brought me just in time will always remain in my memory. Never will Palm Sunday and Easter Eve pass by without renewing the emotion they aroused, without recalling to my mind the nearness of God to men which they seemed to make so plain.

On a rainy, gusty morning I was riding with some Staff officers towards the positions held by a gallant Finnish regiment. It was Palm Sunday. We had just passed a village churchyard filled with Galician peasants coming away from Mass with their branches of pussy-willow palm. As we trotted the breeze brought snatches of harmony to our ears. We reined up and listened. Then we followed the sound and came soon to a little tent pitched under the shelter of a ridge. In the tent was a table dressed as an altar with green and gold frontal; upon it were a book and a crucifix, with two tiny tapers burning before an icon (holy picture). Before the altar a priest in green and gold vestments was chanting. To one side, apart from the congregation, stood about twenty soldiers. They were the choir. A young officer with a tuning-fork acted as conductor, after the practice of Russian church choirs.

Whether it was because I expected little, or because of the impressiveness of the scene, or because they really were a wonderful choir, I cannot tell, but I certainly felt—and I feel still—that I had never heard singing more beautiful. Russian church music is affecting always. Here was a rendering of it which brought out with most moving simplicity the haunting appeal of the Orthodox office to the pity and tenderness of God. "Gospodi, pomilui" ("Lord, have mercy") was sung with an infinitely touching stress upon the significance of the words.

Divine Service Under Fire

From not far off came at intervals the boom of big-gun firing. Close by were three graves with pathetic freshly-cut wooden crosses over them, marking the spot where three men of the regiment had been killed a few days before by a shell. Round about were many shell-holes. All of those singing, all of the congregation, knew that at any moment a like death might put an end to them. The voices rose and fell, now swelling to joyous praise and gladness, now sinking to a murmur of exquisitely modulated petition. They blended with the effect of an organ played by a master of music. The emotional quality of their singing was intense. Never in any cathedral had I felt God so close, or realised so poignantly the cry of humanity to its Creator—"Lord, have mercy," "Lord, we beseech Thee to hear us," "Spare us, Good Lord."

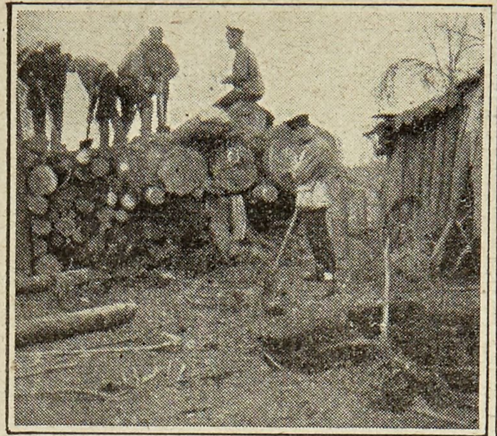
I still believe it was the singing itself, and not the surroundings, which took my spirit prisoner that rainy, gusty day. The service over, the colonel invited us into his "dug-out." We went down steps, through a door marked "Regimental Staff" into the pleasantest little underground house, just like a house in a fairy-tale. Here the colonel not only produced most hospitable refreshment, but he asked a few of the choir to let us hear some Cossack soldier-songs. Their singing seemed to be no less perfect below ground than it had been above in the open. Rough soldiers all of them—peasants, illiterate boys. But the very soul of music was in them, and their conductor must be a genius.

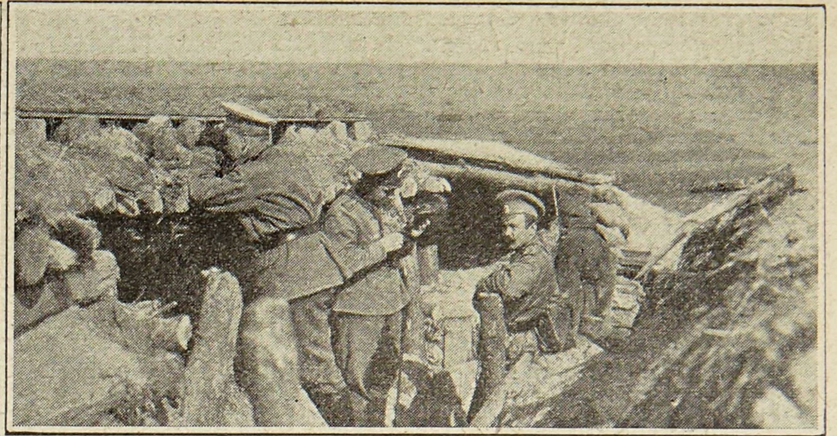
The week between Palm Sunday and Easter Eve slipped by, and the question arose: Where should I see Easter in?

The midnight Resurrection service in Russia is the greatest religious festival of the year, and it is always followed by a supper to celebrate the ending of the Great Fast. Around this Easter Supper have grown up the same tradition and

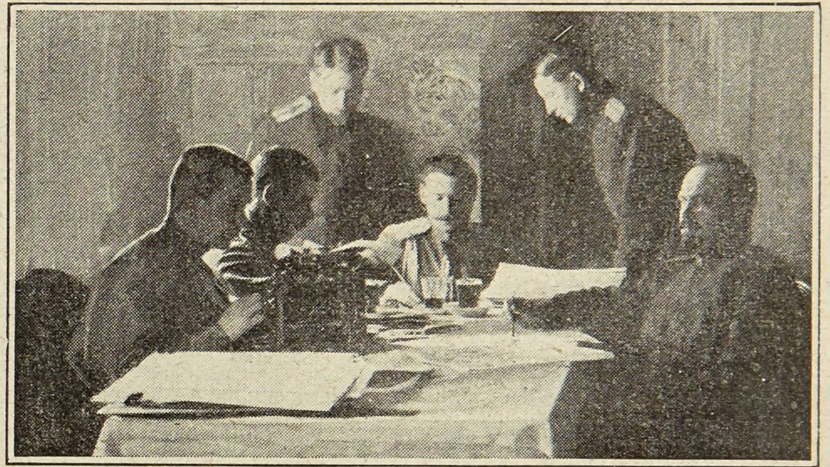
[Continued on page 604

With Brussiloff and His Redoubtable Russians

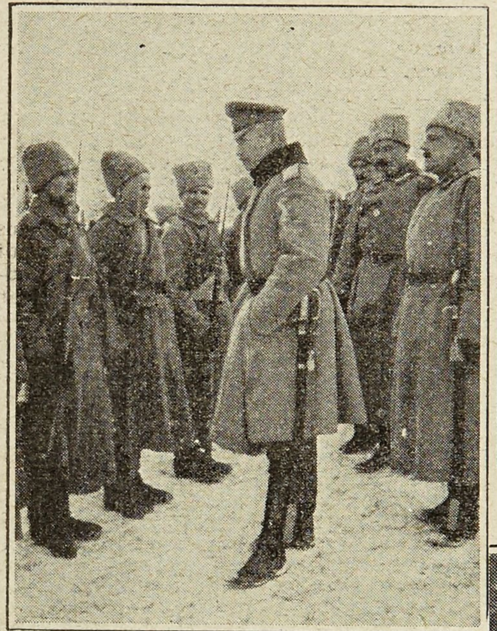




Erecting screens of rough-hewn timber against the German "portmanteaux," or "Jack Johnsons" as our men generally call them.
Russian officers directing a cannonade, for which they now have unlimited ammunition, from an infantry trench in Bukovina.



A group of Russian officers at work in the Staff quarters of a division. Throughout the war the operations of the Russian Army, both defensive and offensive, have been distinguished by generalship of the highest order.



Escorting Austrian prisoners captured in recent battles to the rear. Inset: General Alexei Brussiloff among his men, who worship him. Since General Brussiloff began his great offensive in June, the number of prisoners taken by the Russians has exceeded 300,000, and the Austrians have been driven back from the Pripet on a front of 220 miles.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S FAITH

(Continued from page 602)

sentiment of family affection which cling to our Christmas. Highest and humblest alike make merry. No one is so poor as not to be able to set out a "Paschal board."

An army corps Staff was kind enough to invite me, but I felt that I would sooner be among the soldiers in the field. Coming in the dusk of the soft April evening to a field dressing-station about a mile from the trenches, I found preparations going forward, and the kind sisters asked me to stay with them. They were four of the sweetest, simplest souls imaginable. At once they put me on a footing of friendship, just as children welcome a fresh comrade with open gaiety of heart. We took a lantern and trudged along the uplands, watching the travelling glare of searchlights and the incessant lighting-up of our position by rockets from the Austrian lines. We heard a battery clatter through the dark village below us. We saw distantly the long mysterious snakes of twinkling light which mean transport columns. Then we went indoors and played children's games and wrote in confession albums, and laughed a great deal, and discovered mutual friends, with such other simple-hearted enjoyments. At home, these were young women in society. One was a princess. All belonged, as they say in the United States, to the "first families." Here they were just "sisters," living four in one little cottage room, and they made me their brother indeed.

"Now, no more frivolity," said one soon after eleven. "The priest is here. The service will begin." So we lit tapers to hold in our hands and went outside the cottage into the darkness. Again there was an altar in a small tent, with soldiers standing before it. Some had brought lanterns, and the light from these made long, shiny flickers on the wet ground, for it had been raining. Every few moments fresh steps were heard, plodding their way toward us. All felt the emotion of the hour. The sisters' faces were grave, and shining tears glistened in their eyes. Frequently the priest came to the edge of the tent and cried three times "Kristos voskress" (Christ is risen), receiving from the darkness the fervent answer, "Voieestinoo voskress" (He is risen indeed). Everyone was moved. Everyone felt the common Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood in Christ. Religion is in Russia a very bond and interpretation of life.

Even at supper, over the traditional Easter fare—hard-boiled eggs with coloured shells, ham, goose, a sweet curd cheese called Pascha and a tall cylindrical cake to eat with it known as Koolitch—the influence of the service remained. We discussed the priest's little sermon. To the sisters, who had seen so much of the pitiful side of war, the thought "There is no death" was very precious. The undoubting sureness of their faith touched me nearly. I thought with a wistful pang of those who would soon be gathering in my little village church at home in England to sing the joyful Easter hymn that meant so much to me as a child. I felt again the old child-like Easter gladness. When the sisters spoke with their guests, doctors, officers, sanitars, of the impressiveness of such a service, with fighting going on only a mile away, I sincerely agreed. I shall never forget it . . or them.

[The next article in this series will be a brilliant description of an Alpine battle, written by an eye-witness, Signor Luigi Barzini, the most eminent Italian journalist of to-day, who represents the "Corriere della Sera," of Milan, at the Italian front.]

"DOING THEIR BIT."

THE COAST WATCHERS

By One of Them

I AM no great hand with the pen, being more used to pulling an oar or mending a seine. But you want to hear about the bit I've been doing, and so I'll tell you all I can, and maybe you'll shape it a little so that it reads rightly.

I'm a fisherman, and I went to sea when I was a lad, and saved enough money to buy a boat and take a large share in the nets, and I settled down in my native village, and took what the sea gave me and was thankful. My three lads are in the Navy. They were with Admiral Beatty in the North Sea fight the other day. But that's nothing to do with what I'm trying to tell you.

When the war broke out I wanted to do something. Some of my mates in the harbour and on the beach went in for a new sort of fishing, which doubtless you've heard about—fishing for submarines. I stuck to the other sort of fishing, because somebody's got to do it, you know, even if you're only allowed to cast your nets a short way from the shore nowadays.

Not Too Old at Fifty

But I was set upon helping the Old Country if I could, and when the Admiralty advertised for men that knew the sea, to give a hand at protecting the coast, I jumped at the chance. You see, lots of the regular coastguards were called up as soon as war was declared, and somebody had got to take their places, for there is more need to watch the coast than there was in the days of peace. They took me on at once, though I am over fifty.

There's some things I mayn't tell you. But if you want to know the sort of job mine is, I can best explain it by mentioning that I'm a kind of special constable—for the coast, you understand—with exactly the same power and authority as a special constable. As the special constables help the police, so we help the coastguards.

They don't call us coastguards, mind you, but Coast Watchers, and we've got to wear an armlet when we're on duty—a black armlet with the letters C.W. on it in red. That's our badge of authority entitling us to execute the law.

Coastguard Rotation

Under the Defence of the Realm Act we can arrest anyone we think suspicious, and we can stop people and ask them who they are and what they are doing, and if they don't answer we can run them in, and they stand a good chance of seeing the inside of a prison.

We do our work in regular rotation like the coastguards—six hours turn of duty at a time. When I first began the job I used to think to myself that it was well they'd got someone used to the sea to tackle it, for it wasn't a bit what you call soft. I had to patrol my stretch of coast in all weathers, and we had some pretty rough weather the back-end of that first year, as you may remember. There was no shelter in those days, and you just had to keep at it, watching the sea all night long, and cocking your eye to the sky occasionally—for we had to look out for hostile aircraft as well. Since then, however, the Admiralty have built huts for us at different points, and there we can sit snug for a bit and watch just as well.

I've got to say something about somebody else besides myself. You've heard of the Sea Scouts, haven't you? Fine lads they are, though we used to laugh at them before the war. They've shown how useful they are since then. When I go on patrol I always have with me one of these lads. It doesn't matter what sort of weather it is—they turn out like regular Britons, and they have as hard a time as I have, and just as long hours, and what's more, they don't get any pay for it. You see, I get something like the ordinary coastguard rating; these lads have to satisfy themselves with the thought that they're "doing their bit."

We use these Sea Scouts to run messages. Say I am walking along and I sight something out at sea which I don't like the look of. I may be two miles from the nearest coastguard station. It's important to get a message through at once. The Sea Scout jumps on his bicycle—if he has one with him—or runs, and getting to the coastguard station, telephones the news to the Naval Centre. Having done that he picks me up again. It's hard work, I tell you, for the lads.

Then maybe I sight aircraft. It doesn't matter whether it's night time or broad daylight, nor whether I know them to be friendly aircraft or not; they've got to be reported, and off the Sea Scout goes to the telephone and lets the authorities know—height at which she is travelling, speed, and her direction, or whether she is a biplane, a monoplane, or a seaplane.

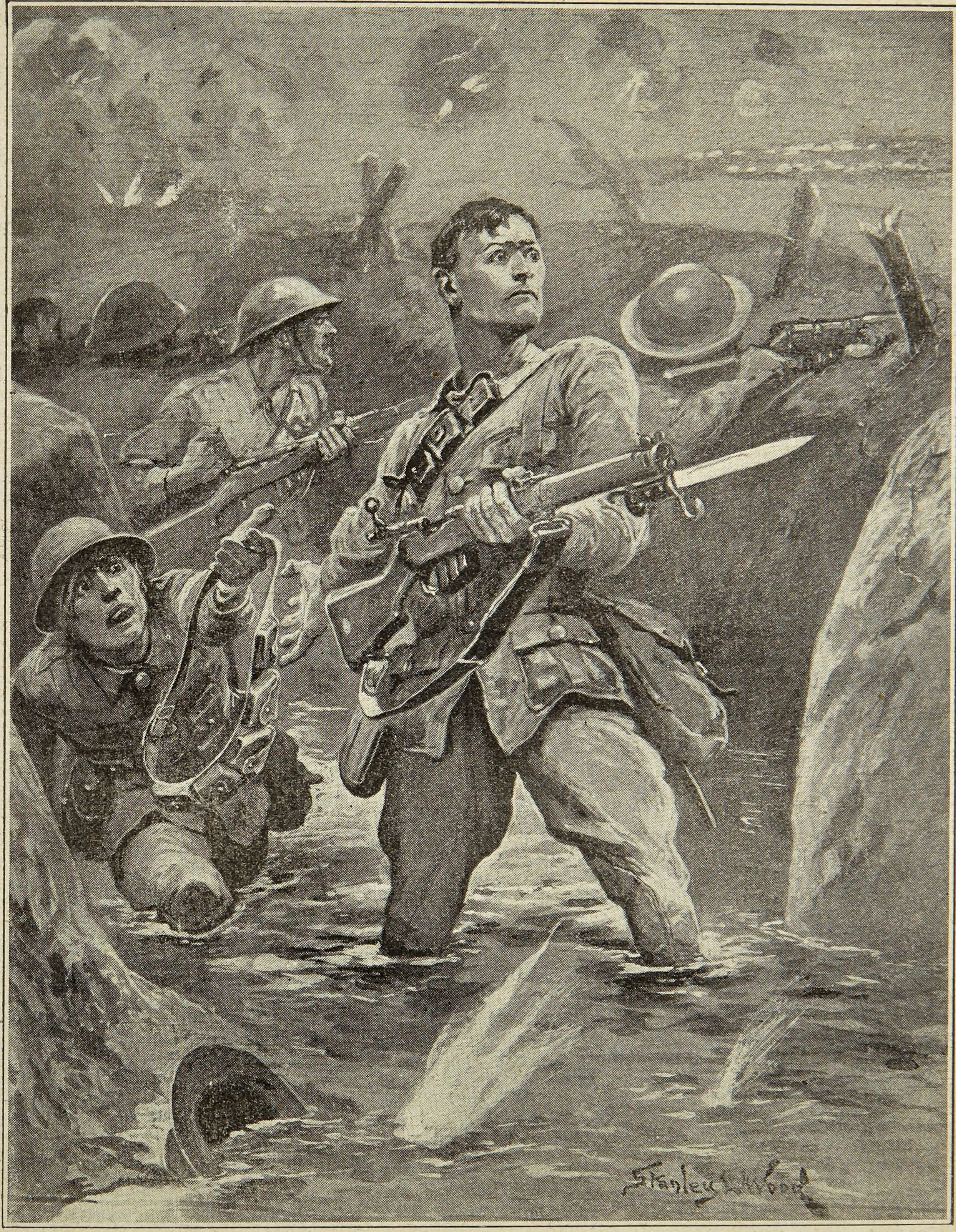
Value of Sea Scouts

If I want assistance, too—and I have met with some suspicious characters—I use the lad to go and fetch it. I don't know what we Coast Watchers would do without the Sea Scouts. They even bring us our bit of grub to eat in the huts.

Then, of course, there is the ordinary duty at the coastguard station which we do when the regular coastguard's off duty. That's mostly signalling and telephoning, and passing on reports. I tell you, we're kept pretty busy.

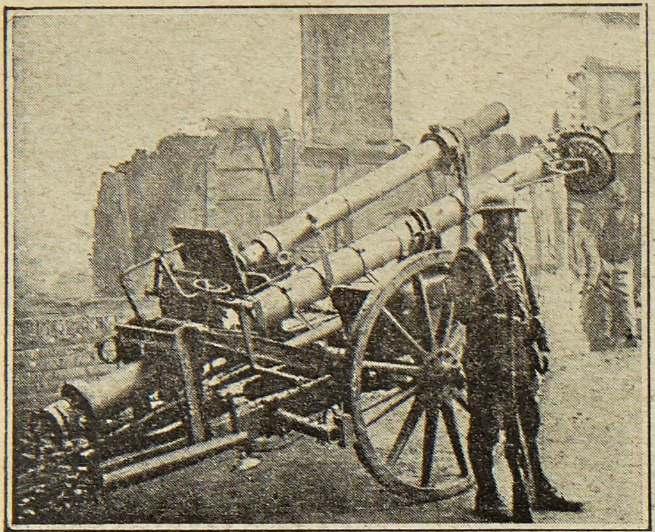
[So little is generally known of the valuable work of the Voluntary Aid Detachment that special interest attaches to the article on that work, written by An Old Member of the V.A.D., which will form the next of our "Doing Their Bit" series.]

Anzac Valour in Flooded Trenches at Fromelles

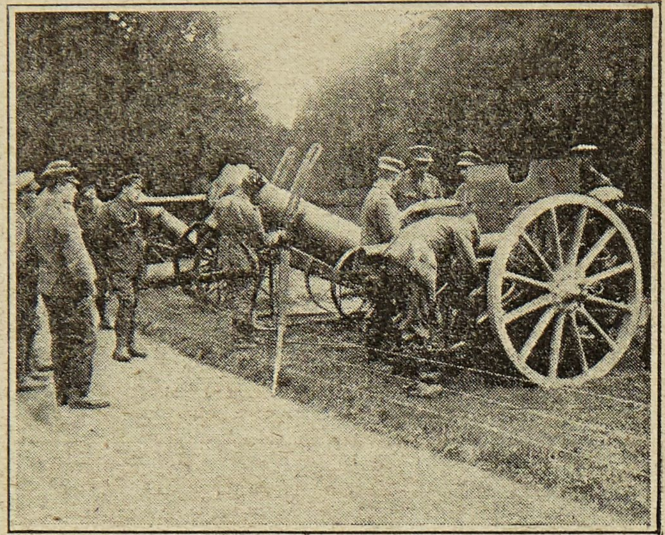


Recently at Fromelles the Anzacs underwent an ordeal as terrible as any they had experienced on Gallipoli. After stubborn fighting they occupied some German trenches. In addition to concentrating a murderous fire on the captured position, the Germans flooded the trenches with water, and very soon the men from Australasia were fighting up to their waists in it. After holding on bravely for some hours the Anzacs were ordered to retire from their critical position.

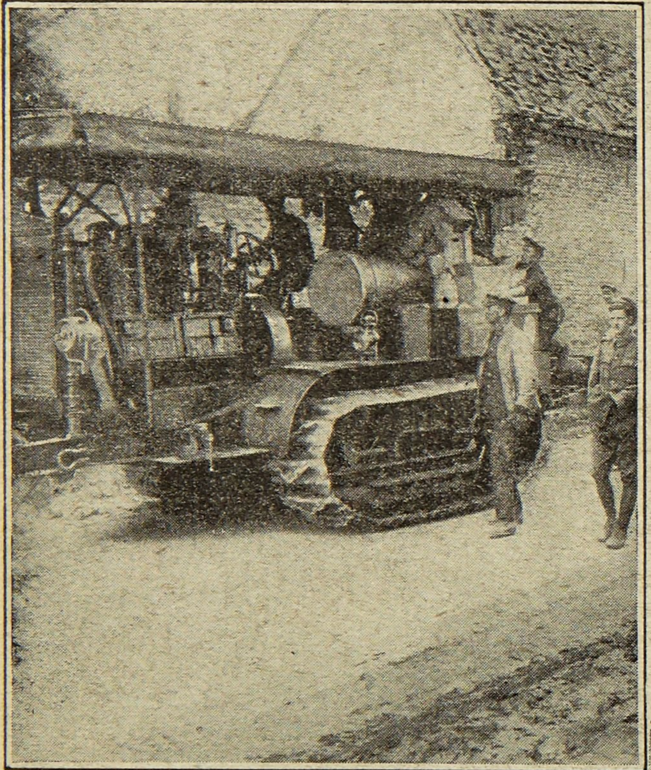
British Howitzers Move Forward in France

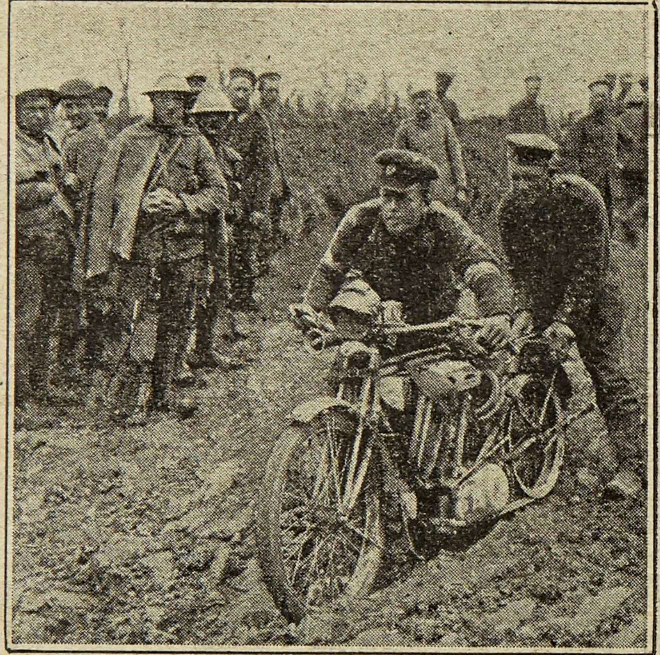


Giant periscope captured from the Germans by French Colonial troops in one of the Somme battles.

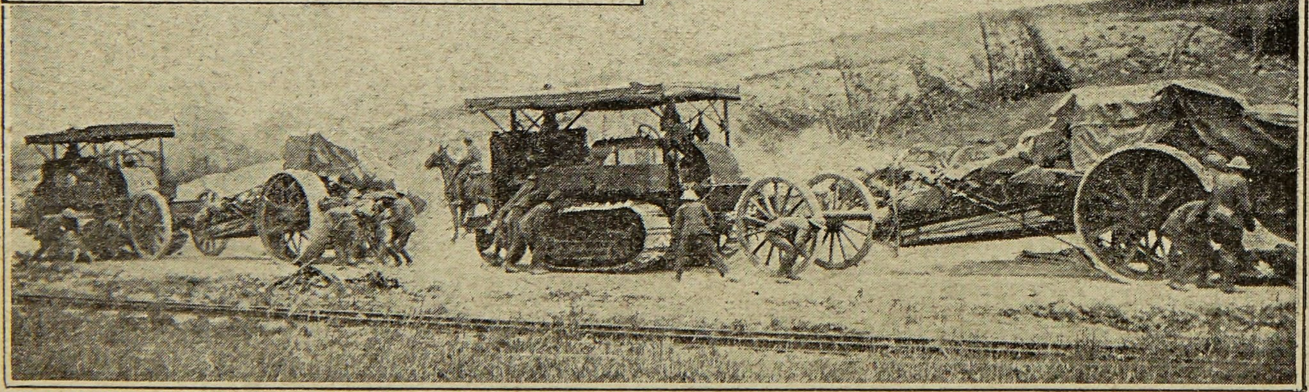


German prisoner cleaning some of the captured guns and trench-mortars, under supervision of a British officer.



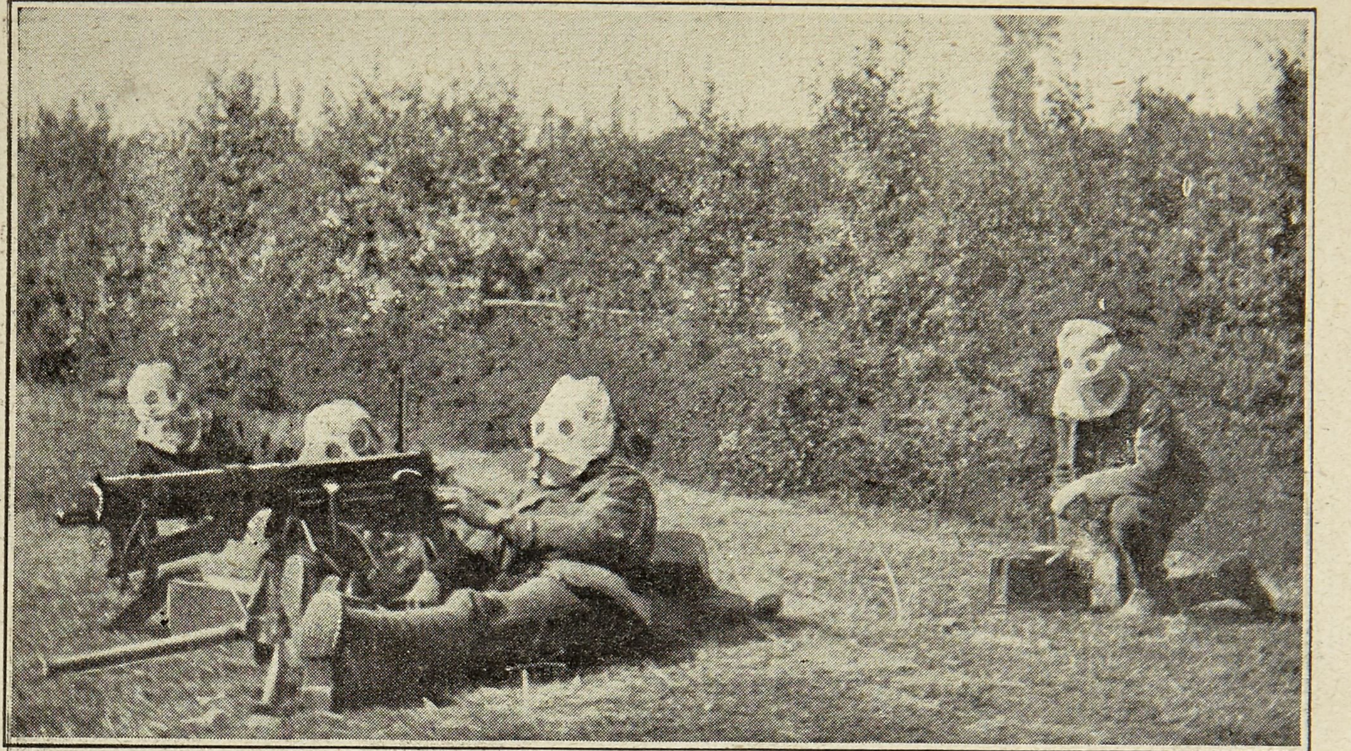


A helping hand from the enemy. Prisoner assisting despatch-rider. Inset: Holt caterpillar tractor hauling a heavy gun.

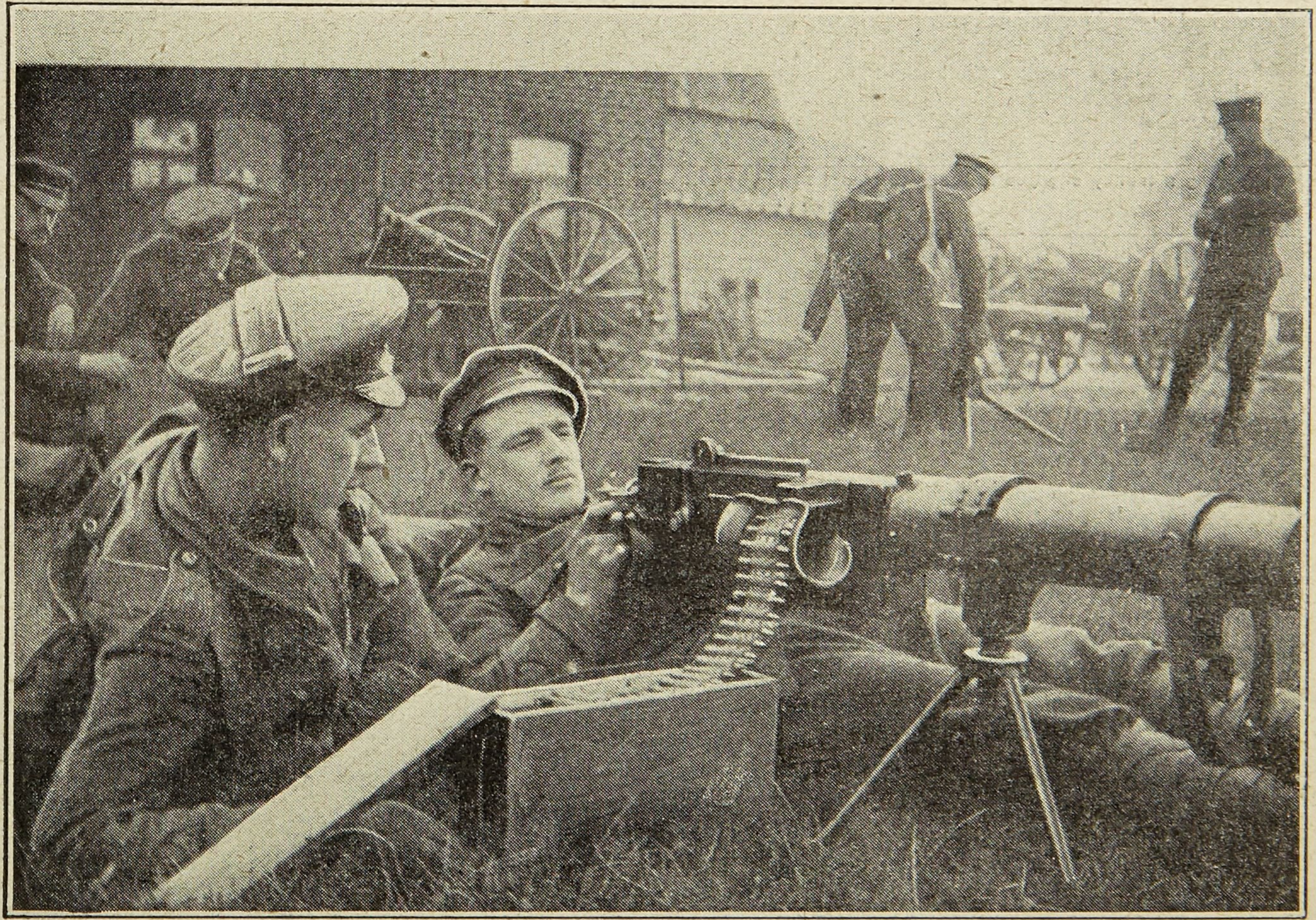


One of the most thrilling features of an advance is the effective transport of monster howitzers from place to place. These terrible engines of destruction are covered with tarpaulins and dragged laboriously along the battle roads by powerful tractors.

Masks and Faces in the Machine-Gun Section

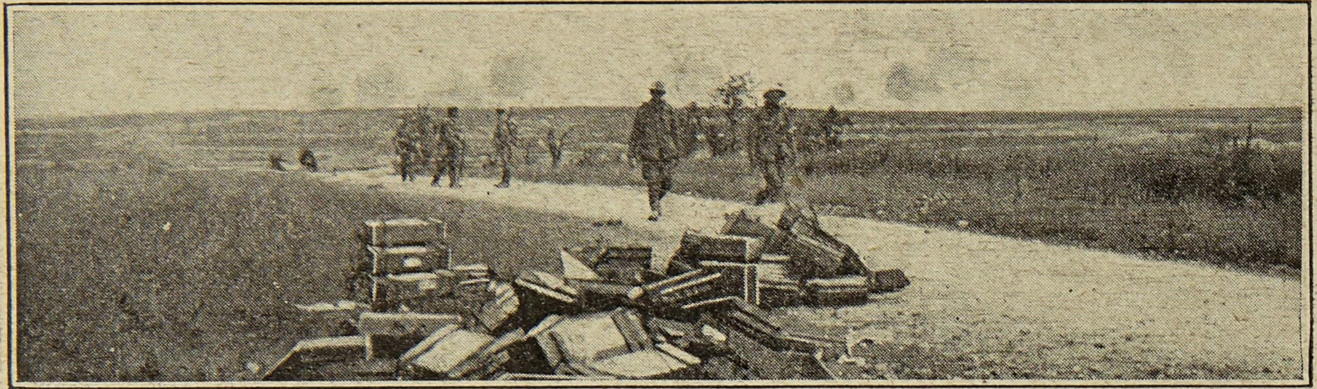


Machine-gun section masked, ready for the enemy. War, hideous at its best, was made more ghastly by the apostles of Kultur, whose introduction of poison gas necessitated the use of masks which gave brave men the appearance of apes from a nightmare world.

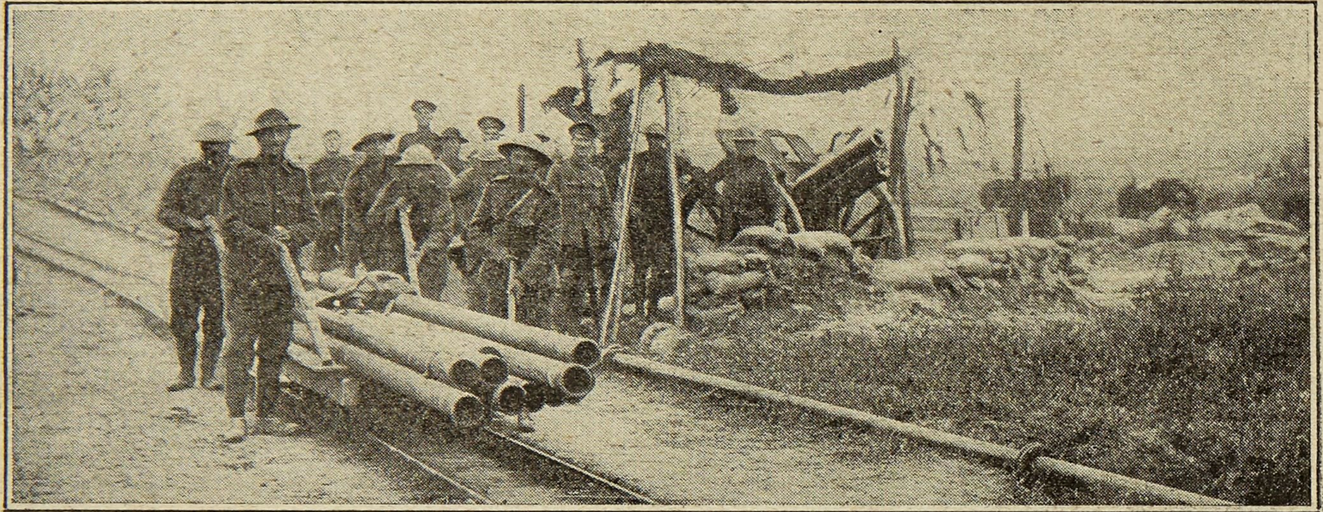


A British machine-gun section at practice in Flanders. Machine-guns caused the heaviest proportion of our casualties on the western front. Terrible weapons, they are only merciful in that they inflict the cleanest of clean wounds.

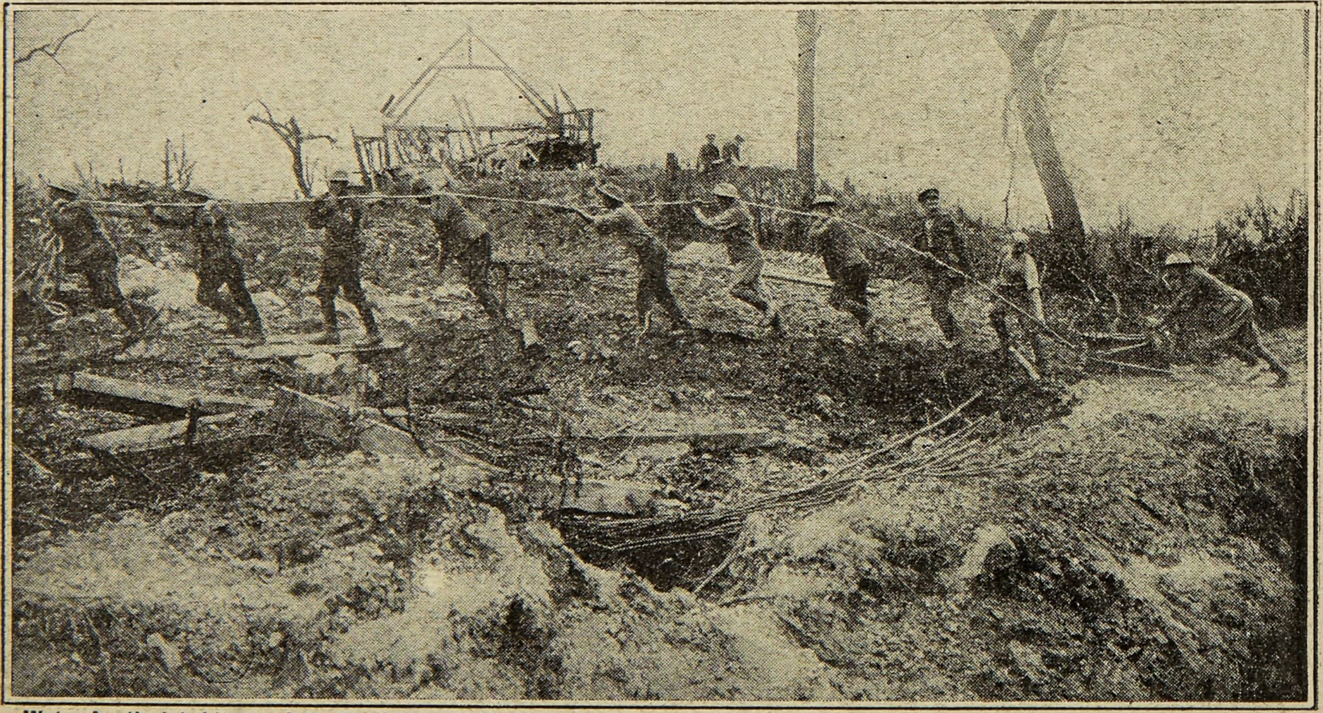
Through Roads and Meadows Ploughed by Shell



On the road to La Boisselle. A heap of discarded shell-cases is seen in the foreground. On the horizon the smoke of shell explosions can be faintly discerned where the troops are going forward under cover of their artillery fire.

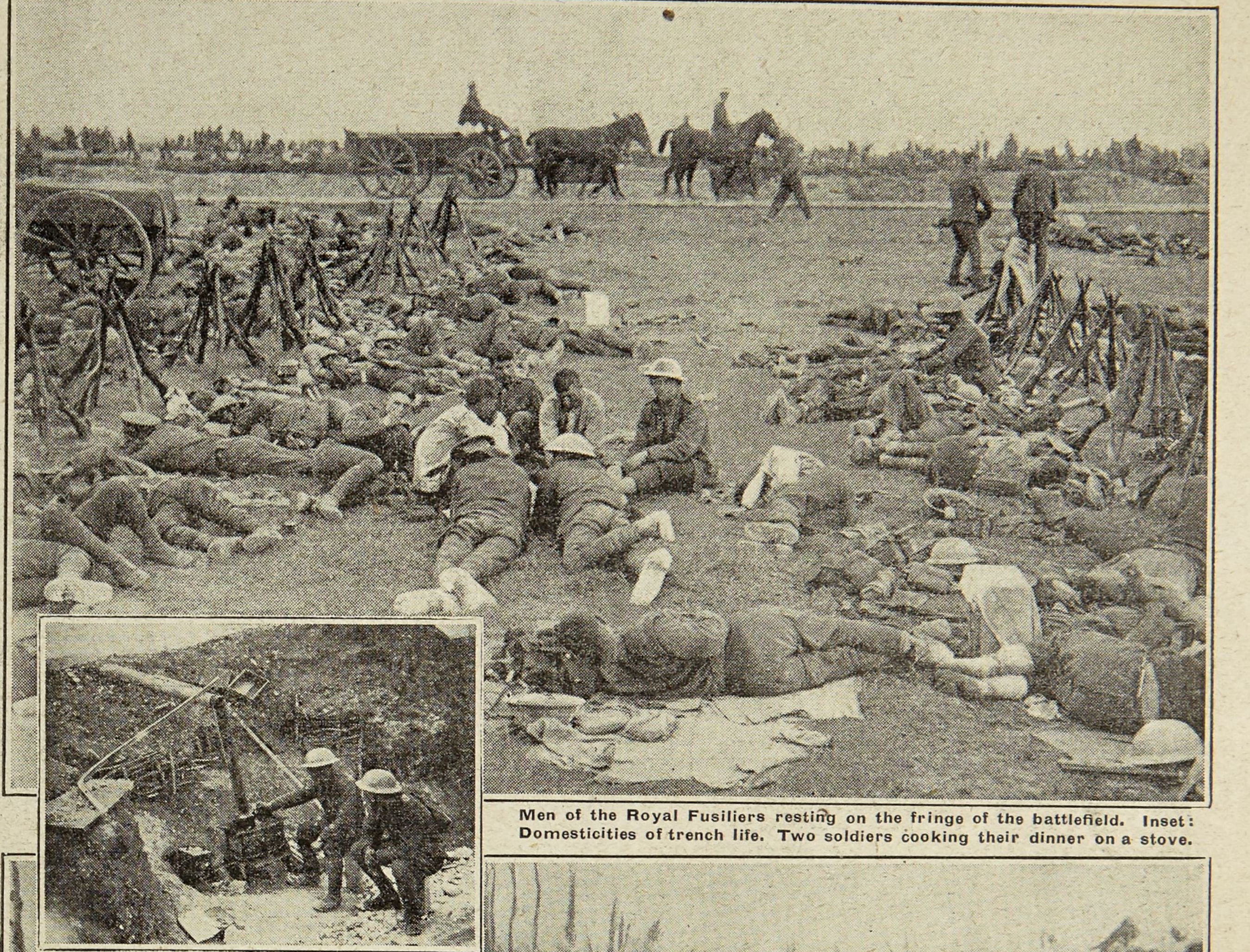


Conveying a trolley of pipes towards the front line, where they will be utilised to facilitate the water supply to soldiers in the trenches. A field-gun is seen in the background.

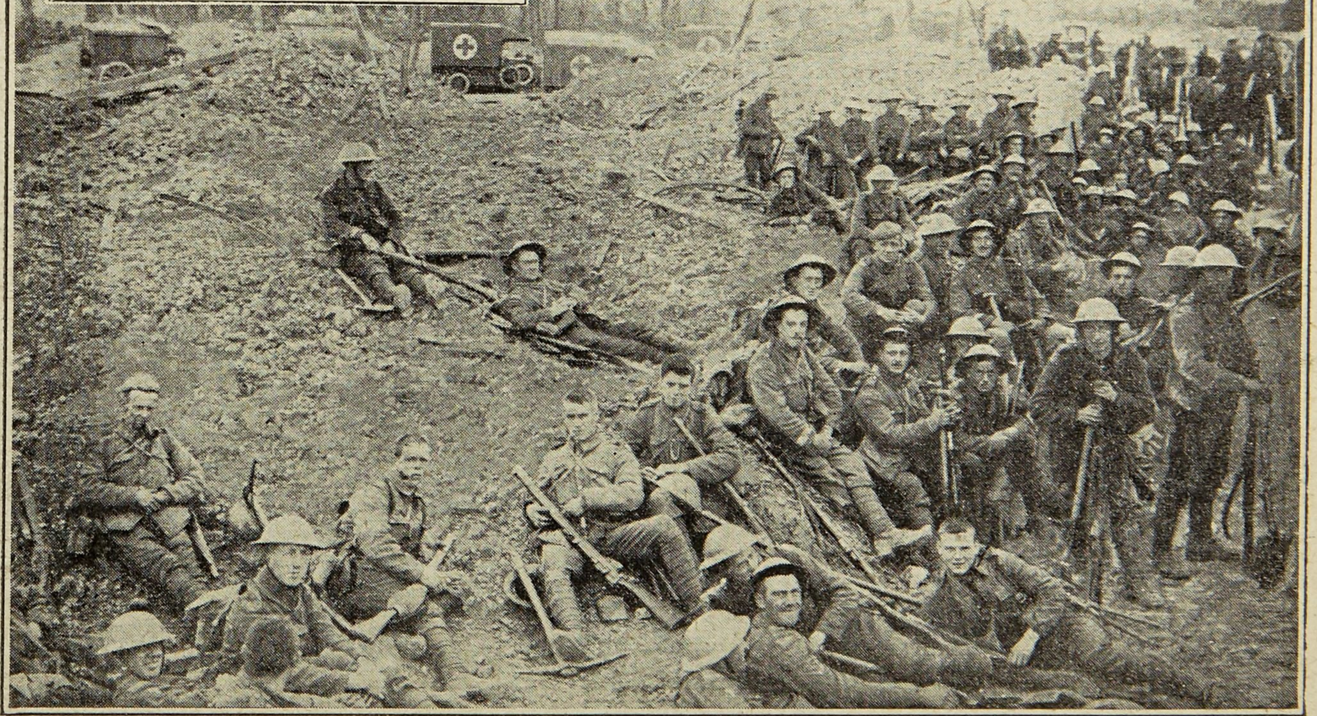


Water for the inhabitants of No Man's Land. Hauling an electric engine, for condensing water, over a shell-broken corner of the neutral zone which, however, since the great advance, is in the hands of our troops. (Photographs Crown copyright reserved.)

Awaiting Their Turn to Move Against the Foe



Men of the Royal Fusiliers resting on the fringe of the battlefield. Inset: Domesticities of trench life. Two soldiers cooking their dinner on a stove.



Awaiting their turn to go up to the first line, these British troops are resting amid the calcined debris created by bombardment. In the background is a wood blasted by fire of all its summer foliage. Along the road motor-ambulances are in readiness.

R.A. Medicos, Indian Cavalry and Cyclists

Canadian R.A.M.C. The work of the doctors and stretcher-bearers in the great advance is beyond all praise. Many have given their lives for their comrades. (Canadian copyright.)

Cavalry at the cross-roads. Indian lancers halt to study a map. They are in the heart of the battle zone. On all sides, as far as eye can see, is evidence of the all-destroying shell. Inset: Indian cyclists with their equipment strapped to their machines.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

Storming the Bazentin Hills

By Edward Wright

After breaking up the German first line between the Ancre and Somme Rivers on July 1st, 1916, the Southern British Army had a fortnight of terrific fighting. The enemy had transformed the great swells of wooded chalk running towards Bapaume into a vast modern fortress which he regarded as being stronger than Verdun. On the map, made by our aerial photographers, his network of entrenchments, wire entanglements, and redoubts looked like a spider's web. The famous double cellars, which the farmers of Picardy had built for shelter in the chalk in the sixteenth century, when the Germans made their first great invasion of France under Johannes von Werth, had been enlarged and still farther deepened by the descendants of the invaders.

In the village of Bazentin, for instance, there was an enormous cavern in which a battalion and a half of Germans could shelter from our heaviest gun fire. Then above Bazentin-the-Little and Bazentin-the-Great rose the principal chalk ridge, five hundred feet above sea-level and nearly three hundred feet above some of the positions we had won in the little river valley near Montauban. In places there was an incline, nearly three miles in length, leading upward through fortress woods to the dominating second German line. This line stretched from a windmill near Pozières on the left to Delville Wood on the right. In front on either side were the bastions of Contalmaison, garrisoned by the Prussian Guard, and Trones Wood, defended by forces taken from Prince Rupert's army.

German Efforts to Stem the Advance

Germans by the hundred thousand were being drawn from other parts of the front, and especially from Verdun, in order to deliver such a stroke against the Southern British Army as should bring our advance to a standstill. Heavy guns by the thousand were also moving up by rail, and shells at the rate of a million a day were pouring through Bapaume and St. Quentin. Our men were told by their prisoners that the great chalk fortifications which began at the Bazentin villages were reckoned by German engineers to be stronger than the works General Pétain had constructed at Verdun.

For the first fortnight, however, we retained the advantage of surprise. Our gigantic new armament of 15 in., 12 in., 9·2 in. and 8 in. guns, with our superb transport arrangements for bringing up shells by the five million, represented an achievement in preparation which the enemy could not at once counter. Though he threw every ounce of energy into the work, it took him nearly three weeks to build up a local gun-power in any way comparable to ours. In the meantime, our long-range 15 in. guns shelled the German railhead at Bapaume, where we knocked out some 12 in. guns and exploded their ammunition trucks. German reinforcements could only advance through a curtain fire of British shrapnel. Hostile battalions were known to lose three hundred men in the march from the railway to the trenches, and a brigade of Guards, that lost their way near Contalmaison, entered one of our mechanical barrage areas and suffered so badly that it had to be withdrawn without going into action.

Lightning Strokes at Bazentin

In our lines, on the other hand, our tired troops could be seen resting in the open by their piled rifles. Unending columns of motor-lorries came close to the batteries they were serving, so slight was the risk of a sudden tornado of shell fire from the hostile howitzers behind the Bazentin and Combles ridges. It was as much as the outmanœuvred and outgunned German artillerymen could do to assist their own men in the battle that raged night and day down the great slope. Our men gave the enemy no time to reorganise his positions. In daylight and in darkness, in mist and in rain, the ghastly, grinding conflict went on. When the atmosphere was too thick for special artillery action, our gunners maintained by the map a vast mechanical sweep of fire over more than ten miles of enemy works, communications, and railway centres. And while they were holding down the enemy and battering him, tens of thousands of our bombers steadily worked their way into trenches, dug-outs, machine-gun positions, and gun-pits occupied by the enemy.

On the left the Anzacs and the London Territorials were coming into action by Contalmaison, where a remnant of Prussian Guardsmen were hammered into surrender by our guns. No water could be conveyed into Contalmaison, with the result that the survivors of the Guards' Division were at last compelled by thirst to come out of their caverns. Their surrender opened the way for the Anzacs' and Londoners' magnificent upward thrust into Pozières at the top of the ridge.

Glorious West Kents

At Trones Wood, the great bastion on the left, the position was reversed. A couple of hundred men and officers of the West Kents had been surrounded in the wood during a violent German counter-charge, and the British commander naturally thought they had all been killed or captured. But the West Kents are among the most famous fighters in the British Army. As their old colonel said, in taking over the command of the 1st Canadian Division, he came from a battalion that had never lost a trench. Surpassing all their previous records of endurance, the broken, battered, surrounded, waterless company remained, for forty-eight hours, an islet of invincibility amid a flood of ten thousand enemies.

The Germans at last parleyed with the West Kents, but the British soldiers refused to surrender. They beat back bombing parties and charging infantry. So, on the night of July 13th, 1916, the local German commander brought some field-guns and trench-mortars down from the ridge, in order to blast out the men who came from that county whose motto is "*Invicta*" (Unconquered). But it happened that, in the old days of the French Revolution, the Bastille had been stormed by the people of Paris on July 14th. With the establishment of the Third French Republic, July 14th had become the great national festal day, and in France and Great Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa striking preparations were being made to celebrate the festival of France.

The Festival of Victory

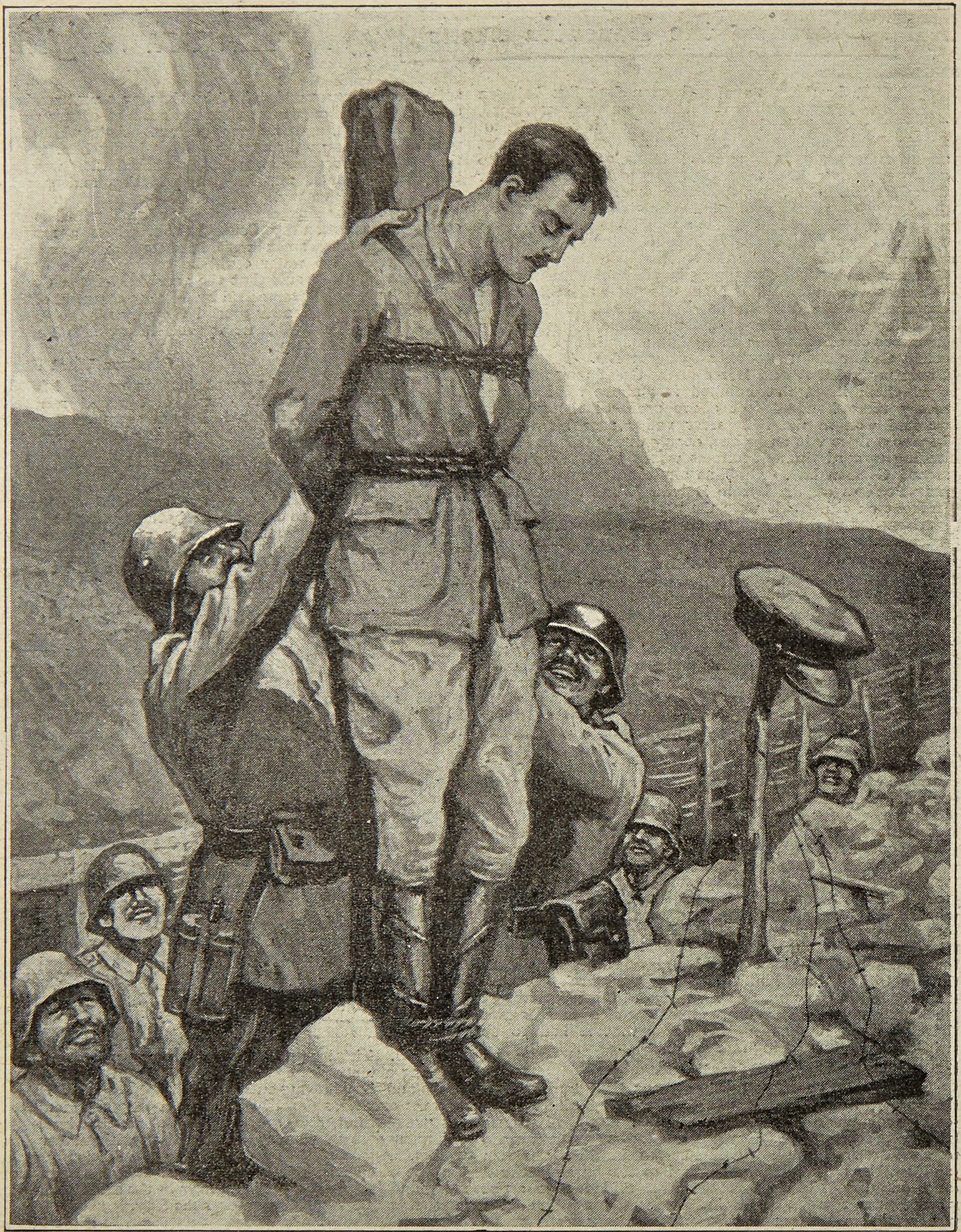
In Picardy, Sir Douglas Haig and his Staff were also preparing to pay homage to the men of Verdun on France's Day. Many of our guns had moved forward, and many new batteries had arrived, and on the night of July 13th such a roll of thunder and blaze of crimson flame came from our lines as eclipsed even our previous bombardment. And the heroic West Kents were saved.

Above the heads of our waiting infantry the sky seemed full of the whistle and rustle of invisible wings. The whistling was a stream of lighter shells playing on the enemy's wire entanglements. Then, above the whistling, other unseen things roared like an express train going into a tunnel. These were the heavy shells, some of them carrying a ton of high explosives and metal, calculated to choke and bury the dug-outs they did not destroy. Behind was the enormous flap of cordite from the steel mouths of the guns—a flat, dull, stunning rent of air that broke the eardrums of men who worked for long without ear protectors. Against the blackness of the thick, cloudy night the line of our fire flamed and sizzled like an electric arc, rising and falling, now half dimming in the smoke from the guns, now flashing out in an extreme fury.

Across the valley the infernal rain of shells made bursts of white and orange fire along the upper slope of the great ridge, while between the red mouths of the guns and their

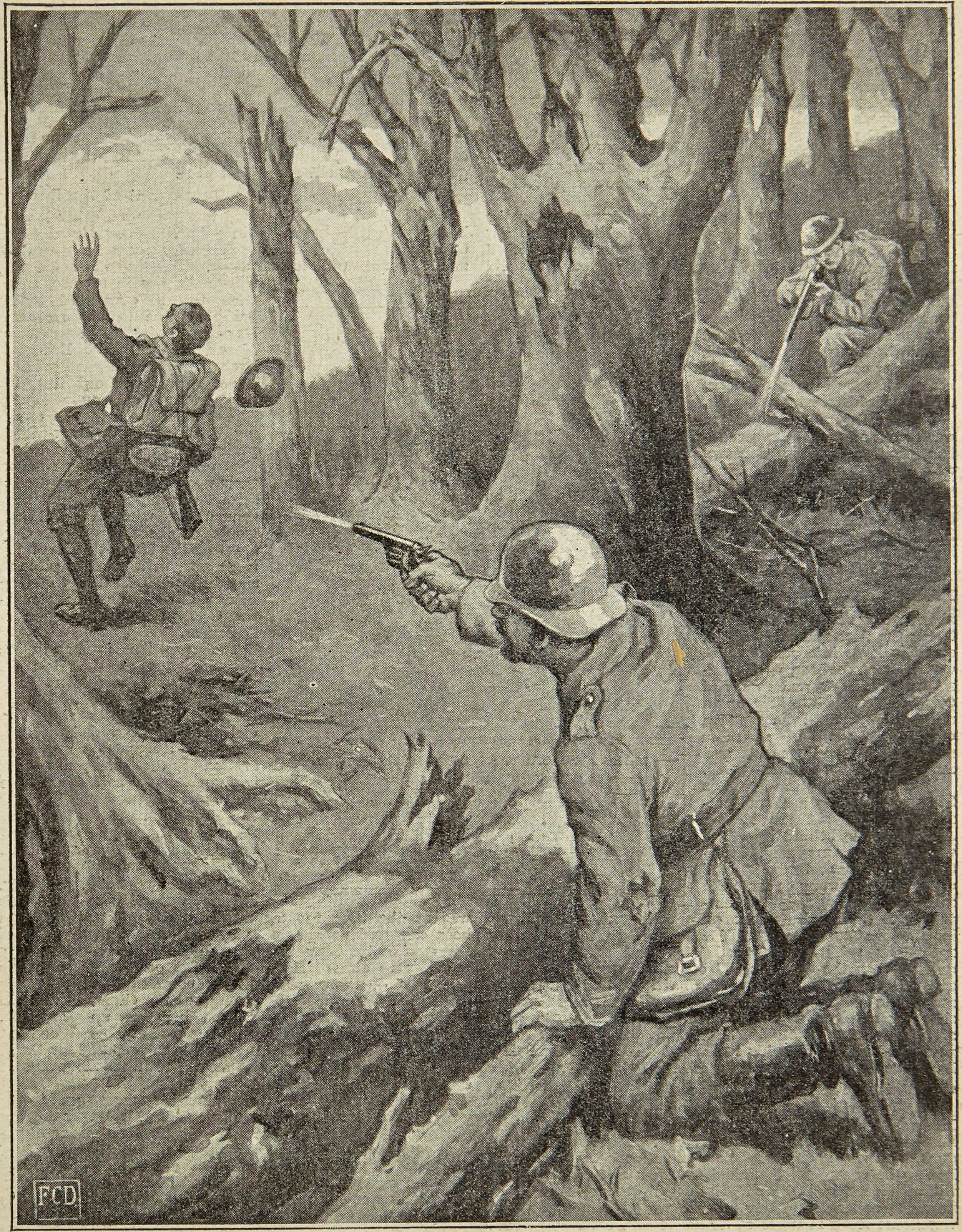
[*Continued on page* 614

The Torment of a Captured British Officer



A British officer wounded in the advance was taken into a German trench while our bombardment was raging. The men wanted to kill him out of hand, but two German officers conceived a brilliant idea and ordered him to be bound to a stake on the top of a parapet. "Now you will see what your cursed bombardment is like," they jeered savagely, and withdrew to the depths of their dug-out. Our men stormed the trench and carried back the wounded officer, no further injured during the hostile ordeal, while the cowardly Germans who devised his agony were bombed to extinction when the trench was cleared.

Righteous Retribution in Birch Tree Wood



During the fighting at Fricourt a young Yorkshire soldier found himself alone in Birch Tree Wood, which was being heavily shelled. Presently he saw a wounded German crawling on hands and knees; as he crawled, another Yorkshireman, badly wounded, passed near him. The German cautiously raised himself and fired his revolver at the wounded man's back, shooting him dead. Then he dropped to his knees again and resumed his crawl, but another shot ripped through the trees. It was fired by the youngster who had been left alone, and it found its mark. "I killed the brute," he said afterwards, "and I'm glad of it."

STORMING THE BAZENTIN HILLS

(Contd. from page 611.)

flame-shot, smoking targets the star shells, sent up by each side, rose in fountains of strange fairy radiance.

The direct idea of this awful nocturnal bombardment was to challenge the German commander to reveal his gun-positions. He had either to let his infantry endure a hammering worse than that which the French had endured at Verdun, or else allow his howitzers to reply, and draw by their flames the massed might of our long-range artillery. In all modern battles the commander who is the stronger in guns opens battle at night, giving most of his gun-positions away for the time, in order to compel his adversary also to show his artillery hand. The guns captured by our infantry were comparatively insignificant in number compared with the guns that were caught and turned into scrap steel by our artillery.

At half-past three on the morning of France's Day the line of intense white and orange fire, marking where our shells fell, went out like a great pattern of extinguished fairy-lamps. But the flame and thunder of our guns did not diminish. A new pattern of bursting shell fire instantly appeared on the top of the ridge. It was still half an hour from dawn when our guns thus lifted, and, under cover of darkness, the heroic infantry of our Southern Army made history by daybreak.

MARTYRED CAPTAIN OF THE BRUSSELS.

Captain Charles Fryatt, put to death by the Huns at Bruges on July 27th. His offence consisted in bravely piloting his vessel in defiance of a murderous U boat on March 28th, 1915. During a voyage from Amsterdam on June 22nd last, Captain Fryatt, less fortunate, was taken prisoner, with his ship. Tried by mock court-martial, he was executed contrary to the enemy's own law, and before neutral influence could be brought to bear on those responsible.

For the first time in trench warfare on any front the second-line position of the Germans was reached and pierced. Since the First Battle of Champagne, in February, 1915, we and our French comrades had several times broken the first German line. But despite our combined heroism and skill, we had both failed to break into the enemy's second line. There was usually about four miles distance between the first and second line, and this large intervening space was a great fortress, with labyrinths of redoubts and mazes of trenches designed to hold up an allied advance until the German commander could obtain more guns, shells, and men, and launch a decisive counter-attack.

But in the Bazentin operations Sir Douglas Haig and his commanders had set the British Army working behind our lines with superhuman energy. Wonderful as was the Germans' capacity for navvy labour, the rather easy-going and adventurous Briton had at last completely extended himself in the matter of work. Between July 1st and July 13th our soldiers organised a second grand attack quicker than the enemy could organise his grand counter-attack. In the first phase of the battle we had taken some months to collect and store millions of shells and dig new sites for artillery and new communication trenches. But after their first fine stroke, the men of our Southern Army performed in the following two weeks more work than they had done in the previous three months.

Completely Taken by Surprise

All the terrific fighting in the woods and villages beyond Montauban and Fricourt was only a small part of the labour of the battle. Advanced sites had to be dug for our guns, with new shell chambers; all the conquered positions had to be consolidated, linked together, and strengthened, till, with pick, shovel, and blasting explosives, a new and immense underground city was excavated in the chalk, to warehouse fresh supplies of shells, bombs, cartridges, food, and water. The extraordinary rapidity with which our fresh striking power was organised led directly to the enemy's defeat. Our attack came at least a week before he expected it, with the result that he was more completely taken by surprise than he had been on the Glorious First of July.

In the darkness before dawn our gallant Line regiments of Kitchener's men, from all parts of the British Isles, carried the front German trenches in a triumphant rush with little loss. When the day broke, the German machine-gunners and riflemen in the Bazentin woods tried to hold up our charge amid the trees, along lines of foliage-screened wire entanglements, which had escaped our shell fire. But in the main woodland our men had entered in darkness and worked their way on the enemy's flank. In less than an hour and a half the large wood was cleared of the cordon of snipers brought down from the trees and of the machine-gunners bombed out of their shelters.

The Douaumont of the Somme

While the fight in the wood was going on, other British battalions on the left swept into the village of Bazentin-the-Great and, reaching it in the darkness, escaped much of the sweeping fire down in the slope. Entering the ruins of a village famous in science, some Irish troops conquered it by half-past five in the morning. Darwin's great predecessor, Le Marck, was born at Bazentin. Probably none of the Irishmen knew or cared about this, for they were extremely busy. About six o'clock in the morning the German counter-attack pushed them out of the top of the village, but they bombed their way back again, repulsed a second counter-attack, and then connecting with the British troops in the large wood, they stormed the highest point of the ridge and, in a terrible piece of slaughtering, smashed the Germans out of the key position in the German fortress region of Bapaume.

This position is known on French maps as the Bois des Foureaux, but our soldiers have renamed it High Wood. It overlooks all the lower ridges of chalk running towards Bapaume, and was a superb observation station for the observers for our big guns. It was at least five times more important than the height of Douaumont, at Verdun, regarding the capture of which the German Emperor bragged so wildly and so loudly.

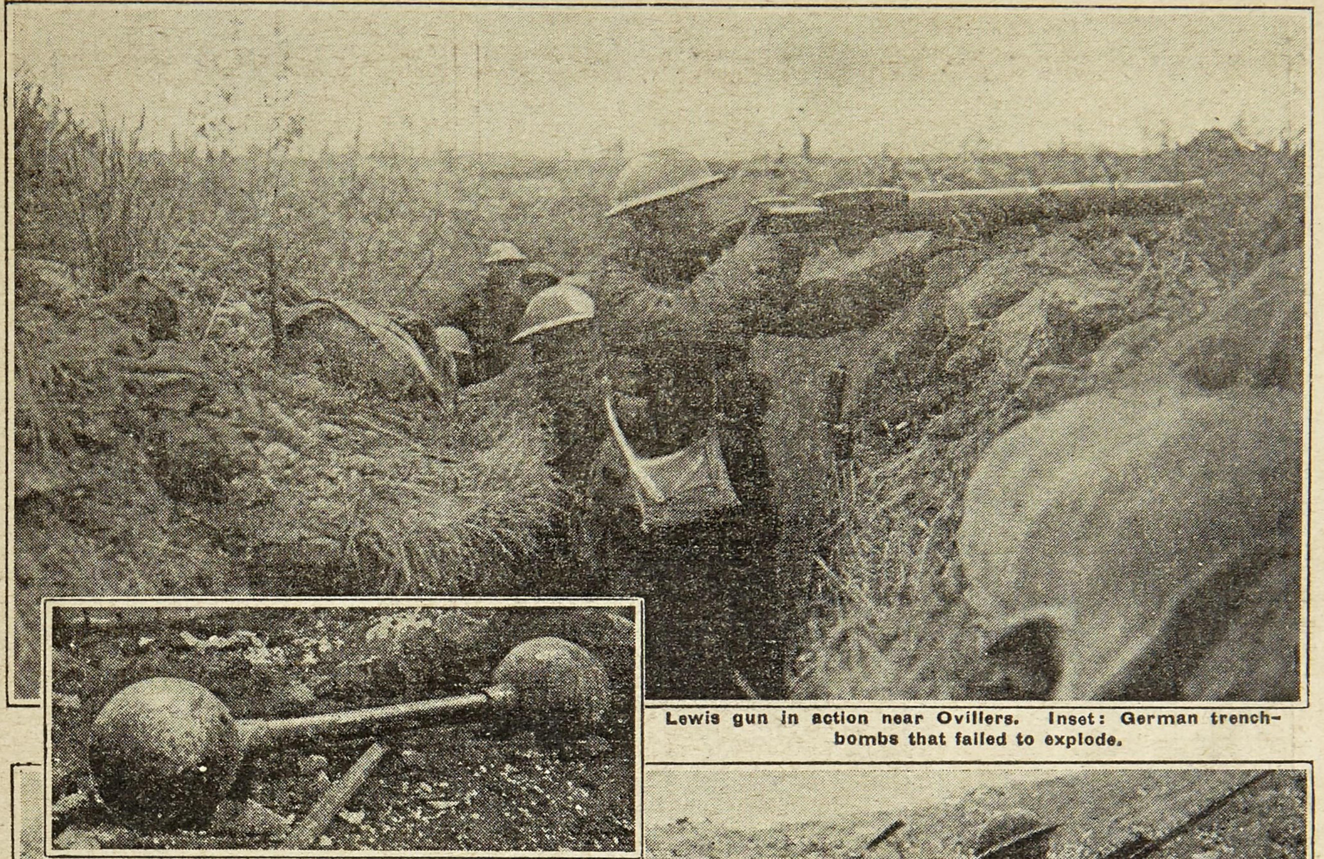
Sir Douglas Haig, however, did not want High Wood. It was at the time too far away from his guns, and it had been captured unexpectedly by the extraordinary dash of the men of the New Armies. They held it for some days in order to attract the enemy's fire on themselves while hundreds of thousands of their comrades worked fairly safely below the ridge, hollowing out the chalk, at the two captured Bazentin villages, and bringing up the guns. When this was done, the advance force at High Wood fell back on the new dug-outs that had been prepared for them, and the fiercer tide of battle moved towards the wings at Pozières and Delville Wood.

The science behind our tremendous blows was equal to the power with which they were delivered. No longer did the Germans talk about our amateur army. Amateur artillerymen who could smash the veteran gunners of Germany, and amateur infantrymen who could meet and break the Prussian Guard, began to command in Germany the same fearful respect which our "contemptible little" Regular Army had earned between Mons and Ypres.

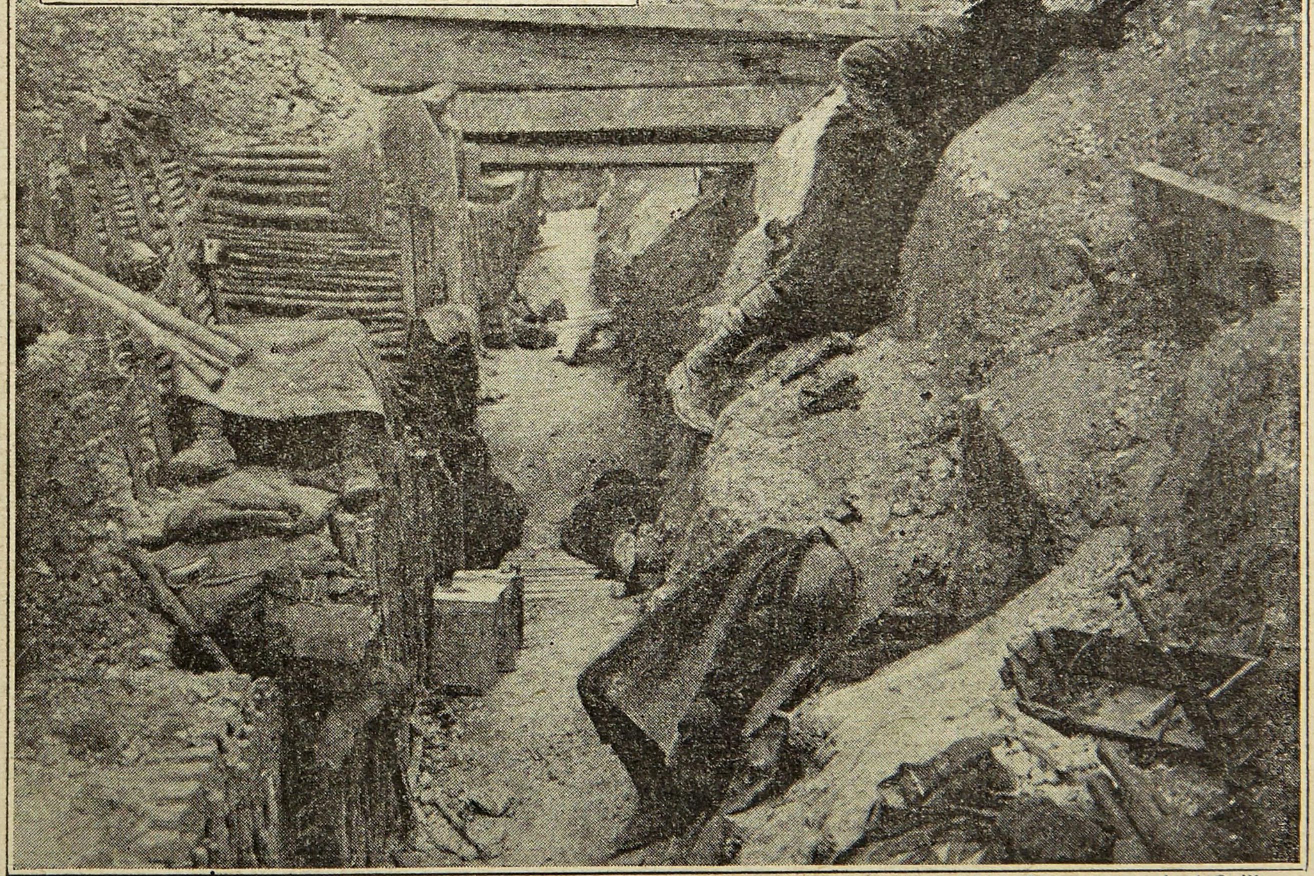
Next Article:

ANZAC AND AFRICANDER IN ACTION

In Captured German Trenches at Ovillers

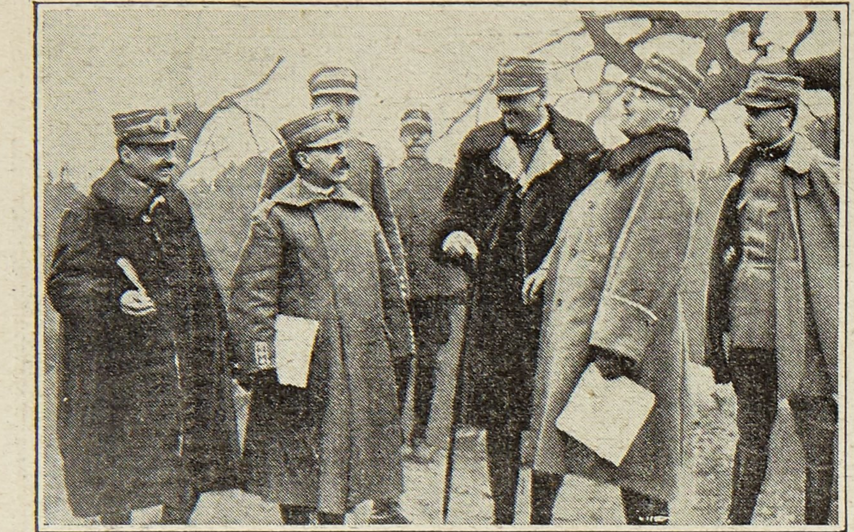


Lewis gun in action near Ovillers. Inset: German trench-bombs that failed to explode.

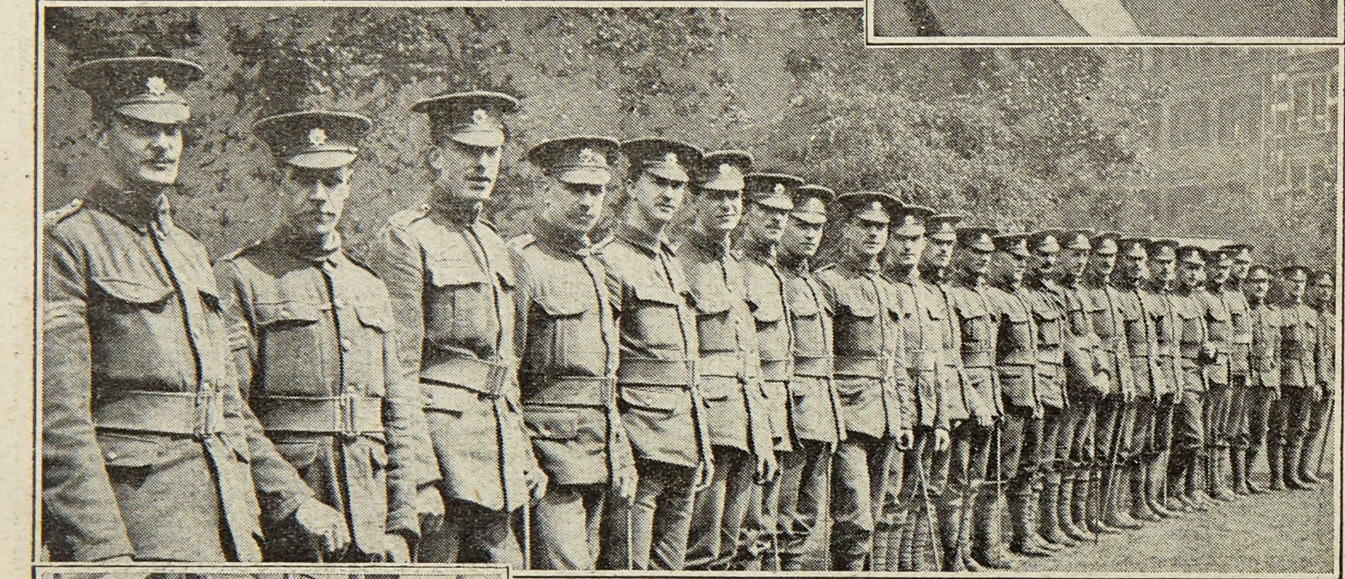


Tired out with strenuous fighting, some British soldiers have flung themselves down to rest in a German trench at Ovillers. One of their number, however, keeps guard. (Official photographs.)

Three Great Generals and Heroes of Mons

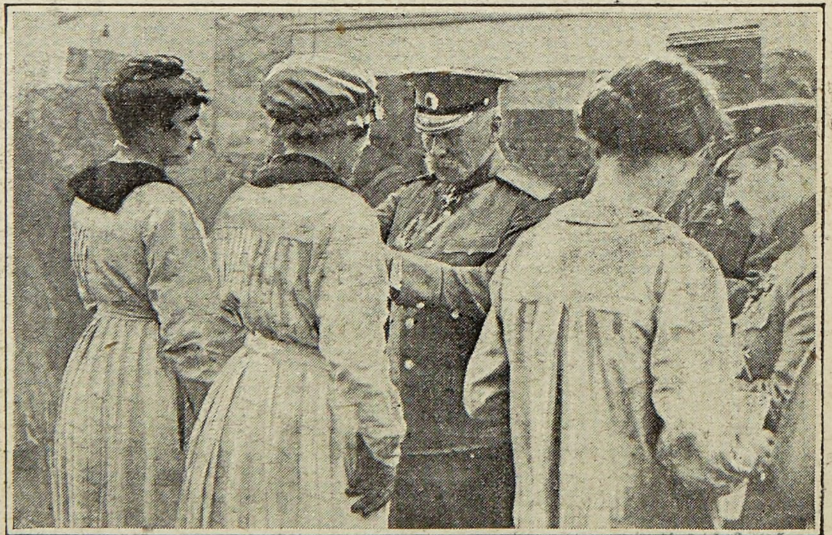


General Cadorna sees the point. The Italian leader (in spectacles) laughs heartily at a joke made by one of his Staff officers.



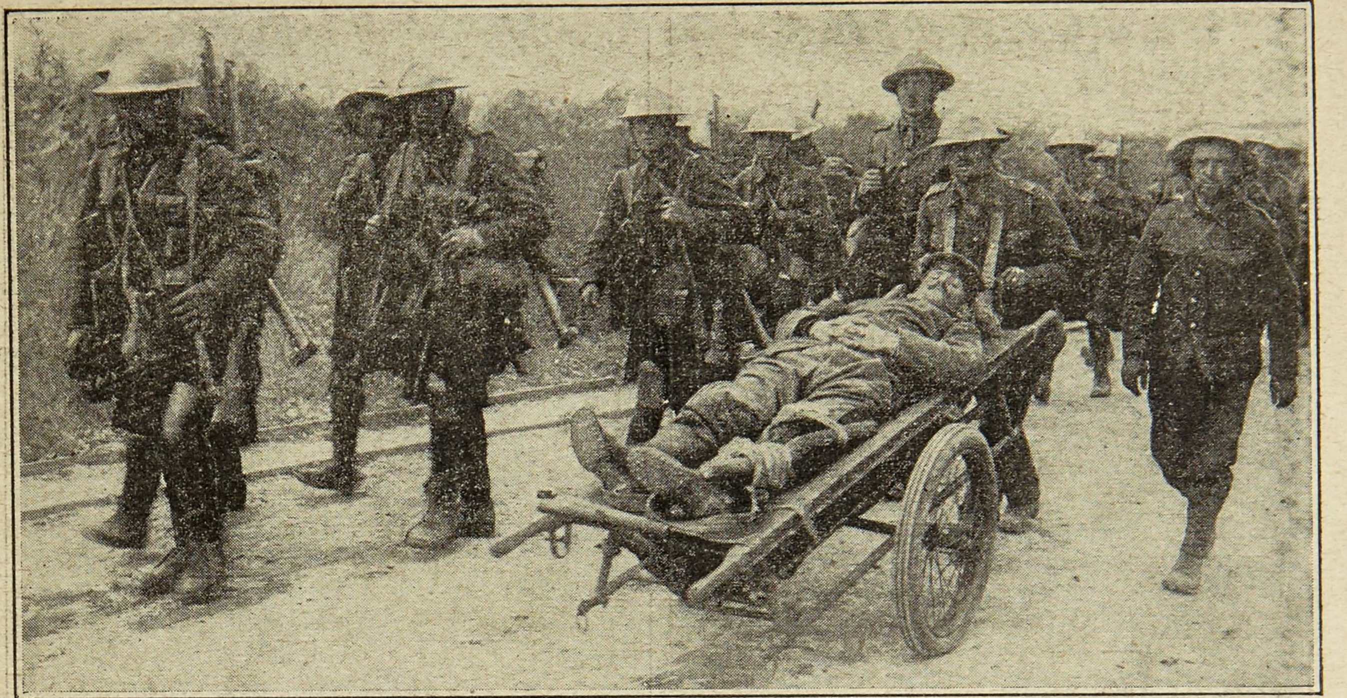
A few of the remnant of the original British Expeditionary Force now quartered in the Tower. Above: Second-Lieutenant McCubbin, the British pilot who brought down the famous German avaitor Immelmann.

General Marchand (right) about to make a flying tour of inspection.

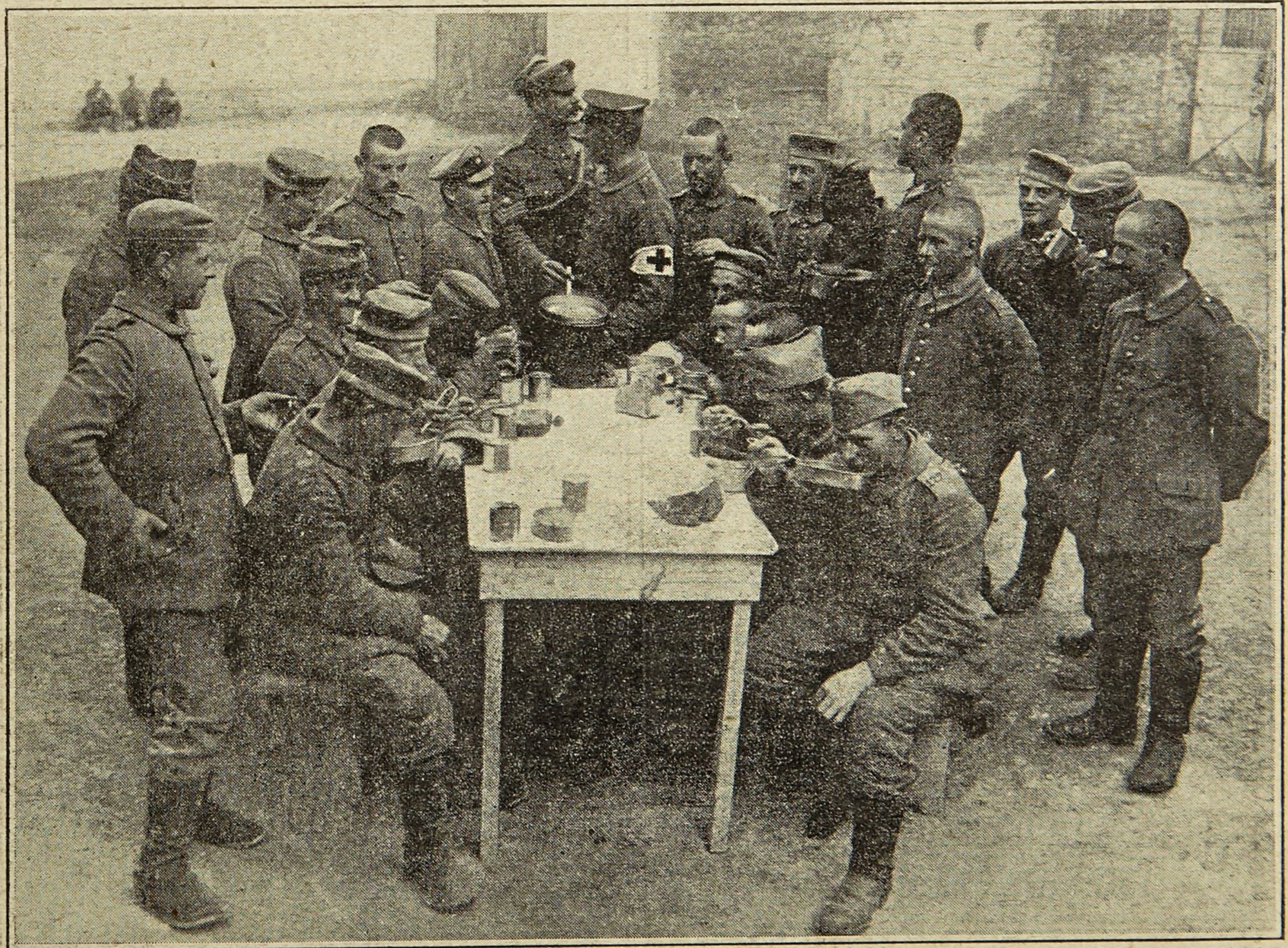


General Gilinsky, commanding Russian troops in France, decorating French munition workers by special order of the Tsar of Russia.

German Prisoners' Tea-Party in Flanders

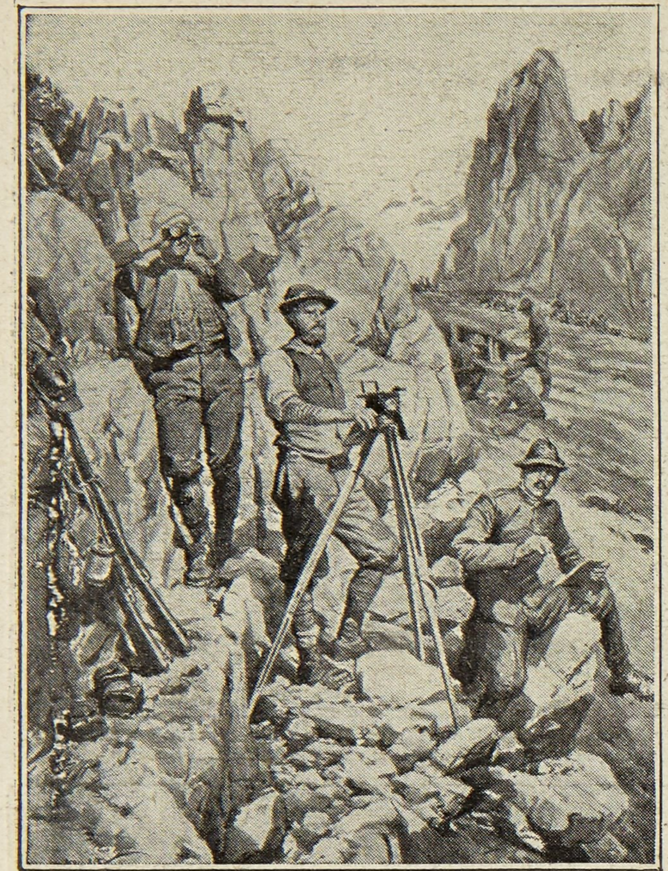


Gordon Highlanders on the march. Note the unusually tall British officer marching behind the soldier wheeling a stretcher on which is a wounded German. The latter seems quite complacent, though one of his legs is in a crude splint.

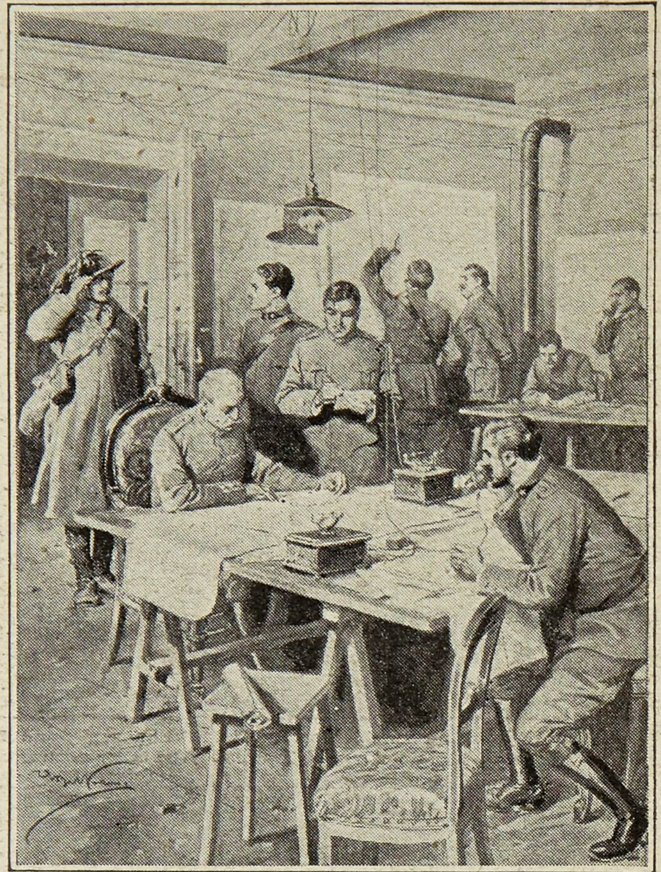


German infantry round a deal table imbibing tea after capture. The short, thick-set stature of the men is noteworthy. A British sergeant superintends the catering arrangements.

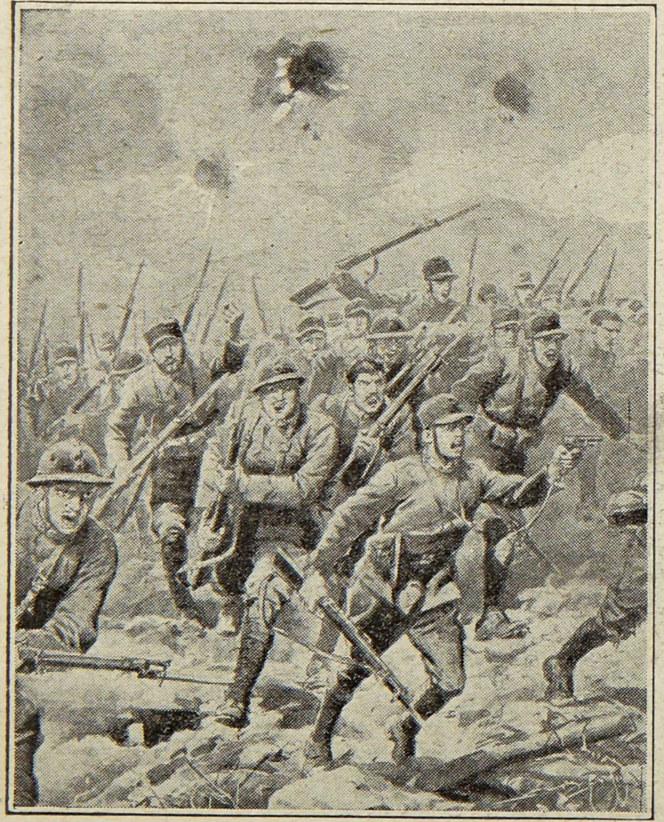
Vivid Pictures of the Great Italian Offensive



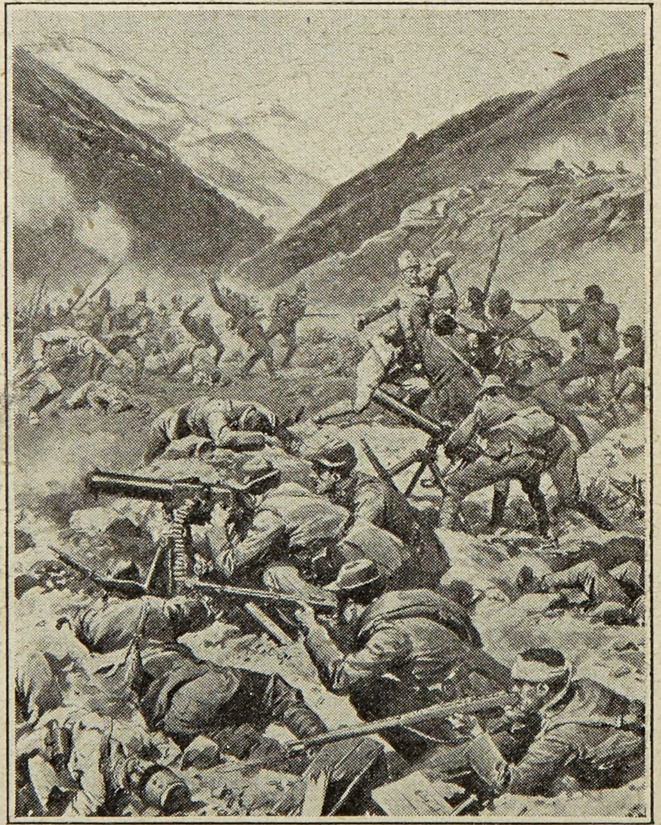
Italian Alpini taking observations in the Trentino to assist in regulating the fire of artillery



Headquarters of a commandant of the Italian Army countering the Austrian Trentino offensive.

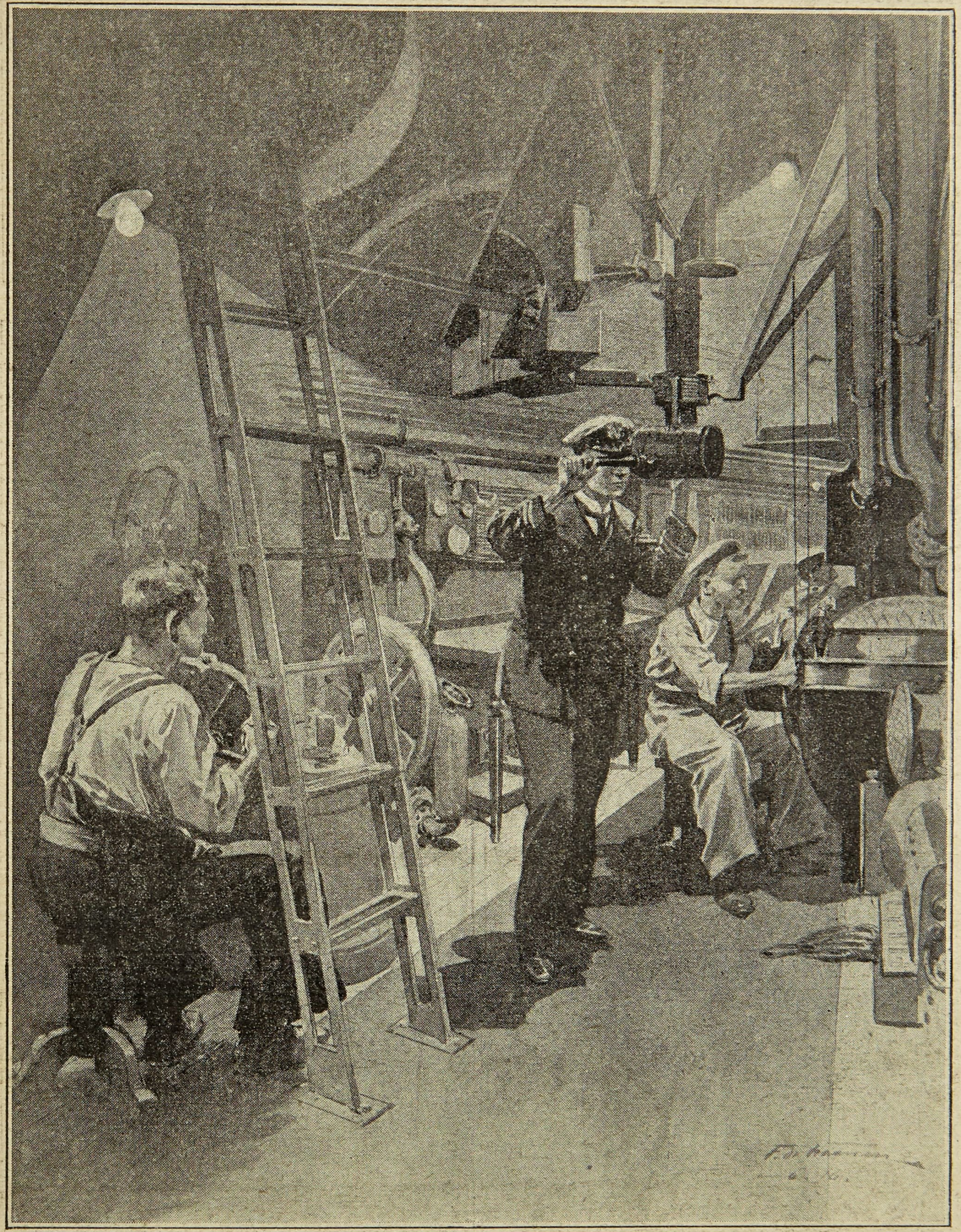


There is no more inspiring sight than an Italian charge on the enemy trenches.



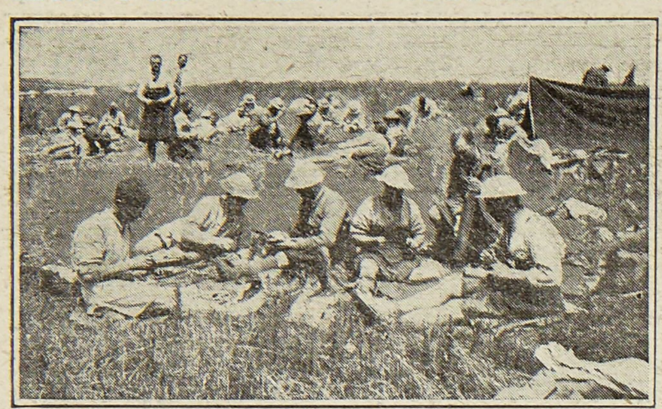
Italian Alpini rush an Austrian position, capture machine-guns and turn them against the enemy.

Science and Romance Progress Hand in Hand

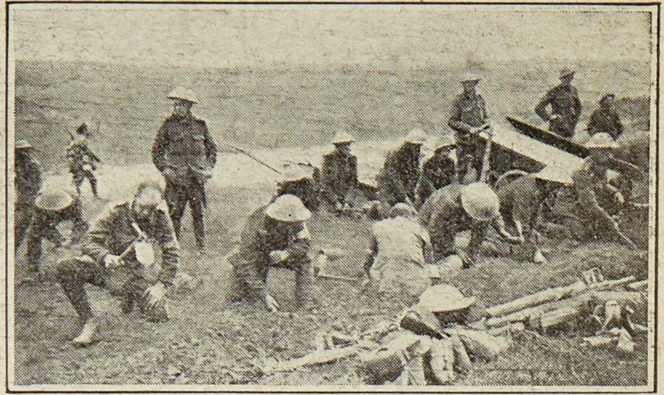


If science and romance are at variance in land warfare, they seem to be singularly reconciled at sea. Surely the submarine, if the most deadly thing that keeps the sea, is also the most wonderful, a weapon of aggression anticipated only by novelists of unusual imagination. Like their craft, there is something equally uncanny in the amazing courage of the submarine's crew, and stories of these men's great work for the Empire will be handed down to future generations of Britons. This detailed drawing shows a submarine officer at the periscope on the look-out for the foe somewhere in the North Sea.

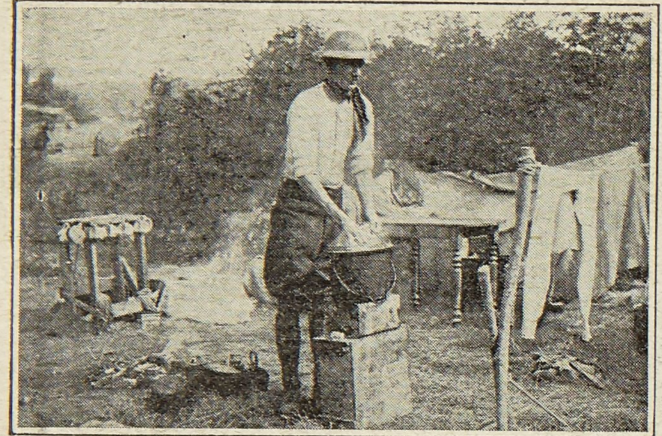
Labour and Leisure in the Western Advance



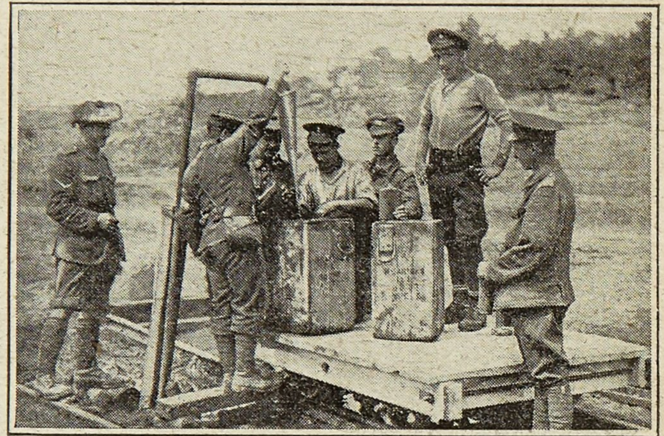
Capable workmen always take good care of their tools. South African Highlanders cleaning and oiling Lewis guns.



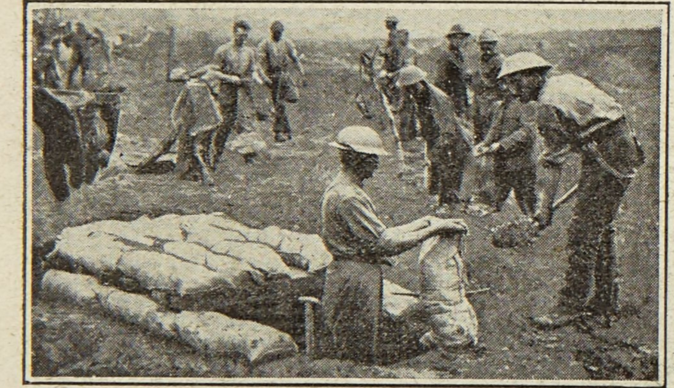
Digging in near Trones Wood, where some of the fiercest fighting was experienced in the beginning of the great advance.



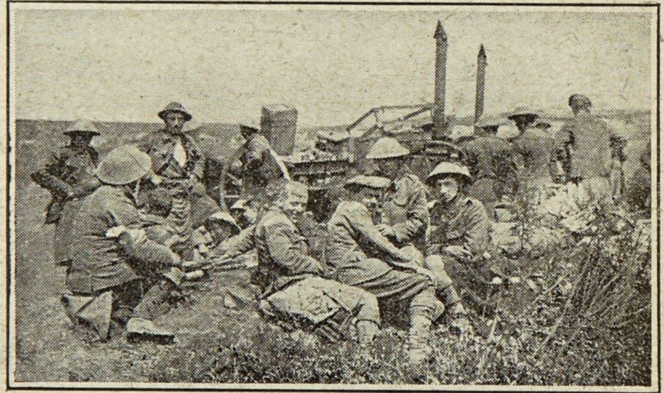
The British soldier has a native craving for personal cleanliness, and utilises spare moments in a little laundry work.



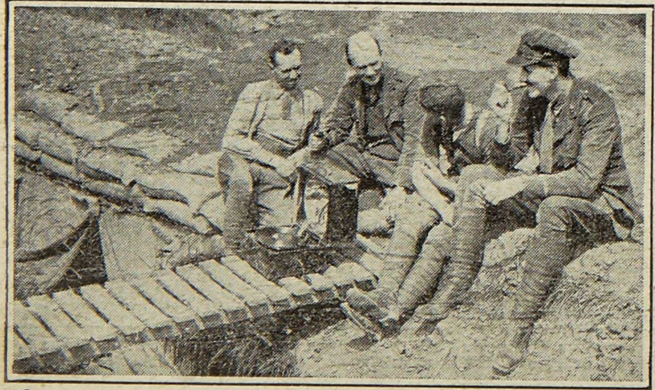
Running up fresh water to the troops along a light railway laid to a stand-pipe for that purpose.



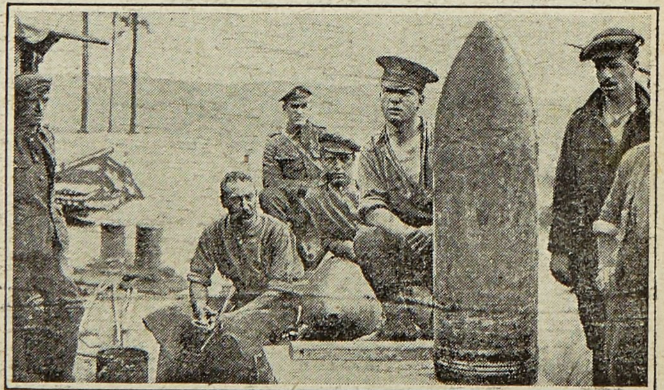
The first occupation after entering into possession: Building dug-outs immediately upon taking up a new position.



A well-earned meal: Black Watch at breakfast after having delivered a counter-attack on the morning of July 19th.

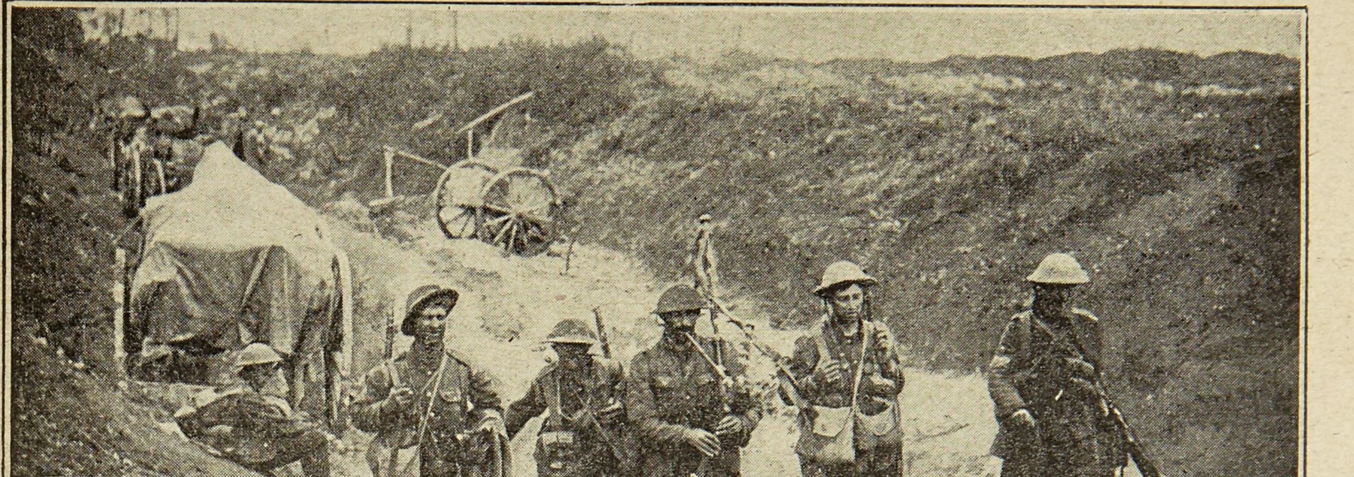


A group of officers turn on a gramophone and enjoy a little light music and conversation during an interval between the acts.

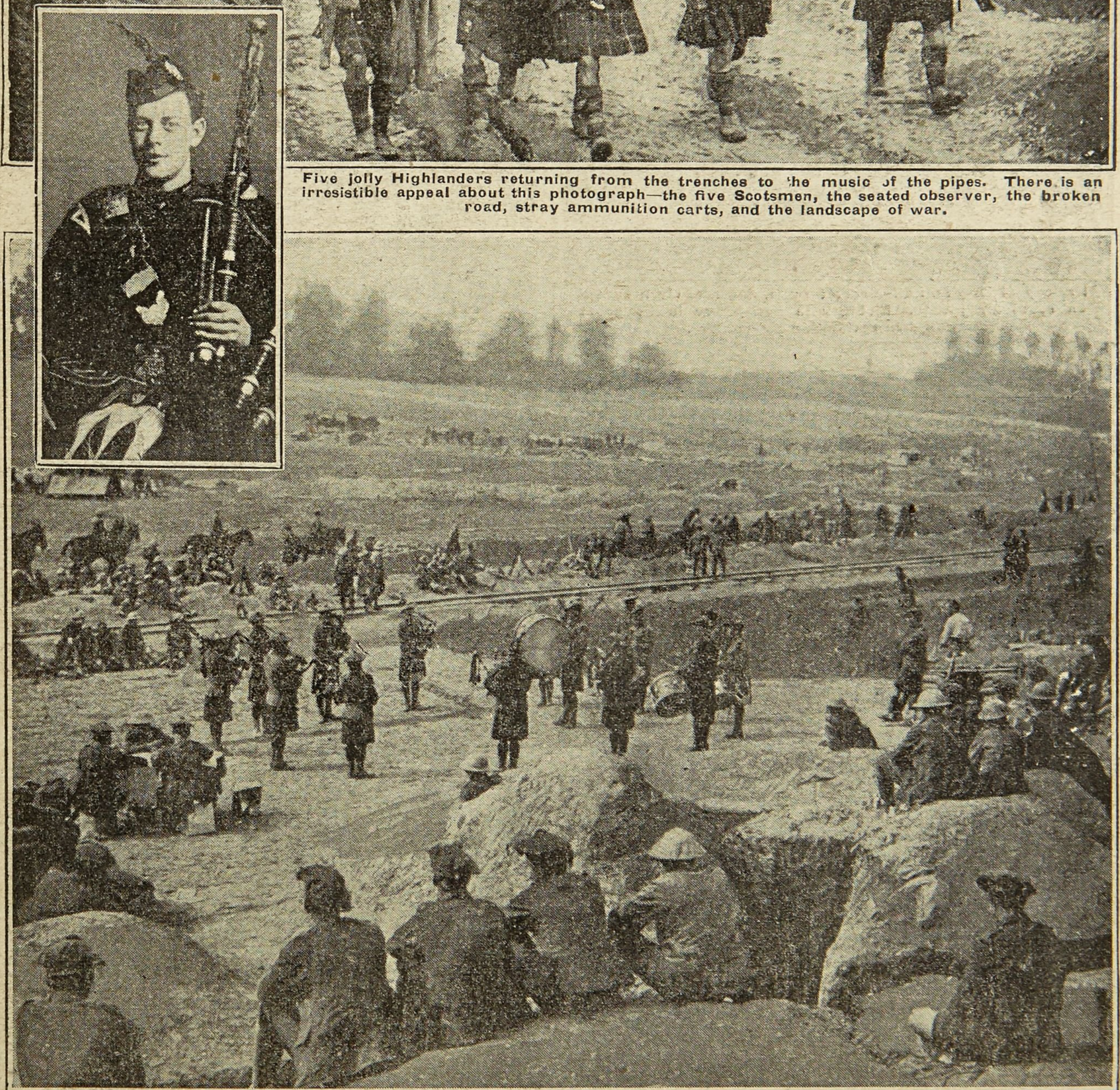


An impression of the size of the 15 in. shells that were rained on the Germans. (Official photographs.)

Pipers of the Black Watch Celebrate a Victory

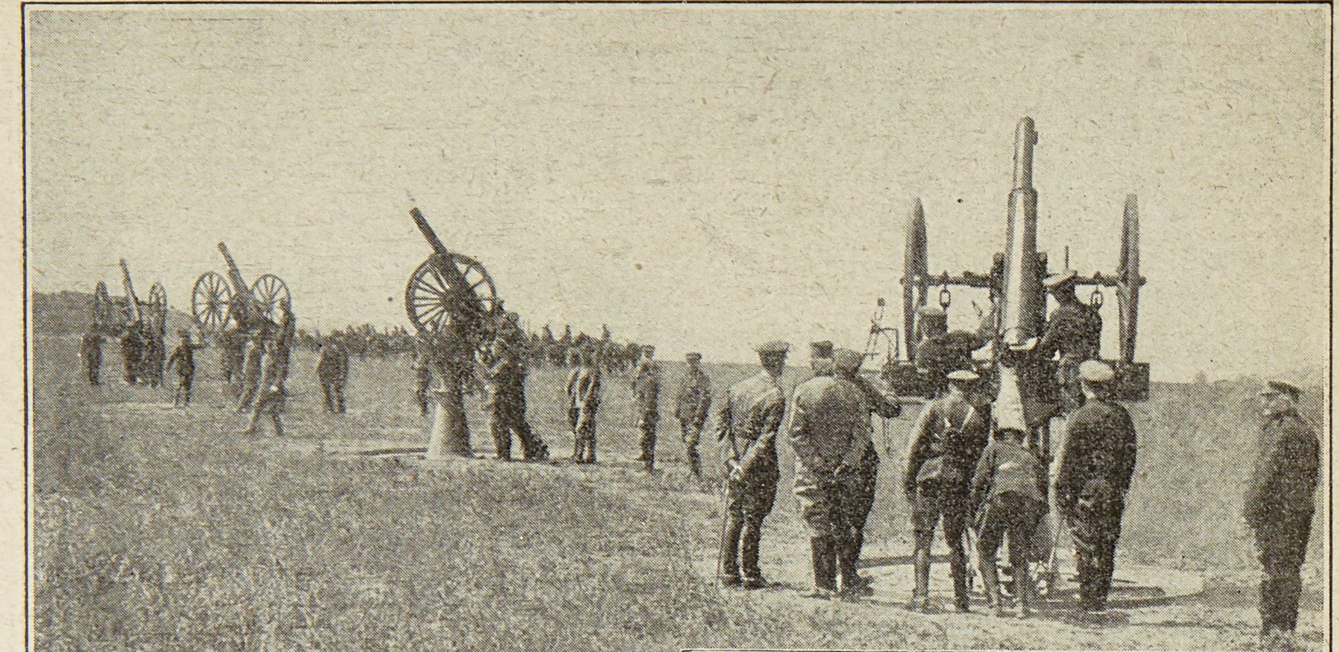


Five jolly Highlanders returning from the trenches to the music of the pipes. There is an irresistible appeal about this photograph—the five Scotsmen, the seated observer, the broken road, stray ammunition carts, and the landscape of war.

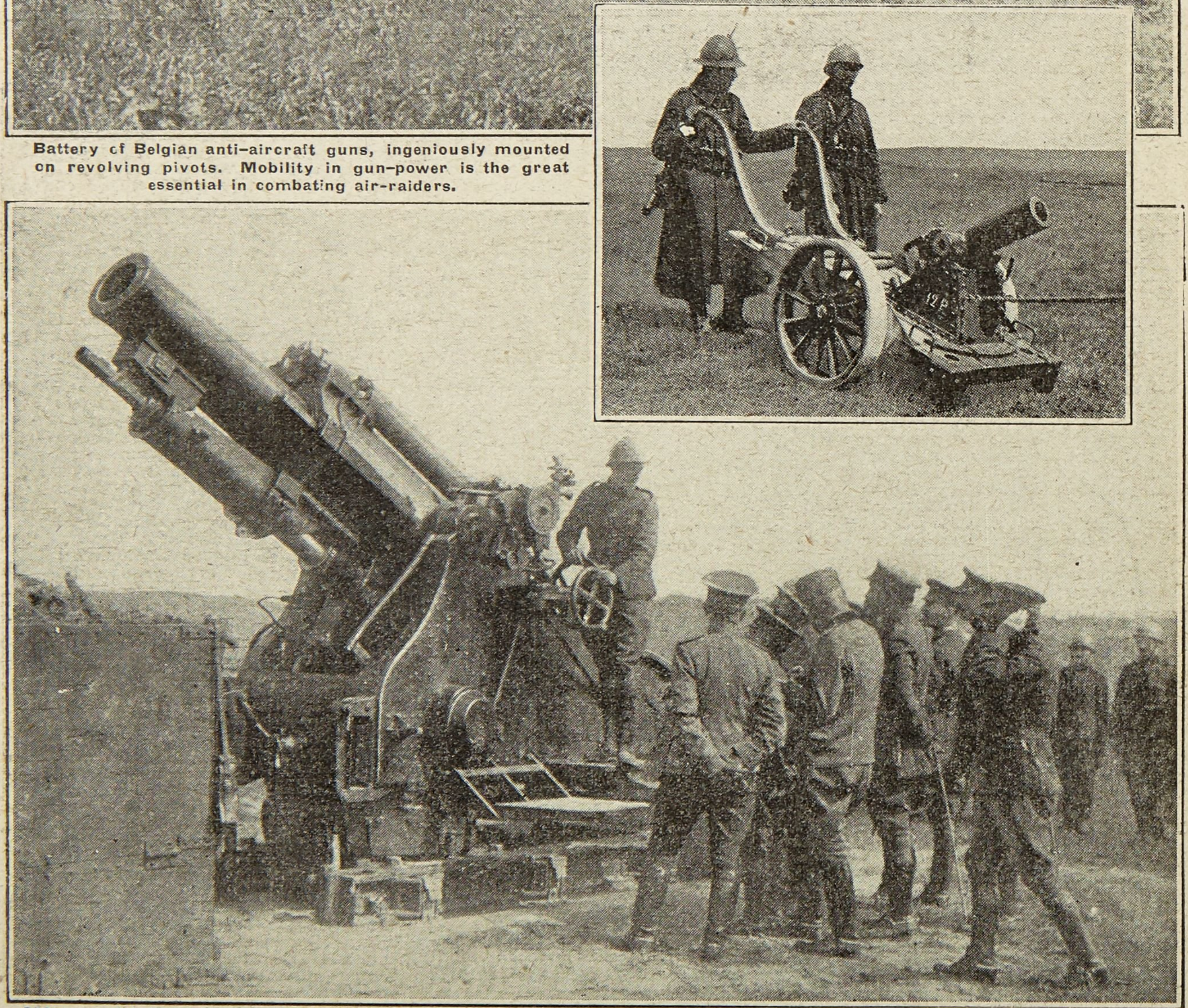


A photograph reminiscent of a Braemar Gathering. Pipers of the Black Watch playing to their comrades resting along a rail communication in the region of stern fighting. Inset: The gallant piper, A. Boyd, who played his company over the parapet in the attack at Albert.

New Belgian Guns to Hasten Day of Reckoning

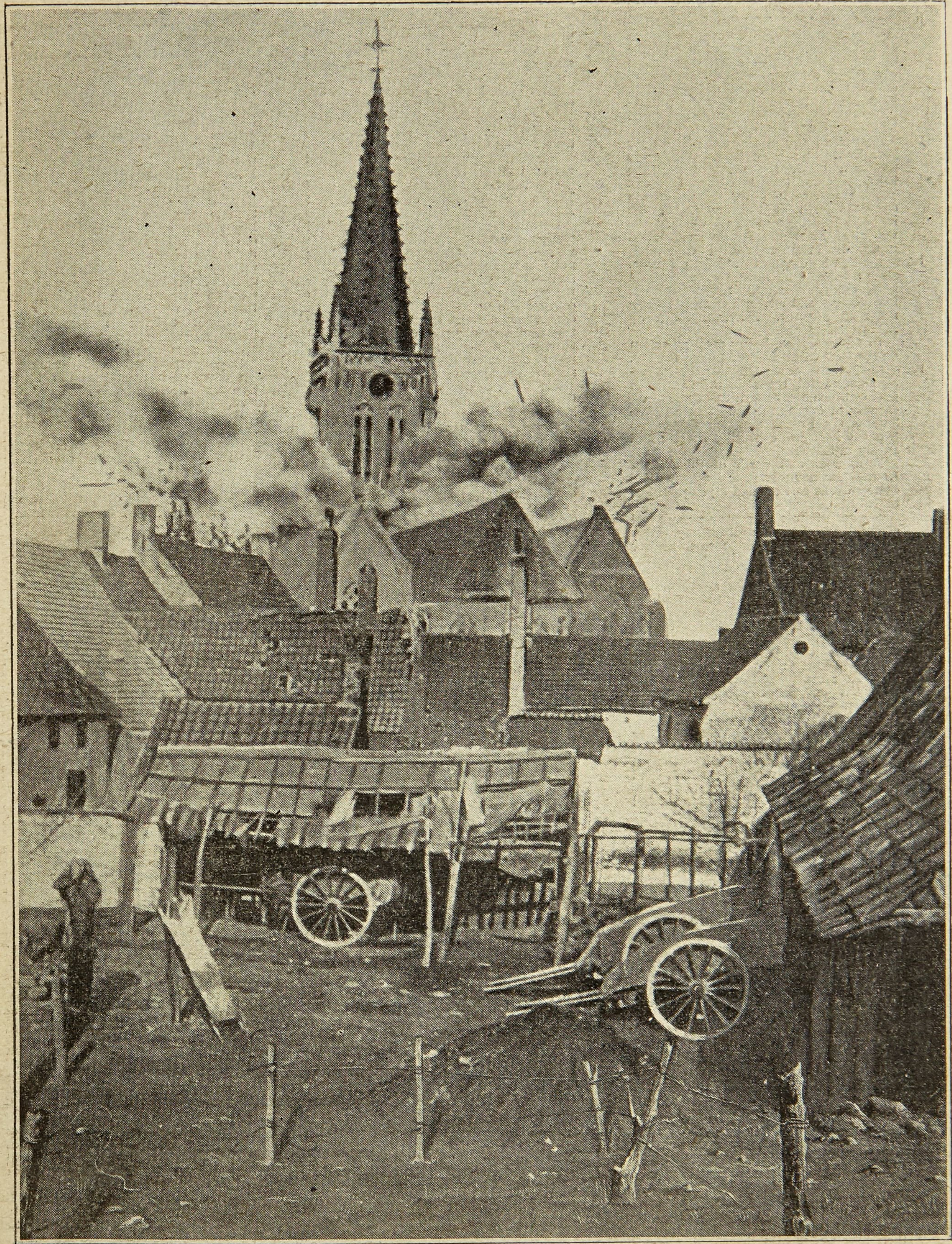


Battery of Belgian anti-aircraft guns, ingeniously mounted on revolving pivots. Mobility in gun-power is the great essential in combating air-raiders.



210 mm. Belgian siege-mortar about to thunder at the German trenches. Inset: 75 mm. mortar, a new pattern, mounted on a solidly constructed wooden hand-trolley.

Shrieking Shells Break the Cloistered Calm



Impressive picture of a church at the moment of being struck by a German shell. The projectile hit the tower of the building full in the centre, sending a shower of bricks, splinters, and sparks over the neighbouring cottages, typical of the erstwhile slumbering, world-forgotten Flemish village.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, July 1st to 31st, 1916

July 1.—**Great Allied Offensive Launched.**—A Franco-British attack north and south of the Somme, on a front of twenty-five miles, begins at 7.30 a.m. Our troops carry the German forward system of defences on a front of sixteen miles, storming and occupying the strongly-fortified villages of Montauban and Mametz. Over 2,000 prisoners taken.

July 2.—Second day of allied offensive. Sir Douglas Haig reports heavy fighting in the area between the Ancre and the Somme. Our troops carry Fricourt. Total prisoners to date, 3,500. French engaged north of the Somme in the region of Hardecourt and Curlu. The village of Frise and Méréaucourt Wood captured. Prisoners exceed 6,000.

July 3.—Third day of allied offensive. British take La Boisselle, but are checked north-east of Albert. The French capture five villages and advance to within three miles of Péronne. Prisoners taken by Allies total 12,300.

Russians begin a heavy artillery action on the Riga front, assisted by naval units.

July 4.—**French and British Progress.**—Sir Douglas Haig reports that La Boisselle, part of which had been in enemy hands, is entirely in our possession. South of the Somme the French make good progress towards Péronne, capturing Estrées and Belloy-en-Santerre.

Russian success north of the Pripet. In the Baranovitchi region two lines of enemy works carried, and 2,700 prisoners taken.

General Smuts reports pursuit of enemy towards the central railway. West of Lake Victoria our forces occupy Bukoba and secure the Karagwe district.

July 5.—Continued gains by British and French. Latter advance north of the Somme to Hem, which they capture, and reach a point on the south bank two miles from Péronne. British prisoners total over 6,000 and the French 9,500.

Russians cut the railway between Delatyn (twenty miles west of Kolomea) and Korosmezo (Hungary) and rout Austrians on the right bank of the Dneister.

July 6.—British advance near Thiepval.

Russian Offensive.—In Volhynia our ally takes over 2,300 prisoners. West of Lower Strypa the enemy is overthrown and driven back, and 5,000 prisoners taken. General Lechitsky cuts railway communication between Galicia and Hungary.

July 7.—**Text of Admiral Jellicoe's despatch on Jutland Battle** published.

Mr. Lloyd George new War Minister. Sir Edward Grey becomes a viscount.

Second Stage of British Advance.—Our troops advance between the Ancre and the Somme. A further portion of the Leipzig Redoubt carried, while east of La Boisselle we advance our line 500 yards on a front of nearly 2,000 yards. The Prussian Guard, thrown into the battle to bar our progress east of Contalmaison, repulsed.

Russians break the German line north of Lutsk salient.

July 8.—Text of a Russo-Japanese agreement published.

Fighting takes place on the extreme British right flank. Our troops gain a lodgment in the Bois des Trones, while our aeroplanes bomb Douai Aerodrome. The French report their capture of Hardecourt, with 633 prisoners.

July 9.—East of Flaucourt French troops carry enemy positions on a depth of from 1,100 yards to a mile and a quarter. They capture the village of Biaches.

New Russian Blows.—Our ally north of the Lutsk salient forces the Germans back in disorder six miles to the Stokhod. Thirty miles farther south they push their new wedge into the German front east of Kovel. Reported that since June 4 the Russians have taken 250,000 prisoners.

Hostile aeroplane raid on south-east coast of England; five bombs dropped.

July 10.—Germans make slight gain in the Trones Wood, where desperate battle raged. Our progress continued in the Mametz Wood, east of Ovillers, and near Contalmaison. French storm a height near Péronne.

Russian army south-east of Kovel reported to have advanced 10½ miles.

General Smuts reports occupation of Tanga, on the coast of German East Africa, on July 7.

German submarine-liner Deutschland reaches the United States.

July 11.—**Despatch from Sir Douglas Haig** published, stating that after ten days and nights of continuous fighting, our troops have completed the "methodical capture" of the enemy's first system of defence on a front of eight miles. Our prisoners exceed 7,500, and we captured twenty-six field-guns. An earlier official report announces the retaking of Contalmaison and most of the Trones Wood.

Big Russian Captures.—Our ally reports that in their offensive, since July 5, they have captured 271,620 officers and men, 312 guns, and 866 machine-guns.

U boat fires thirty rounds of shrapnel at Seaham Harbour; one woman killed.

July 12.—Sir Douglas Haig reports recapture of all ground in Mametz Wood lost during the night, also some progress in the Trones Wood. Two heavy German attacks against Contalmaison break down under our fire.

Mass attack of 18,000 Germans in direction of the Souville Fort (north-east of Verdun) gains for the enemy only a little ground near the Chapelle Sainte Fine Farm.

July 13.—British continue their pressure and advance their line at various points.

Announced that the August holidays are to be suspended by proclamation.

Allied Shell Conference at War Office.

July 14.—**German Second Line Breached.**—Sir Douglas Haig reports that at daybreak our troops carried the enemy's second line on a front of four miles. As the result of the day's fighting we hold the position from Bazentin-le-Petit village to Longueval village and the whole of Trones Wood.

July 15.—North of Bazentin-le-Grand our troops penetrate the German third line at the Bois des Foureaux. In this neighbourhood a detachment of the enemy successfully accounted for by a squadron of Dragoon Guards. In the past twenty-four hours we captured over 2,000 prisoners and five heavy howitzers.

July 16.—The detachment of our troops that penetrated to Foureaux withdraw into our main line without molestation from the enemy.

French report great activity of Russian and their own patrols on the Champagne front.

Russian successes. In Volhynia our ally captures two batteries and 3,000 prisoners. They report having stormed Baiburt, halfway between Erzerum and Trebizond.

July 17.—Our troops, as the result of fresh successes, now hold 4 miles 600 yards of the German second line north of the Somme. North of Longueval they are close to the third line. Since July 1 the total of unwounded German prisoners is 189 officers and 10,779 other ranks.

Big Russian success. Our ally gains an important success in Volhynia, on the southern face of the Lutsk salient, pushing back Von Linsingen's army ten miles to the south and capturing 12,954 prisoners and 30 guns.

July 18.—Germans attack our positions near Longueval and Delville Wood.

July 19.—Enemy recaptures a portion of Delville Wood and obtains a footing in Longueval, but British regain most of the lost ground.

Reported that General Smuts has driven enemy down the Pangani River, south of the Usambara railway. He announces capture of Muanza on July 14.

July 20.—**Continued Allied Success in the West.**—British advance 1,000 yards north of the Bazentin-Longueval line. Heavy fighting continues in the northern outskirts of Longueval village and in Delville Wood. On both sides of the Somme the French gain advantages. North they carry trenches from Hardecourt Hill as far as the river, and advance their line east of Hardecourt along the railway running from Combles to Cléry; south of the Somme they carry the first German position from Estrées as far as the height of Vermand-Ovillers.

General Sakharoff's troops inflict heavy defeat on the Austrians on the south-western face of the Lutsk salient.

July 21.—Reported that Russian Army of the Caucasus has captured the town of Gumushkhane, 100 miles from Erzerum.

July 22.—Despatches from Lord French and General Maxwell on the rising in Ireland published.

Announced that Russians in Southern Volhynia have captured in eight days 27,000 prisoners and 40 guns. In Armenia they are within thirty miles of Erzindjan.

War Office reports that a Turkish force has advanced westward from El Arish to near Katia.

July 23.—**Battle of the Somme.**—Territorial and Australian troops carry the German outer works of Pozières by assault.

General Smuts reports enemy driven southwards over the Pangani River. Muheza and Amani have been occupied and effective possession taken of whole of Usambara railway.

Resignation of M. Sazonoff, Russian Foreign Minister. He is succeeded by M. Sturmer.

July 24.—**Fight for Pozieres.**—All-day stubborn battle for this village, a large portion of which is in our hands. We also gain ground near High Wood.

Running sea fight. Admiralty report three enemy destroyers sighted off North Hinder light vessel, who retired before damage could be inflicted. Subsequently off the Schouwen Bank, six destroyers were engaged and repeatedly hit, but succeeded in reaching the Belgian coast.

July 25.—Russians take Austro-German positions in North-Eastern Galicia, about twelve miles from Brody.

Fall of Erzindjan.—Russian troops under General Judenitch take Erzindjan, thus clearing the Turks from Armenia.

July 26.—The whole of Pozières captured.

Names of Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Mesopotamian and Dardanelles campaigns announced.

July 27.—Announced that, north of the line Pozières-Bazentin-le-Petit, British capture 200 yards of an important enemy trench. Enemy driven from east and north-east of Delville Wood.

Russians capture Brody.

Captain Fryatt, of the captured steamer Brussels, shot by Germans in Bruges.

July 28.—Desperate German efforts to recapture Delville Wood repulsed.

July 29.—Serbians gain a success over the Bulgarians east of Monastir.

Three Zeppelins raid the East Coast, dropping thirty-two bombs in Lincolnshire and Norfolk.

July 30.—**New Allied Advance** from the east of the Delville Wood to the Somme.

Russians reported to have forced the Stokhod, threatening Kovel.

July 31.—General Smuts reports occupation of Dodoma.

Zeppelin raid on seven Eastern and South-Eastern counties.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

VENGEANCE ON THE WING

IN the course of a war of which every day is distinguished by some feat utterly astounding in its novelty or daring, it may seem foolish as well as invidious to pick out any single incident and impute to it special significance. Things move so fast that prophecy is overtaken by history, and he would be a bold man who declared that this invention marked the beginning of a new method of warfare or that achievement marked the end of an old one.

NEVERTHELESS, a good many people may agree with the opinion that the flight of the French airman, Sub-Lieutenant Anselme Marchal, from Nancy to Cholm, is one of the most important single incidents that have happened since August 4th, 1914, and that, although it did not cost the enemy one casualty and was itself not crowned with full success. The possibility of such a feat was foreseen by all the pioneers of aviation in the remote ages just before the outbreak of the war. For aught the writer of these notes knows to the contrary, the actual distance covered by Marchal in his flight may have been exceeded by other airmen; and, once more, it cost the foe no life, not even the equivalent of the famous Mafeking dog. Why, then, should it seem so portentous to any man? Why likely to have influence upon the development of the war? Because of the revelation it makes of the French soul and because of the effect it will have upon the German soul as already revealed.

INDIVIDUALLY brave enough, Germans collectively have manifested cowardice quite astonishing. They have pretermitted nothing that appertains to cowardice; neither arrogance before the event, nor stupidity and cruelty in the conduct of it, nor yet abjectness of soul after it. The arrogance may be instanced by the speeches of the Kaiser in the early days of the war. The stupidity was bared in their utter failure to appreciate the character of any of the other peoples of the world, with consequently disastrous miscalculation of the forces that would be arrayed against them; the cruelty is ubiquitous and too monstrous to require more than mere statement; the abjectness has been expressed in every cry of "Kamerad!" raised by every Hun whose jets of liquid fire could not prevent avenging bayonets from reaching to his heart, and it is being given official expression now by the Kaiser whining over the intention of the British offensive "to carry the operations on to German soil into our towns and villages to the peril and undoing of our helpless women and children." In the name of War, whose Lord the Kaiser calls himself, why not?

THE soul of the German people is revealed in all these things, and upon such a soul it may be declared confidently that peril which is at once unexpected and immeasurable has a demoralising effect. That is why we think the orders given to Sub-Lieutenant Marchal to drop proclamations instead of bombs upon Berlin disclose such subtle insight of the French Command into the German soul. Situated roughly half way between the French and the Russian fronts, and more than four hundred miles from both, the ordinary civil population of Berlin can have had little clearer realisation of the horror of bombardment from the air than the people of London had before the first Zeppelin raid; encouraged by their military leaders they almost certainly believed themselves much safer from air attack than Londoners did, who expected Zeppelins in the very first days of the war. Then this visit is paid. In the night leaflets are dropped, announcing that French aeroplanes have been over the city, and the proclamations give no indication of the number of the raiders; no material damage is done, but the sense of security is gone for ever. More, the sense of danger is increased by the silence and the self-restraint of the enemy. Material damage that can be assessed in pounds, shillings, and pence, and loss of life that can be reckoned in numbers of corpses are at their worst measured things which one can contemplate and make up one's mind about. Unmeasured things that remain immeasurable are much more appalling. Had all these leaflets been bombs, bombs of German type, incendiary and high-explosive and poisonous, what then? And what if they are, next time? For there will surely be a next time. That way panic begins.

WE may get some idea of the effect this visit of Marchal must have had upon Berlin by imagining our own sensations if instead of dropping bombs upon London the first raiding Zeppelin had dropped only a similar proclamation. What happened was that the capital was aroused by the sound of explosions and poured out into the streets to see the enemy, dropping bombs, indeed, but harried by searchlights and encircled by bursting shells from anti-aircraft guns. And in a quarter of an hour it was seen going away. Alarming enough, and bad enough, but at any rate not unexpected, though perhaps not at that particular moment, and, also at any rate, seen and fought. Had London waked in the morning to learn that airships had been over her in the night, their number unknown, their power for harm ungauged, their fate unknown, we venture to say that the public perturbation would have been much greater. Now, we know within a little the worst that Zeppelins can do, and we fill in a coupon on a halfpenny paper and go to bed as serenely as we did before the war, conscious that we have done all that is required of prudent business men who have not been called upon to do anything else.

BRITAIN never supposed that she would be immune from danger when once she had embarked upon this war. Germany did. For a long time now the German High Command must have known that the issue will not be what they had anticipated, but not so the German people at large. Sub-Lieutenant Marchal's flight over Berlin is the first intimation they have had that vengeance is on the wing, and it will strike terror into their soul. It is small rebate from their misery that he did not complete his flight and is now interned at Salzerbach. He flew across the entire breadth of Germany, and henceforward Germany will tremble in the dark. The united efforts of a highly-organised, rigidly-controlled Press will be unavailing to convince the people that this is an insignificant incident. Organisation brings its own condemnation the moment something occurs that was not provided for. The day the German people perceive that their military machine is not the perfect, irresistible thing they believed it to be, a rot will set in among them, to infect the Army and precipitate the end. The night when Anselme Marchal made his wonderful flight may well have been the night before that day.

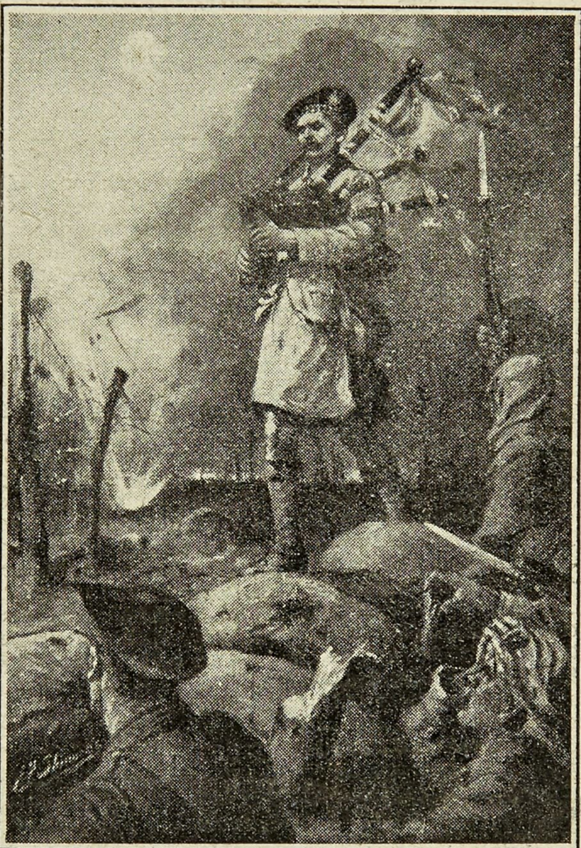
C. M.

The War Illustrated
News Notes and Comments

WITH this issue THE WAR ILLUSTRATED completes its fourth volume and the second year of publication. I think most of my readers will agree with me that the volume now ended compares not unfavourably with its predecessors in the interest and variety of its literary and pictorial contents. There is evidence that the recent enrichment of the literary features is meeting with the full approval of my readers. No aspect of the war has passed unnoticed in these teeming pages of picture and story; every memorable episode in the long-drawn struggle finds some measure of historical record in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. Our series of "Battle Pictures of the Great War" will prove to be the finest work of its kind written during the war. For many years it will be difficult to find more vivid accounts of the crucial events that make up the strangely varied history of the Great War. Nor has any other war publication presented to its readers such a variety as distinguishes "True Tales of the War by Famous Correspondents." I deem myself fortunate in securing the co-operation of so many of the notable writers who have seen things worth describing, and this series alone is sufficient to give peculiar value to the bound volumes of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

A Memorable Incident

NOW is the time when every reader anxious to preserve for future reference the cheapest and best pictorial record of this great epoch in the world's history should make sure that the twenty-six weekly parts comprising Volume IV. of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED are forthwith placed in the hands of his newsagent to be bound up in the publishers' specially prepared bindings. These binding cases, together with attractive title-page and index of contents, are now ready, and with each is presented a splendid original art plate in full colours. This art plate, a small reproduction of which appears on this page, represents the memorable incident of Piper Laidlaw playing in front of the trenches during the Battle of Loos—an incident that is likely to be remembered for many generations. The reproduction, of course, can give no idea of the rich colouring of the actual plate, which is the size of a full page. Numerous letters I have received from highly satisfied readers warrant me in saying that THE WAR ILLUSTRATED bound in volume form is an unfailing source of gratification to its possessor. Despite the enormous increase in all material costs, the publishers are still offering their special binding cases at the low price of 1s. 6d.; but it is doubtful whether this low price can be maintained indefinitely, and any dilatory reader who has more than one volume to bind would be wise to delay no longer!



A small reproduction of the magnificent colour painting, given as a free art plate—in full colours—with the Publishers' binding cases for Vol. IV. of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, now ready; 1s. 6d., of any bookseller or newsagent; or 1s. 10d. post free from the Publishers.

A Study in Insanity

WILLIAM II. desires to go down to posterity with the world-conquerors and the great Emperors, but he will surely figure instead in the company of the great insane. Only a combination of religious mania and megalomania can account for such an amazing utterance as the sermon which the Kaiser delivered to the German field chaplains on the western front last spring. The most wicked mind that was not actually mad would shrink from blasphemy so appalling as that reported by the German newspapers and vouched for as true by Dr. Ott. For years the association of himself with God in all his speeches has offended decency; now his complacent assumption that he alone is the exponent of "practical Christianity," and his suggestion that he alone is in a state to be able to look the Lord in the face if He came in at the door, is more than an offence against right feeling; it is terrible, when one remembers what this unlimited vanity and self-satisfaction have had power to do. "Practical Christianity," as revealed by the Kaiser, means the crucifixion and the torture of all who dare to oppose his own Imperial will. Is it conceivable that the German ministers of religion who listened to this outburst were themselves not shocked by it? If so, they must be nearly as unbalanced as their doomed Emperor.

That German Band

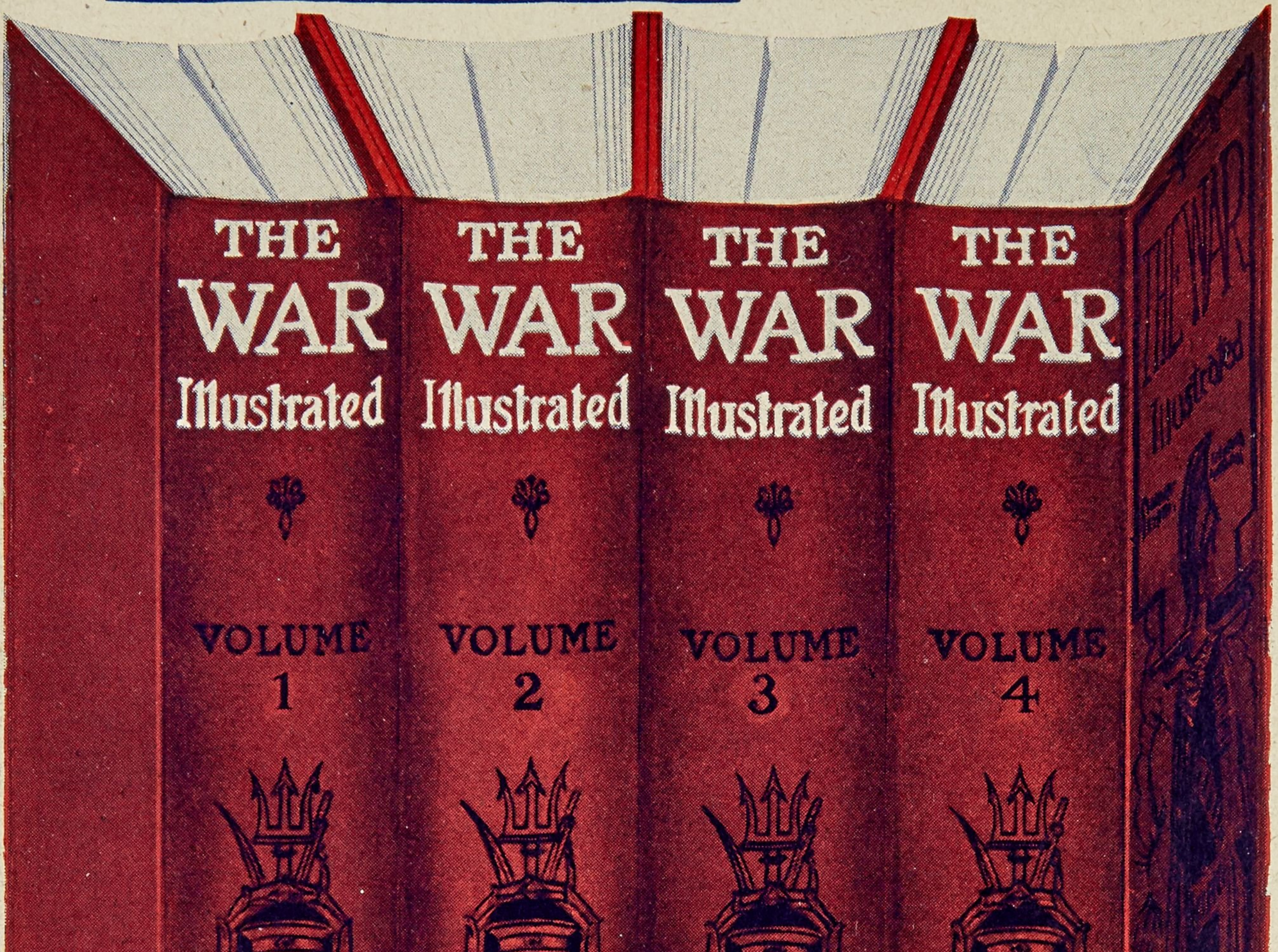
THE band was a good one, musically if not morally, and belonged to a small town in Saxony, where, as elsewhere in the Fatherland, eggs were luxuries of price. It did the Conquering Hero "stunt" and gave concerts away from home three or four times a week, especially at a larger town in the neighbourhood: good concerts, and lucrative, from which it returned ever more beaming and complacent. Only the local policeman did not join in the popular applause. Supercilious and unemotional, he meditated, and one day he proceeded to act. Repairing to the station where the bandsmen were assembled on the platform to catch the train that should carry them to the scene of a fresh triumph, he announced his intention of inspecting the instruments. In Germany one does not argue with a "Schutzmann," so this man got on with it. His suspicions were well grounded. There were eggs in the ophicleide, eggs in the euphonium, eggs in the bassoon, eggs in the music-cases, and stacks of eggs in the drum. Every time these devotees of St. Cecilia had given a concert away from home they had smuggled eight hundred eggs out of the town and sold them at a profit of a penny an egg. They are now known as the Egg Band and discredited for ever, and nobody in that Saxon town now takes the least interest in music.

How You May Help

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED can greatly assist the publishers in conforming with the Government restrictions as to the consumption of paper by ordering this journal to be supplied weekly by their regular newsagents, instead of buying it casually. In this way it is possible for the publishers more accurately to judge their weekly printing order, and thus avoid wastage as well as prevent disappointment.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

Supplement to "The War Illustrated," August 19th, 1916.


THE WAR Illustrated
VOLUME 1
AMALGAMATED PRESS LIMITED
THE WAR Illustrated
VOLUME 2
AMALGAMATED PRESS LIMITED
THE WAR Illustrated
VOLUME 3
AMALGAMATED PRESS LIMITED
THE WAR Illustrated
VOLUME 4
AMALGAMATED PRESS LIMITED
THE WAR Illustrated

Part 104 completes Volume IV.

Don't Forget the BINDING CASE 1/6

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

Unlike most other commodities in these difficult times, the binding cases for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED show no increase in price. This is due to the foresight of the publishers in making extensive contracts before the rise in the cost of materials. Subscribers may, therefore, be congratulated on being able to secure

A BINDING CASE WHICH WILL LAST A LIFETIME

for 1/6 only.

For this small sum, plus an equally small sum for binding (a matter which your newsagent can arrange), you ensure the preservation of parts sufficient to form yet another volume, and make one more step towards the completion of a work which will be an endless source of interest and inspiration in the days to come.

FREE PLATE IN FULL COLOURS

How Piper Laidlaw won the V.C.

With each binding case is presented a beautiful Colour Plate depicting the heroic deed which won the Victoria Cross for Piper Laidlaw. This plate is for use as a frontispiece. An artistic title page and index are also given

FREE WITH EACH CASE.

The cases are obtainable from all newsagents, price 1/6 each, or post free from the Publisher, The Fleetway House, London, E.C., for 1/10.

Hand the loose Parts of Vol. IV. (Nos. 79-104) to your newsagent to-day

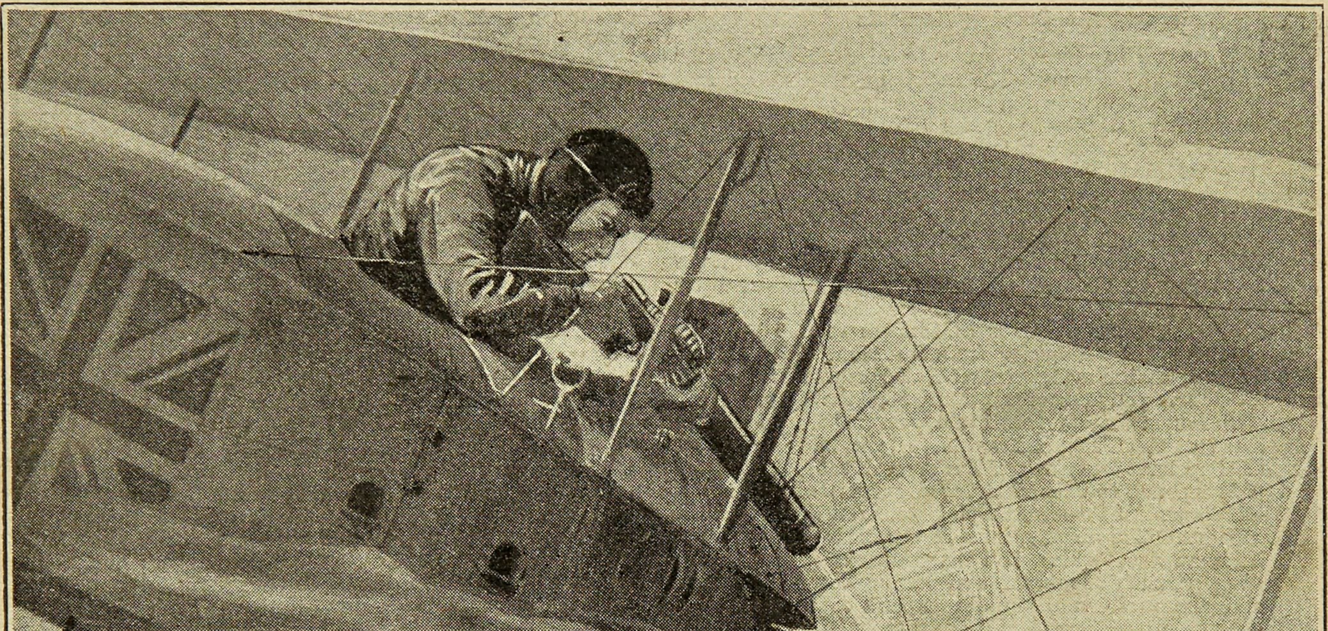
Wynn

The War Illustrated, August 19th, 1916. Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

"THE BLIGHT OF THE WORLD!" SPECIAL CARTOON BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 5

"Hornet's" Attack on Leviathan: Zeppelin Under Fire from British Aeroplane

No. 105

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THERE is likely to be important news soon from the Near East, possibly even before this page is published. The allied armies at Salonika were unable to assume a vigorous offensive until Greece had joined us, or her Army had been demobilised. For them to have advanced along the Vardar River into Serbia, with a possibility of the powerful Greek Army striking on their flank or cutting off their communications, would have been sheer madness. The demobilisation of the Greek Army has now taken place.

Bulgaria and the Coming Nemesis

If we are to attempt recovery of Serbia this year we must strike soon. The Serbian Army, rested and re-equipped, stands to arms outside Salonika. I confidently anticipate great things from it. The Serbian is naturally a splendid fighting man. He is now fortified by despair. In the battles that are ahead he has everything to gain and nothing to lose—save his life, for family and home have been destroyed or have fallen into the enemy's hands.

Bulgaria, our first objective, is a land where the courage and skill of the soldiers are weakened by grave internal disputes. Turkey has promised, if necessary, large numbers of soldiers to aid Bulgaria and to protect Hungary from invasion. But Turkey may in the immediate future find her own hands very full. The progress of the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas is daily presenting a graver menace to the heart of the Turkish Empire. If the Russians go on as they have been doing, Turkey will soon find herself fighting, not to save outlying provinces like Armenia, but to protect Constantinople itself from the grip of the invader. The allied armies in the Near East will not have an easy task. The mountainous nature of the country, the difficulty in maintaining communications, and the problem of munitions and commissariat are against us. There has been ample time, however, to make preparations for an advance in the Balkans.

What is Coming on the Somme

The great advance of the Allies on the Somme has, as I write, momentarily paused. The fierce summer heat and the physical exhaustion of nearly five weeks of day and night fighting have caused a brief halt. The pause, however, is merely the prelude to fresh efforts. The Allies have advanced along a front of about sixteen miles to a depth of between two and a half and four and a half miles. The distance from our original trenches at Fricourt to the part of the High Wood which was captured on July 27th is a good four and a half miles. Every advantage of position has been with the Germans. They held the high lands and we the low lands. They had prepared the country with every possible form of defence. It would have been good, of course, had we been able to break through more quickly and not given the Germans time for elaborating their defences at Faucourt and Flers. But what has been done by our men and the French is so tremendous that it is beyond praise. We stand at the very edge of vital German positions, the capture of which will give us the master-hand over the enemy in a large extent of country.

In November, 1914, the German armies, striving to break through Ypres and reach Calais, stopped when victory was almost within their grasp. There have been many attempts at explanation of the reason why they did not push through when they could have done so. Those of us who were present on the Flanders front at that time remarked one thing. The German supply of shells suddenly fell off. Large numbers of old and defective shells which failed to explode began to be used. Germany then ceased her advance, entrenched herself, and set to the manufacture of shells on a scale hitherto unknown in war.

During the past four months the Germans have been using their enormous reserves of shells as though they were inexhaustible. At Verdun, on the Somme, around Ypres, at the craters of St. Eloi, and on the Russian front their guns have been going almost day and night. I now hear reports from some points at the front that the proportion of bad and defective shells from the German guns is once more increasing. It is too early yet to base any conclusions on this. It may be that the German supplies at some particular places have failed for some local reasons. But if it should prove that we are able to outplay and outlast the Germans with shells, the result will obviously be very wide-reaching.

Will Germany Attack Holland?

The possibility of a German shortage in certain essential supplies is suggested by the recent policy of Germany towards Holland. As is well known, there are in Holland enormous stocks urgently required by Germany. German firms imported into Holland last year and early this year vast quantities of goods which the Dutch Government will not permit to be exported to Germany, and which are now stored away in the warehouses of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. The German action in deliberately sinking Dutch ships, as in the case of the s.s. Zeeland, torpedoed a few days ago by a German submarine, can only be intended to anger Holland. The Germans have sunk three out of the seven mail steamers of the Zeeland Company between Flushing and Gravesend, and the service has had to stop. Is Germany, driven by desperation, seeking an opportunity to pick a quarrel with Holland, and replenish her stores by force of arms from the stocks in the Dutch ports?

The Russian development continues wholly satisfactory. General von Hindenburg's campaign against Riga, to be carried out in co-operation with the German Baltic Fleet, hangs fire. Von Hindenburg is more concerned for the moment with attempting to keep his own front intact than with pushing forward. The main fighting for the time is on the Stokhod, where the Germans are offering a determined resistance to the Russian advance upon Kovel. The Germans have gathered a very large army here, well equipped with artillery, and they hold a strong position.

Russia's Brilliant Strategy

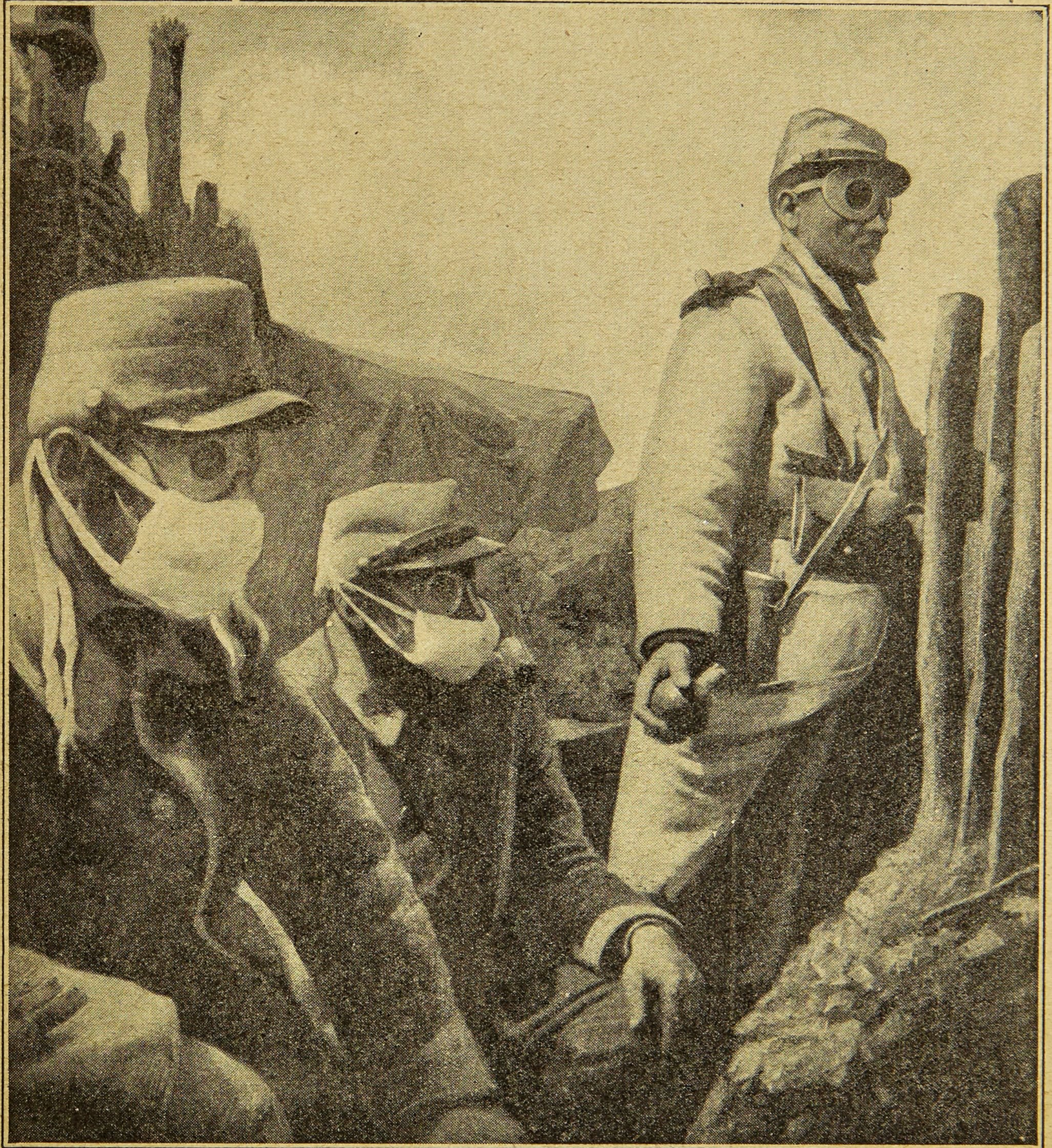
Here and there their generals hold tenaciously to important points, and in most places the German and Austrian troops fight with marked courage. But the Russians are able to place such heavy masses of men all along the line that while the Central armies are clinging desperately to one point, they are pressed back on another, and when a concentration comes at one important centre the Russians suddenly develop tremendous strength elsewhere. The whole Russian campaign at this moment resembles nothing so much as the preliminaries of a game of chess between a master and an amateur, where the master quietly takes his position, sweeps off the enemy's pawns, and makes all ready for an irresistible attack on the king.

The Italian campaign is becoming more and more vigorous. Fresh reserves are being mobilised all the time, and all along the limited Austrian front fighting continues.

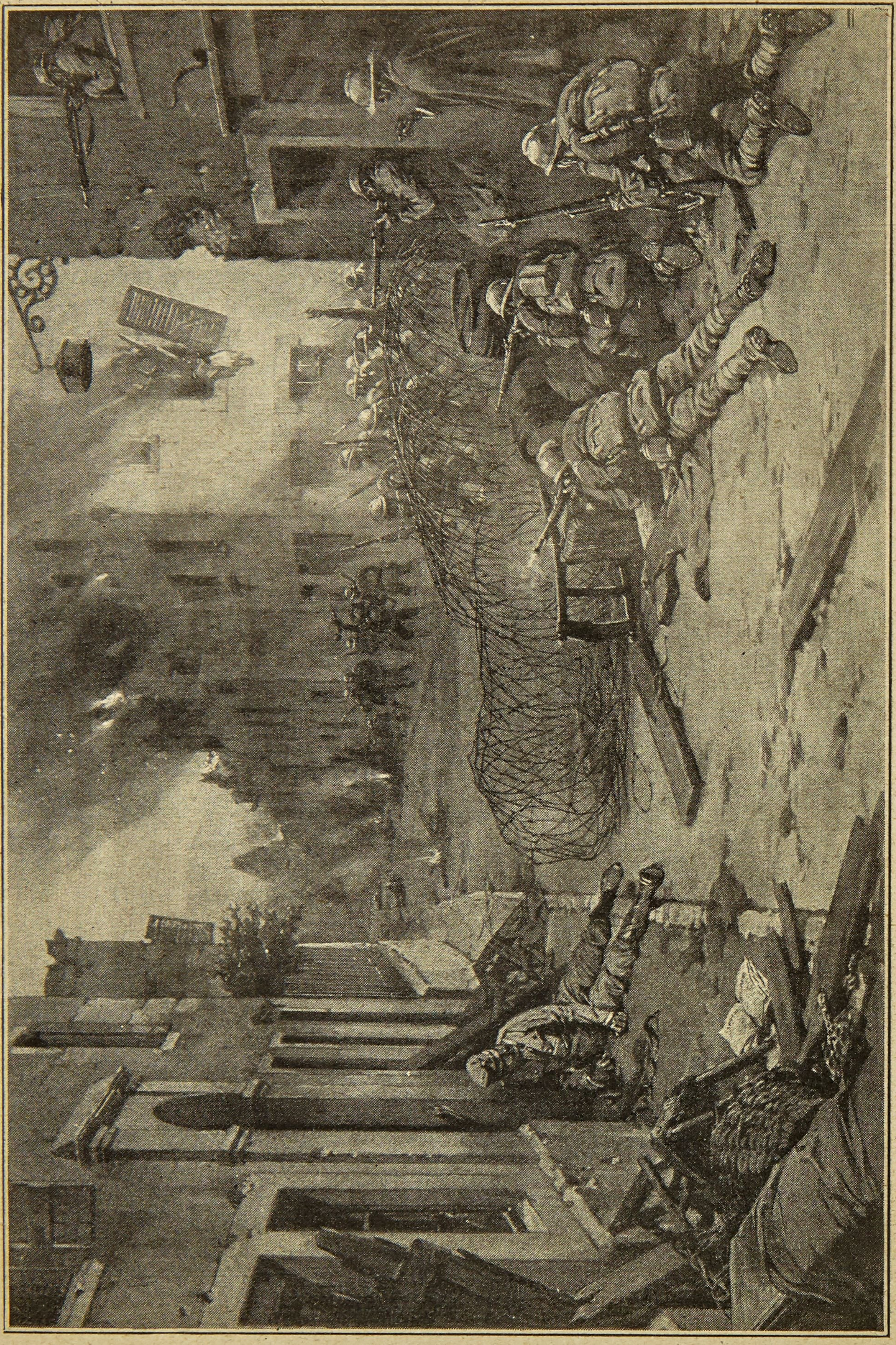
19th August, 1916. No. 105. Vol. 5.

THE WAR
Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



SENTINELS OF FRANCE LOOK TOWARDS THE RHINE!—Impassive, resolute, heedless of wounds or death, these three Frenchmen, installed in an advance trench at Vauquois, near Verdun, await a German attack. The wind being favourable to the enemy for the use of poison gas, two of them have taken the precaution to don their respirators. A third, standing up in the trench, is looking across to the enemy lines ready to hurl a grenade at any Germans who may attempt to advance.



HOW THE AUSTRIANS LEFT ASIAGO.—Desperate street fighting attended the Italians' recapture of Asiago in the Trentino from the Austrians, and when they finally drove the invaders out the village was a smoking ruin. Emulating the Germans at Louvain, the Austrians burned every hamlet they passed through in their retreat, the last duty of the rear-guard being to pour petroleum into any house still standing and set fire to it. Throughout the whole campaign the Austrians have proved themselves apt imitators of their barbarous ally.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

THE BATTLE IN THE SNOWS

An Epic Story from Italy's Alpine War

By Luigi Barzini

SIGNOR LUIGI BARZINI, the distinguished correspondent of the "Corriere della Sera," is the king of Italian journalists. As a war correspondent few men have had a wider experience. He went through the Russo-Japanese War, the two Balkan Wars, and the Mexican struggle. He was in Belgium and France during the early months of the present conflict. When the Austro-Italian campaign broke out he was appointed official correspondent with the Italian Army. Dressed as a soldier he lives in the first-line trenches with the troops. During the Battle of Pal Piccolo he was in the thick of the fight, and has here described what he saw and felt. This article, specially written for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *has been translated from the Italian by Dr. James Murphy, himself a famous British correspondent with the Italian forces.*

WE were encamped on the mountain side, in caverns dug into the ice-hardened snow, around us the rugged and angry peaks of Pal Piccolo, beneath us the Pass of Monte Croce. Here is one of the vital spots in the Italian line, for it commands the Freikofel approaches, and consequently the way into the Italian plains. Where the cluster of hills reaches its highest point two crests tower above all the others, to a height of about 6,000 feet. They stand opposite to one another, running somewhat parallel along their summits, separated by a distance of about one hundred yards. One is in our hands, the other in those of the Austrians.

At half-past two in the morning, in the midst of a driving snowstorm, we were awakened by the incessant crackle of rifle fire. "There is a fight at Pal Piccolo," telephoned the sentry, "but it is a màtter of no importance." A few moments later the captain in command at Quota 1859—which is the great military trenchwork guarding our position on the Pal—telephoned for reinforcements. The Austrians had come over the snow and had attacked him. "Counter-attack immediately," was the order from the colonel. "I have done so already," replied the captain, "but I have lost a number of my men." Suddenly the telephone communications were broken off—a proof that he was already besieged and had his lines of communication destroyed.

White Phantoms in a Blizzard

The situation was extremely grave. One of our most important positions had suddenly fallen into Austrian hands. Over the intervening snow they had come, clad entirely in white. It was in the depth of night, with a blinding and bitter storm raging, so that the sentries could not have seen the moving mass. Generally on the darkest night a figure moving on the mountain, even though clad in the colour of the snow, throws a distinct reflection on the ice-encrusted ground; but on that night no eye could pierce the dense screen of the storm. Our men were shovelling the freshly fallen snow from their trenches when they were surprised by the phantom-like Austrians, who fell upon them in enormous masses. They bound the hands of the sentries with wire and smashed their skulls with rifles. On they came, wave after wave in quick succession, flooding the main trenches and connecting galleries. From these galleries to the caves where our Alpini dwell a system of subterranean corridors run. The corridors are in the form of stairways whose steps are made of wood or hewn into the rock. Up to the openings of the corridors the Austrians came, destroying the stairways as far as possible and building barricades across the exits, so as to prevent any advance on the part of those who had retired to the refuges.

Having fought bravely and lost heavily, the garrison of Quota 1859 withdrew into its refuge, bringing as many of its wounded as possible, and decided to await reinforcements. Its position became surrounded and its communications entirely cut off. But the captain was determined not to surrender. Screened somewhat by the darkness and the blinding storm, his men rushed to and fro, bringing sand-bags, tables, and iron plates to block the mouths of their fortress. When the morning broke they peered out, only to see the phantom mass of howling enemies surrounding them. Jeeringly the Austrians shouted: "Down, Italians! We are your masters. To-day, Pal Piccolo; to-morrow, Pal Grande." They were but twenty yards distant, shouting hurrahs, hymns, and songs of victory. And they had reason to be confident of success; for their enterprise had been carefully planned and skilfully carried out. An enormous mass of defensive material was brought up—sand-bags, steel plates, searchlights, ammunition, and artillery—and the position consolidated. Should they succeed in holding their ground they would eventually control one of the main roads to Italy.

The Italian Counter-Attack

We realised the seriousness of it fully. One of the most important spots along our whole line, a vital spot, was in danger. "We must act immediately," ordered the general. "Each hour's delay may cost hundreds of lives." A company of Bersaglieri at once received orders to attack the Austrians on the left. Forward they went, forging ahead in single file, tunnelling the newly fallen snow to afford themselves a passage. But they were soon swept by the rifle fire and artillery of the enemy. The commander, two leading officers, and several of the men fell. Further advance was impossible; so they wheeled to the left and sought protection under the lee of a towering snow-peak.

In order to understand this form of warfare one must know something of the conditions under which it is waged. On the mountain the distances are short but the journeys are long. In order to arrive at a point not more than two hundred yards away, one must follow a zigzag course, leading downwards over precipitous declines and again upwards, scaling angry crags and circumventing treacherous ravines. As one moves forward the path must be excavated, and this is absolutely necessary where fresh snow has fallen. The battlefield is small but the manœuvring is on a colossal scale. The enemy is near at hand, but the movements necessary to come into touch with him lie through distances that are well-nigh infinite. The mountain takes part in the conflict, pushing forward gigantic obstacles which make every step a combat. It has thrown up its fortresses and delved its moats, and it must be conquered before the enemy can be attacked.

The attack of the Bersaglieri failed, and for the moment it appeared as if our line would be broken. So we hastily built new trenches and brought up reserves for the defence. Our artillery came into action, but the blanket of clouds rendered aim impossible. The sky was our target, the heavens themselves were now against us. The wounded were falling into the deep glacial ravines, their cries for help reverberating against the cruel walls, piteous and tragic.

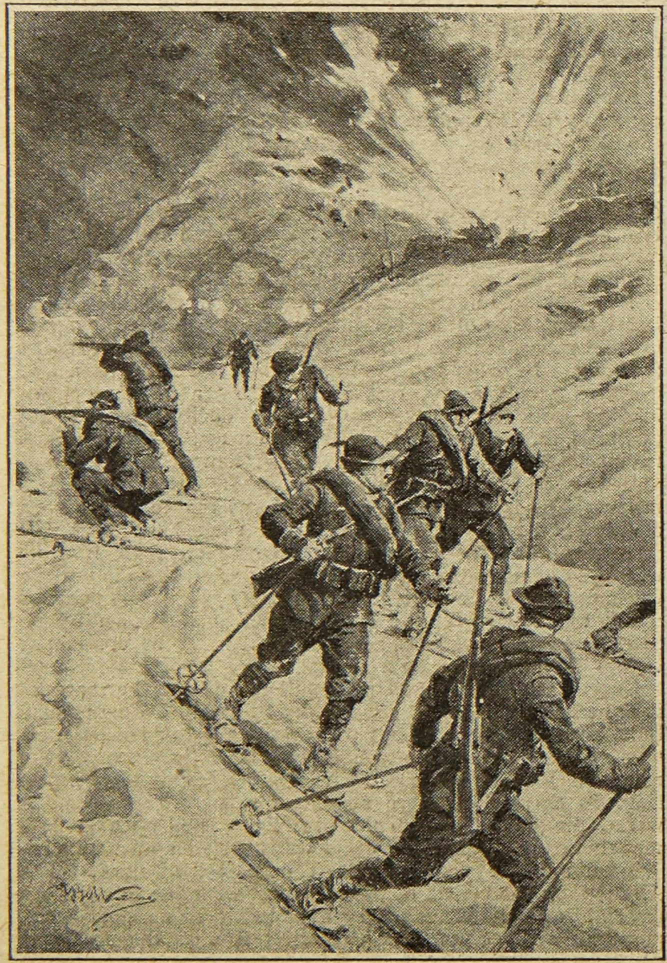
Then another plan of attack was decided upon. The Alpini took the centre of the advance, with the infantry on the right and the Barsaglieri on the left. To make progress possible, and escape the withering fire of the Austrian artillery, they had to tunnel the mountain, through the hard ice and snow. In subterranean corridors they moved forward. It was tedious work, and all the while the

Austrian position on the crest was growing stronger. After hours and hours of anxious waiting we saw our men emerge from their tunnels. Little black specks they looked on the side of the great white mountain. They appeared in batches of three, calling out orders and cries of encouragement to one another. One could see hands lifted to the grasping hand above, pulling one another upward by means of axes, ropes, alpenstocks, and rifles. Then we saw circles of white smoke floating over the Austrian position. Our machine-guns rent the air. The crackle of their shells against the steel-plate Austrian defences was re-echoed from the glacial walls of the surrounding peaks. Recognising the sound, our troops on the lower portions of the hill shouted " Bravo, Carlino ! Bravo, Carlino ! "—the pet name given by the mountaineers to the little bronze machine-gun which is the watchdog of the trenches.

The Austrians sneeringly shouted, " Come on, Italians ! " They were not more than one hundred yards away, but they occupied a crest which controlled every approach. The intervening ground consisted of a rugged steep, teeming with jagged crags and deep ravines, the whole terrain swept by the enemy's artillery. To advance in daytime was out of the question, so it was decided to wait for the cover of night.

Red Tracks Across the Snow

At nine o'clock the signal was given, and a riot of fire surrounded the crest. An Austrian searchlight swept the mountain side, the dark sky was lit up by an orange glow, and the whole zone became a palpitating mass of living flame. Our infantry swept around the shoulder of the crest, taking advantage of the shelter given them by the craggy banks of a mountain torrent. But our frontal attack could not proceed. There they stood, immobile and determined, but unable to advance, grappled together in groups, awaiting a more auspicious moment, annealed to the crags by the congealing snow and ice, insensible to cold and hunger, but determined not to yield an inch.



Warfare in the eternal snow. Audacious Italian Alpini on skis, having fired a charge of dynamite under an Austrian block-house, rapidly withdraw from the range of flying splinters.

A little before midnight they sprang once more to the attack. Wounded again and again, lines of red marked their track across the snow, but still they went forward and upward. At midnight some sections had already arrived at a spot within six yards of the Austrians; other sections were within fifty yards. But the Austrian rain of hand-grenades was devastating. Our troops lost all their officers, and the attack had to be suspended once again. A damp snow was falling, freezing into a mailcoat of ice as it covered the bodies of the men.

At one in the morning a new order was given. Up from the shoulder of the hill came a detachment of Bersaglieri and Alpini. Some had rackets on their feet, tobogganing over mountains of snow, while others waded breast-deep through the newly-fallen drifts. Sometimes several hours were spent in covering only a few yards.

Then came the dawn—the dawn of the third day of struggle—ashen grey, cold and sad, filling one's soul with a sense of death. Because of the nearness of our troops to the Austrians our artillery could not come into action, but Carlino kept barking at the enemy, so that he was unable to show himself above the parapet. However, the Austrians were ready with a store of hand-grenades and rifles at the mouth of the gallery, just above the parapet. While they remained there, further attack was impossible.

Out of the unknown, like shades of the dead wandering on the mountain, came two Alpini, clad in white shirts. Nobody could divine whence they had come or whither they would go. They were utterly unarmed, simply carrying a harmless bread-basket. Soon they were at the mouth of the gallery, which towered above them like the balcony of a castle built of glistening ice. One was seen to stoop and lift the wooden ladder which the Austrians had thrown down. They placed it against the side of the wall and climbed upwards, while a shower of hand-grenades and rifle fire from the Austrians poured over their heads. Poising with the coolness of an athlete in the games, one launched his *loaf of bread* against the parapet. Another and another throw. Then the parapet leaped upwards. A wild cry of " Savoia ! " rent the air; the breach had been made. From crag to crag, from crest to crest, the loud hurrahs were passed, until the whole mountain became vocal. Upwards rushed the infantry, Bersaglieri, and Alpini, from right and left and centre. It was a struggle of sublime terror, waged on towering cliffs in the midst of the clouds, on a winter island, cast into the skies from the tepid seas of spring. As the battle raged the fighting units became intermixed. As the officers fell, the sergeants and soldiers leapt forward to command, but dominating all and directing all was the sublime faith and enthusiasm which burned in each breast.

"Avanti, alla baionetta!"

" Up, up, Savoia ! " rang the wild cry. Bersaglieri and Alpini pulled one another up the sides of the glistening crags, some holding the bare bayonet between their teeth.

" Up, up, Savoia ! " Soon they were scaling the parapet. An Alpine colonel threw his feathered hat in the air, crying out, " Avanti, alla baionetta ! " Then a heavy green cloud of poison gas was belched forth from the Austrians, but the wind blew it away from our men. Heaven was with us. " Avanti, Savoia ! " In a thousand echoes the mountains crashed back the cry. Soon the bayonets were at work in the trenches, and the ground became encumbered with heaps of Austrian dead. The struggle of the terrible three days was over. Pal Piccolo was ours once more.

We counted six hundred dead, but that was only a fraction of the enemy's losses. They fought well and bravely, but they could not master the bravery and skill of our men. And thus Pal Piccolo remains the most heroic and sublime struggle ever fought on the mountains.

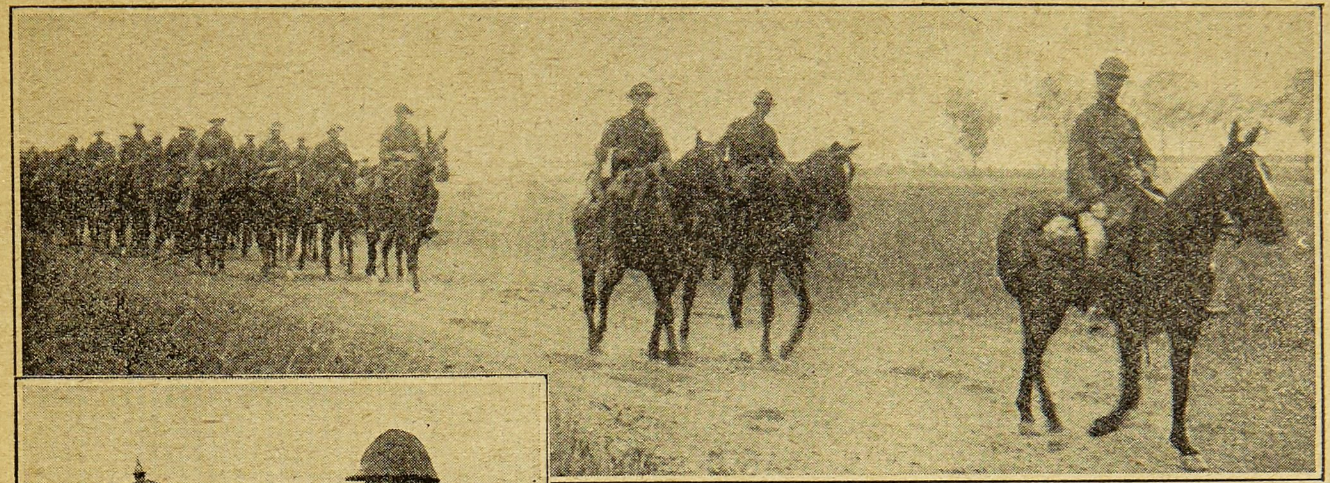
In the moment of victory the besieged garrison came forth gleamingly and shook the hands of their deliverers. " We knew you would come," they said.

Next article:

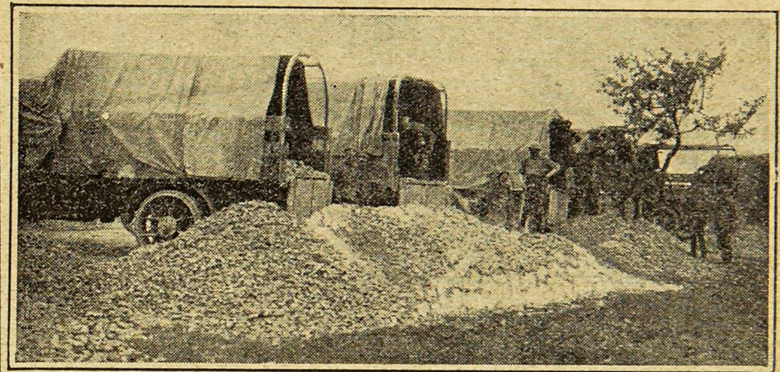
TWO ZEPPELIN INCIDENTS

By W. L McAlpin

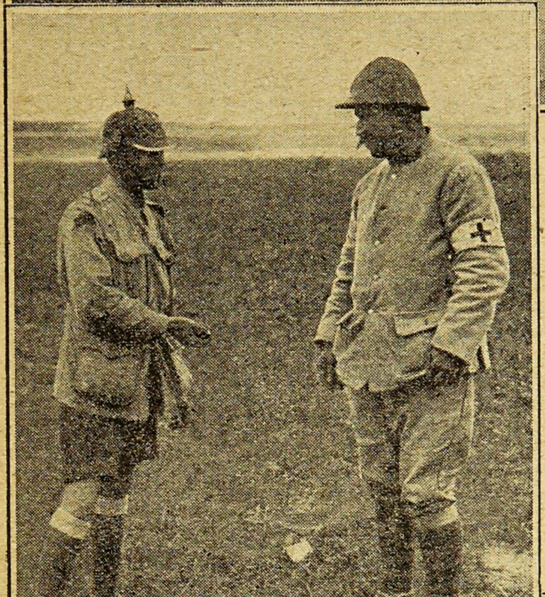
Up and Down the Battle Front in Summer Time

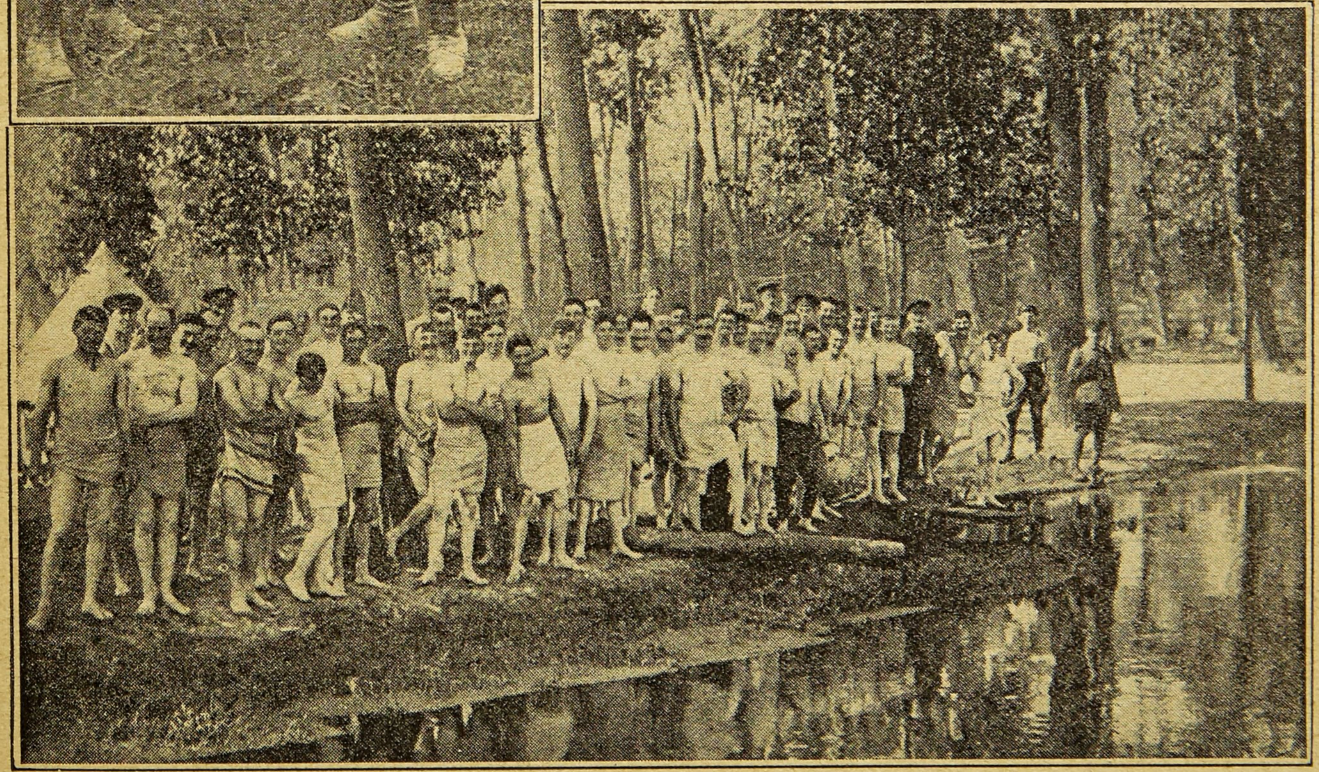


Lancers on the move. It will be noted that they, as well as the infantry, have been equipped with steel helmets.



Road-makers unloading stones to consolidate the main arteries to the battle front and beyond as our soldiers advance.

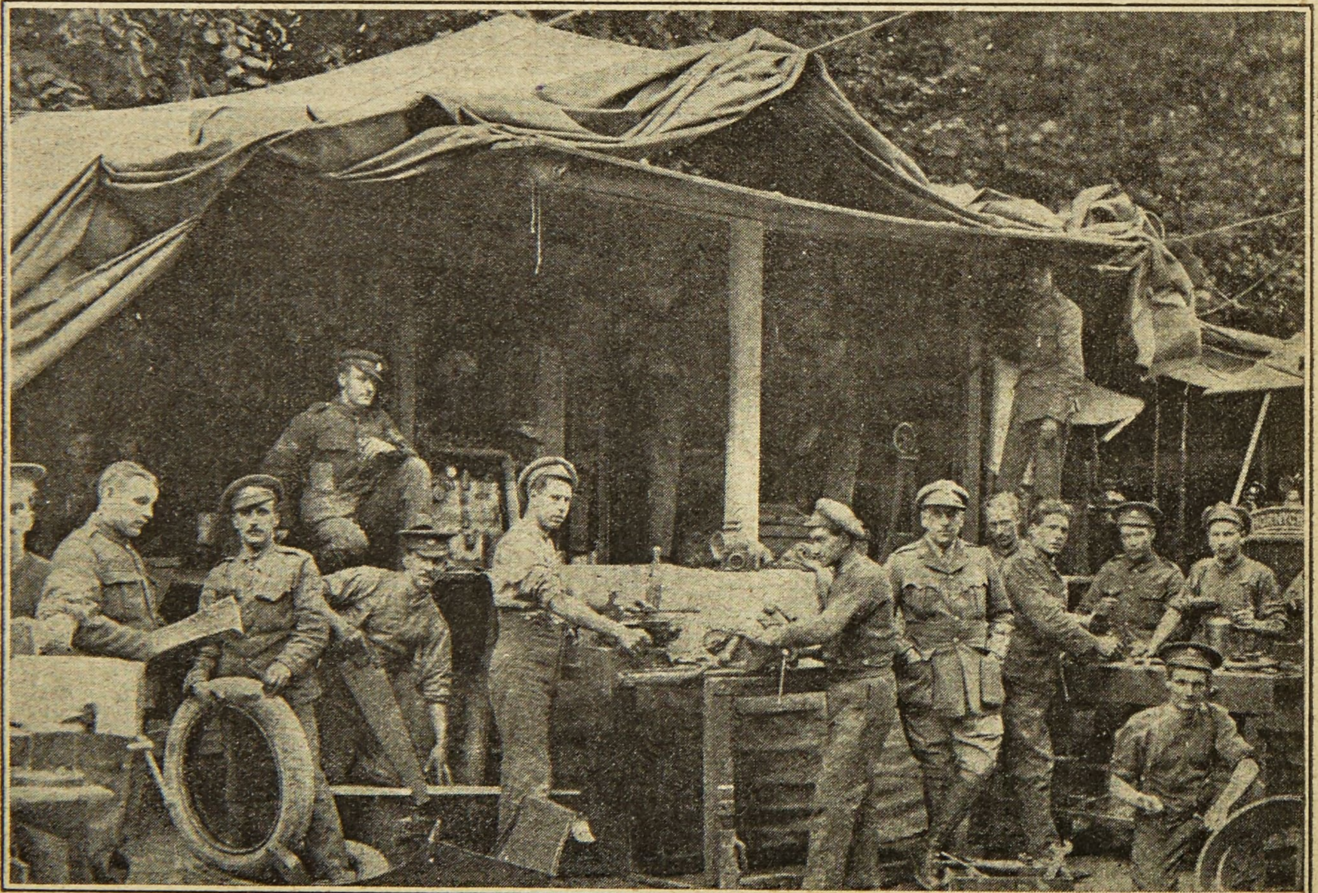




How our soldiers got the better of the heat wave in Flanders. Bathing parade on the shore of a stream not very far from the zone of fire. Inset: Anzac tells Poilu the latest news of the British advance on the Somme.

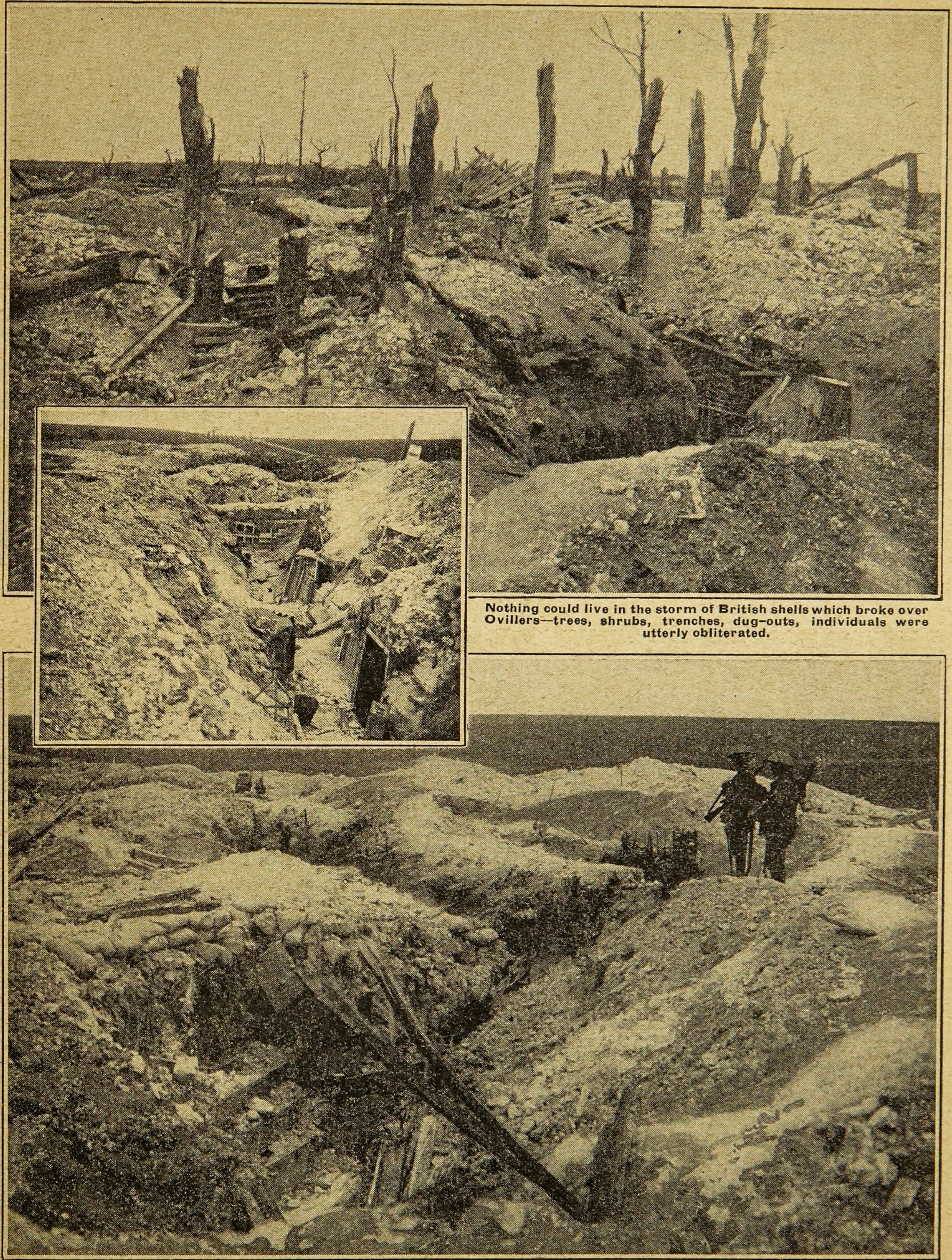
At the Canteen and in the Repairing Shop

Black Watch line up for refreshment. Sturdy men of character, a glint of resolution shines even through their happy smiles. Some bare-headed, some wearing the steel helmet of battle, and others the regimental tam-o'-shanter, they all have the appearance of virile men of action.



Mechanics at work in a motor-repairing shop behind the firing front. At this wayside garage all sorts and conditions of war-machines are treated for "casualties" sustained in the "heavy going" on the advance. (Photographs Crown copyright.)

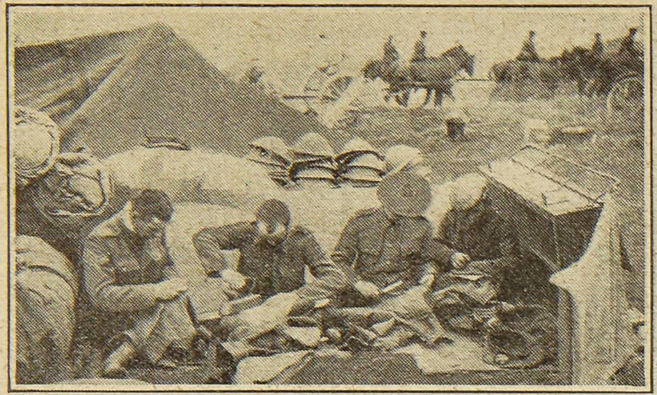
The Doom of Ovillers by British Bombardment



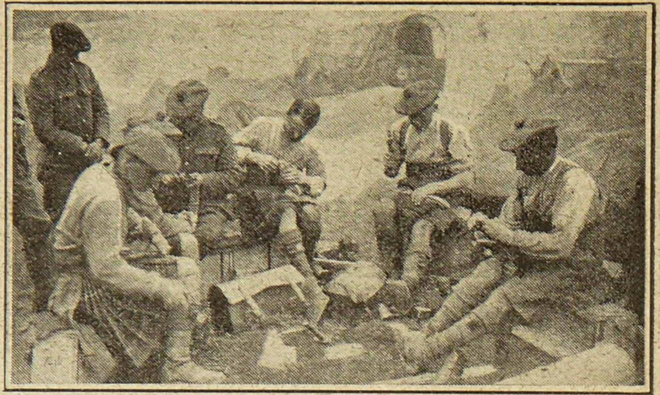
Nothing could live in the storm of British shells which broke over Ovillers—trees, shrubs, trenches, dug-outs, individuals were utterly obliterated.

Two British soldiers contemplating the ruin wrought by artillery fire on the German trenches at Ovillers. Inset: Months of labour and ingenuity swept away in moments. Interior view of the enemy trenches showing the entrance to the German dug-outs.

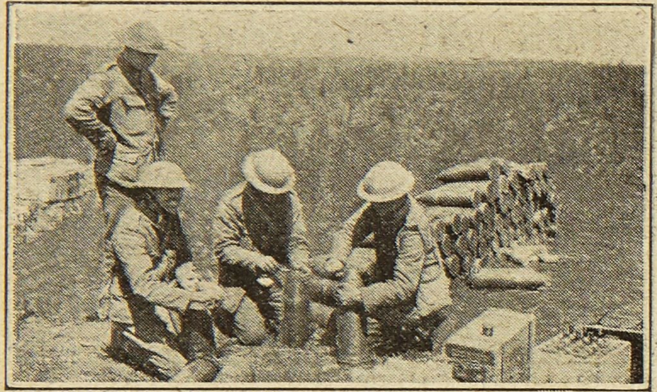
Trades that Flourish in the Profession of Arms



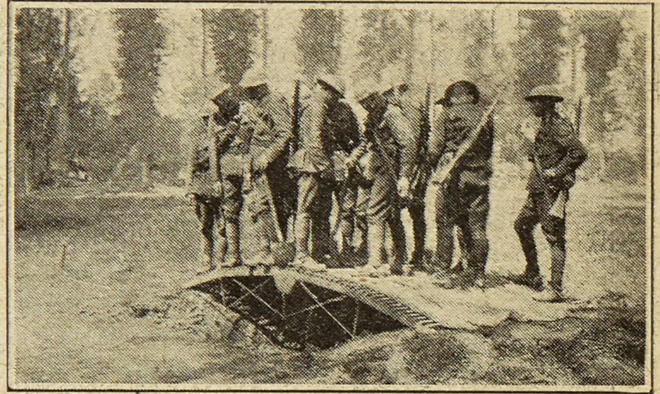
Clothiers at work in France. Military tailors making and repairing uniforms in the vicinity of the battlefield.



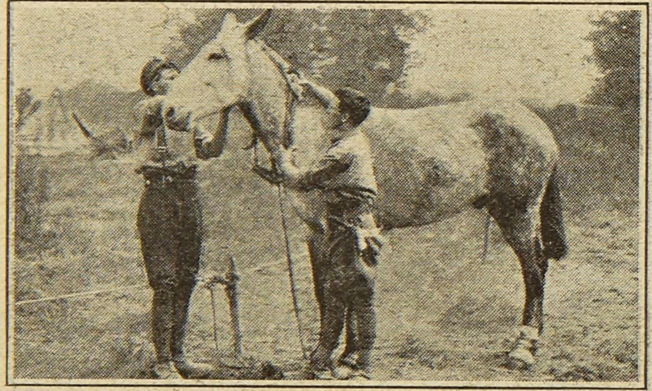
The cobblers' shop in Flanders. Group of Highland experts see to it that their regimental comrades are well shod.



A delicate operation. Setting fuses to shells at an open-air arsenal behind the lines.

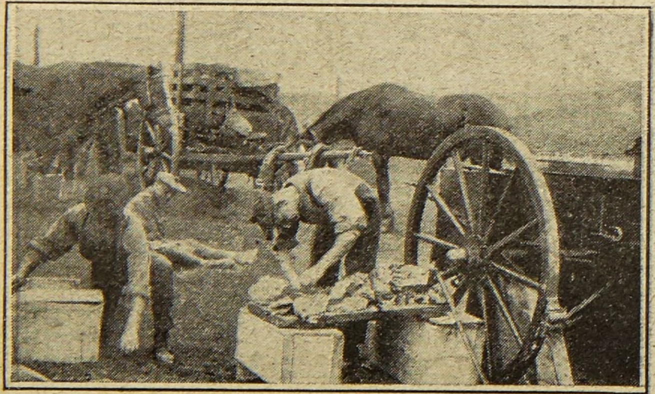


Cavalrymen testing a hastily constructed bridge across a trench in anticipation of a gallop after the Huns.

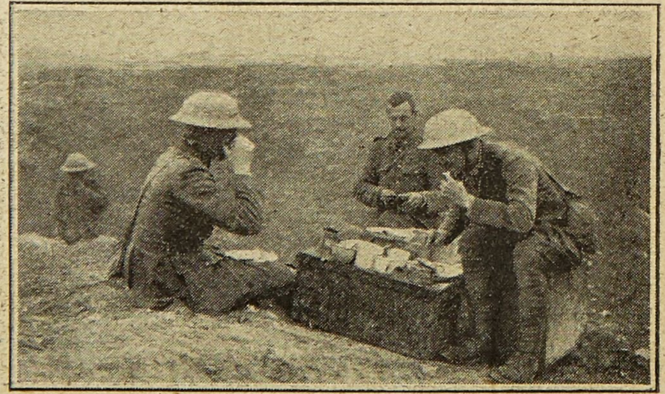


Tending a wounded mule. Treatment for a dumb servitor of the transport section injured by a shell fragment.

Mascot goat attached to an Army waggon proceeding to the trenches with various stores and equipment.

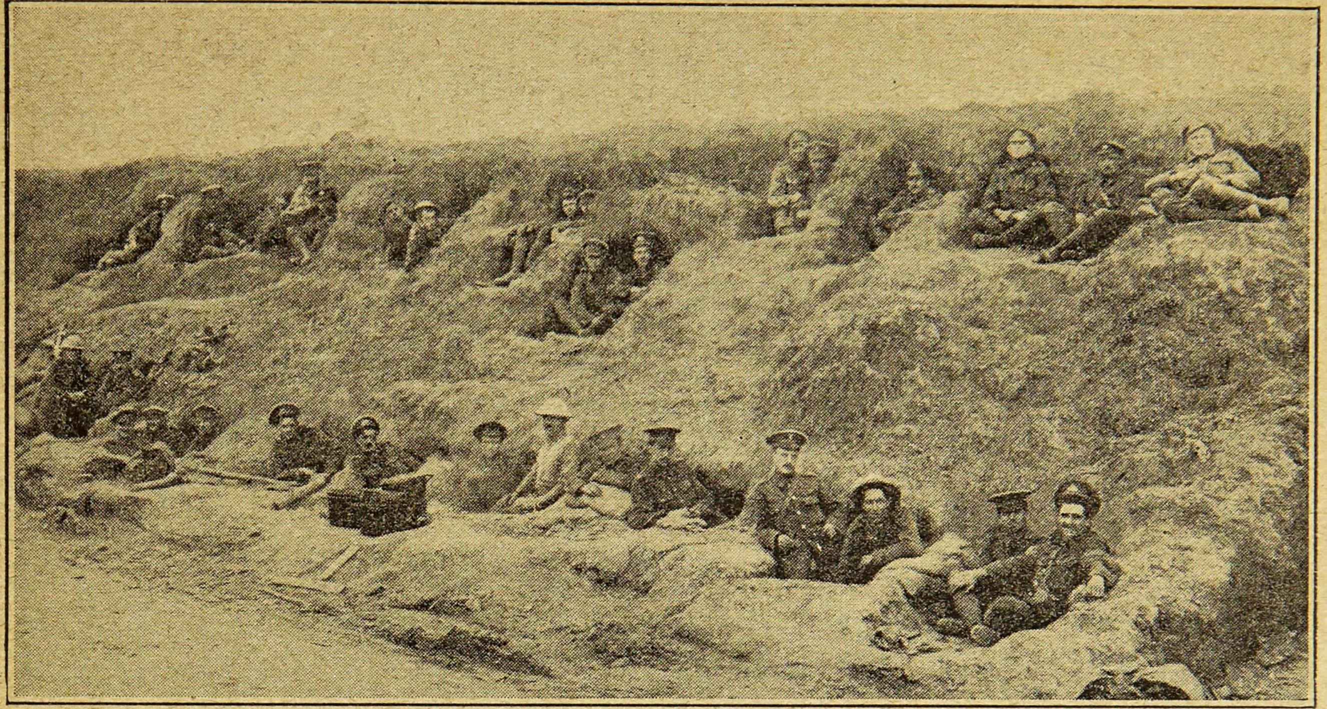


Preparing food for his comrades. Scottish cook engaged in solving the eternal problem of dinner.

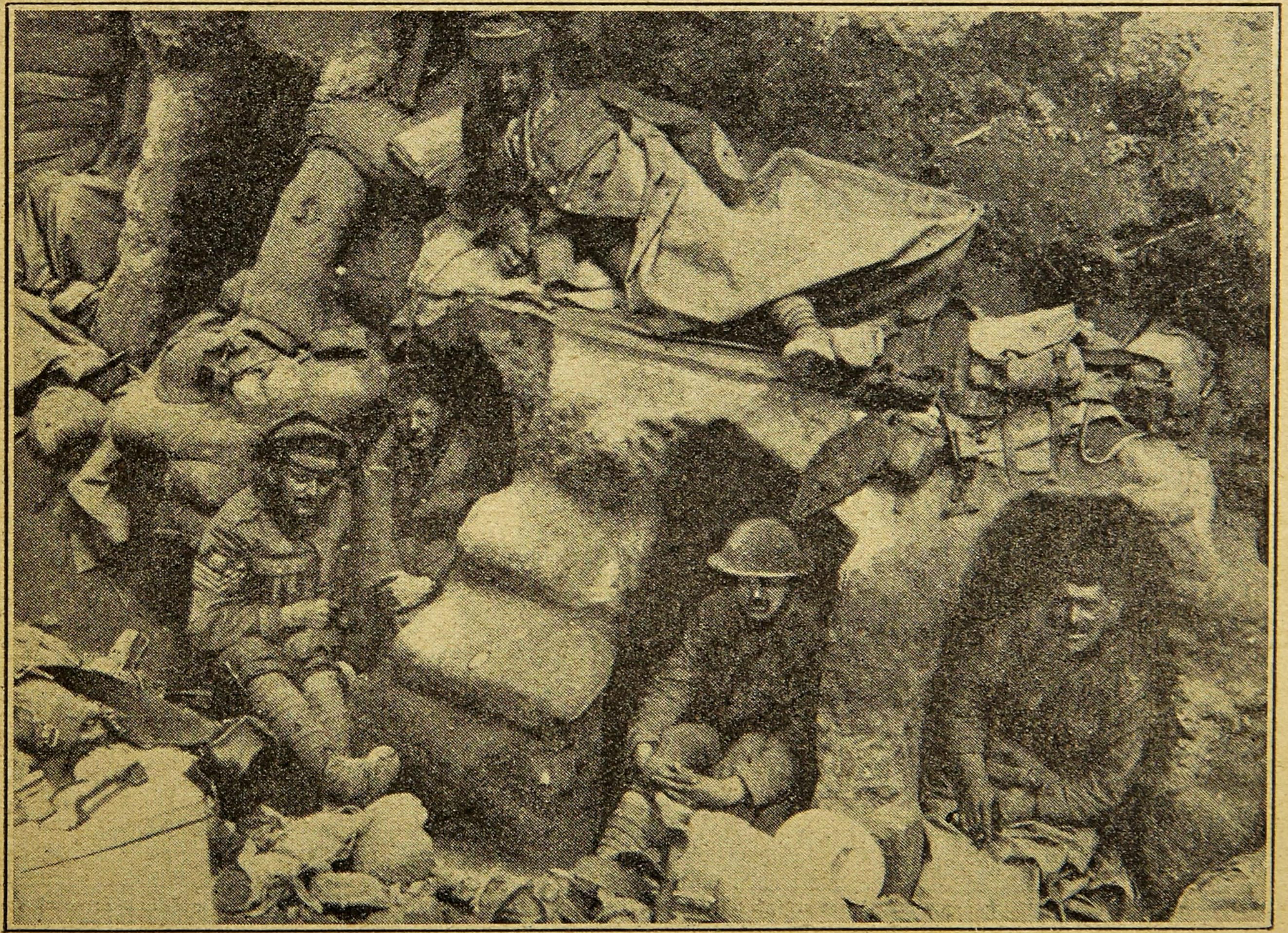


Two officers dine alfresco on the battlefield, with an ammunition-case for table.)

Britons at Home in Dug-outs of the Foe

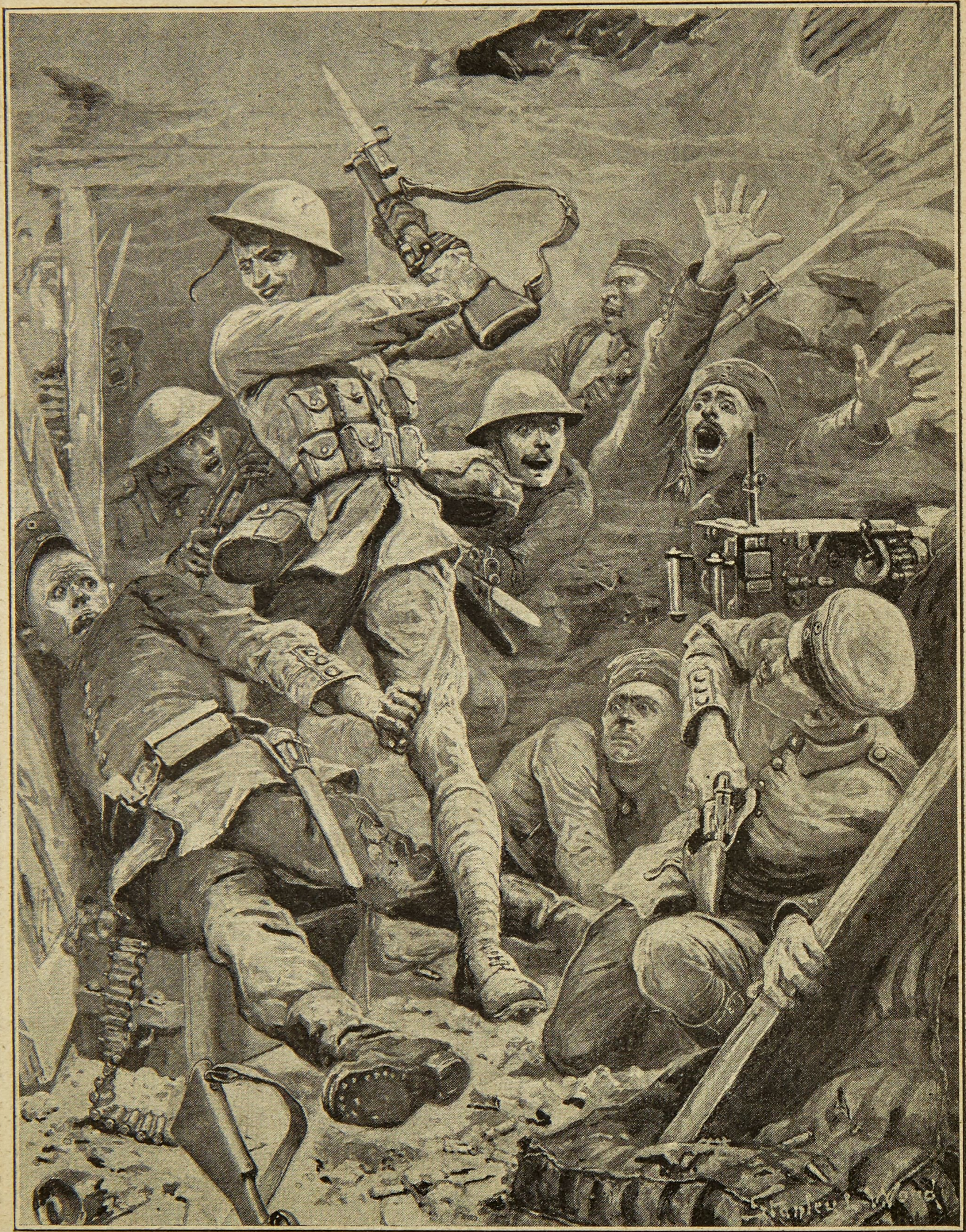


The earliest inhabitants on the globe could not have lived under more primitive conditions than do the twentieth century fighting men. This remarkable photograph gives an excellent idea how British soldiers burrow in the earth, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation to find cover from the diabolical instruments of German science.



Captured German dug-outs have been found to be of great strength, and not infrequently furnished with home comforts. Life therein before the terrible British bombardment must have been comparatively easy. (Crown copyright reserved.)

House-to-House Fighting in Fortified Pozières



When the tentacles of the German lines were crippled, the most costly and bitter fighting ensued in villages involved in the German system of defence. Such a place was Pozieres, the whole village being turned into one great fort. House-to-house struggles were of frequent occurrence, and some of the Australian troops displayed again that glorious valour which won them fame in Gallipoli. This spirited drawing shows the capture of a German machine-gun in an improvised fort at Pozieres.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

Anzac and Africander in Action

By Edward Wright

AFTER the Southern British Army had broken the centre of the German second line at Bazentin, some formidable bastions remained in the enemy's hands. The German commander was reinforced with the flower of Prussian soldiery taken from all points of the western front, and particularly from Verdun and Ypres. The most critical part of our line was that which ran from our advanced centre, on the ridge of High Wood, towards our right salient at Delville Wood and Longueval, and our lower right flank by Waterlot Farm and the village of Guillemont.

On July 14th, 1916, a superb body of Highland and English battalions had broken through the German positions at Longueval and Delville Wood. The Highlanders were led by their pipers into the thick of battle to the tune of "The Campbells are Coming." With bayonets and hand-grenades the men in tartan came, and the men in field-grey went. Instead of cautiously bombing their way along the enemy's communication trenches, the Highlanders ran above, under heavy fire, and then leaped down upon the enemy and took him in the rear with steel and high-explosive missiles. They worked southward past Waterlot Farm, leaving the German garrison there unattacked for a day. Then, having enclosed the Germans, they smashed them in a hand-to-hand bombing and bayonet conflict, which they waged with indescribable fury. Their own losses were terrible, but they remained not merely undaunted, but full of the grim and deadly joy of battle. Never has the Gael shown such sustained fighting power.

On July 15th the Highlanders were reinforced by Brigadier-General Lukin's South African Brigade, fresh from their victorious battles in the Libyan Desert against the Senussi. Under Colonel Tanner, part of the South African force went into Delville Wood to hold the line the Highlanders had won, and another South African force, under Colonel Jones and Colonel Dawson, strengthened the Highlanders' position in Longueval village. As a matter of fact, the village and the wood formed one large salient, with the trees running like a green screen amid fortified buildings, deep-dug trenches and caverns, where fighting went on continually with the enemy. From the left of Delville Wood a dry ravine ran towards our centre at Bazentin-le-Grand. The Germans held the northern slopes of the ravine and the British troops held the southern slopes.

Imperial Troops Go Forward

We were using nearly a quarter of a million shells a day in blasting new paths of advance from Bazentin to Longueval and Guillemont. But on July 16th and 17th heavy rain and mist impeded the work of our artillery observing officers. It was a period of fierce in-fighting with bombs, Lewis guns, and rifles, in which we achieved a notable success on our left flank at Ovillers. This very important position was surrendered by a remnant of the Prussian Guard on July 17th, with the result that a way was opened for an advance in force towards the dominating position of Pozières, along the highway from Albert to Bapaume.

So long as Pozières, on our left, and the northern part of Delville Wood, on our right, were held by the enemy, we could not progress from our centre at Bazentin-le-Petit. We had to withdraw from the crowning point of the ridge at High Wood, because High Wood was swept by German batteries in front, with one smashing side fire from Pozières, another smashing side fire from Delville Wood, and a rear fire from the enemy positions along the Bazentin Ravine and the northern houses of Longueval.

In these circumstances Sir Douglas Haig gave an inspiring Imperial touch to his operations by detailing an Australian Division to attack the German bastion of Pozières, while the South African Brigade advanced into the other German bastion at Delville Wood. Both horns of our advancing crescent were thus formed by the splendid fighting men from the Oversea Divisions—the Anzacs, hardened and tempered in Gallipoli; the Africanders, inured to warfare in the deserts of German South-West Africa and Libya.

But the German Commander-in-Chief employed the pause in our attack in the two days of mist and rain to prepare a tremendous counter-blow. It is clear he no longer regarded our New Army as an army of amateurs. He brought up against our men the pick of all the finest forces of Prussia. As he proclaimed to the world, the Brandenburgers, who had stormed Fort Douaumont, were brought from behind Verdun towards Delville Wood. Then the Prussian regiments of Magdeburg were brigaded with the Brandenburgers, who were further strengthened by large fresh forces of Saxons and the remains of two broken divisions of the Prussian Guard. Hundreds of additional heavy guns were sited around the Delville-Longueval position, and in some places 13,000 troops gathered for the attack on a front of 2,000 yards. It was the first time since the opening battle of the Somme that the enemy had really counter-attacked, and he certainly succeeded in putting a terrific weight into his blow.

All day Delville Wood looked like a stretch of subterranean fire. The trees were blotted out by a pall of smoke, and through the smoke came jets and spits of flame, caused by bursting shells. Then at half-past five in the evening three great Prussian and Saxon columns advanced on the three sides of Delville Wood against the South Africans, while other Prussian forces attacked the South Africans and Highlanders in Longueval, Waterlot Farm, and near Guillemont.

Ordeal of Fire and Poison

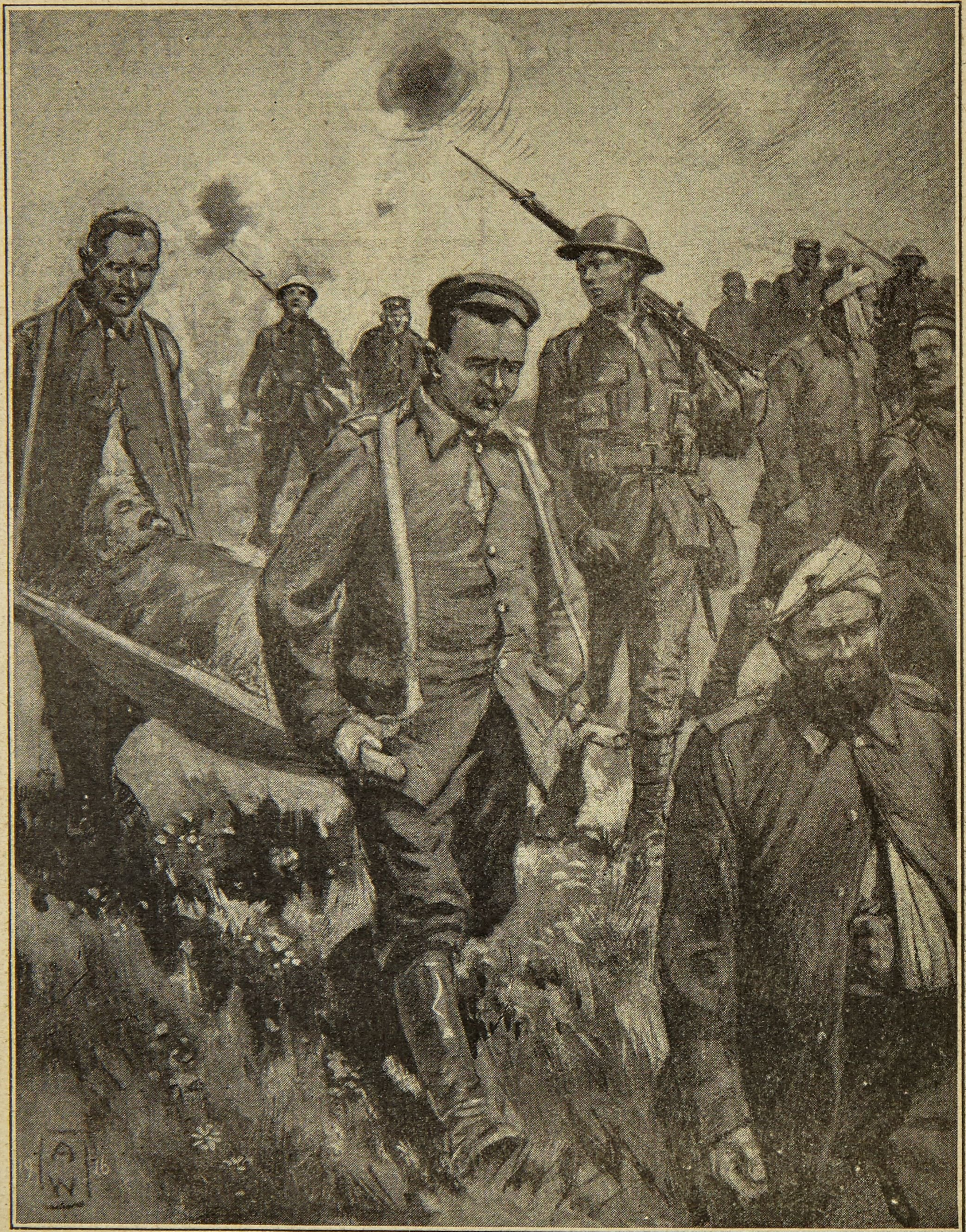
Near Guillemont our troops joined the famous French corps which contained the Iron Division, and the principal aim of the German commander was to cut through Delville Wood and make a deadly disorganising gap between the British and French armies. The brunt of the attack fell upon the South Africans. They were blinded with bromide shells, poisoned with gas shells, burnt with liquid-flame shells, and annihilated by huge high-explosive shells which made forty-feet craters. Our hastily improvised trenches in the wood were wiped out, and the South Africans were forced back in small broken bands to a reserve trench held by the Highlanders. This trench was as weak as those that had been lost. There had been no time to construct elaborate, deep dug-outs, and the enemy's shells had blown away half the sandbags. If the little weak force of South Africans and Highlanders had made a stand in the trench they would have been wiped out. They would also have been wiped out had they tried to retire through the enemy's curtain of fire on their rear.

They charged forward. It was one of the finest feats in the whole war. Fragments of battalions, scraps of companies, shreds of platoons—they rallied and swept forward in sheer, desperate desire to die fighting. But by getting into a mad, stabbing, hand-to-hand combat with the German troops in the mazy screen of trees, they not only avoided the German shell fire, but strangely picked up reinforcements as they went on. One South African, the only man left out of a Lewis gun-team, came up with his gun at a very critical moment, swept a large force of the enemy back, and wiped out one of their machine-gun parties. Then another advance party of South Africans was found still holding out on the edge of the wood, by an open drive known as Buchanan Street. As they were despairingly fighting against a ring of flame, the ring was broken by the extraordinary charge of the remnants of the South Africans and Highlanders, who thus obtained further reinforcements.

All night the battle went on, and all the next day and the next. The enemy's curtain of fire on our rear made it difficult to bring up British reinforcements, but they slowly filtered through the barrage of gas shells, liquid-flame shells, and "Jack Johnson" shells. So the line through the wood and Longueval village, won back by the South Africans and the Highlanders, was held and gradually

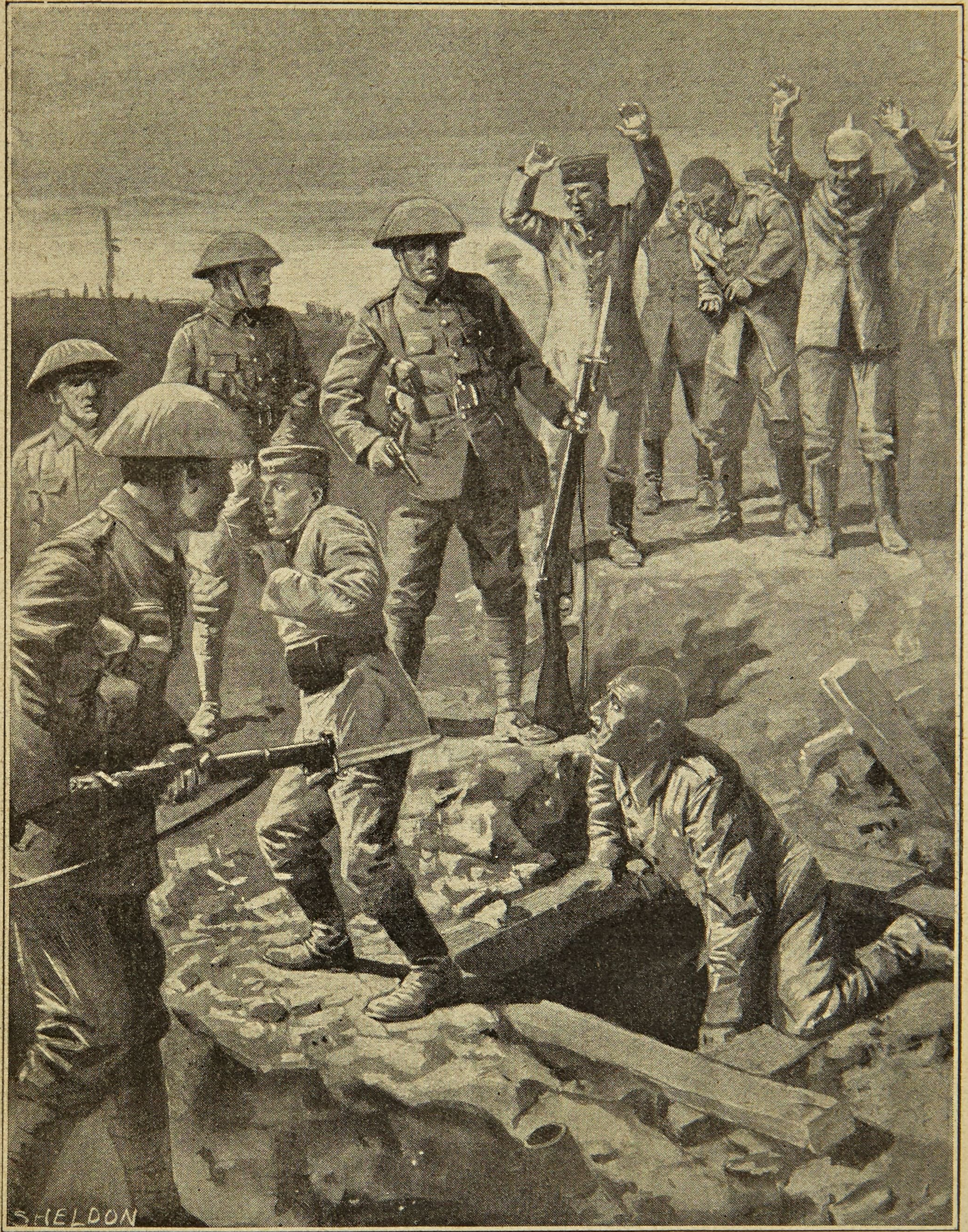
[*Continued on page* 14

Germans Carry British Wounded from the Field



Many touching incidents have occurred in the war which come as a welcome relief to the long story of horrors. Only recently the Germans report that the British Flying Corps dropped a wreath in the enemy lines to the memory of Immelmann. After the advance of July 1st many captured Germans assisted in the work of removing British wounded from the field, and it was no uncommon sight to see men who had been at mortal enmity one moment enjoying temporary reconciliation the next.

Forty Huns Surrender to Four Yorkshiremen



British mercy was strained in the great advance by the way in which Germans cried for quarter when our men had fought to within ten yards of them, through a torrent of bombs. One German officer poked his head out of a hole and said, "I surrender, and I have a wounded man with me." "All right," said a Yorkshire sergeant, "fetch him up." Out of the hole came thirty-nine men, all of whom surrendered and were marched off to the base.

ANZAC AND AFRICANDER IN ACTION

(Contd. from page 11).

strengthened. The South Africans were withdrawn from the position they had captured, after fighting for five days and nights and leaving the flower of their brigade in the wood they called Devil's Wood. The Highlanders were also relieved after six days and nights of the most bloody struggle in history.

Many of the relieving battalions were formed of men recruited under the Derby Group System. When they went into the fight in Delville Wood on July 20th they were called Derby's Men. When they came out of the wood on July 31st they were called Derby's Devils. They had taken all Delville Wood, stormed the last enemy stronghold in Longueval, and broken up innumerable German counter-attacks. By their achievement the right flank of the German second line was definitely conquered, allowing our dominating centre at High Wood to be again advanced to the high part of the ridge.

Midnight Charge at Pozières

This extremely important movement on the High Wood-Delville-Longueval sector was greatly helped by the Anzac advance on the Pozières side of our line. Sir Douglas Haig used his forces in a balancing line. On July 23rd, when the Germans were concentrating their main available forces on the western front against the Delville Wood sector, hammering our trenches there with incessant shell fire and sending out wave after wave of infantry by day and night, Sir Douglas Haig answered this terrific pressure on his right flank by exerting a still more violent pressure from his positions on the left flank.

For some ten days a fine force of men, recruited from the Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, the Baltic, and Corn Exchange, had been continuously fighting upward from La Boisselle towards Pozières. They cleared the way for a grand attack by an Australian division and a force of English Territorials. The Territorials advanced from Ovillers towards the north-west side of Pozières, while the Australians advanced from Contalmaison towards the eastern side of Pozières. All the day and part of the night our massed guns battered Pozières village and flattened it to the ground. Then unexpectedly, at midnight, the Anzacs and the Territorials charged up the trenched and pitted slopes.

The Australians had to storm three successive fortified lines. First a sunken road, which they took with ease; then a new system of entrenchments, where they made a great kill of Germans, and last the high road running from Albert to Bapaume and forming the village High Street. The road was transformed by the Germans into a great embankment for their final line of trenches, and in front of the embankment were innumerable redoubts formed by the cellars of the shattered houses. Here the fighting was of a terrific violence.

In the wild night battle the Australians drove through machine-gun fire and barrages of shrapnel and shell, bombed their way through caverns and round all kinds of difficult angles. The Germans fought magnificently; their machine-gunners especially displayed deadly skill and coolness. The Australians worked forward in silence, with no shouting or battle-crying, and though the Guard regiments against them sometimes fought almost to the last man, the High Street and the eastern part of the village were captured by daybreak. On the other side, the Territorials went through a rain of liquid-fire shells mixed with gas shells, and broke the German line about the village and began to work towards the cemetery higher on the ridge.

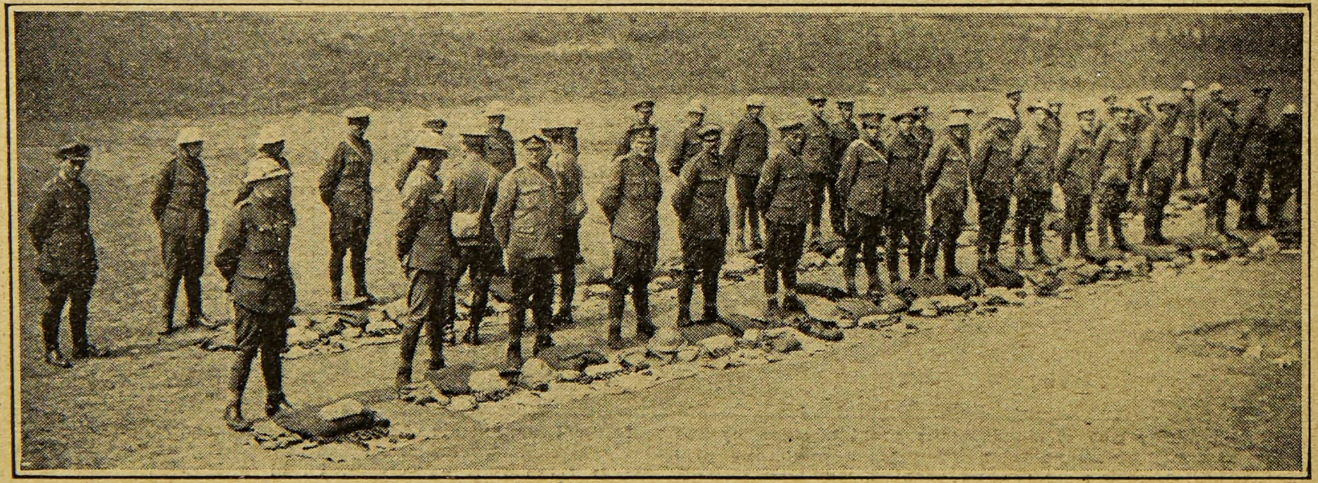
At daybreak on July 24th the German artillery observers were able to measure exactly the ground their troops had lost. Then it was that the innumerable German batteries put the Anzacs and Territorials to a test of superhuman endurance. Not only did the Germans obliterate with high explosive their lost lines, but they employed increasing quantities of liquid-flame shell against our men. After each furious bombardment the German troops sprang from their shelters with loads of grenades, in an attempt to finish off what remained of our gallant infantry forces.

But the enemy was at a serious disadvantage in regard to position. Pozières formed a wedge in our lines, and the wedge was being attacked in superior force on two sides. So long as our men were able to hold out and be supplied with ammunition and food, the German garrison in the salient was kept at a disadvantage. For our artillery was still equal to the reinforced German artillery. Our "Grandmothers" hurled 15 in. shells into the German lines; our "Auntie Marys" knocked the heavy German trenches about with 12 in. shells, while our "Little Mothers" pitched hundreds of 9·2 in. shells into the enemy dug-outs in and around Pozières.

Capture of Windmill Hill

Amid a noise like that of a hundred thunderstorms, the ghastly hand-to-hand fighting went on, in daylight and darkness, through the village. By the evening of July 25th the Anzacs had smashed through all the houses, and as they arrived at the top of the village the victorious Territorials met them below the cemetery. The two forces then went up the ridge to the dominating point that used to be topped by a windmill. Windmill Hill was captured in another fierce action on July 26th. This completed our conquest of the German second line, which had begun on July 14th. Twenty-four square miles of trenched, caverned, barricaded, fenced, and fortressed hill country, constituting the strongest system of fortifications in the world, had been stormed and occupied by the Southern British Army. All that the Germans had accomplished in their first attack on Verdun was far surpassed. Our New Army had proved itself. Heavy its losses naturally were, but the men had beaten the best veteran forces of Germany. And probably not one victor in a hundred had known how to handle a rifle on August 4th, 1914.

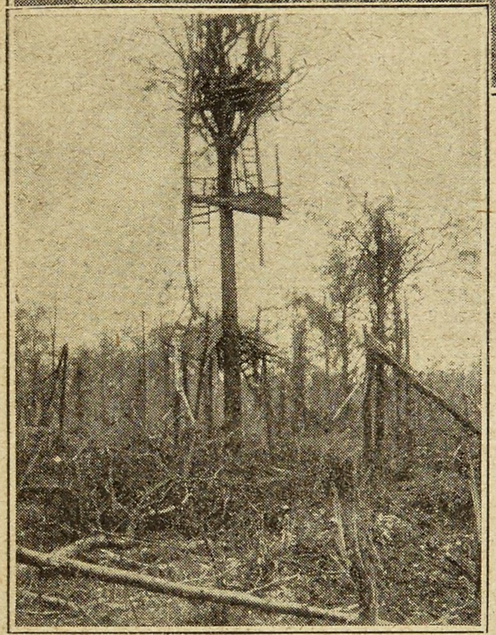
[The next article will be: The Russian Drive in Galicia.]



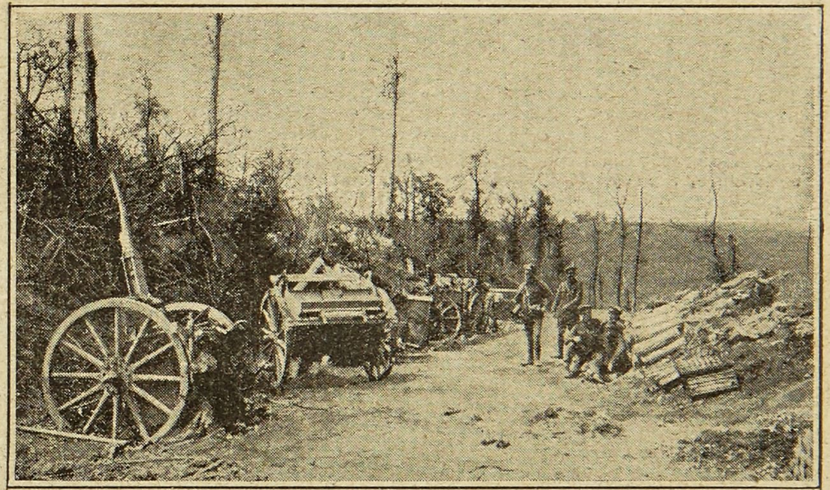
Kit inspection in the battle-zone. One of the first rules of discipline is that the soldier should be smart in appearance. Even under stress of battle, and during inclement weather, the British soldier contrives to keep this cardinal rule.

Litter of War Left in the German Lost Lines

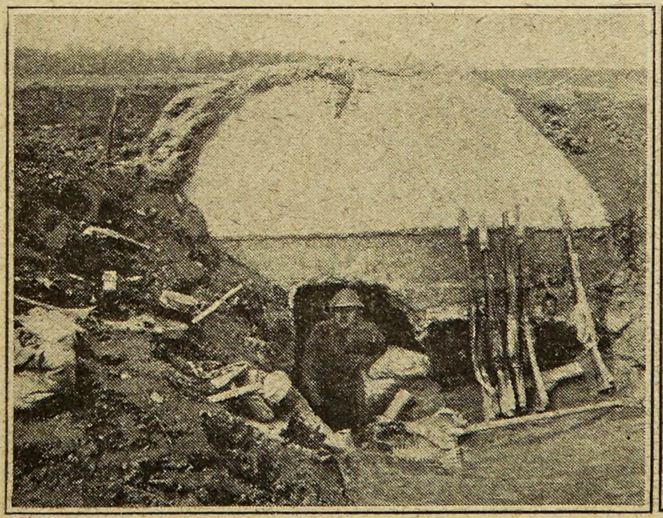
Men of a mighty age. Gordon Highlanders on their way to the trenches with the light of battle in their eyes.



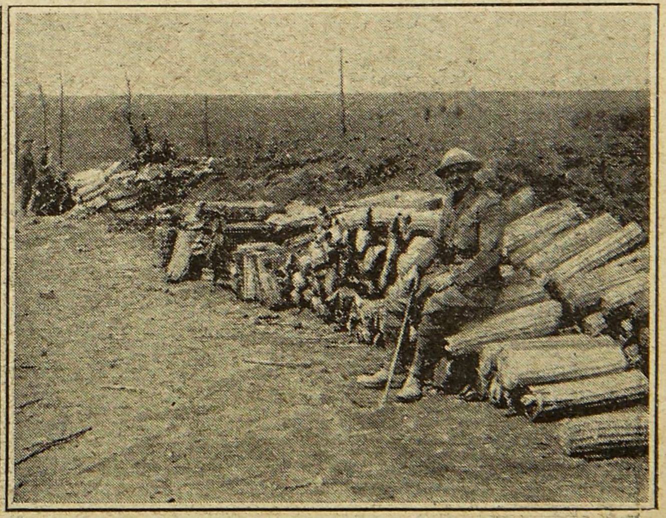
German look-out in Mametz Wood, the elusive target of a clever British marksman.



Column of German ammunition waggons literally wiped out by British shell fire. Some of our soldiers are in possession of the position.

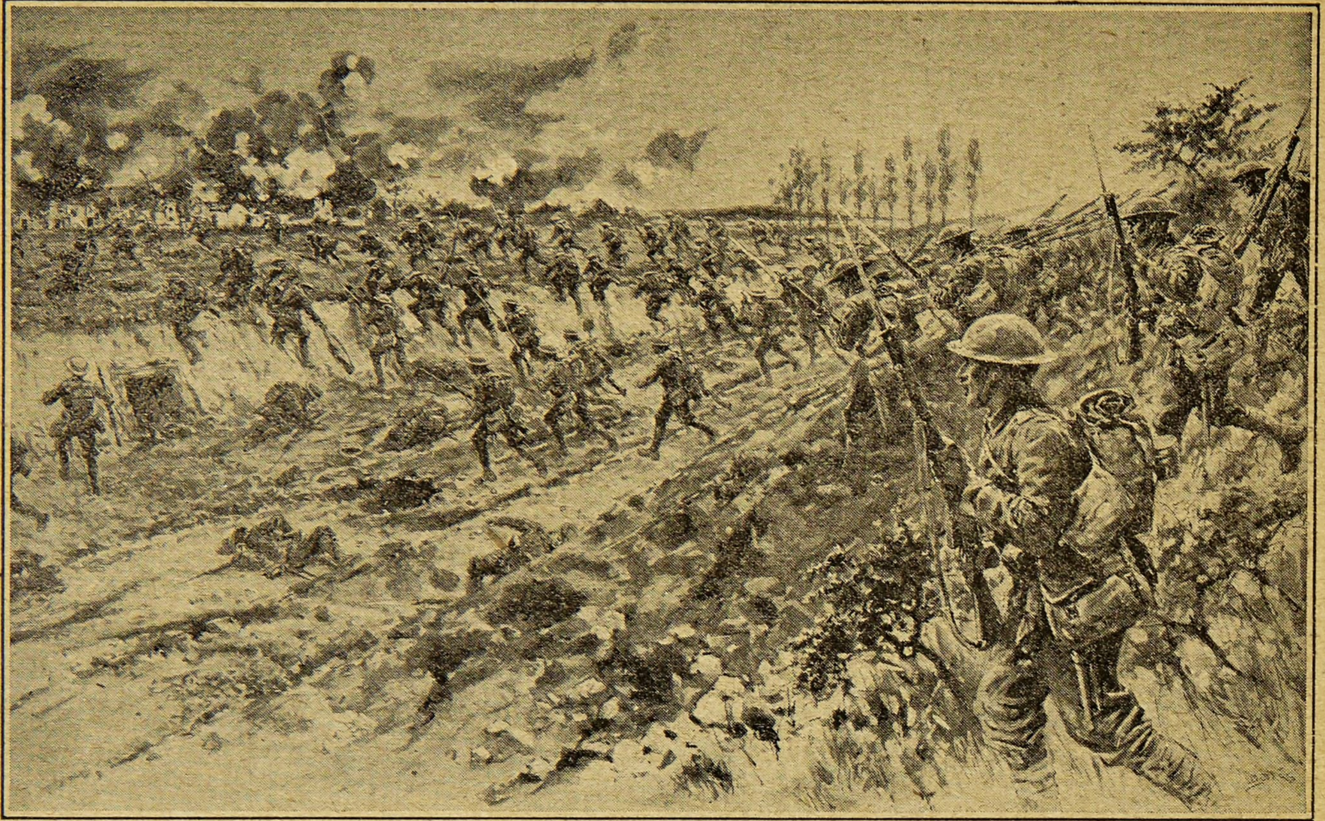


British officer inside a solidly constructed German dug-out with a concrete roof.

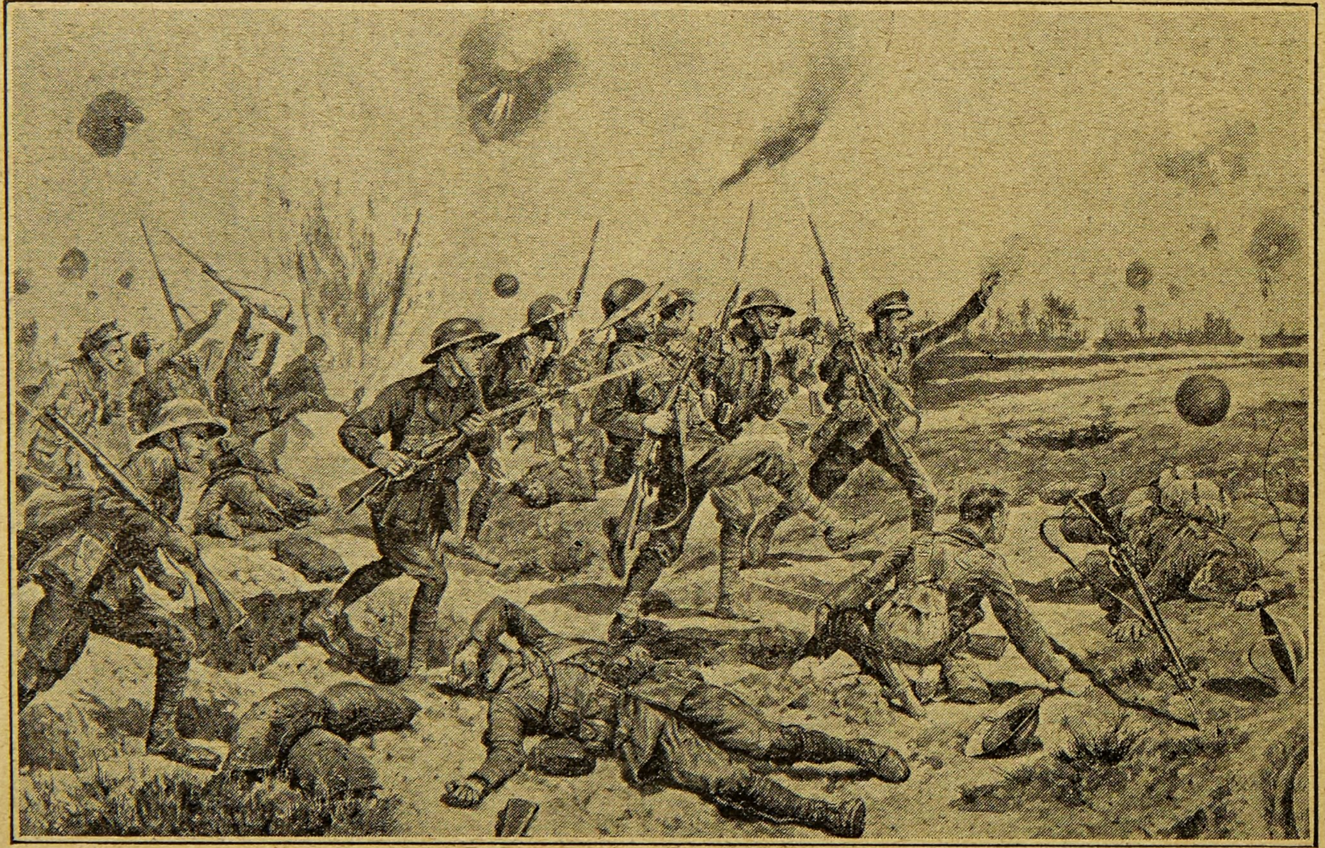


German ammunition abandoned by the enemy in retreat. (Official photographs. Crown copyright reserved.)

County Regiments to the Fore on the Somme

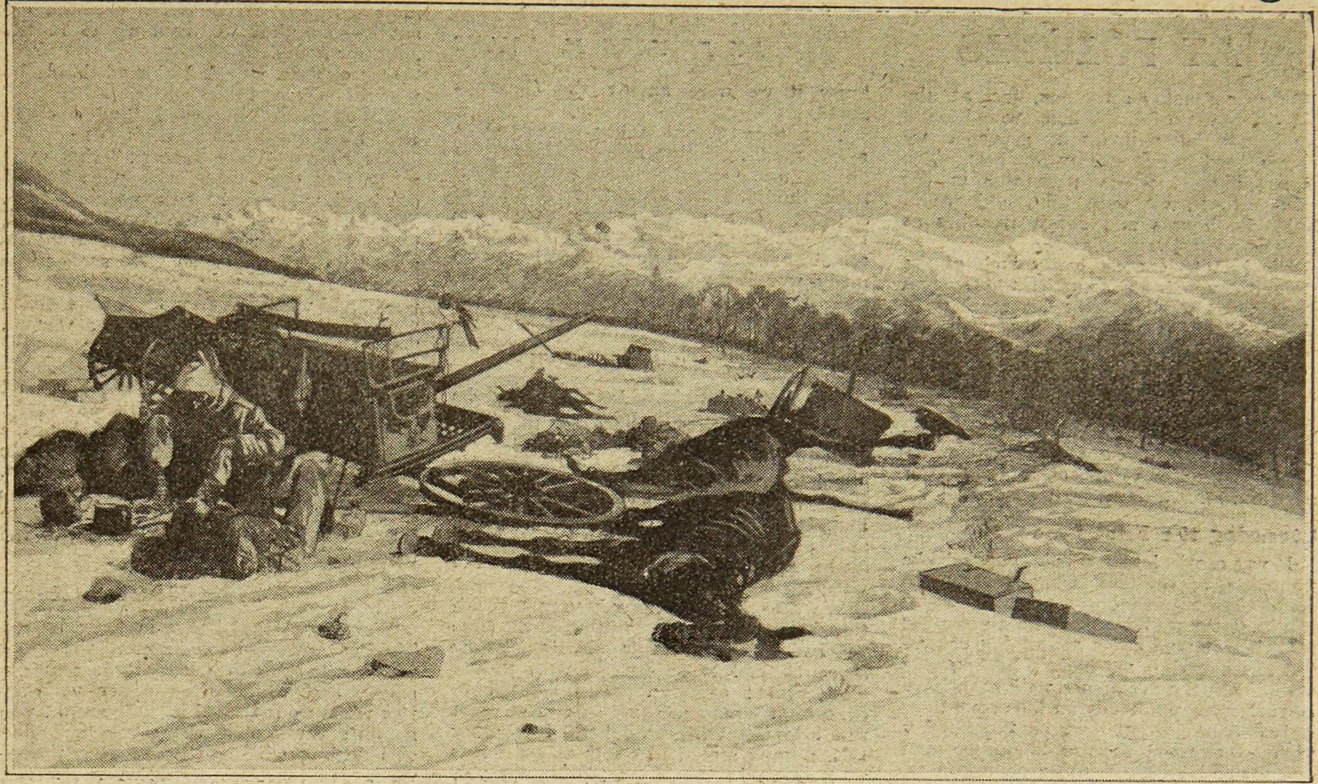


Montauban was one of the most important positions carried early in the British offensive. The victors were county regiments—Lancashire, Surrey, Kent, Essex, Bedford, and Norfolk. A second detachment of infantry is here shown sweeping over a sunken road towards the village, into which the first detachment had already penetrated.

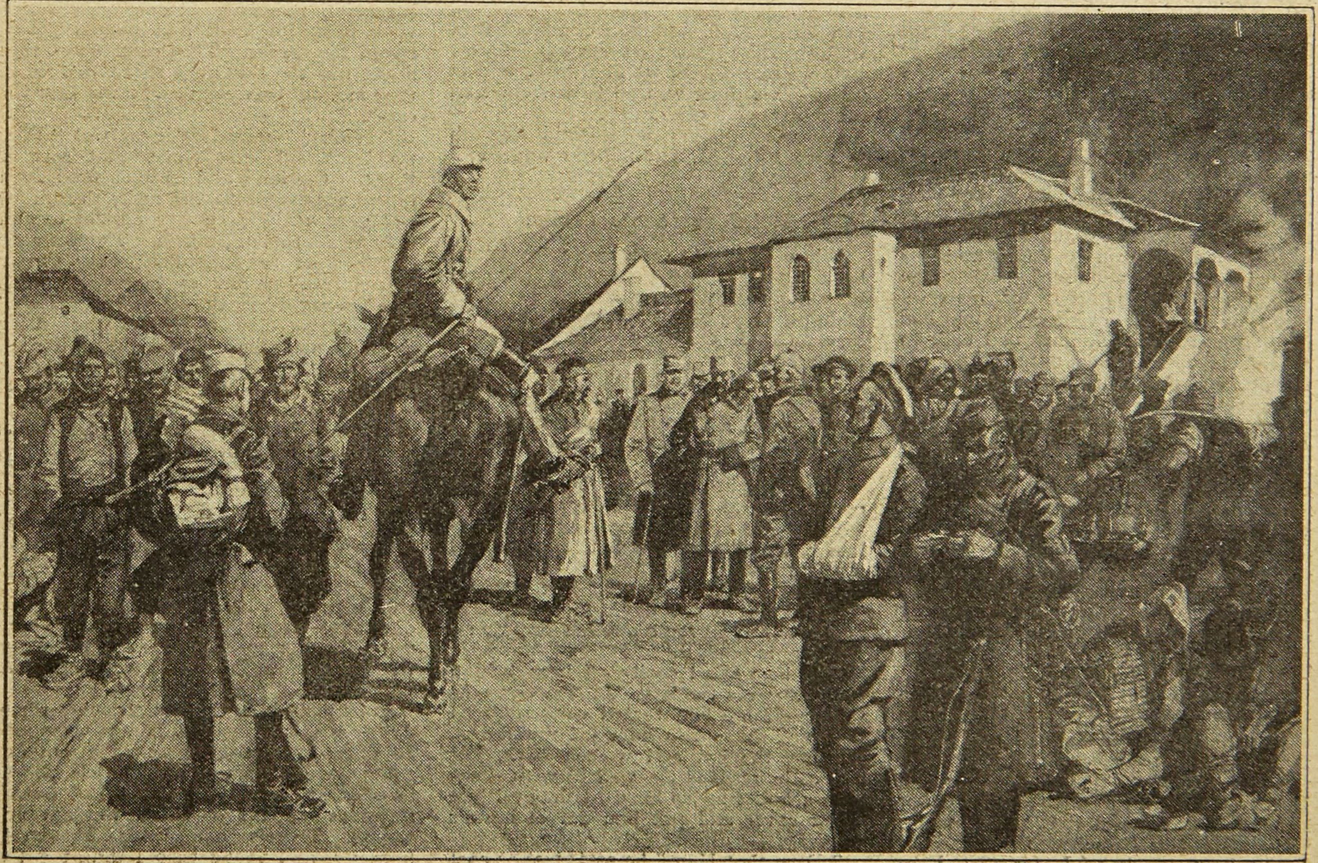


When the East Surreys charged at Contalmaison, four platoons dribbled footballs towards the German trenches a mile and a quarter away. After the goal was won two of the balls were recovered in the captured traverses, and are now treasured trophies in the regimental depot at Kingston.

Teuton Triumphs which Serbia will soon Avenge



After some well-earned months of rest, the valiant Serbians have come into victorious action again. Thus on every front now the Central Empires and Bulgaria are feeling the simultaneous pressure of the European coalition. King Peter's wonderful warriors, remembering the tragic retreat of last winter, a striking illustration of which appears above, are fighting with great courage.



When King Ferdinand heard that the Serbians were advancing on Karadjova he is reported to have expressed incredulous surprise, saying that he thought Serbia had been finally crushed. King "Fox" has reason to fear the coming Nemesis. The Serbians have not forgotten Bulgar treachery. This picture shows the Austro-Germans and Serbian prisoners on the road from Belgrade to Cetinje, whence they will surely be driven in the coming Balkan offensive.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE. A NEW SERIES

WITH THE ROYAL FUSILIERS AT POZIÈRES

BY PRIVATE H. EVANS

It was Sunday afternoon, just at the time when folks at home were having their after-dinner nap, when we commenced to advance on Pozières. The Germans were pretty numerous in the village itself, we were told, and would hold the houses and rough trenches as long as possible.

We had to contest every inch of the ground covered, for, as usual, the German guns were sending over all manner of shells, and the machine-guns from the ridge above the village were well at work. And not only were we getting the usual selection of shrapnel and high-explosive shell, but you could occasionally get a whiff of the lachrymatory projectiles—they smell like a faint lilac, and sometimes the tears would start from your eyes and stream down your cheeks.

Storming the First Line

It was comical to see men, goggled like motorists, apparently crying, and at the same time ripping out streams of swear words at the shells. Then we'd get a big selection of projectiles containing chloroform gas, and if we hadn't been pretty smart with the gas-masks we'd soon have been sleeping peacefully on the ground.

Just before it got dark on the Sunday night we stormed the first line of German defence and took a number of prisoners. They weren't the type of prisoners we'd captured in the first days of the advance. They were Brandenburgers, a regiment with a name something like our own Highlanders for fighting. Nor was there much chance of rifle shooting when we came to grips; it was bomb and bayonet, knife and rifle-butt.

The light didn't help us at all. As a matter of fact, you were within twenty yards of the enemy before you could see them, and those last few yards we covered at the rush with a yell like a Trafalgar Square cheer. We had all our work cut out to deal with them, and several deeds which would have won the V.C. in ordinary fights passed quite unnoticed. One of the corporals of my platoon, for instance, stood over the body of his chum, who had been stunned by a rifle-butt, and took on all comers without any arms at all. It was fist and boot for him, and the Brandenburgers knew it all right.

Just after we cleared this trench, and had dug a little head cover for ourselves, the machine-guns died away, perhaps because the gunners couldn't see, for the moon gave absolutely no light at all. We got our field telephone connected, and after a message had been sent to the rear our guns began to drop shells a hundred yards in front of us, while the Germans tried to get theirs through that barrier so that they could cut us up.

Through the Inferno

Ours, however, seemed to have the range, for presently they lifted, and we went forward right on their heels. "Now, then," was the message we got, "over the top and shift 'em." And off we went. It was a rare sight to see the boys on either hand rushing through that hell of shells, with their heads tucked in and their bodies bent forward. I, for one, have never pretended to be anything of a sprinter, but I'll bet I put up a new record for the 220 yards, and almost before we knew it we were among the Germans again.

This time they'd taken cover on a rough road, and were firing rifle-grenades among us. Our first rush settled their hash, though a few again put up a bit of a fight. But, name or no name, the Brandenburgers are no great shakes with the steel; as soon as you get the bayonets fairly working they seem to lose heart, and they gave way, stubbornly at first, and then with a rush.

Another Dose of Shell

Somebody must have been marking the fight pretty smartly, for, as we were chasing after them and picking off all the stragglers who wouldn't surrender, we got another dose of shell—mostly tear shells, and we couldn't run for crying and laughing. We retired a bit to the road, and just after midnight went forward again right into the outskirts of the village.

We thought we'd been having a rough time before, but it was nothing to the time we had in the narrow streets. Every house seemed to be packed with picked Hun shots; every doorway seemed to conceal a machine-gun. In the first run into the village we herded together in a narrow street, and lots of good lads went down in the hot reception we got. But there was plenty of cover; the shells from both our own and the German guns had torn down houses, and left heaps of bricks and stones. There was one wall just breast high, and we hid behind this, with our rifles resting on the top. Every time we saw a flash we fired at it, and in many cases there was no flash from that particular spot afterwards.

We were getting a bit tired through fighting all night, but nobody wanted to stop for a rest.

Reinforcements Arrive

When daylight came we were joined by a big party who'd got detached from their main body during the night. They hadn't a single officer left, only a corporal in command, and they came and mixed themselves among us behind the wall.

"I've stopped a bullet," said one big fellow with a bandage round his arm, "and there's going to be somebody who'll smart for it before I'm through this mud heap."

He was quite enjoying the scrap, and every now and then he'd duck as a bullet whistled through the air. One of the bullets knocked off his hat, and whizzed it about twenty yards away.

"Can't lose that bonnet," he remarked, "I only got it the day before we came across and I haven't another anywhere. I'll have to fetch it."

And he walked coolly off from behind cover towards the hat. All the Germans who could see him turned their rifles on him, and the bullets hummed round him. He got the hat and walked back, but just as he reached the wall he went down with a bullet in his lung. I dragged him under cover and put him out of harm's way.

"Darn that Hun," he said, just as cool and still smiling. "He's no darned sport—but I got the hat."

Then he died.

That was the kind of man we had to live up to, and I can safely say there wasn't a man within earshot who wasn't affected by his deed of daring. He threw his life away, but he set a splendid example—one that we lived up to in the next few hours.

Our captain wriggled along behind the wall till he came to the centre.

"Well, lads," he asked, "what about it? Shall we get along a bit?"

The roar of "Yes, rather!" that went up was an eye-opener, and, with him at our head, we rushed for the nearest house. Rifle-butts swung at the doors like mad, while the Huns at the upper windows rained bullets among us. No sooner was one man down than another took his place, and when the door went we scuttled through that house like rats in a warren. The Germans fought like rats, too—like rats in a corner, and when they couldn't get swinging room for their bayonets and rifle-butts they kicked and bit like fiends.

One fellow—I'd just knocked his rifle clean out of his hands—fell on top of me and bore me to the floor with his weight. Then he tried to bite me through the cheek, and I had to jam my thumbs into his face before he'd let go. I've got the teeth marks in my cheek now.

From House to House

We cleared that house in ten minutes. Then we stationed some men at the upper windows to snipe the enemy in the opposite house, and to keep its upper windows free while we attacked it. Of course, you mustn't think that the whole battalion was dealing with one house at a time—we were in groups all down the street, some fighting on one side and some on the other. We'd just dealt with our fourth house when there came a German battalion, marching in close order, and with bayonets fixed and bombs flying, round the corner. They came down that street like the tide up a shore, and when they met our lads you could fairly hear the crash.

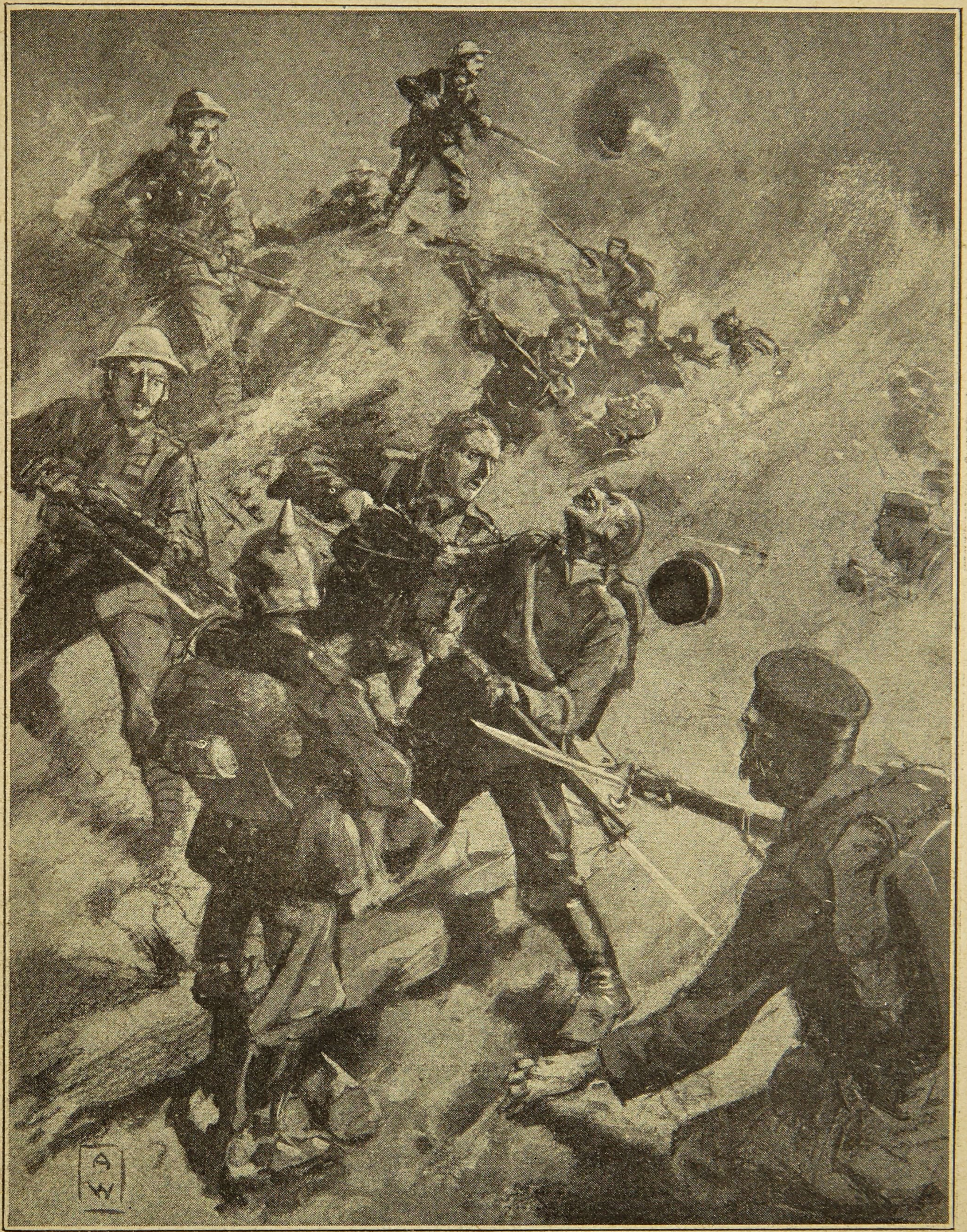
"Hochs!" mixed with yells of "Play up!" "Biff 'em!" and that sort of thing. Germans and British fired from upper windows into the mob, though for our part we were pretty careful to aim only at the spiked helmets. The Germans didn't seem so particular; they simply blazed away as fast as they could load. A little way down the street one "Fritz" was leaning out of a window firing from his magazine. I got a dead line on him, waited a second, and then scored a bull. He fell headlong to the pavement, and lay there, a crumpled mass. Three others I picked off in this way, and I was as mad as I could be.

Victory at Last

I saw a hat fly through the air, and laughed hysterically when I remembered the episode behind the wall. Then, through the air, there came a big shell, which plumped into the street in front of our house—we actually saw it fall. There was a thundering noise, and in an instant the walls of the house fell outwards, me with them.

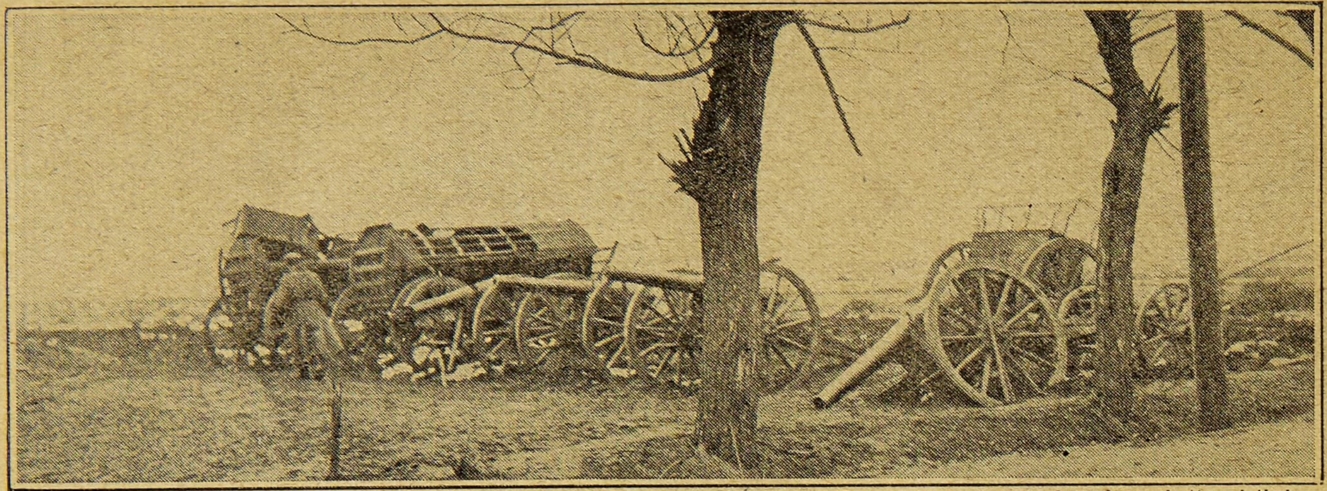
They picked me up on a stretcher when darkness came, but they had to wake me. In spite of the fighting and the gun fire going on all around me, I fell asleep as soon as I dropped, and I lost a tremendous amount of blood through my wound. There's one thing I regret, however, and that's that I didn't get a chance to be in the finish of the fighting, when we cleared the Huns right out of Pozières.

Royal Welsh Fusiliers' Gallantry at Givenchy

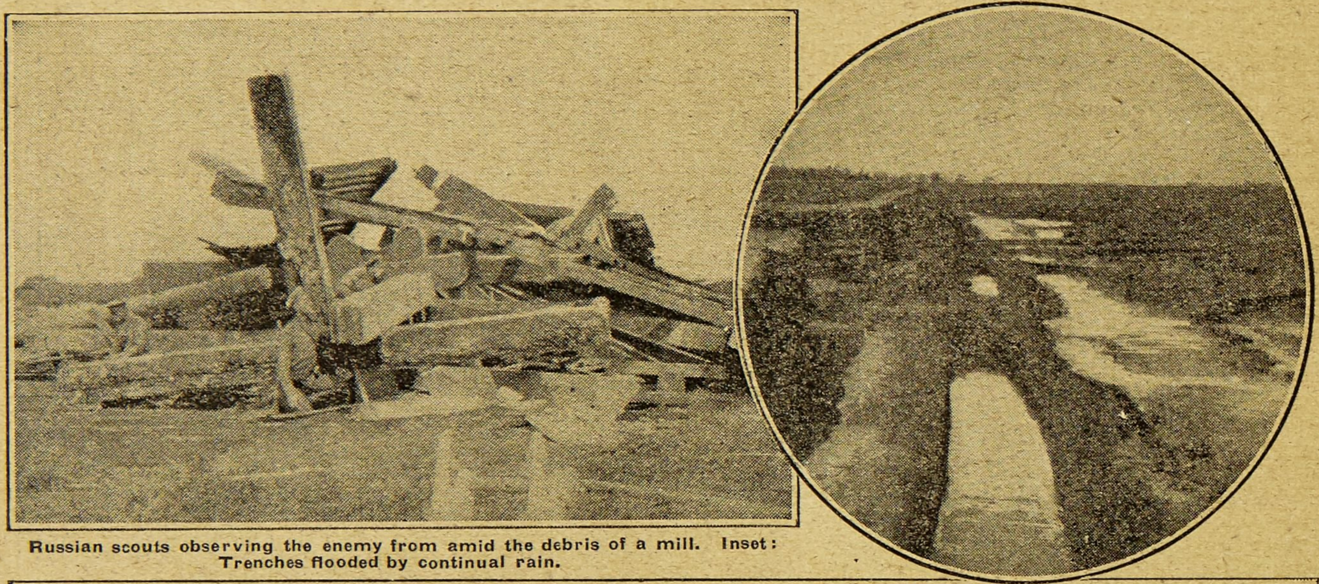


In the region of Givenchy the Royal Welsh Fusiliers covered themselves with glory. The Germans sprang an enormous mine under the British trenches, and a furious hand-to-hand struggle for the crater ensued. Though heavily outnumbered, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers resorted to the bayonet and beat the enemy back. One stalwart Welshman accounted for three Germans with his deadly steel, while another knocked out two with bare fists, in the course of desperate fighting.

Brussiloff's Hammer Blows in Bukovina



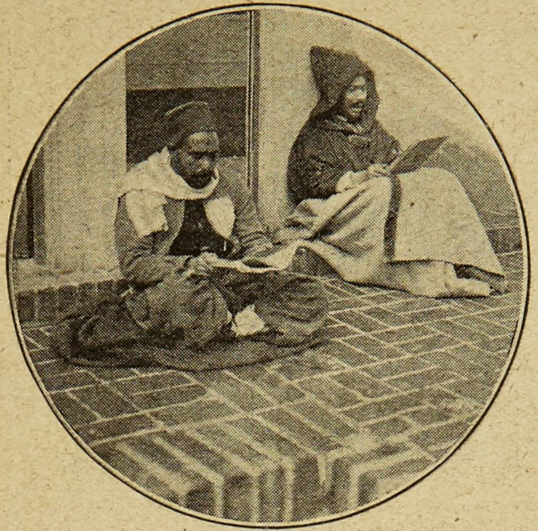
Along the Austrian line of retreat. Broken enemy guns abandoned to the Russians. Though these weapons have been shattered, their worth in metal makes them of considerable value at a time when every ounce of steel is essential to victory.



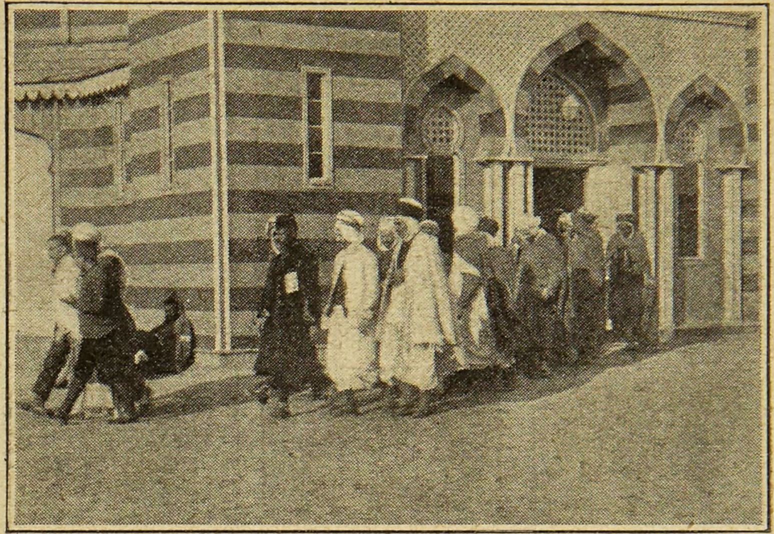
Russian scouts observing the enemy from amid the debris of a mill. Inset: Trenches flooded by continual rain.

Some of the Austrian prisoners captured in General Brussiloff's Volhynia offensive. Whole army corps have surrendered to the spirited attacks of the Russians, now fully equipped with guns, munitions, and commanders of undoubted genius. (Exclusive photographs.)

German Place in the Sun for Moslem Prisoners



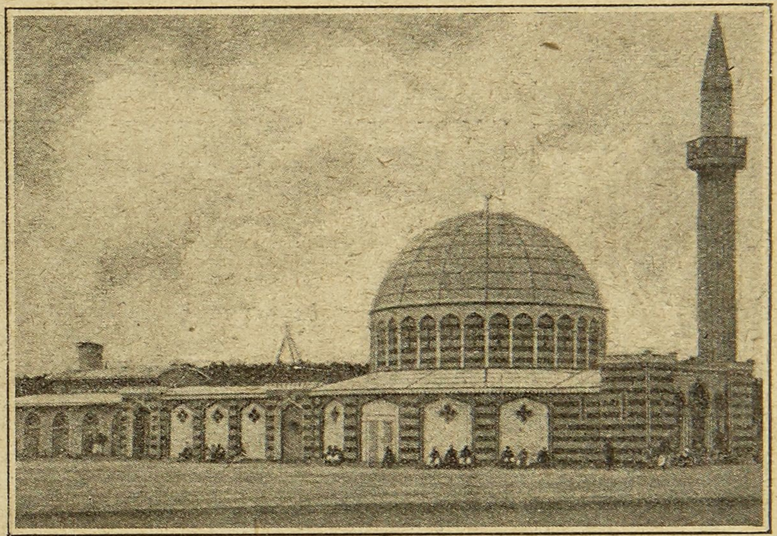
Wounded inmates of the Wunsdorf Camp at prayer in the prison grounds.



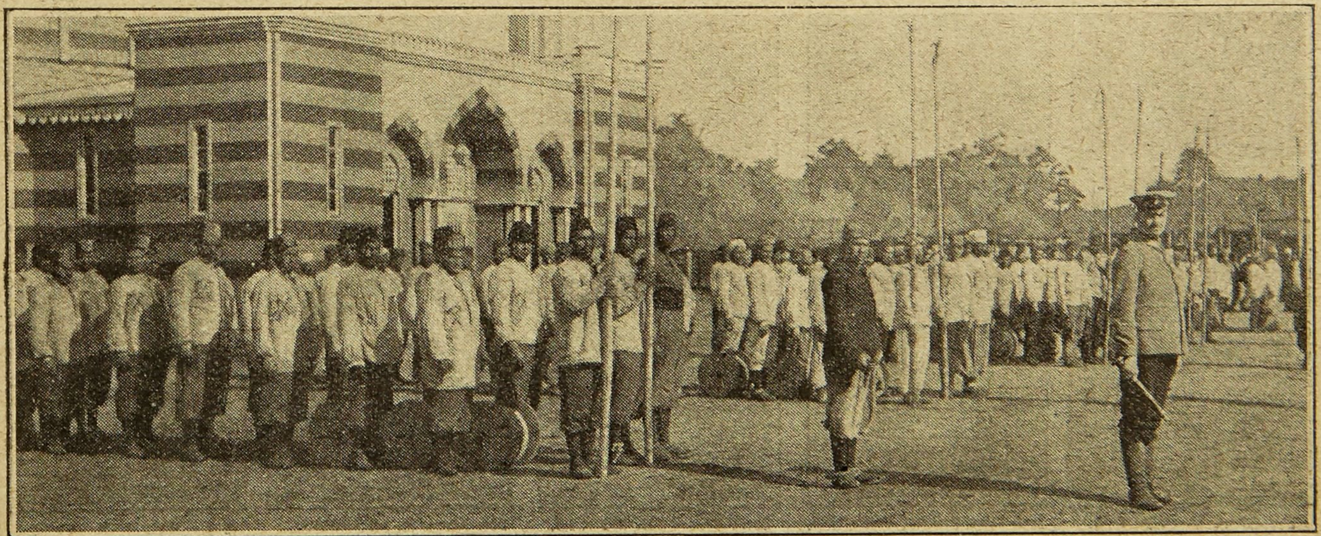
Well nourished and clean, Moslem prisoners at Wunsdorf leaving the mosque presented to them by William II.

WHILE British prisoners in Germany are given a minimum of food and execrable accommodation, Mohammedan subjects of the Empire are treated with every kindness and consideration. The design, which no doubt emanates from high quarters, is obvious. Apart from the fact that Germany is in alliance with the Ottomans, the enemy's dream of Asiatic possessions is by no means dispelled.

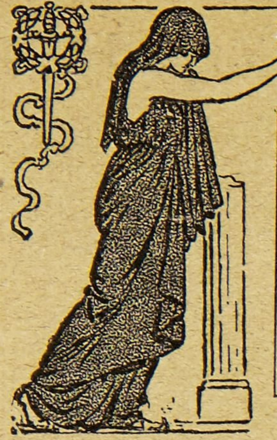
Therefore, Wunsdorf, near Berlin, is a kind of prisoners' happy hunting-ground. Here are congregated five hundred and sixty-nine Indian soldiers, in well-constructed barracks. The food consists of an abundance of rice and wheat, flour, potatoes, tea, sugar, and margarine, while a sheep farm supplies the inmates with meat which can be prepared in accordance with their religious rites. The Kaiser himself has presented the camp with a mosque, where Divine service can be held. The photographs on this page eloquently testify to the conditions prevailing at this sunny prisoners' home in a dismal land. Recalling the pitiable plight of British prisoners under lock and key in Germany, of which we have published photographic evidence, the Moslems are to be congratulated on their healthy, contented appearance.



General view of the mosque at Wunsdorf designed specially to meet the spiritual requirements of Moslems.

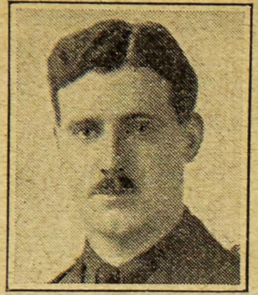


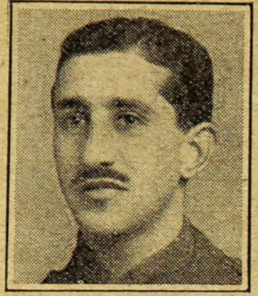
Moslem prisoners in Germany receive preferential treatment, good food, comfortable quarters, and consideration as to religious scruples. Above is a camera view of the Prisoners' Volunteer Fire Brigade drawn up outside the mosque.

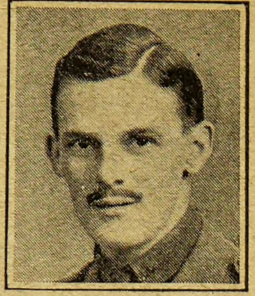


Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

Lieut.-Col. H. E. BRASSEY, Household Cavalry.

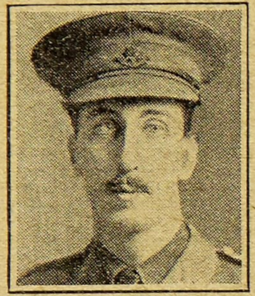

Capt. J. P. FORSTER, Northumberland Fusiliers.

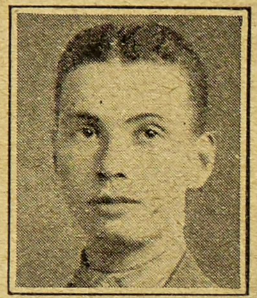

Capt. J. A. BENJAMIN, Duke of Wellington's.


Capt. R. L. HOARE, London Regiment.

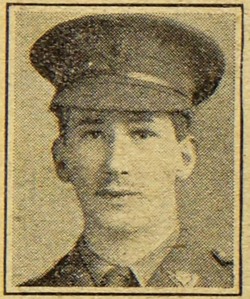
Capt. the Hon. R. E. PHILIPPS, Royal Fusiliers.

Lieut. M. L. W. MATTHEWS, West Kent Regiment.


Capt. R. G. TASKER, Worcester Regiment.


Lieut. L. A. LEA-SMITH, East Kent Regiment.

Capt. H. E. CLIFFORD, South African Infantry.


Capt. W. J. HENDERSON, Loyal North Lancs.

Captain the Hon. Roland Erasmus Philipps was the only surviving son of Lord St. Davids, this nobleman's elder son having fallen in action in May last. Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, he joined his regiment (Royal Fusiliers) in September, 1914, and was promoted captain in February, 1915. Captain Philipps won the Military Cross for devotion to duty last April.

Captain Herbert E. Clifford, South African Light Infantry, died of wounds received in action. He served throughout the South African War and was mentioned in despatches. On the outbreak of the South African Rebellion he joined General Botha's army as lieutenant, and was promoted to captain. Subsequently he went to Egypt, and finally to the western front.

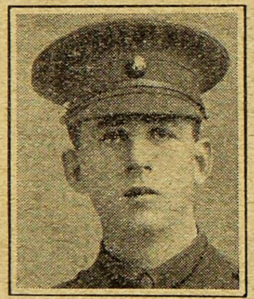
Captain William J. Henderson, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, was educated at Forest Hill School and Dulwich College. He also gained a classical scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. For some years a member of the Dulwich O.T.C., he received a commission in September, 1914, and just prior to his death was mentioned in despatches and awarded the Military Cross.

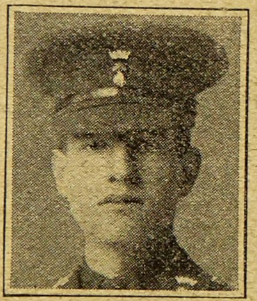
Lieutenant (Temporary Captain) Arthur H. Hales, Wiltshire Regiment, was the eldest son of the late Major-General Hales. He was an Oxford rowing "Blue." In March, 1915, Lieut. Hales gained the Military Cross for leading his men after being twice wounded in rescuing injured soldiers under fire.

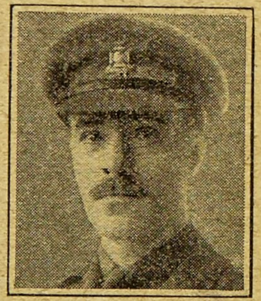
Lieut. P. D. ROBINSON, Northumberland Fusiliers.

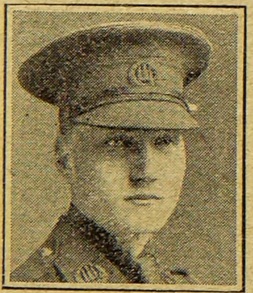
Lieut. D. J. J. HARTLEY, Dragoon Guards.

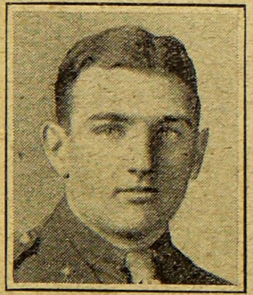
Lieut. A. P. GREEN, Norfolk Regiment.

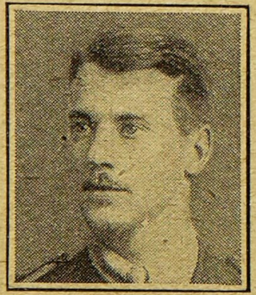

Lieut. J. F. HEALY, Royal Irish Rifles.

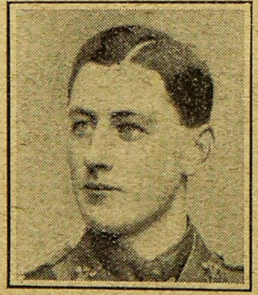

Lt. and Adjt. G. S. CATHER, Royal Irish Fusiliers.


Lieut. A. H. HALES, Wiltshire Regiment.


Sec.-Lieut. F. G. B. LYS, Northants Regiment.


Sec.-Lieut. T. S. W. WARREN, Durham Light Infantry.

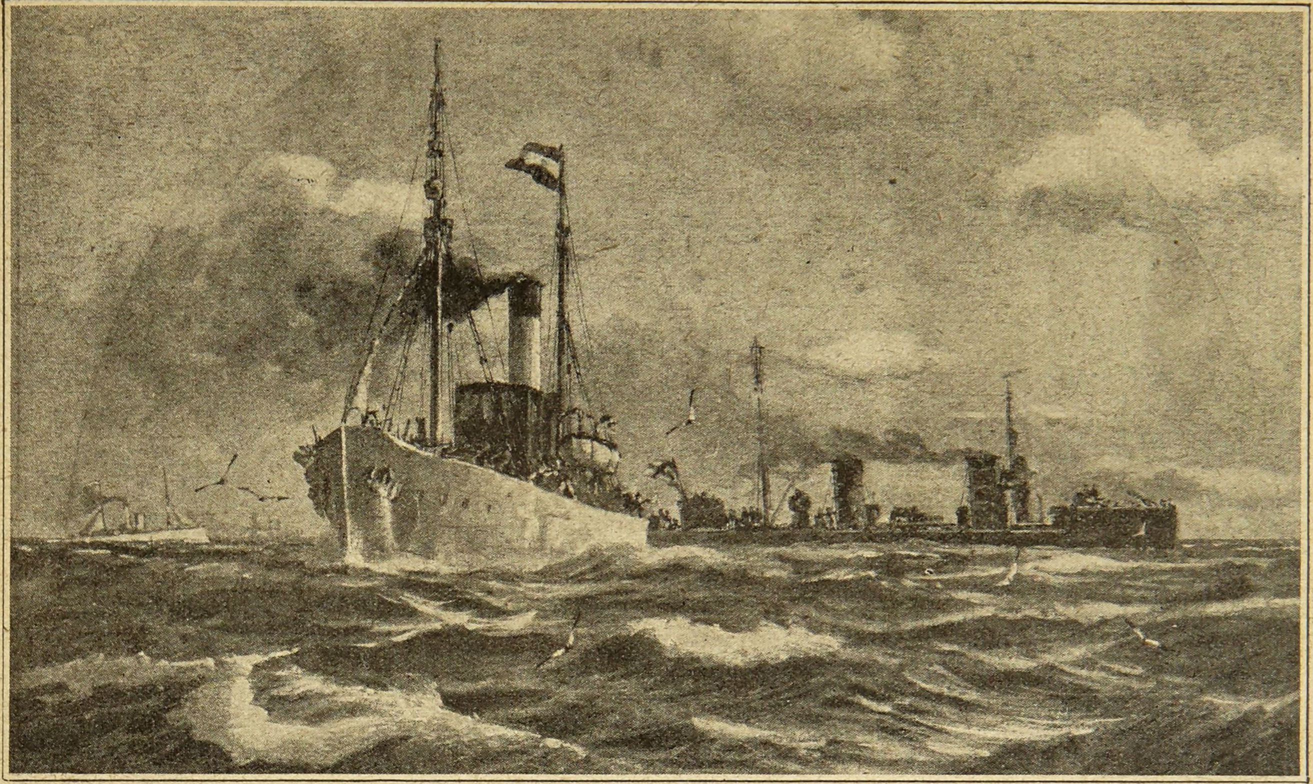

Sec.-Lieut. E. H. ROGERS, Royal Warwicks.

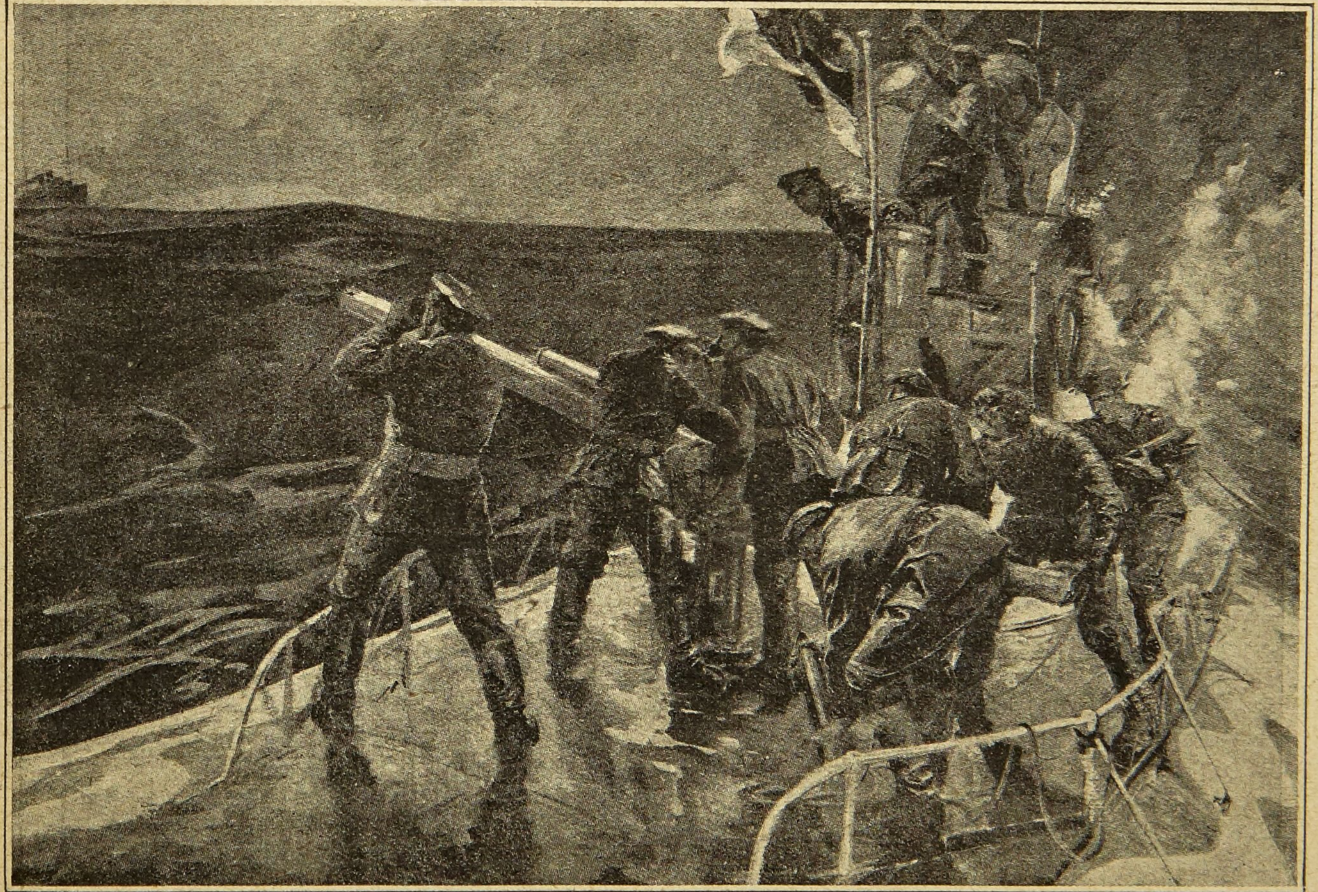

Sec.-Lieut. H. H. HODGES, Leinster Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. A. B. COOK, Royal Fusiliers.

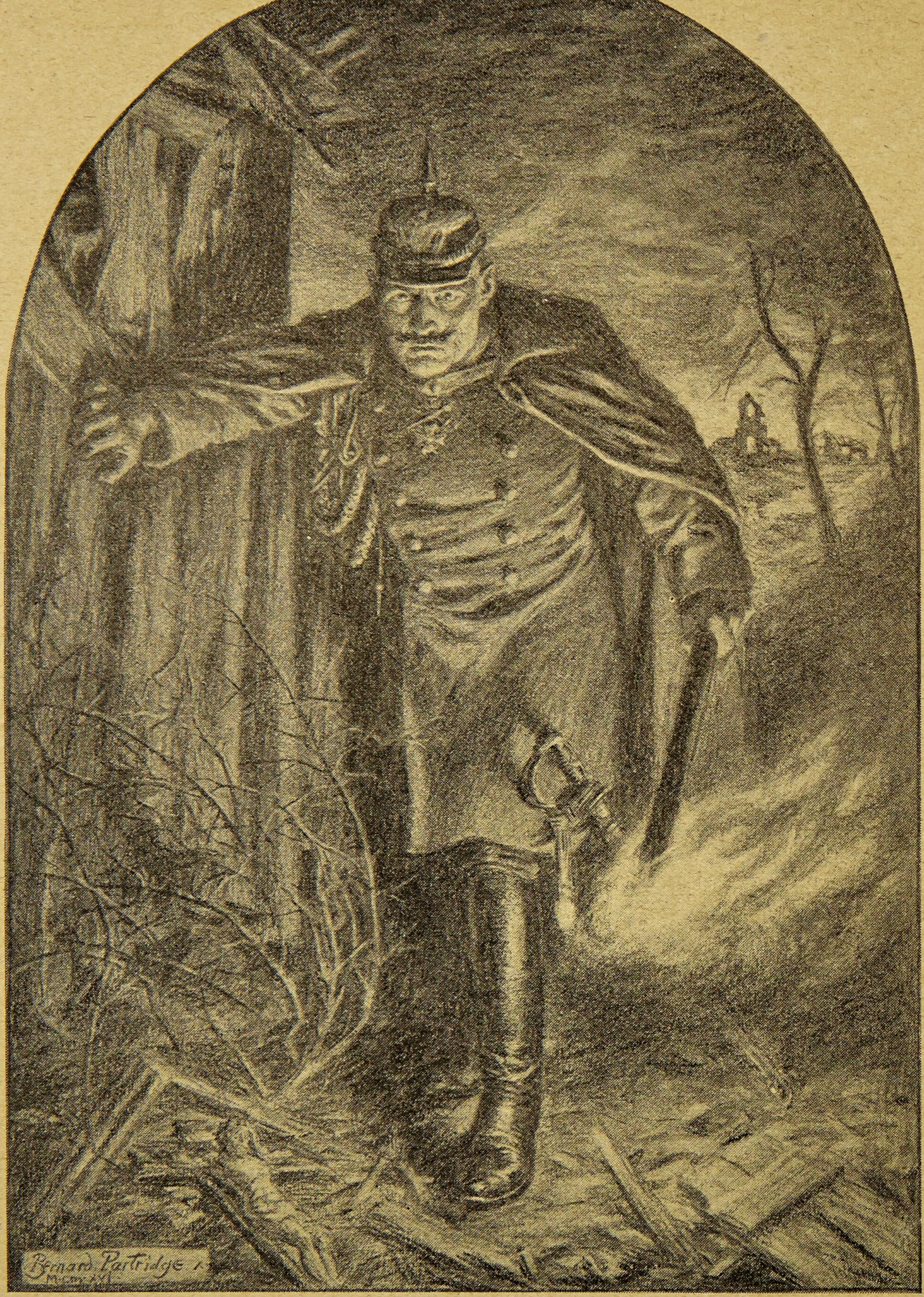
Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Chancellor, Swaine.

Easy Triumphs for the Imperial High Seas Fleet


Although the German Navy found its range restricted by the activity of British patrols, it achieved a good deal of piracy. One of the German "outpost" torpedo-boats is here shown stopping a Dutch fishing steamer which she affected to find "suspicious."


"Stop!" Modern German variant of the old story of a merchant who fell among thieves. This striking illustration by Felix Schwormstadt depicts a German submarine hauling up an enemy merchantman preparatory to sending her to the bottom.

"THE BLIGHT *of* THE WORLD!"



Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by* BERNARD PARTRIDGE (*See opposite page*)

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

"THE BLIGHT OF THE WORLD!"

THERE are some works of art that remain in the memory unforgettable, because of the sheer power with which they first drove their purpose home. To a world ruled by convention truth is always rather shocking, and absolute truth is the essential quality of art of this kind. It causes a shock to the sensitive mind, and the impression it makes, being deep, is enduring. If, afterwards, academic criticism concedes its possession of technical merit, the uninstructed layman may feel a sensation of relief at the knowledge that he approves in good company; but his own silence before the object remains the finest tribute paid to it. Etymologically and actually a masterpiece is superior to criticism by schoolmen.

AND that silence is the tribute paid to Holman Hunt's picture "The Light of the World" by everyone who sees it for the first time. The original is in the possession of Keble College, Oxford, but a replica hangs in the south aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral, and in reproductions in various mediums it has made its way into homes all over the Christian world. Since it was first painted it has been received "by all, everywhere, and always" and that, canonically, is demonstration of its truth. But if familiarity with the picture has diminished in any degree the potency of its spell, one can always revive it by going into the Cathedral and noting the demeanour of the people who will always be found gathered in front of it. Go to the great metropolitan church, that may be called the temple of the soul of the British Empire, to the service that is held in the afternoon. And when the heart has been uplifted by the anthem, the words of the parting Blessing have been sped to the soul by the moving hands of the priest who uttered them, the choir have filed from the chancel, and the last deep bourdon notes of the organ have died away in the dim dome, watch the crowd that rises from the chairs and moves with one consent first to that picture.

A CROWD of men and women; children are noticeably few; and the men and women are remarkable, too, because of the clothes they wear. All the women wear black. All the men wear blue. The women walk erect and their movement is noiseless. The men shuffle, with sticks or crutches pressed hard on the marble pavement, and this man has lost an arm, and that man's head is swathed in bandages, and that other man's face is seamed with a hideous scar. They all make for the picture, and every one of these men and women pays it the homage that only truth compels. Christ, the Light of the World, is appealing to them personally, directly, really, and you stand in awe as you realise afresh that He is the Truth. To maintain that truth every woman in black there has given father, brother, husband, or son, and every man in blue there has shed his blood.

PERHAPS not everyone knows Ruskin's explanation of the allegorical details of the wonderful picture. On the left of the canvas is seen the door of the human soul, fast barred, its bars and nails rusty, knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, its threshold overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn. "Christ approaches it in the night-time. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon Him; the jewelled robe and breastplate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold interwoven with the crown of thorns (bearing soft leaves, for the healing of the nations). The lantern carried is the light of conscience. Its fire is fierce and red; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds that encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary guilt. The light which proceeds from the head of the figure is that of the hope of salvation; it springs from the crown of thorns, and though itself sad, secluded, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of it the forms of the leaves and boughs which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends."

CHRIST, the Light of the World, and Anti-Christ, the Blight of the World. Once more does truth made visible come with a shock on human consciousness. The universal consent given to Holman Hunt's masterpiece will be given to the supremely magnificent cartoon by Bernard Partridge, which is published on the opposite page of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. Not because it is technically superb—although it is that—will it catch and hold the imagination of the world; but because by a stroke of genius the artist has penetrated to the heart of the matter, seen the direct antithesis that Cæsarism is to Christianity, and, putting the one in the place of the other, shown damnation resulting instead of salvation.

ON the left of the picture is seen the door of the human soul, broken and violated by the cruel hand upon it. The Kaiser approaches it in the night-time, furtively yet wrathfully. He wears the uniform that represents the power of the Spirit of Militarism; the cloak, and the cords and tassels of bullion representing the War Lord's authority; the helmet with the eagle that sought to rend the world. The torch carried is the light of Kultur. Its fire is fierce and red; it falls on the sword-hilt and the swaying knot, on the fierce chin thrust truculently forward, the knotted muscles of the jaw, the strong claw-like hand upon the shattered door, on the great jack-boot about to trample on the prostrate crucifix. A halo shone around the head of Christ, and on the far horizon from halo and stars a light was spread that promised salvation and hope. Around the head of Anti-Christ there is a ring of deeper darkness, the light eclipsed, and the glow upon the far horizon is lurid, gleaming angrily through the skeleton rafters of a burnt-out homestead and through the broken ruins of a church, a dreadful light that promises damnation and despair. The gloomy figure's path is marked by ashes, the creepers round the door by which he stands are blasted and blackened by fire from his torch, and behind, before, and all around him are death and desolation.

NOW, this thing is true. Millions of people will see this picture, for it is destined to live, and they will all know, immediately, that it is true. To many of us there will be something almost overwhelming in the thought that of any man born of woman such a picture can be drawn and not repudiated as false in some particular. No hope for the man whose haunted eyes burn above that grim mouth, looking and seeing—what? For this Emperor there can be no forgiveness. But, seen as he is like this—the Blight of the World, only to be destroyed by fire as he has destroyed by fire—almost is he an object for human pity.

C. M.

The War Illustrated
News Notes and Comments

THE great British offensive has touched the warm heart of France to an expression of affectionate gratitude, which is reflected in the temper of soldiers and civilians throughout the length and breadth of their most beautiful land. The Latin is not naturally phlegmatic, though the stress of vital necessity has taught him cold resolution such as he has seldom shown before. During the long, long wait for guns and munitions the French people were apt to grow restive, holding as they did the greater part of the line, at terrible sacrifice. " What is Britain doing ? " " When will she move ? " were questions frequently asked by those who were unaware of the stupendous preparation to be made before the great push eventuated. Now the Union Jack flies triumphantly with the Tricolour of virtue and liberty. Albion is going forward and France rejoices.

Bazentin and Britain's Glory

THE French National Fete day this year was, perhaps, the greatest anniversary celebration in history, and is still the subject of enthusiastic comment. One can recall the National Fete of 1914. The review in Longchamps, the torrid weather, the great crowds, singing, dancing, and generally expressing their feelings with all the grace, charm, and dignity of the French. No one imagined that within two weeks this great array of soldiers and civilians would be swung towards the Rhine, yet everyone present felt that, if the time came, the Germans could never crush such a glorious spirit, such splendid efficiency. After two years the Allies celebrated on this same Fete day the greatness of the Alliance. On that occasion the British advance had been proceeding fourteen days. On that day Bazentin was stormed and captured by Les Anglais. And Bazentin now symbolises the spirit of the great Empire which has pledged herself to drive the invader out of France and Belgium. " Bazentin, C'est la Gloire ! " as the wounded Poilu from the Somme says.

A Tribute from the States

IN respect of one matter historians who deal with the Great War will be more fortunate than their predecessors who have written of other conflicts : in the wealth—so rich as to be embarrassing—of authentic documents supplied by the combatants themselves. Never before have so many of the rank and file of armies been cultivated men, able to analyse and describe their emotions if they choose to do so. " Kitchener's Mob " is unique in the history of armies. How they fight, we see ; what they think and feel as they do it we shall learn gradually from their letters, diaries, and books. The latest addition to the growing library is " Kitchener's Mob," by an American, Mr. J. N. Hall, who describes with psychological acumen the men who made up that marvellous host, and also tells picturesquely and temperately his own adventures. The sum of his judgment of the British soldier is fine : " In Britain, before I knew him for the man he is, I said, ' How am I to endure living with him ? ' And now I am thinking, ' How am I to endure living without him ? ' "

An Undying Army

GRADUALLY, as time puts things in perspective, the world is beginning to realise the stupendousness of the achievement wrought by the first British Expeditionary Force that dammed the flood of German invasion in the first three months of the war and held it up long enough for the Empire to gather force to sweep it back and destroy Prussian militarism for ever. How many of those men are alive to-day ? What are their names ? And where are they ? Someone has said that there are three thousand of them alive. Multiplication of marks of honour does not cheapen honour such as they have won. There is no reward too high for them. Their service makes handfuls of silver ridiculous. And they have not a ribbon, even, to signalise their immortal stand !

Following No Example But Her Own

STILL breathing fire and fury, the Berlin " Lokalanzeiger " is at pains to explain to its readers that the air war against Britain is being pursued with vigour, and that the " ruthless " submarine campaign will be resumed immediately the " good political reasons " for its temporary cessation allow. There is, we are assured, no truth in the suggestion that the German Government is anxious " to spare Britain." Germany is not " sparing Britain " on the Somme. She did not " spare Britain " at the Skager-Rak. And in refraining from " sparing Britain," adds the Berlin paper, Germany is but " following Britain's example." This is all rather foolish—of the foolishness that usually accompanies blind and savage instincts such as those Germany has displayed since first she set foot on Belgian soil. Germany follows no example but her own, and some of her citizens are beginning to realise what this means in the future.

Like Son, Like Father

A FEW days ago a young fellow who had been invalided home after the fighting at Loos was in Hyde Park talking to a girl and—I listened. He had been an articled clerk in his father's office when war broke out, and one could guess that he had been a cheerily irresponsible one, very likely a trial to a staid solicitor. " I'd thought of being all sorts of things when I grew up," he told the girl, " but never once of being a soldier. And now, here I am, twenty-one ; and I am a soldier—a corporal, I'd have you know—and I've been truly in a battle and done all manner of deeds of derring-do. Rum, isn't it ? " " Was your father glad when you enlisted ? " the girl asked. " Most frightfully and horribly sick ; talked about ' patria potestas,' if you please, and put his foot down plonk ! " Suddenly he laughed. " And, do you know, the governor has enlisted now ; the old chap said he was forty, and the joke is, he's joined the same regiment as me. Fact ! I bet he won't try any of his ' patria potestas ' on his corporal. But isn't it just top-hole ? " The girl agreed, and so do I.

The Inn that Disappeared

A NORTH country story, from the " Manchester Guardian " :

Coming back to " Blighty " they met in the train and chummed up.

" Hello, owd lad ! What luck ? Are tha going whoam ? Has tha gotten any souvenirs ? "

" Souvenirs ! Nowt much ; but Aw've gotten some bits o' shrapnel, a few bullets, one o' them pickelhaubes, and a dure 'andle."

" Tha's gotten what ? A dure handle ? "

" Ay, same as Ah sed ! Tha sees, it was this way. Th' last time comin' out o' trenches for rest billets Ah were very dry, so Ah called at one o' them pubs, an' Ah was just openin' th' dure when a ' coa[illegible] ' come an' shifted th' pub out o' my hond."

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand ; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa ; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
4c Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N i

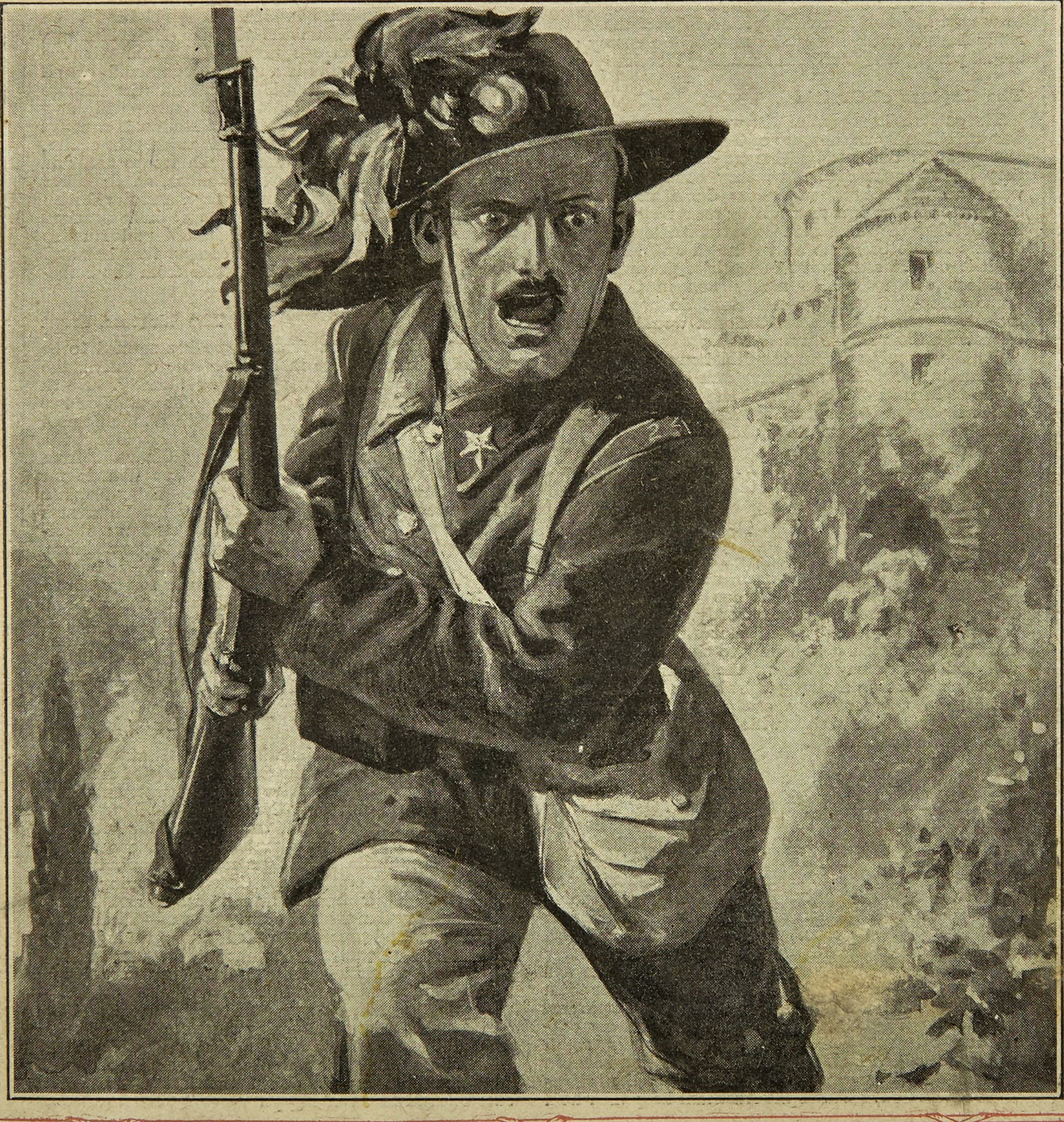
15-Jan

The War Illustrated, August 26th, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Italy's Triumph on the Isonzo (With Special Maps)

The War Illustrated

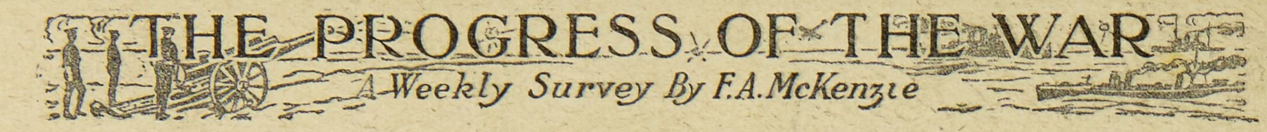
2D. Weekly



Vol. 5

Avanti, Italia! After Gorizia—Onward to Trieste!

No. 106



THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

FROM the point of view of the layman not trained to take comprehensive surveys of large military operations the week that has just ended has been the most generally satisfactory of the whole war. Almost for the first time he has been able to see the strategy of the Allies in process of active, harmonious, and simultaneous execution. Hitherto he has been patiently content to believe that they had some coherent plan drawn up in concert between them, simply because any other hypothesis was inconceivable. Nevertheless, his patience has been sorely tried by the seeming lack of simultaneous co-operation. Now, to use an impolite figure, he perceives that the Allies really have a noose round the neck of the enemy and are all pulling it tighter with refreshing unanimity.

The Capture of Gorizia

The outstanding event of the week in public interest was undoubtedly the capture of Gorizia by the Italians. It represents the accomplishment of much for which they have fought ever since they entered upon the war, and the occupation of the Carso and the fall of Trieste are brought appreciably nearer by it. Since last October they had made no tremendous effort to capture Monte Sabotino on the north and Monte San Michele on the south-west of Gorizia, the formidable positions which they so nearly won in the earlier Carso campaign, and the Austrians do not seem to have expected that General Cadorna would begin an offensive on the Isonzo front at all.

On the morning of August 6th, however, a terrific bombardment of the entire Austrian line from Monte Santo to Monfalcone began and lasted for nine hours. When it ceased the Italians assaulted Monte Sabotino with such amazing rapidity that they carried three lines of trenches within twenty minutes. In an hour they had won the redoubt on the summit, and then began their descent upon the Isonzo. By evening of the 7th they had taken Podgora. Monte San Michele had also surrendered, and the bridge-head of Gorizia was won.

Next day their infantry completed the occupation of the heights west of the town, and on Wednesday, August 9th, the Italian troops entered Gorizia. What the capture means is, shortly, that the whole Isonzo line is now safe, and that Austria is in the embarrassing position of having to choose whether she will deplete her army guarding the Rumanian frontier in order to put up a strong fight before Trieste, or let Trieste go comparatively easily and keep all her remaining strength to cope with the steadily increasing peril on her eastern side.

The Fall of Stanislau

During the week, Austria fared no better with the Russians than with the Italians. At the time of writing, the Austro-Germans under Von Bothmer are retiring before the armies of General Sakharoff, working on the Upper Sereth, and General Lechitsky, working on both sides of the Dniester, at a rate which is beginning to resemble a run. General Sakharoff is threatening the railway from Tarnopol to Lemberg. General Lechitsky, on Von Bothmer's southern flank, harrying the enemy with artillery and cavalry, took Stanislau at the end of the week, and already is advancing beyond the town in pursuit of a defeated foe. With this important junction in his possession he severs the railway connection between the Austro-German armies south and north of the Dniester; direct connection between them is already severed by the capture of the bridge-head of Mizniow. Unless the Austrians keep their hold on Halicz, the security of Von Bothmer's right wing will be in grave jeopardy.

Simultaneously with these vigorous pulls by the Italians and the Russians upon the noose round the enemy's neck, the allied forces in the Balkans have manifested a vitality which I suggested was likely last week. After "some little artillery firing," the Allies occupied the railway station at Doiran and Height 227, south of Doiran, in the works on the summit of which Bulgarian corpses were found. Subsequently a lively artillery fight began in this region, and the Allies despatched aeroplanes which dropped bombs on Strumnitza Station, on the Salonika-Nish Railway, and upon enemy camps north of Doiran. General Sarrail has been given supreme command of all the allied forces in the Balkans, and the change suggests that things in the Balkans will now begin to move. The occupation of Doiran is a useful preliminary step in a serious offensive along the centre, about the Vardar, where the French troops are, and with the Serbians established at Vodena, on the allied left, equipped and burning for revenge, and the British on the right, towards Seres and Orfani, the Bulgarians may well be anxious that the Italian and Russian pressure upon Austria shall not compel that harassed Power to withdraw any of her forces from the Serbo-Bulgarian front.

The Western Front

If upon the western front there has seemed to be some slackening in the intensity of the offensive, the advance is nevertheless proceeding steadily. North of Bazentin-le-Petit and north-west of Pozières the British have advanced, and north of the Somme the French established their new line along the crest south of Maurepas and along the road from Maurepas to Hem. And the week was notable for the activity of the allied flying men. Long-distance raids were carried out successfully by British airmen to the Zeppelin sheds at Brussels, to sidings and airship sheds at Namur, and to railway stations at Mons, Courtrai, and Busigny. Increased activity by the French at Verdun precludes the removal of a single German from the western to the eastern front, and almost the only point in the great ring round the Central Empires from which no news of active and successful offensive by the Allies has come this week is in the north of the eastern front, where Von Hindenburg is in command.

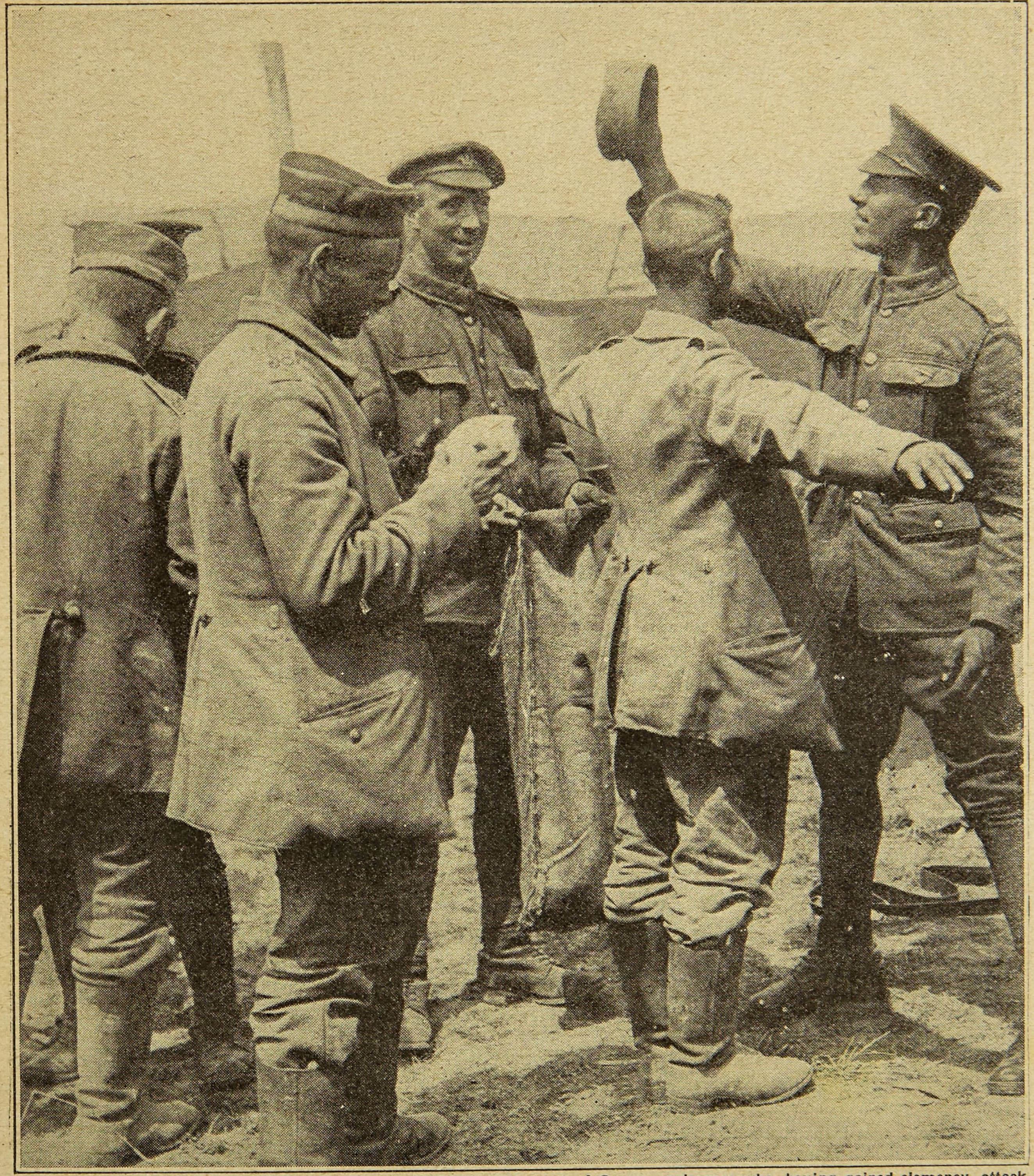
Turkish Fiasco in Egypt

The single area in the whole vast theatre of war, where during this week the enemy attempted anything in the nature of an offensive was in Egypt, and there the Turks' pretensions at the conquest of Egypt were irretrievably broken by the troops under Sir Archibald Murray. The enemy, estimated to be 14,000 strong, attacked the British positions near Romani, twenty-three miles east of the Suez Canal, employing heavy howitzers. Their frontal attack failed, and in the ensuing counter-attack our troops—Territorials, Yeomanry, and Anzacs—routed them, taking 2,500 unwounded prisoners, four mountain guns, and a number of machine-guns, and inflicting very heavy losses in killed and wounded. Though more scientifically planned than on any previous occasion, and led by German officers, this new advance was defeated and the Turkish force scattered far and wide in the desert. Our victory was absolute. And so, in all human probability, vanished the last chance of a successful invasion of Egypt.

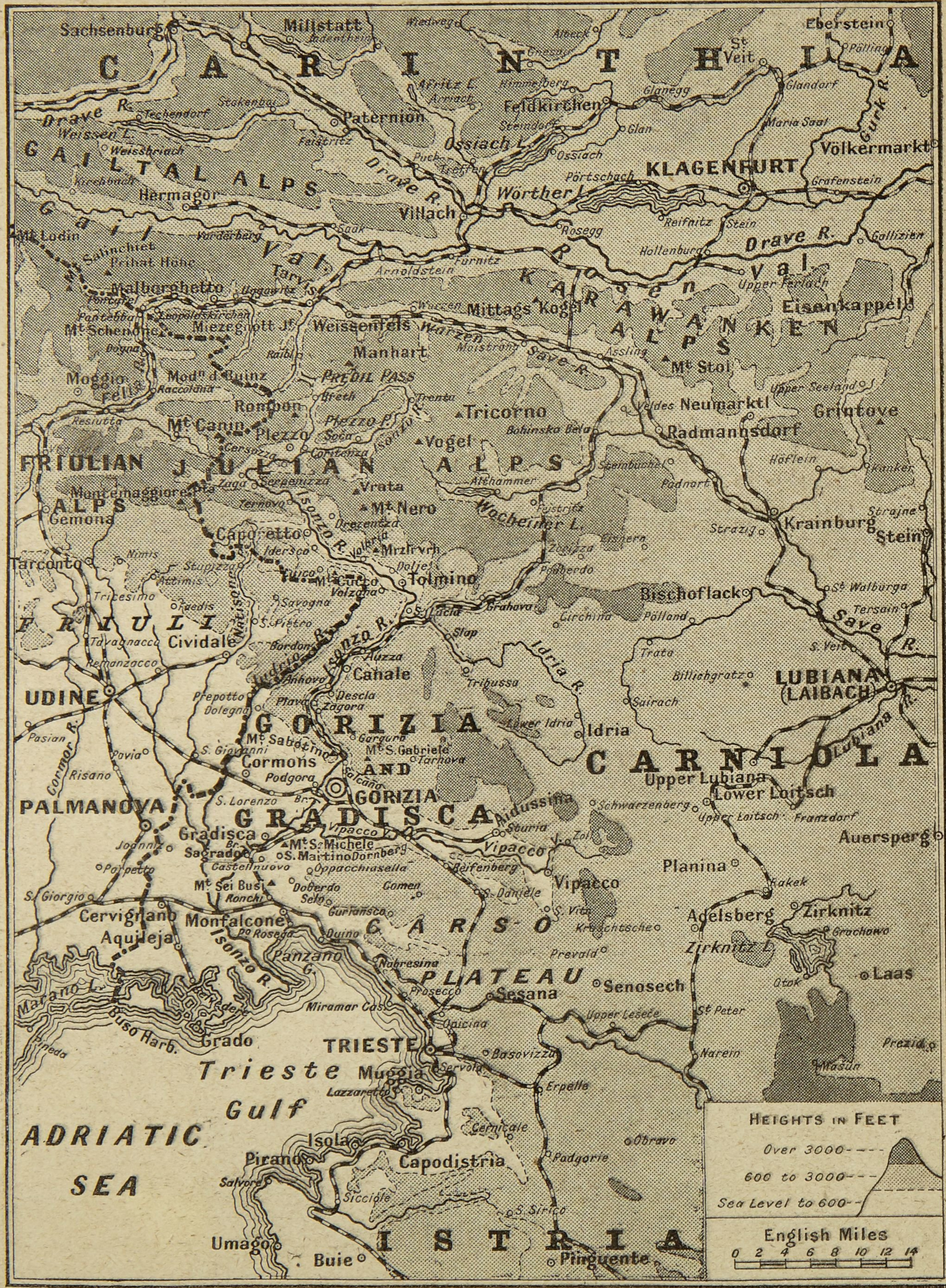
26th August, 1916. No. 106. Vol. 5.

THE WAR
Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* **J. A. HAMMERTON**



NO CONTRABAND?—Isolated examples of treachery on the part of German prisoners who, having gained clemency, attack our men off guard, have made British soldiers doubly wary that the vanquished foeman has no weapon or missile concealed on his person. Prisoners are also searched for documents likely to prove of value as divulging movements of the enemy regiments.


CARINTHIA
Sachsenburg
Millstatt
St Veit
Eberstein
Drave R.
Weissen L.
Paternion
Feldkirchen
Ossiach L.
Völkermarkt
GAILTAL ALPS
Hermagor
Wörther L.
KLAGENFURT
Villach
Drave R.
Gail Val
Tarvis
Malborghetto
Pontebba
Mt Schenone
KARAWANKEN ALPS
Mittags Kogl
Eisenkappel
Weissenfels
Manhart
Mt Stol
Moggio
PREDIL PASS
Tricorno
Neumarktl
Grintove
Raccolana
Mt Canin
Plezzo
Radmannsdorf
Vogel
FRIULIAN ALPS
JULIAN ALPS
Gemona
Vrata
Mt Nero
Krainburg
Stein
Caporetto
Wocheiner L.
Tarcento
Tolmino
Bischoflack
FRIULI
Cividale
Save R.
Isonzo R.
Idria R.
UDINE
Canale
LUBIANA (LAIBACH)
GORIZIA AND GRADISCA
Idria
CARNIOLA
Mt Sabotino
Mt S. Gabriele
Cormons
Upper Lubiana
Lower Loitsch
PALMANOVA
GORIZIA
Gradisca
Sagrado
Auersperg
Vipacco
Planina
Mt Sei Busi
Monfalcone
CARSO PLATEAU
Adelsberg
Zirknitz
Cervignano
Aquileja
Isonzo R.
Senosech
Laas
Sesana
Grado
Miramar
TRIESTE
Muggia
Trieste Gulf
ADRIATIC SEA
Isola
Capodistria
Pirano
Umago
Buie
ISTRIA
Pinguente
HEIGHTS IN FEET
Over 3000
600 to 3000
Sea Level to 600
English Miles
0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14

Copyright The War Illustrated

AREA OF GENERAL CADORNA'S TRIUMPH ON THE LOWER ISONZO.—By the capture of Gorizia, on August 9th, General Cadorna practically completed his conquest of the Lower Isonzo. Pressing on with his occupation of the Carso, he has now the rich prize of Trieste, about twenty miles to the south-east, on the Adriatic, almost in his grasp.

ITALY'S TRIUMPH ON THE ISONZO

General Cadorna's Strategy Vindicated

By Dr. James Murphy

Sometime Correspondent with the Italian Army

THE fall of Gorizia is, in effect, the vindication of General Cadorna's original plan of campaign. From the outset of the Italo-Austrian conflict, the Italian Generalissimo several times attempted to capture this important centre; but former operations were dogged with persistent ill-luck. Failure of plans due to various causes, among which were floods on the River Isonzo and an insufficiency of artillery, cost Italy the sacrifice of thousands of her brave and devoted sons during her first year of war. While maintaining an offensive in the Trentino, General Cadorna prepared secretly and elaborately for a final crushing blow against Gorizia, the strongest point in the Austrian barrier, an effort which would bring him within striking distance of Trieste. The Editor of "The War Illustrated" has invited Dr. James Murphy, the expert writer on Italy's part in the war, to contribute the following article by way of explanation of this little-known area of the world-struggle.

IN order to understand the capture of Gorizia, and appreciate its bearing on the general course of the war, one must reduce the manifold character of recent Italian operations to a single concept and form a mental picture in which only the main strategic elements stand out. It helps little towards forming an adequate appreciation of our ally's great victory on the Lower Isonzo if we merely say that the Italians have advanced some five or six miles over a depth of fourteen miles and that they have taken large numbers of prisoners, together with valuable war booty. For the Isonzo line of defence is almost as important to Austria as the Rhine is to Germany; and the Italians have broken through it at its strongest point. Therefore, their victory must not be judged by the span of their advance, or the magnitude of the loss in men and material which has been inflicted on the enemy, but rather by the significance of the bare fact that the Austrian defence has been broken where it was considered unassailable.

Nature on the Enemy Side

The Italian war is being waged not merely against men and guns but against mountain barriers, where the natural obstacles immensely outweigh the opposition offered by troops and artillery. There are sections of the Austrian line where a hundred men may hold thousands at bay. It is the siege of Sidney Street repeated in a hundred places on a colossal scale. And this was specially true of Gorizia.

To grasp the matter fully one must have before the mind a picture of the whole Austro-Italian front. Imagine a colossal figure somewhat the shape of a human body stretched at full length on the ground, with its face to the sun. Within the outlines of that figure, even though we must so far interfere with its symmetry as to make it somewhat grotesque, we can picture the great mass of mountain barrier which raises its bulk against the advance of the Italian Army. The feet of the figure rest at the juncture of the Lombardian and Venetian Plains, a few miles north of Verona. The right arm is extended westward, skirting the northern side of the Lombardian Plain; but the line of the Swiss frontier crosses it quite close to the body, so that portion of it need not interest us further. The head of the figure rests at a point—let us say, Brixen—where the Tyrolese mountain range begins its descent towards the German side; and the figure is cleft in twain, as through the vertebrate column, by the Brenner Pass. The left arm is extended eastwards; but it follows a semicircular line, bending southwards at the elbow and running along the north-eastern side of the Venetian Plain, enclosing that section of it which is generally called Friuli, until it touches the north-eastern corner of the Adriatic shore.

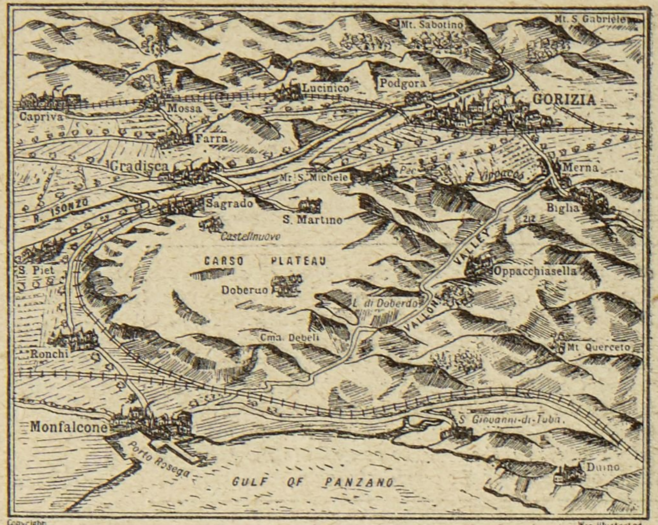
The whole bulk of mountains has been in Austria's hands, while, generally speaking, the Italians have had possession of the surrounding plains. But the frontier line was drawn through the centre of Friuli, some miles westward of the Isonzo, so that the Austrians had full control of the river. The sides of the mountain range are cleft by a number of deep river beds, which give easy access to the plain. These were fortified by the Austrian Staff and meant as the starting-points of a general attack against Italy, which had been treacherously premeditated long before the outbreak of the present conflict. By a swift thrust General Cadorna seized the openings of the passes during the first weeks of the Italian campaign, so that the danger of a sudden attack from the Austrian side was reduced to a minimum for the time being. But there remained the question of selecting the points where he might open an offensive and invade the enemy's territory.

The Duke D'Aosta, who commanded the Italian Army which brought about the fall of Gorizia on August 9th.

Cadorna's Choice of Ways

Three main passes offered themselves. At the shoulder joint of our imaginary figure is the Pass of Monte Croce, which leads into the Puster Valley at Toblach and thence westward to the Brenner at Franzensfeste. Here the Roman legions passed on several occasions, to break the power of their northern invaders. At the elbow of the figure is the Predil Pass, which gives access to the Drave Valley, where two most important railroad centres, Villach and Klagenfurt, are situated. Here Napoleon entered and brought Austria to her knees. From the mountains which rise southward of the Drave the Isonzo runs to the sea. The Julian Alps guard its left bank as far as Gorizia. Thence the Carso overhangs it, from Gorizia to the Adriatic. The Julian Alps and the Carso form a great fortress wall of which the Isonzo is the moat. That wall is broken at two points, Tolmino and Gorizia, by the Valleys of the Idria and Vippacco respectively. Here Cadorna decided to break through. Both these rivers flow westwards into the Isonzo. We shall get their relative positions well into our minds if we imagine the Idria breaking through the forearm of our figure and the Vippacco through its wrist. The Julian Alps form the forearm and the Carso the hand. At the tips of the fingers Trieste lies. Here the mountain rises abruptly from the sea, so that no military route to Trieste is offered in that sector.

From Gorizia to Trieste is about nineteen miles. You follow the Valley of the Vippacco, at the rear of the Carso, south-eastwards as far as San Daniele; then you turn due south and are almost immediately in the plain that surrounds the great Austrian seaport. From the immediate military viewpoint the route presents no extraordinary



Copyright War Illustrated

Relief map of Gorizia and the Carso Plateau, showing the tremendous natural defences of the "Gibraltar of the Isonzo."

difficulties, but there are other considerations affecting its choice, which cannot be openly discussed at the present juncture. To the ordinary observer one consideration is quite plain. By moving swiftly southwards, after the capture of Gorizia, an advancing army leaves at the rear of its left flank a block of mountains which might prove very dangerous if held strongly by the enemy. Hence the necessity of a simultaneous thrust forward at Tolmino. From Tolmino one moves in a south-eastwardly direction, along the Valley of the Idria, to the Plain of Laibach or Lubiana. The distance is about thirty-five miles. At Laibach four great railroads meet, one of which is the central commercial channel between Trieste and the Austrian interior. This is the longer route, but it brings about a complete encirclement of Trieste.

From this, it is clear how serious for Austria is the recent Italian advance. At the beginning of the Austro-Italian War, General Cadorna sent forward the left wing of his Isonzo army at Monte Nero, north of Tolmino, and on the Carso, south of Gorizia, intending to gain control of the mountains which flanked both valleys, and thus force the Austrians to withdraw from the two great portals of the mountain fortress. But an unfortunate chain of circumstances hampered his advance, the result being that the Austrians gained sufficient time to strengthen their defensive positions. Throughout the autumn and well into the winter his artillery pounded at the defences of Gorizia; but the mountains bristled with Skoda guns, and it appeared as if the idea of storming the great fortress was hopeless.

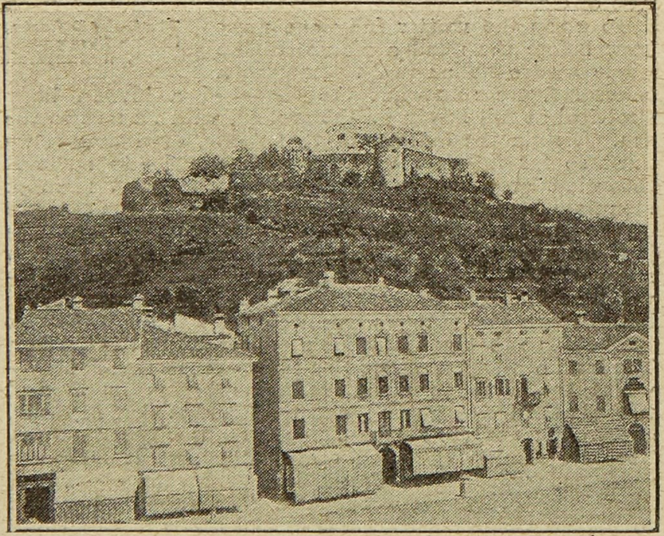
One must have travelled over the ground in order to realise its terrible difficulties. Gorizia has been called the Gibraltar of the Isonzo and the Verdun of Italy; but these comparisons convey no more than a vague idea of its difficulties to the minds of those who have no first-hand acquaintance with the country. Except for its historic interest, and the fact that it harboured 30,000 inhabitants, most of whom left it soon after the outbreak of war, the city is of little importance. It is the valley and not the city that is of military consequence. In no way is it a prize or a goal; it is simply a milestone on the road. But it is a milestone at the summit of a gruelling ascent; and the military traveller will breathe more easily once he has reached it, for the further stretches of the road offer him no such hardships as those which he has just experienced.

To compare it to Verdun is out of the question; for the defences of Gorizia entirely surpass the defences of Verdun. At Verdun a huge French army has been necessary to hold the Germans at bay. At Gorizia one-fourth of the same army could have held the Kaiser's troops at bay for years. There is scarcely another military position in the world to compare with it. It lies at the mouth of the Vippacco Valley, well within what may be called the jaws. There is ideal room for the manœuvring of troops, and the railroad connections with the interior of Austria are excellent. On the north it is commanded by the heights of Monte San Gabriele and on the south by Monte San Michele. On its western front the Isonzo flows in a deep gorge. Here the Austrians erected a bridgehead for the immediate defence of the city. Westward of the river the huge bulks of Monte Sabotino and Podgora are thrown up from the plain, forming two independent fortresses outside the gate of the valley. Scarcely a crevice or a vantage point in these hills that has not harboured artillery of every calibre. Guns were embedded in the rock, with reinforced parapets of concrete and steel. A military railroad system led from one point to the other, so that artillery could be easily transferred and brought into ever varying positions. Every approach from the Italian side was under perfect control. Yet the troops of Victor Emmanuel stormed Podgora a few days after the outbreak of war; and, though the mountain was being gored and mangled by the great Skoda guns, yet the Italians succeeded in getting a footing. Immense sacrifices had to be made. Many times I have seen it, that mass of grey uniform, human wreckage mingled with the steel of the guns, the roots of great trees ground into pulp, and the whole mass being rechurned every day. The Italians call it Golgotha to-day. The terrible Carso has the same story to tell. There it was impossible to bury even the dead that lay between the first and second lines of Italian trenches, because the Austrian guns on the heights of San Michele, Sabotino, and San Gabriele had the mountain-sides under perfect control. Much of the success in the recent advance has been due to the tunnels which Italian engineers had bored through the solid limestone of the mountain; but the feature that stands out stronger than all others is the perfect organisation displayed by Cadorna's troops. The Italians have proved that the old Roman genius for organisation and initiative has not run to seed in its children, and has not been outdone by the German.

The Mandoline-Players.

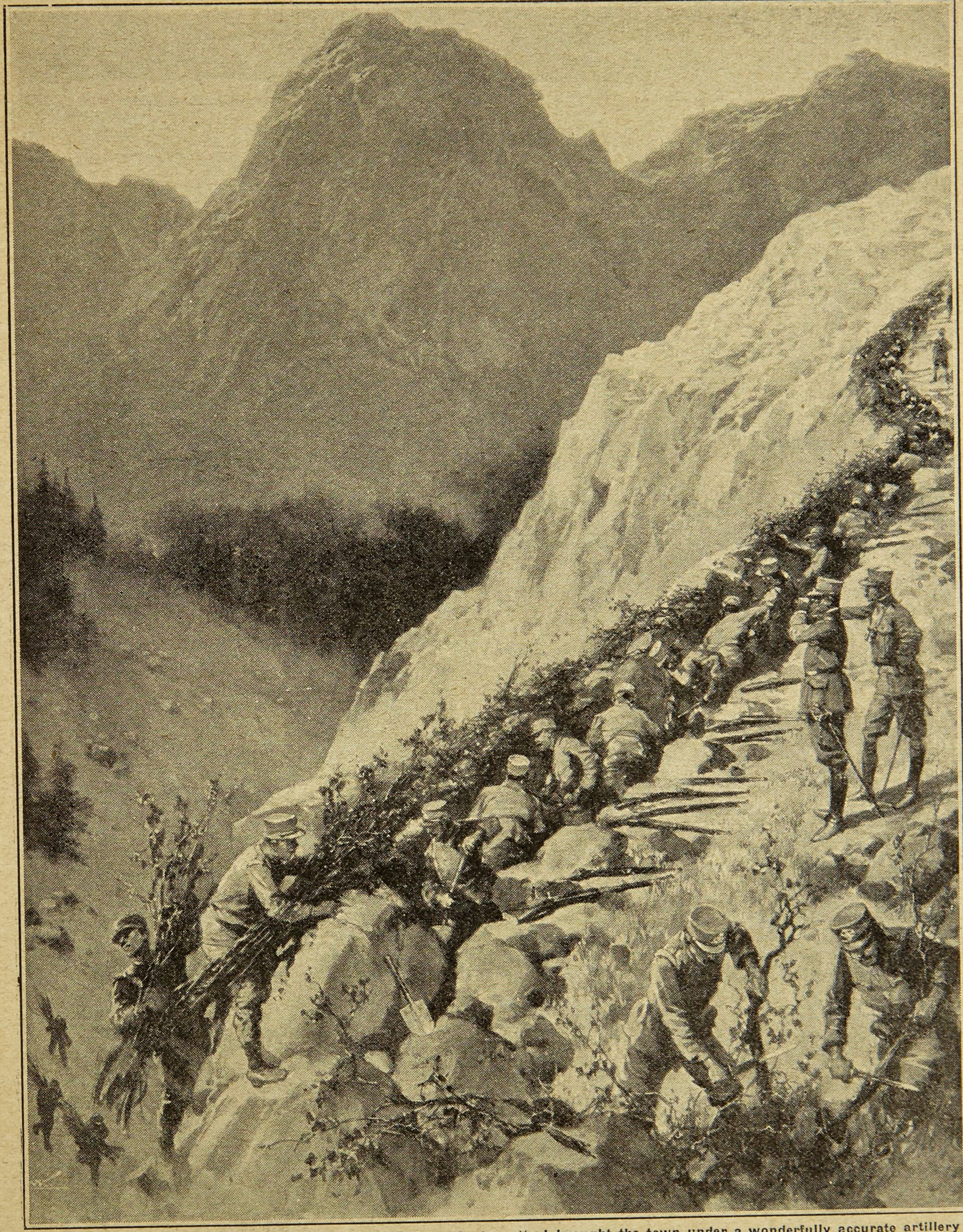
"You will have to destroy once and for all this army of mandoline-players," said Conrad to his Austrians at the outbreak of the Italian war. During the bombardment of Gorizia, when the Austrian defences were tumbling as if a volcano were tearing the mountains to pieces, an Italian airman flew over the enemy's lines, dropping slips of paper on which were written the words: "How do you like the music of our mandolines?" Franz Josef will find it hard to return the answer.

In speaking of the Gorizia capture, and judging its bearing on the general campaign of the Allies, one point must be steadfastly borne in mind. The natural defences of the Isonzo line so helped the Austrians that the advantage of position made it possible for them to hold their ground with comparatively few men. Now that these advantages are gone Austria will have to withdraw troops from some other quarter if she is to protect the interior of her territory. In so far as Austrian resources are concerned, the Italian victory is equal to the capture of half a million men.



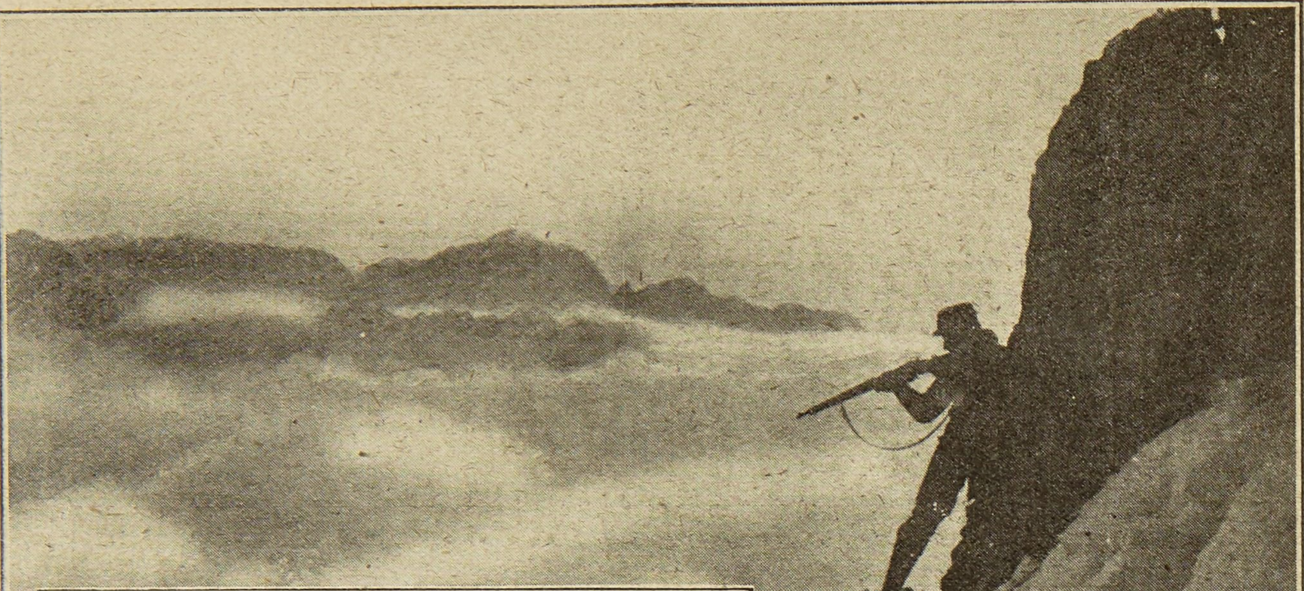
The castle where the Italian flag now flies.—View in Gorizia showing the castle on the hill. While the city itself is of comparatively small importance Gorizia is a milestone on the road.

Via Victrix: Italians on the Way to Gorizia

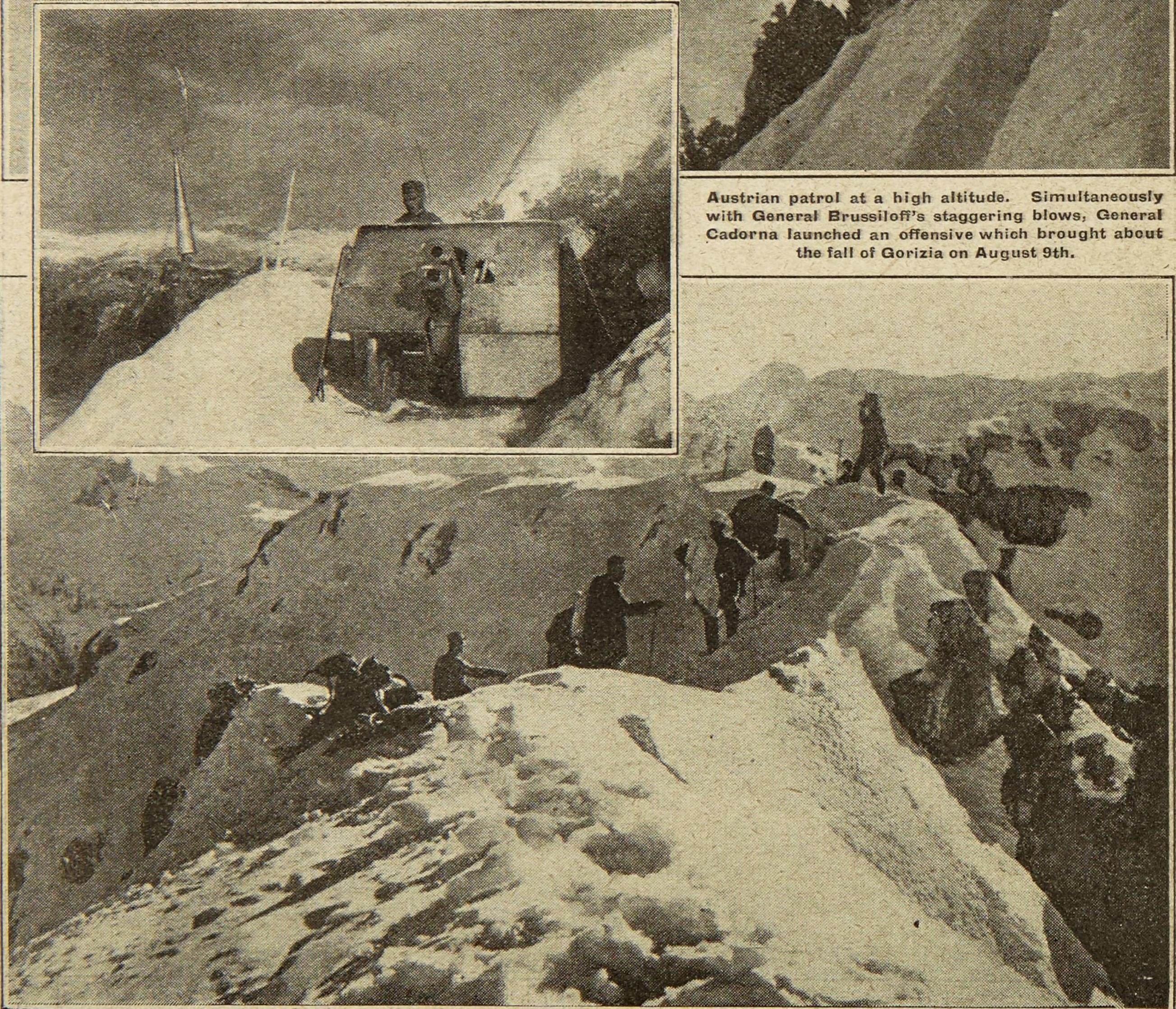


Since Italy declared war on Austria, Gorizia has been the first objective of General Cadorna's troops. Owing, however, to floods and other causes, the capture of this important gate to Trieste, on the Adriatic, was unrealised before the winter season 1915–16 set in. After many months of preparation, a carefully planned attack brought the town under a wonderfully accurate artillery fire, which shattered an Austrian headquarters, killing many officers and demoralising the enemy command. The extent of the Italian triumph is all the more wonderful when one contemplates the precipitous route to Gorizia, which is illustrated in this picture.

Austrian Army Retreats from Lower Isonzo



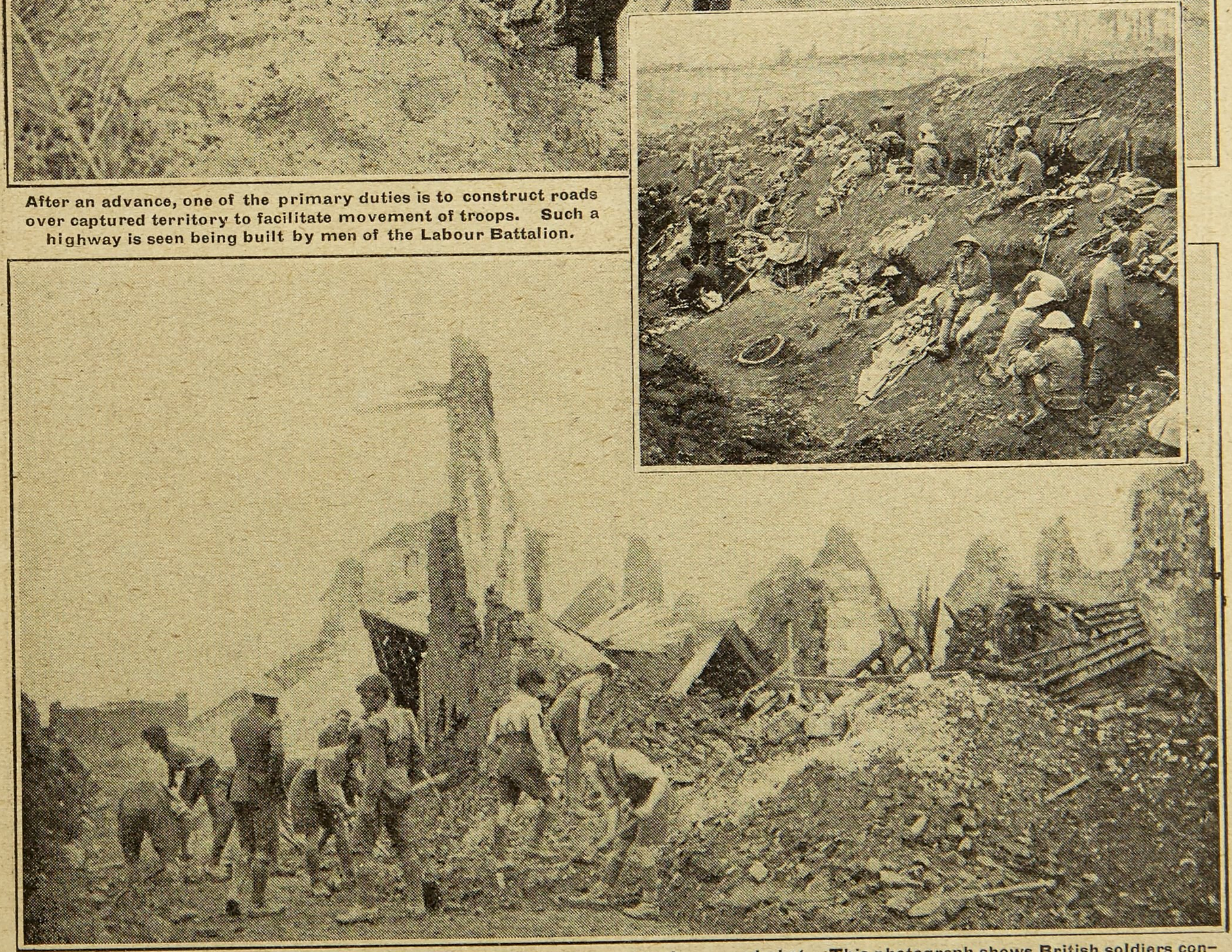
Austrian patrol at a high altitude. Simultaneously with General Brussiloff's staggering blows, General Cadorna launched an offensive which brought about the fall of Gorizia on August 9th.



The capture of Gorizia and thousands of prisoners is an Italian triumph of the greatest magnitude. General Cadorna abode his time, and then let loose a storm of shells which blasted the foe out of one of his most powerful positions. Some idea of the difficulties of an Alpine campaign may be gathered from this photograph of the path followed by one Austrian patrol, and, inset, of an Austrian mountain gun brought up to an advantageous position over almost insurmountable obstacles.

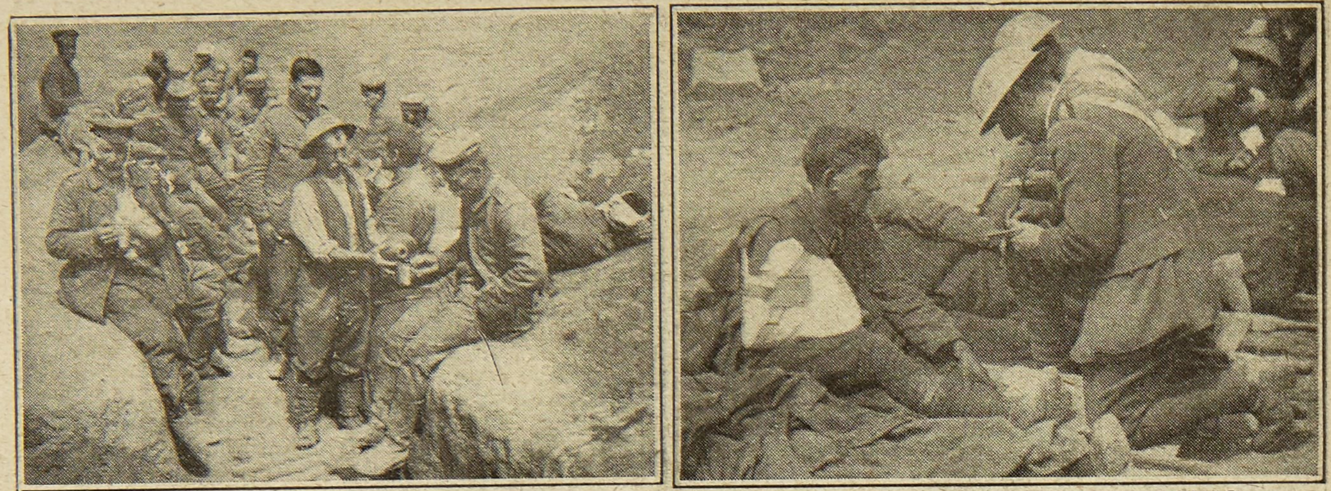
The Power of the Pick in the Effort for Victory

After an advance, one of the primary duties is to construct roads over captured territory to facilitate movement of troops. Such a highway is seen being built by men of the Labour Battalion.

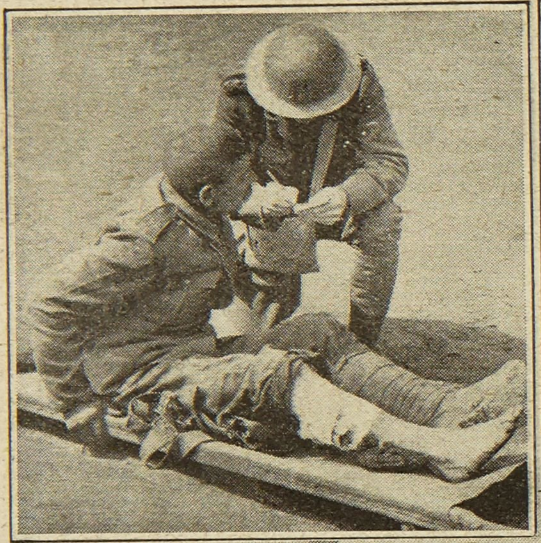


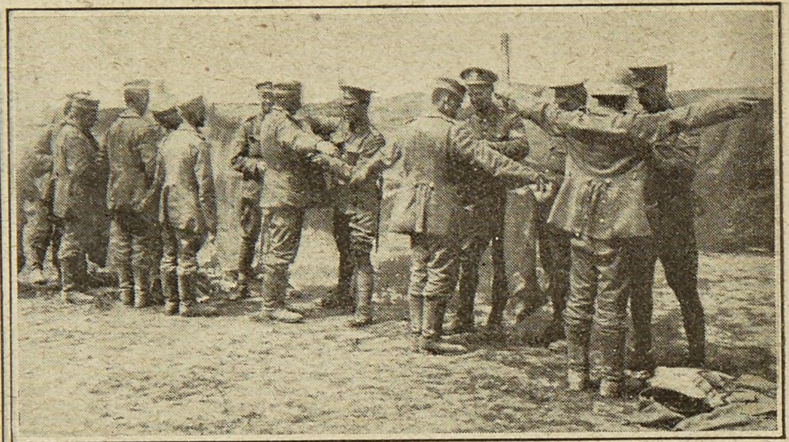
To be able to make roads and trenches is as essential as the need to be a good shot. This photograph shows British soldiers constructing a way at Contalmaison in anticipation of an advance through this captured village. Inset: Spare moments from the ceaseless struggle. Soldiers divested of their heavy equipment resting in dug-outs adjacent to the firing line.

Glimmers of Kindness Amid the Cruelty of War

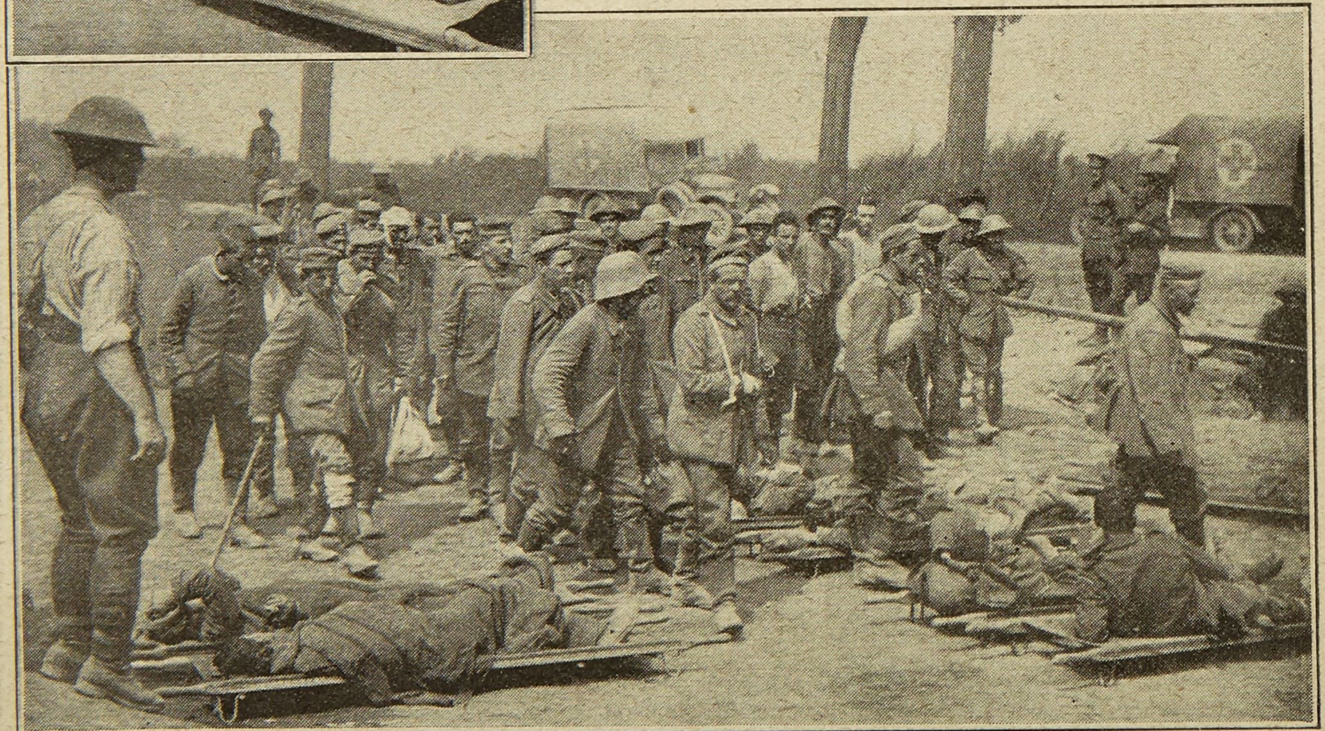


The fight over, a British soldier, hard and stern to outward seeming, walked along a trench giving water to the wounded Germans waiting dejectedly to be led off prisoners. Right: British chaplain writing a postcard for a lad whose right arm was disabled.



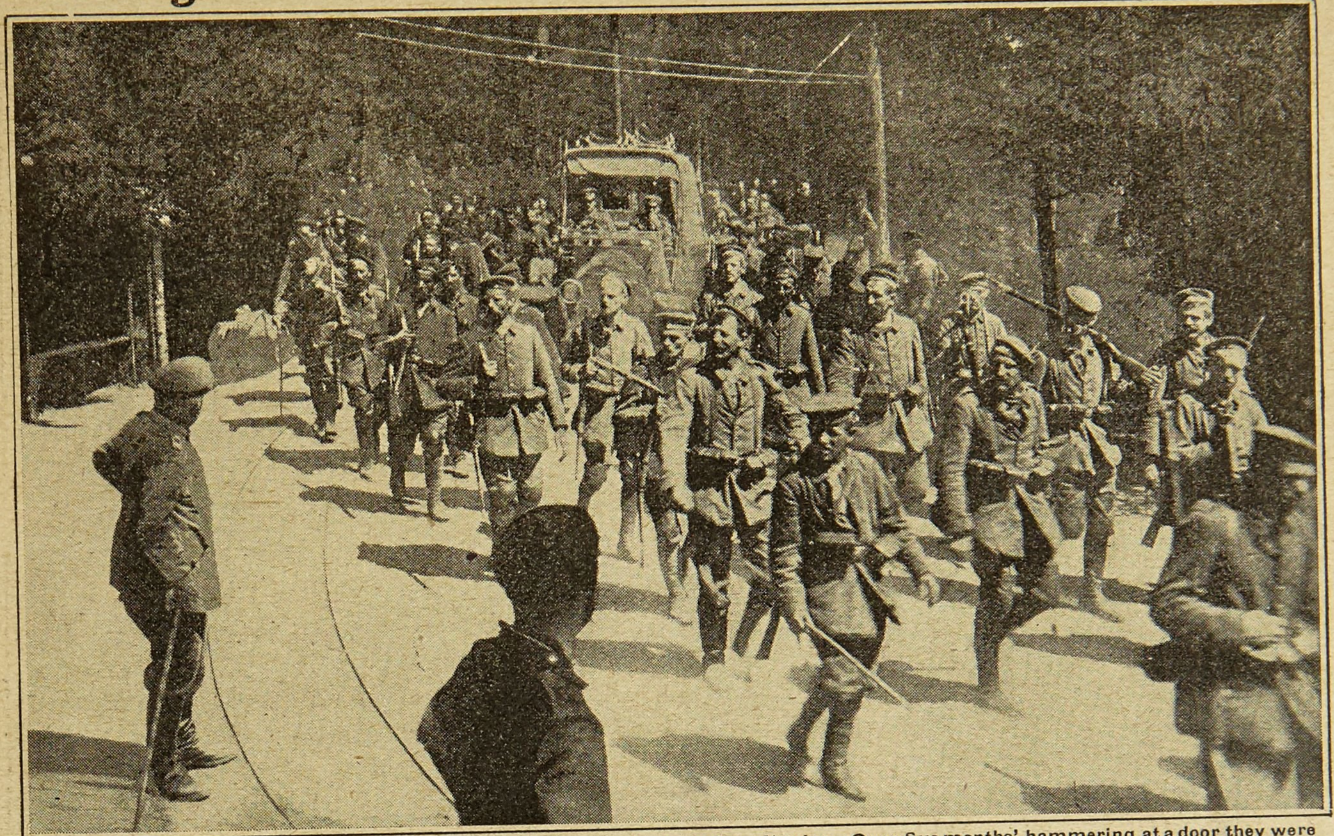


Searching German prisoners after capture. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.) Left: British chaplain taking the names of wounded.

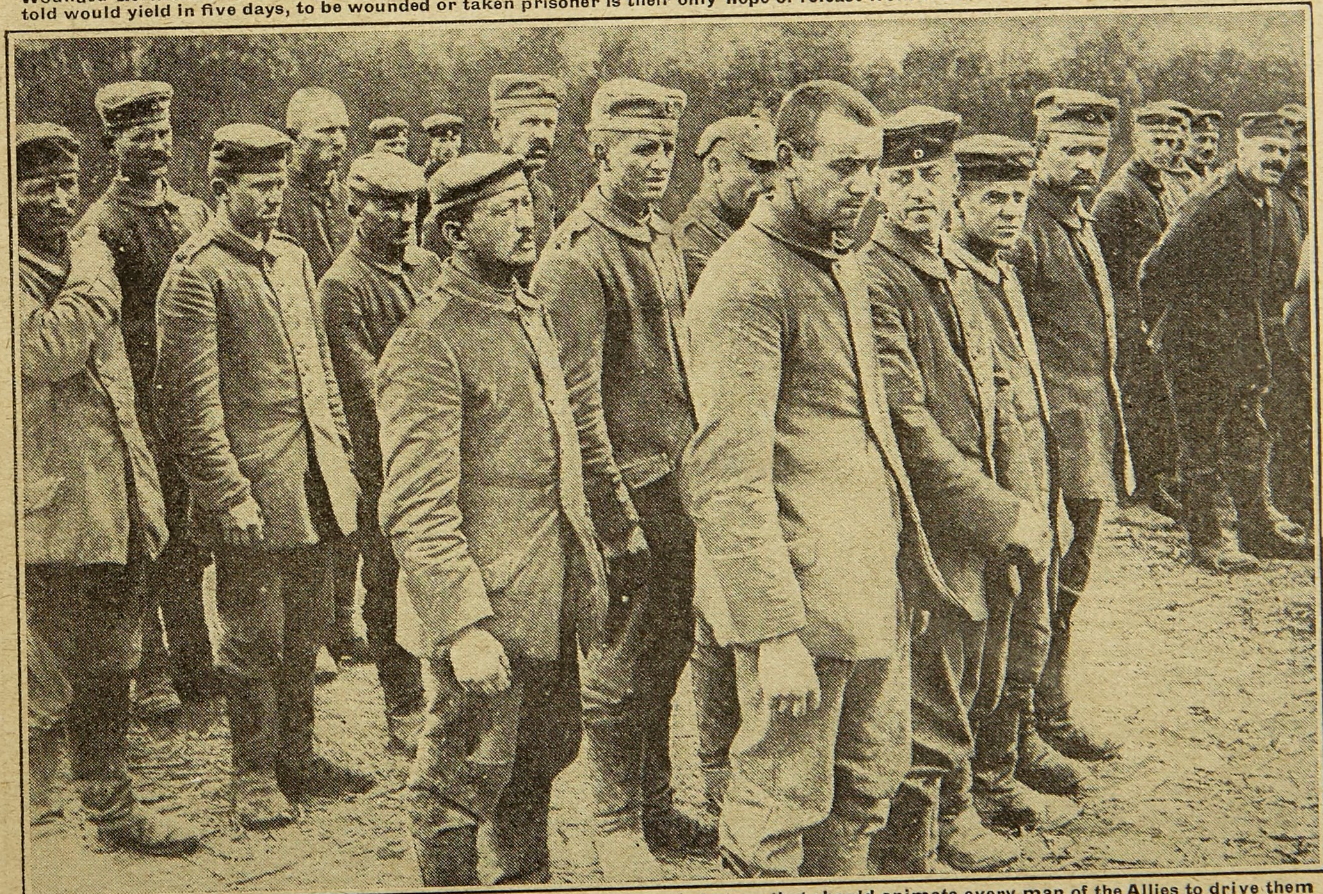


Wounded Germans arriving at an advanced dressing-station on the western front, July 30th. This page furnishes camera evidence that should satisfv the German people of the humanity with which the British behave towards their wounded captives. (All these illustrations are from official photographs.)

Through the Verdun Inferno to the Prison Camp

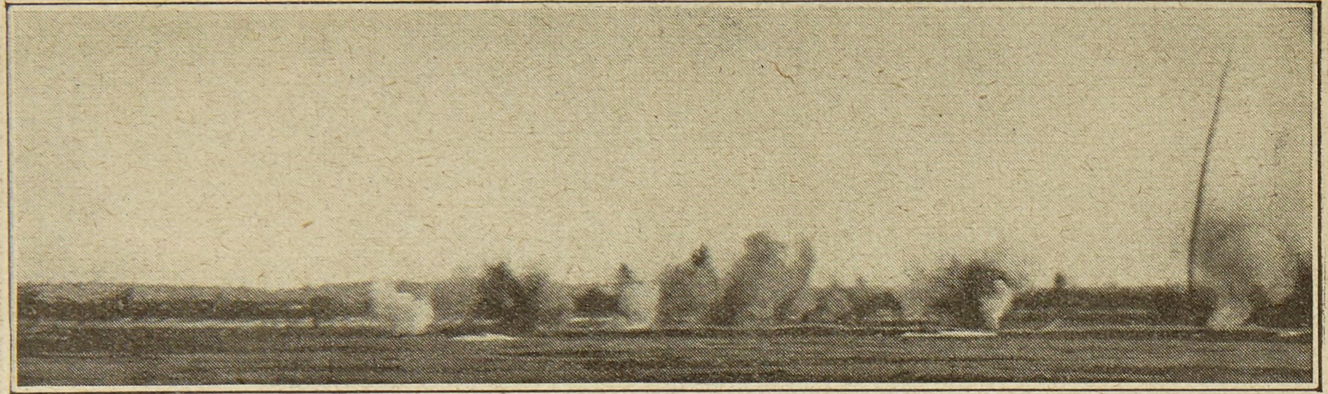


Wounded Germans on their way to a base hospital after a repulsed attack on Verdun. Over five months' hammering at a door they were told would yield in five days, to be wounded or taken prisoner is their only hope of release from the terrible sacrifice to Imperial vanity.

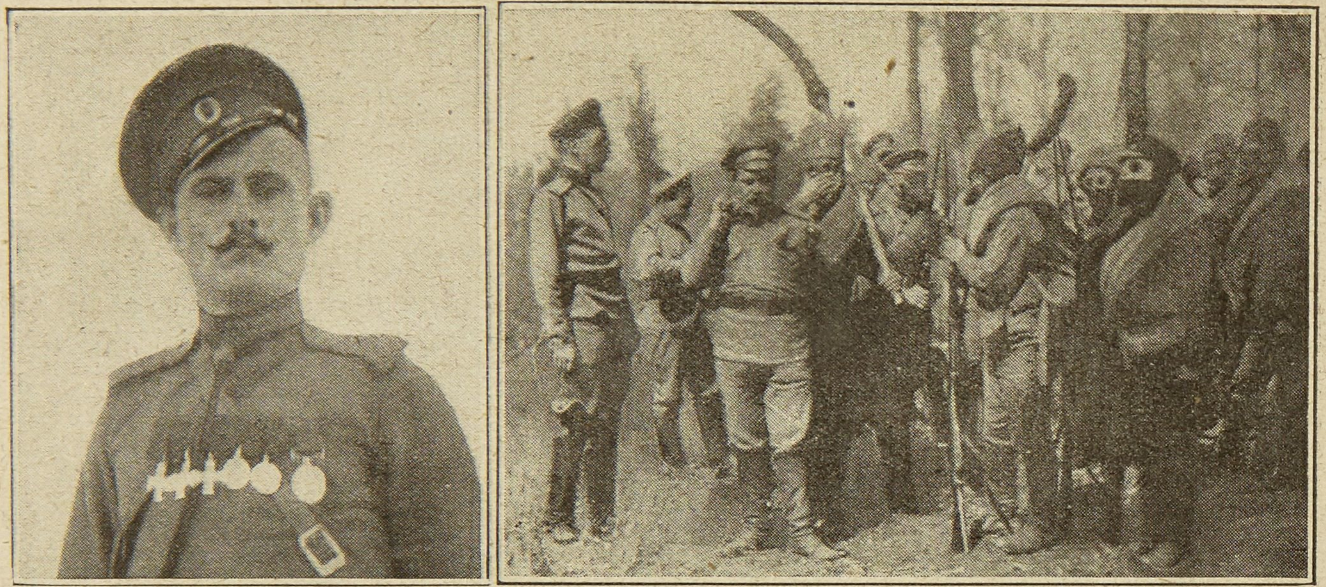


Taken prisoners lately on the Somme, these Germans present a study in type that should animate every man of the Allies to drive them off the soil they have invaded. The dejection of failure only emphasises the animal sullenness of their heavy faces.

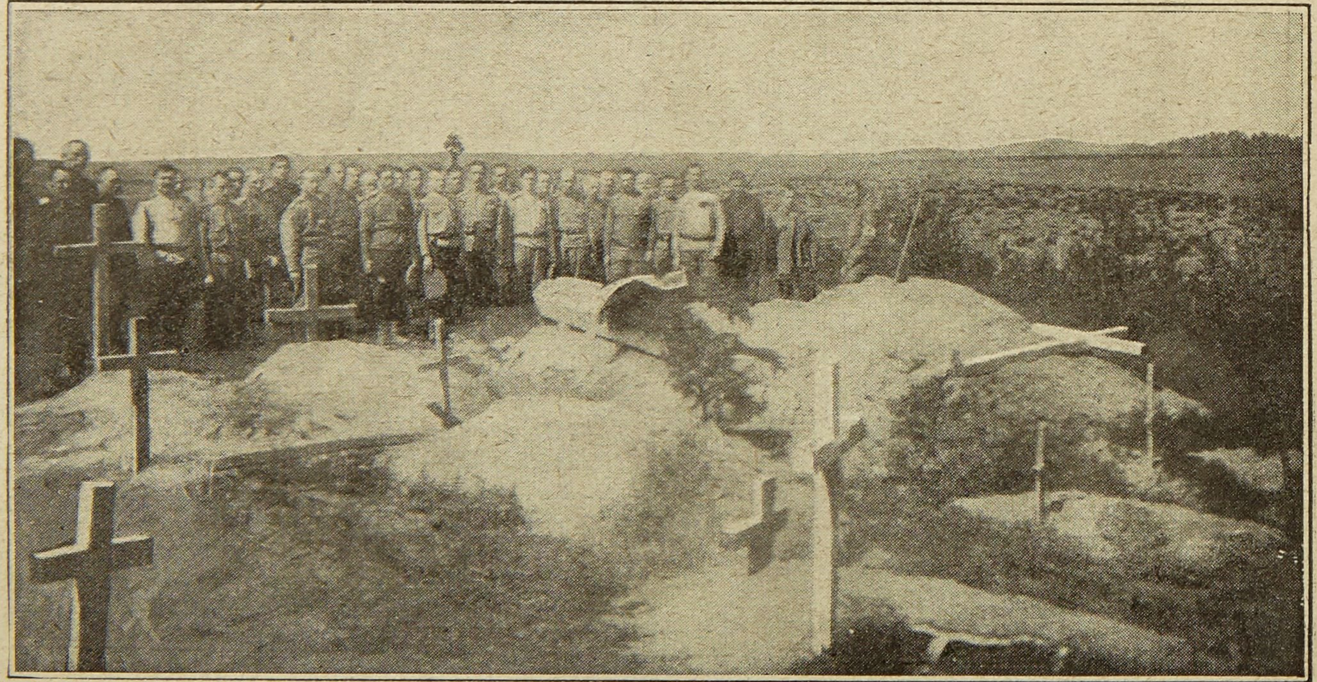
Where All the Eagles are Warring Together



Austro-German position on the Stokhod, in Galicia, undergoing violent bombardment from the Russian guns. Directly her deficiency of munitions was made good, Russia's pressure upon Austria became irresistible, and once more she moved with deliberate purposefulness towards the territory of the Dual Monarchy, not this time to be repelled.



The medals, and especially the three crosses, on this Cossack's breast testify that his martial bearing is not the theatrical pose of a carpet soldier. The Russian Cross of St. George is not scattered indiscriminately like the German Iron Cross. Right: Russian troops massing before an advance upon German troops in the north.



At the end of the path of glory. Nothing could be more solemn than the military burial of a Russian soldier, who has fallen on the field of honour, in consecrated ground and with all the beautiful ceremonial of the Orthodox Church.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

The Russian Drive into Galicia

By Edward Wright

AT the end of June, 1916, it seemed as though all that the Russians had done to recover their full striking power had been done in vain. By an unexpected explosion of force they had again crippled the Austrians. Out of five Austro-German armies, ranged on a front of two hundred and sixty miles from the Pripet Marshes to the Bukovina frontier, two had been broken and two badly battered. Only the Central Austrian Army, under the Bavarian General Count von Bothmer, remained strong and firm. Of the total forces of nine hundred thousand Austrians, Hungarians, and Germans, a half had been put out of action.

Yet the Russian commander, General Brussiloff, who had accomplished this extraordinary stroke of surprise, could not claim a definite victory. It seemed, indeed, as though his successes would prove his undoing, for Hindenburg had come with tremendous energy to the rescue of Austria. All the year the field-marshal had been quarrelling with Kaiser, Crown Prince, the German Chief of Staff, and the Austrian Chief of Staff. He held that the Verdun and Trentino operations were disastrous mistakes, and that as Russia was rich in men and poor in machinery, every available man, gun, and shell should have been launched against her early in the spring of the year.

Undoubtedly the old marshal was right. Events had confirmed him. So he insisted, in the first week of June, in getting practically all control of the war in his hands. He stopped the Trentino operations, slowed down the Verdun affair, and brought troops by the hundred thousand from the Italian and French fronts. The main stream of shells, the daily output of which was nearly half a million, was directed towards two places marked by arrows on Hindenburg's map. These places were Kovel and Lemberg. Something like a thousand more heavy guns were railed to the Kovel and Lemberg sectors. Two powerful new armies were transported towards the positions at which Brussiloff was hammering.

Then, in the third week of June, 1916, Hindenburg opened one of the two most important campaigns in the war. Next to the Battle of the Marne ranks the Battle of the Styr. Everything between October, 1914, and May, 1916, is episodal to these two powerful turning-points in the European conflict. Hindenburg did not intend merely to recover the ground at Lutsk and Dubno, which the Austrian Archduke had lost. He aimed to drain Russia of all her remaining strength by a long, horrible, grinding movement through the wheat-belt towards the Black Sea. Russia was still weak. Her new 6 in. guns were outranged by hundreds of German and Austrian monster pieces of artillery. Her shell supply, though fairly good, did not permit her gunners to maintain a long, hurricane fire.

The Battle of the Styr

Hindenburg, on the other hand, could keep a thousand guns in action, day and night, for a month, replace them when worn out, and maintain his shell supply. Behind his lines was a vast and intricate network of light railways, connected with old and new main tracks. Germany's enormous production of rails, locomotives, and trucks was quite as important as her enormous production of shells and guns. Hindenburg fought chiefly by means of railway power.

His method was a slow one, and by the end of June his Kovel army had only regained the Stokhod River marshes and advanced a few miles towards the Styr River line. For the rate of the advance was conditioned by the rate of reconstructing the main railway track and building the light railway branches. But the method seemed irresistible. The hitherto victorious Russian armies, under General Kaledin and General Sakharoff, were overwhelmed by an almost continuous tempest of high-explosive shells and shrapnel bullets. Only when the new Russian trenches were flattened did the German and Austrian infantry send out patrols with machine-guns, and then advance in force. Much of the land by the Stokhod River was swampy, so that the Russians could not dig deep caverns for machine-gun shelters. Stubbornly fighting, and with many skilful rearguard actions, Kaledin withdrew towards Lutsk, while Sakharoff protected his flank in the Dubno sector.

When night fell, on July 3rd, 1916, it looked as though Hindenburg was likely to win the grand success in the war. So far the battle was not immediately decisive, but it was testing fully the strength of Germany and Russia; and Russia, despite the help obtained from British, Japanese, and American war factories, apparently could not withstand the pressure brought against her. And if she could not resist on the ground she had chosen for a display of her renewed strength, what could she do when Hindenburg had broken through?

But on the morning of July 4th, 1916, there was an extraordinary change in the situation. The explanation was that General Brussiloff had foreseen everything that his opponent would do. He had foreseen it for quite a year, when he was fighting Mackensen and Linsingen in Galicia. And he had been preparing for a year against the Hindenburg-Mackensen blasting tactics. Two new mighty Russian armies, composed of several millions of men, had been training all the winter, spring, and early summer for a decisive test of strength against Germany's siege-guns, shell factories, and railway works.

Old Asiatic Warfare Revived

Unknown to the Germans, a third Russian army, under General Lesh, advanced under cover of darkness in the Kovel sector, towards the Styr front at Kolki. Lesh, who had fought Mackensen at Cholm, in August, 1915, was one of the most original minds in the Russian Army. With Alexeieff his chief, Brussiloff his local commander, and his comrades Kaledin, Sakharoff, Tcherbacheff, and Lechitsky, Lesh had worked out a strange, new, stern way of fighting.

All these Russians, with Alexeieff drawn from the peasantry and Brussiloff from the old aristocracy, had gone back studiously and deliberately to the old Asiatic form of warfare. At first there was nothing remarkable about Lesh's infantrymen. They came forward in open artillery order, while their guns were breaking paths for them in the Austrian wire entanglements. The advanced companies, charging over the wide spaces between the opposing trenches, took shelter in shell-holes, linked some of them together by digging, and helped to cover with their musketry and machine-gun fire the next open, thin wave of attack. In all this there was nothing different from the British and French method of infantry advance, except in regard to artillery support.

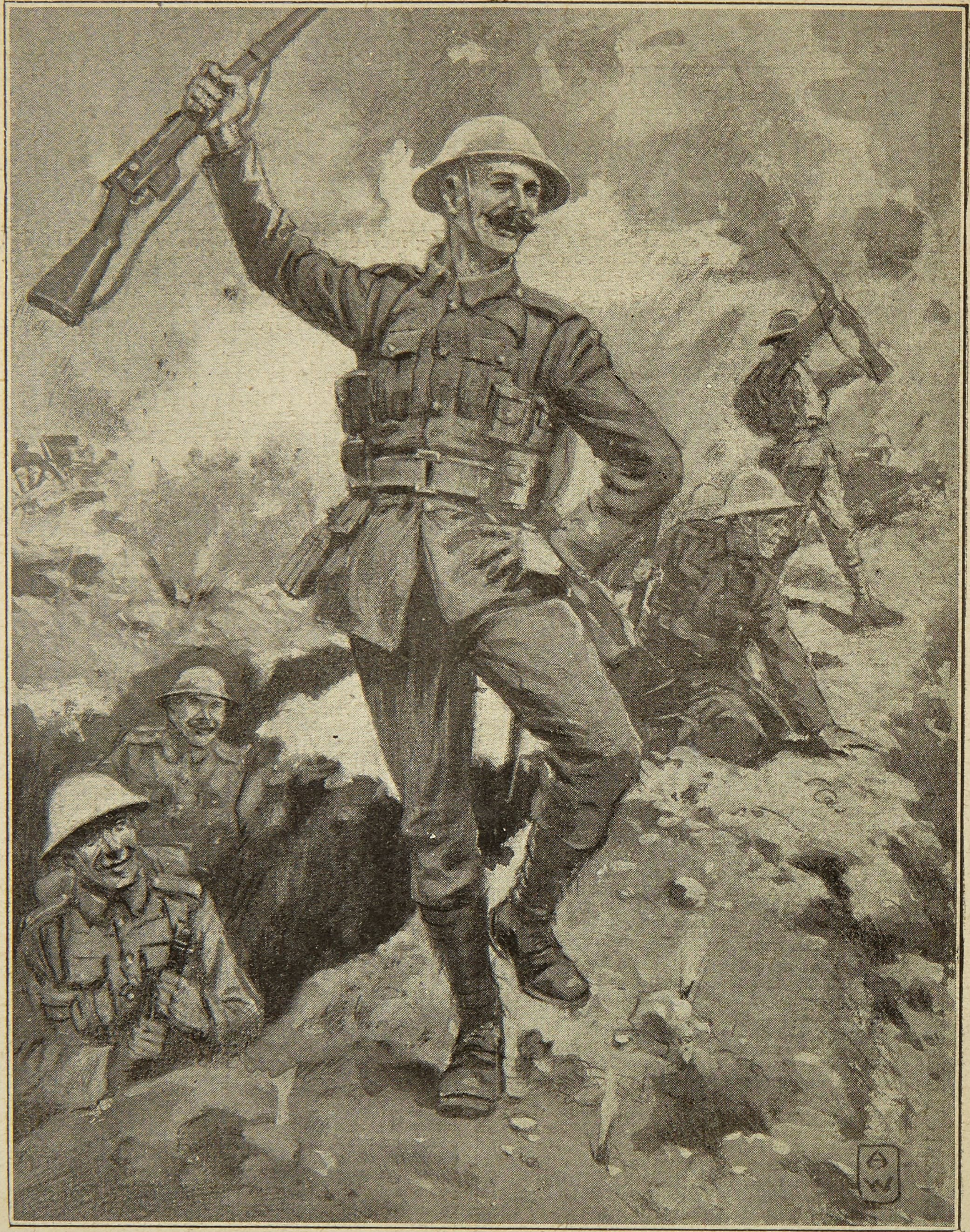
The Russian guns could not dominate the greater number of more powerful German and Austrian pieces of artillery. The gunners, indeed, often could not spare shell to batter and choke all the enemy's dug-outs. Generally, they dodged the hostile counter-battery fire, broke paths in the entanglements, and maintained a curtain fire on the Austro-German second line. Their chief task was to hinder ammunition and food reaching the enemy's first line. All the grand work of attack was carried out by the Russian infantry and cavalry.

For the waves of advance continued, until their number began to grow terrifying. In places the Germans say they counted a series of thirty-six waves. Yet the tactics were not those of the German mass attack. No large, compact targets were presented amid the hurricane of shrapnel and squalls of machine-gun bullets with which Linsingen tried to break up the advance. The Russians were wide apart, and after a short rush they fell and dug themselves in with intense labour.

When most of the old shell-holes were full of Russian

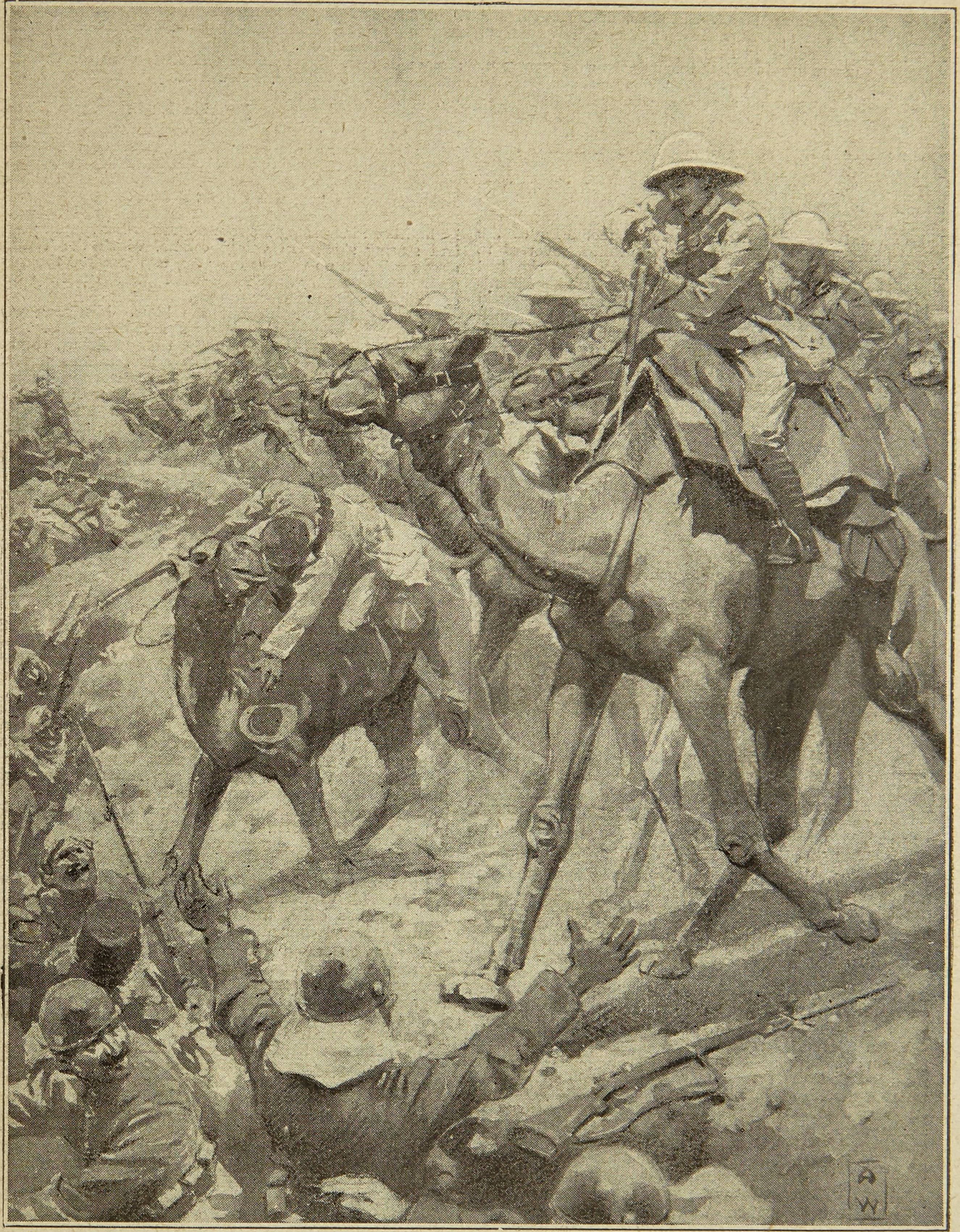
[*Continued on page 38*

Dancing a Highland Fling in Face of the Enemy



A stirring account of the prowess and pluck of the Manchester "Pals" in the First of July advance is related by a young officer who led a battalion into action. Disappointed that they had not been in any of the raiding parties preceding the advance, the men from Manchester were determined to make up for it when the hour for going forward struck. One sergeant-major was so overjoyed that he actually danced a Highland fling on the parapet of his trench, in full view of the enemy.

Imperial Camel Corps Ride Down the Turks



The recent Turkish effort against Egypt may be said to be as great a failure as any of their previous attempts. In the course of a vigorous pursuit of the Ottoman troops in the Katia district, east of the Port Said end of the Suez Canal, the Imperial Camel Corps came into brilliant action in the southern part of the line. Charging full tilt on to the enemy entrenchments, the ponderous camels with their agile riders drove the Turks from their positions. Falling back on Bir-el-Ab, the enemy endeavoured to rally, but eventually had to give way, retreating along previously prepared points. The British victory was complete.

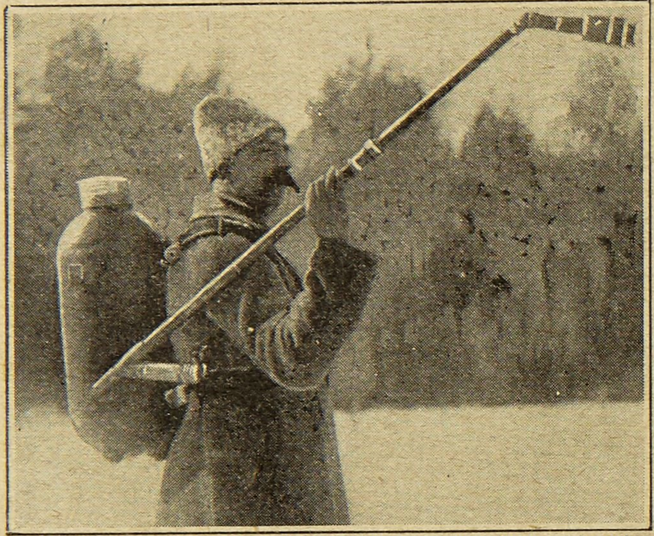
THE RUSSIAN DRIVE INTO GALICIA

(Contd. from page 35.)

infantrymen, firing against unbroken, fortified lines of parapets and redoubts, tens of thousands of Cossack horsemen galloped out and over their crouching foot soldiers, in an apparent act of general suicide. The German and Austrian gunners lifted too late to catch the wild horsemen, who, while the enemy was changing the range, whirled through the tempest of shrapnel. Instead, however, of riding on, madly and hopelessly, at the hostile trenches, the Cossacks leaped from their little horses, turned their mounts into living cover, and opened fire. Then the Russian waves of infantry resumed.

The method of the Russians became clear. They were adapting to modern conditions the swarm attack of the Mongol era. In her day of extreme crisis, strange, mediæval, half-Oriental Russia, with her terrible memories of the Mongol and Tartar conquerors of the world, reverted to the swarm method of ancient Asia. All that she had learnt in other periods of bitter strain from Genghis Khan's and Tamerlane's lieutenants she revived and modernised for use against Germany. Millions of armed, newly-trained men were echeloned between the Styr and the Black Sea. As the front ranks wasted under the hurricane fire from the Teutons' guns, the mass behind surged onward in another wave movement.

If the Russian gunners could maintain their curtain fire over the Austro-German communications the end was inevitable. It was reached in twenty-four hours in one sector and in thirty-six hours in the other. Then naked human power—a long steel weapon in the strong hands of an angry peasant—triumphed over all the elaborate mechanism of slaughter devised by German science. Mainly with the bayonet and sabre the Russians struck home. High explosive was needed too much by gunners to spend on hand-bombs, and the Russians preferred the bayonet, despite its awkwardness in trench and dug-out fighting.



This Russian soldier's burden is neither a strange form of bagpipe nor a harmless hookah, but a gas apparatus captured from the Austrians during General Brussiloff's great push.

When the new Austro-German front broke, the terrific Russian pressure at once produced large results. The mounted Cossacks spread in a mobile flood in the rear, towards the Pripet Marshes, surrounded brigades, and shot down gun-teams. Nearly half the hostile forces on the sector were put out of action. But when General Lesh and General Kaledin came to the Stokhod line they were held up. Rain fell heavily, widening the marshes by the river, and, under these untoward weather conditions, the advance on Kovel had to be postponed.

But only the direction of the great Russian thrust was altered. Kovel had been an alluring goal of attack, because it was a main railway junction, where the German and Austrian forces connected. Had it been taken, Hindenburg's Polish and Courlander lines would have been seriously endangered. But as Kovel was newly moated by the rain-soaked marshlands, General Brussiloff turned towards Lemberg.

The enemy's Lemberg line was defended by a man of Arab blood, Böhm Ermolli, whom Sakharoff, in the first surprise attack, had pushed back towards Brody. In the second week in July, Sakharoff was given the great stream of men that Kaledin and Lesh were for the time unable to use. Sakharoff struck on July 16th, 1916, with unparalleled effect.

Russian Night Swarm Attack

He had learned that Hindenburg's Staff was arming Böhm Ermolli for a more terrific attack than Linsingen had delivered. Linsingen's vain thrust had only been intended to shake the blunt front of the Russian salient. Böhm Ermolli's task was to win a decision by striking a terrific blow low on the Russian flank. For three weeks he had been increasing his forces and his heavy-gun power and storing shell. In village cellars, which the Teutons afterwards had no time to blow up, two hundred thousand shells were found, and more than that quantity was exploded by them in their retreat.

Sakharoff could not await the blow. His guns were too weak to answer the enemy's monster artillery. So he attacked at the time when the over-confident, careless enemy was immersed in the muddle of his own final preparations. Avoiding the Styr line, where the chief phalanx of Krupp and Skoda guns was placed, Sakharoff struck at his enemy's flank. About an hour after midnight the Russian infantry advanced in silence through the darkness, without artillery preparation, made a series of brushwood paths across a marsh, and put a light bridge over a stream, without being discovered.

They reached the wire entanglements and removed some of the supports, and then, being at last observed, rushed the Austrian fire trenches. By the time the first line was taken the troops in the second line were well prepared to resist. But, with the marsh and river bridged, and the entanglements and fire-trenches taken, the enemy was left with no means of resisting the nocturnal swarm attack of the Russians.

The German and Austrian gunners were baffled by the darkness, the loss of their observing officers, and the general confusion in their second line. They did not know where the Russian bridges had been built, and could only use shrapnel fire as a general curtain. By sunrise the Russians were encircling important forest positions where hostile batteries were placed, and after a long, dreadful series of hand-to-hand combats in daylight among the headwaters of the Styr and its tributaries, the battle was won by nightfall. Captured German and Austrian guns, with their huge shell supplies, were turned upon Böhm Ermolli's broken army. Brody was stormed, and the enemy's lost big pieces were hauled within eight miles of the Lemberg railway.

The Spirit of the Hive

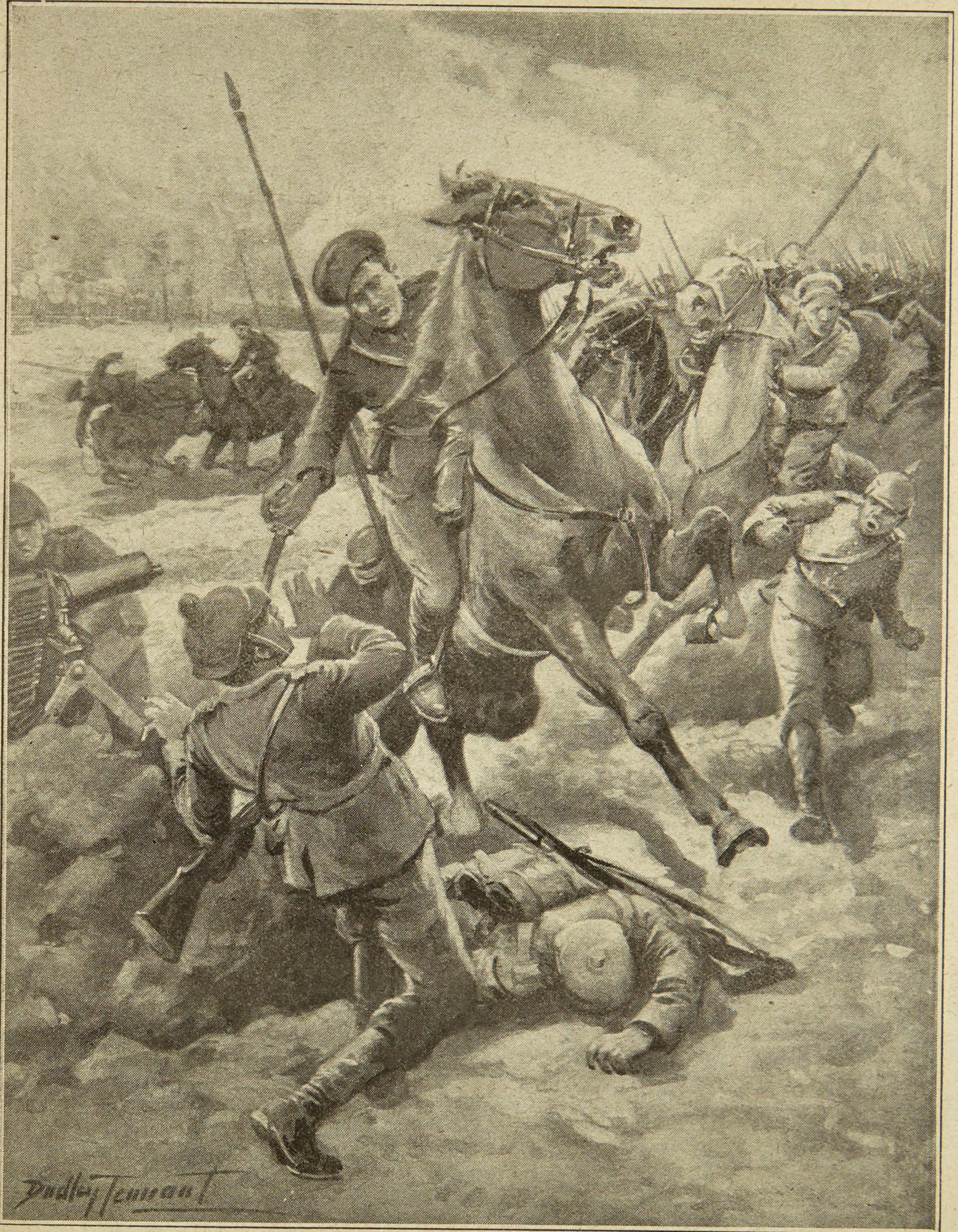
Loud echoes of the rage of Hindenburg resounded across Europe. He wanted to dismiss not only Böhm Ermolli and Ermolli's chief, the Archduke Frederick, but every Austrian Royal commander and ordinary general.

The total German and Austrian losses exceeded three-quarters of a million men. More than 330,000 officers and men were prisoners. Hindenburg had failed on the Styr more completely than Moltke had failed on the Marne. Everything seemed to show that the veritable turning-point in the war had been reached.

The Russian Staff calculated it had sufficient men to go on making swarm attacks for two years. Not in the days of Napoleon had the Russian people reached so terrible a height of communal battle fury. The systematic atrocity of the Teutons had revived in them the spirit of the swarm, by which in ancient time they broke the power of the Golden Horde. Like a cloud of angry bees they fought, eager to sting and die so that the stock might survive and flourish. Eighty out of a hundred of them were patient, quiet, pious peasants, still coloured with primitive village Socialism and mediæval trains of thought. To them the Kaiser was Anti-Christ; it was not death to fall fighting him, but martyrdom. Glorious and dreadful were the Russians when this high mood was upon them.

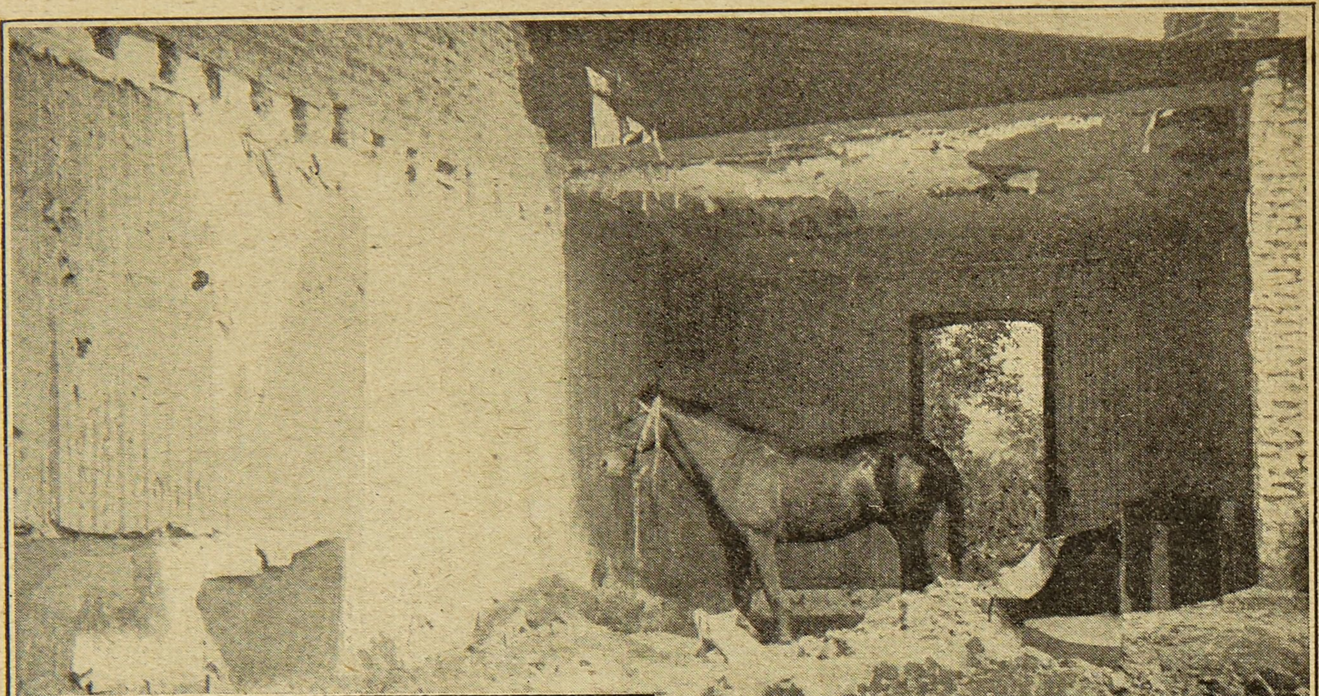
Next article: The Rout of the Turks at Suez.

Cossacks Rout Germans at the Point of the Sabre



During the great Russian offensive in Volhynia some of the redoubtable Cossack regiments have helped to sweep the Austro-Germans back. The enemy made a determined counter-attack on the village of Svidniki, to the north of the Stokhod, in conjunction with a powerful armoured train. At a critical moment several hundred Cossacks, under command of Colonel Smirnoff, charged into the Germans' flank and scattered the enemy at the point of the sabre. Many machine-guns were captured.

Cover for Horses from the Relentless Shell

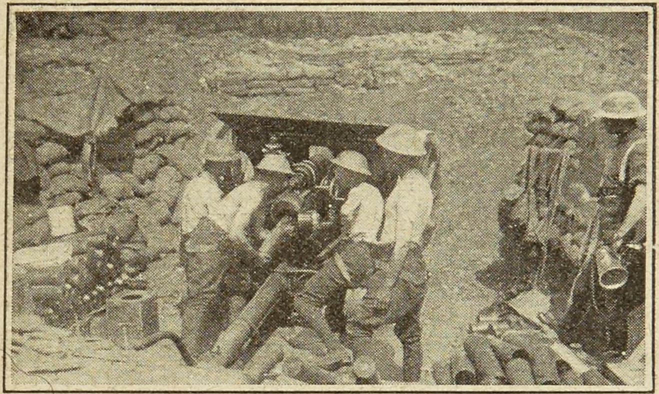


Once somebody's parlour, now a horse's stable. The ubiquitous shells have devastated the home, but with the roof and three walls still standing, an excellent stall for the quadruped is provided.

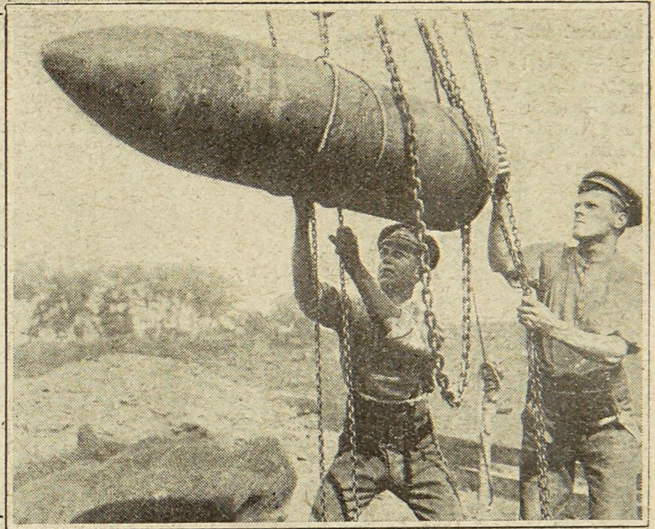
Observation proves that the horse is mortally afraid of shells, but, like the human being, he endeavours to show a bold front. To the credit of our soldiers be it recorded that they take every possible care of their horses, giving them cover from shell fire whenever possible. This photograph and the inset show horses stabled under cover and at a well somewhere in France.

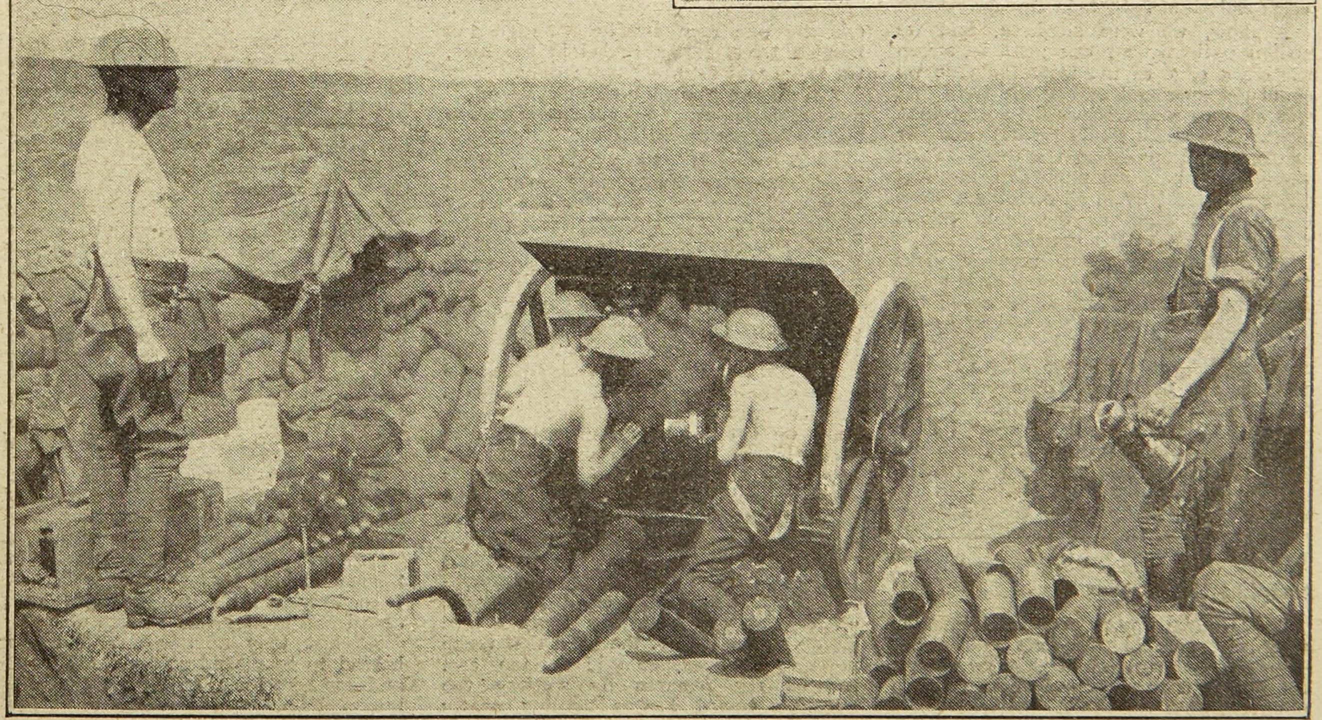
Arduous Artillery Work Under the August Sun

A welcome arrival in the firing-line. Mules bringing up water for the guns' crews in action on the western front.



Loading a gun. Under the hot summer sun the gunners were compelled to strip to the waist in order to carry on their work.





Driving home the shell. The gun-teams shown in these photographs were busily engaged putting over curtain fire, or barrage, to prevent supplies being brought up to the enemy's line. According to prisoners' statements, Germans in the first line were for days without food during the earlier British bombardments on the Somme. Inset: Loading a gun with one of our big shells.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

WITH "DERBY'S DEVILS" IN DELVILLE WOOD

BY PRIVATE L. FLETCHER

It seems a strange thing that I, who six months ago was a warehouseman in London, should now be lying on this bed, after taking part in as strenuous a fight as ever fell to the lot of a soldier. Yet it's a fact, and I, for one, am proud that I have had the privilege of doing my bit for the Homeland, even though I was only a Derby armleteer.

During the advance on the German front line we had shown that, although comparatively new soldiers, we were good fighting men, as the nickname we had earned for ourselves—" Derby's Devils " —shows. No seasoned troops were more eager to be over the parapets than we were ; no better fighting men could be found anywhere than among the platoons of the New Army, just out from England.

Against the Prussian Guard

We acted as supports during the attack on Pozières, and so we didn't get many casualties, the only time we got hit being when German shells came over through the barrage, and dropped among the ruins of the trenches they had so lately occupied themselves. But, after the London " Terriers " and the Australians had made mincemeat of the Germans in the village, we got orders to stand by to clear the wood, which was still strongly held by the Huns.

We were informed that the troops we had to face were the famous Prussian Guard, but when we remembered what the " Kilties " had done to them at Gommecourt—and that after crossing a shell-swept plain and in the teeth of hundreds of machine-guns—we weren't at all nervous, though it certainly was an unprecedented thing to put what one might fairly call half-trained men against the supposedly best fighters in Europe.

Anyhow, we were all keen, and we waited patiently for our guns to sweep the outer edge of the wood, so that we could get over and among the trees. It was at once a terrible and a picturesque sight. The shells would scream over our heads, and drop among the trees. Then there would be a red burst of flame, and the trees would fly in all directions, some chopped off clean at the roots, others torn right out of the ground.

At last the telephone message came that the guns were increasing their range another hundred yards, so we stood by. They slackened, stopped a second as the sights were altered, and then crashed forth again—and we were over the top, running like fiends for the cover of the fallen trees. But, although the barrage of shell prevented the Germans from bringing up any supports, there were still plenty of them left among the timber, and they were far from pleased to see us. At least, that was the impression we got as we took the first cover that came to hand.

Sniping the Sniper

The Germans were there in hundreds, snug and safe in dug-outs and under cover, and it seemed at first as though the bombardment had only been a waste of ammunition and time. But we weren't troubling much about shell then ; it isn't the big stuff that gets you, as a rule—rifle and machine-gun bullets are infinitely more dangerous.

" Steady, lads ! " cried our sergeant—one of the old Regular Army men. " Get on the bull before you pull trigger, unless you're snipers, and you'll score every time."

His voice steadied those of us who were flustered, and the shooting wasn't at all wild. I lay behind the root of a tree which both gave me excellent head cover and provided a rest for the barrel of my rifle. Somebody on the other side had picked me out as his special target, and after three or four bullets had chipped bits of root off, I took great pains to keep myself covered, though I kept an eye lifting as well.

It wasn't long before I found my persistent friend. As I watched, his spiked hat raised itself for a second, then his rifle muzzle spat at me and disappeared. I waited for him ; the butt pressed into my shoulder, my eye along the sight, and my finger itching to pull the trigger off. It seemed ages before he bobbed up again—and then I got him. At least, I didn't get any more rounds from that quarter.

" Have you got your magazine full ? " asked the sergeant just behind me. I had. " Then you can advance as you like, but don't get out of touch, and don't forget your signals." And he was gone to the next man.

Getting My Own Back

I waited my chance, and crawled twenty yards forward into a shell-hole, where the second-lieutenant of my company was already lying.

" Come on ! " he said cheerily. " You'll be able to do some good snapshooting here ! The place is simply full of them ! "

I grinned, and settled down to shoot. One by one men crawled through the tangled trees, and snuggled in the hole, till there was standing room only.

" We'll get a shell here in a minute," remarked the sub. " That sausage there has marked us down, I'll bet."

He'd hardly got the words out before a big howitzer shell sailed over, and blew a nice convenient crater about fifty yards ahead. The sub was undaunted.

" That's another nice bit of cover, lads," he said. " Let's take advantage of it while the taking is good."

We jumped up and rushed, heads well down, rifles loaded, bombs in hand and bayonets fixed. Just as we reached the crater rim a party of about fifty Germans came crashing towards it, and it was a case of " pull Devils, pull Huns." Anyway, we got three or four volleys into them before they were on top of us. They didn't stay to attack, they simply crashed down into the crater, and then began the most glorious ten minutes I've ever struck. It was thrust and thump with the butt, firing off the cartridges in our magazines with the muzzles touching flesh. You could smell the burnt clothing as you fired, and I got a nice clump on the side of the head that made me very annoyed. I said so, too, and pointed my remarks by spitting the Prussian Guard I was fighting neatly on my skewer. That was a bit of my own back, anyway.

We'd just disposed of that little lot when a second storming-party came from the Germans' side, but before they got to the crater they were all chopped up. A second platoon of ours had just collected in another shell-hole to our left, and, thinking we still had our hands full with the first lot, had kindly attended to the new-comers for us. But we didn't exactly appreciate it.

" Hi, there ! " called our boy-officer. " Will you kindly mind your own business and find your own Huns to strafe. We've got a patent out for the ground ahead of us, and if you infringe it again you'll get an injunction you won't like ! " And we all said, " Hear, hear ! " and laughed like the dickens. It's strange what little things appear funny at times like this.

A Zulu Yell

Again our guns stopped for a second, and then crashed on again, and again we went forward at the heels of the shell. There didn't seem to be any organised resistance for a time ; the fighting was quite detached. Here there'd be a little battle between a section under cover and a group of Germans ; there we would be advancing as fast as the shells would let us without a single target to shoot at. It was a game of hide-and-seek, too. As you crawled from cover to advance, mostly on your knees, a bullet would zip past you, and you'd drop flat and look where it came from. Then you'd get up and fire, and there'd be no answering round, but as soon as you crawled out again the mysterious snipers would pot away at you.

We came at last to a rough trench chopped out of the ground, with a breastwork of tree-trunks. In some queer way our shells had missed it quite, and the Prussians were as thick as thieves inside it. They were ready for us, too, and gave us no peace.

" Well, they're asking for it, lads ! " shouted the young officer. " Just show 'em what ' Derby's Devils ' can do ! "

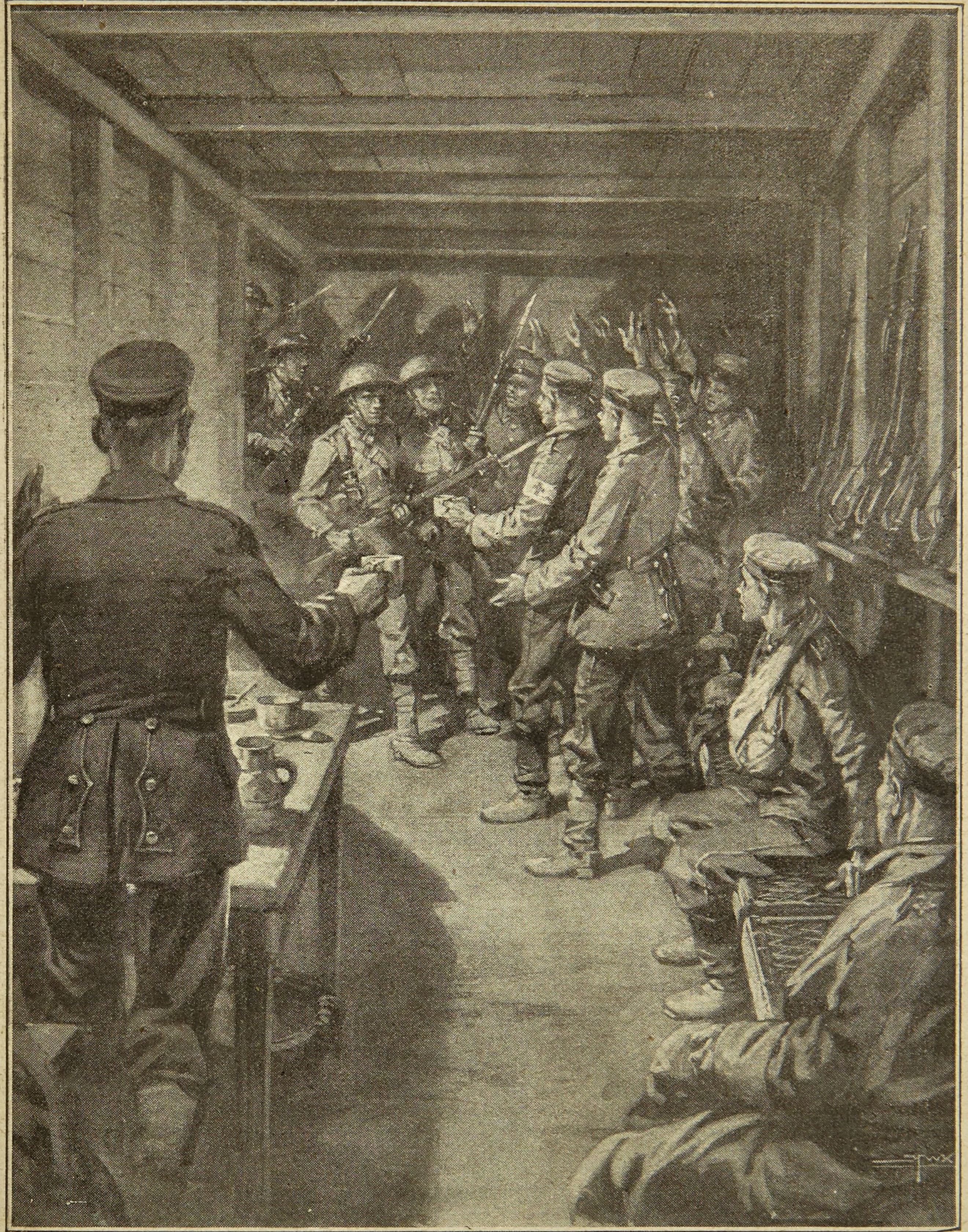
And he was up and running, with a bit of a walking-cane in one hand and a revolver in the other, and we were after him, with a yell that would have done credit to a Zulu regiment. And they waited for us, and threw us back by sheer weight. But not far. We crashed on and on again and again, simply maddened. I got a bullet through the upper part of my arm, but didn't feel it, and when at last we did get over the top it was hell itself. Stab—swear—stab ; bang and crash with the butt. The officer laid about him with the cane till his revolver was empty, then, just as he clubbed a German officer with the butt, he got a bullet somewhere. I saw him go down and jumped for him, but a bayonet picked me up neatly as I dropped, and pinned me down. I had just strength enough to fire the last cartridge in my magazine point-blank at the grinning face in front of me.

Willing to Go Again

Then I just slipped off, and when I next knew anything I had a dead Boche for a pillow and a field-dressing round my arm, and another one round my " tummy." But " Derby's Devils " had taken and held that German trench, and were only waiting for daylight to go ahead and get another section of line.

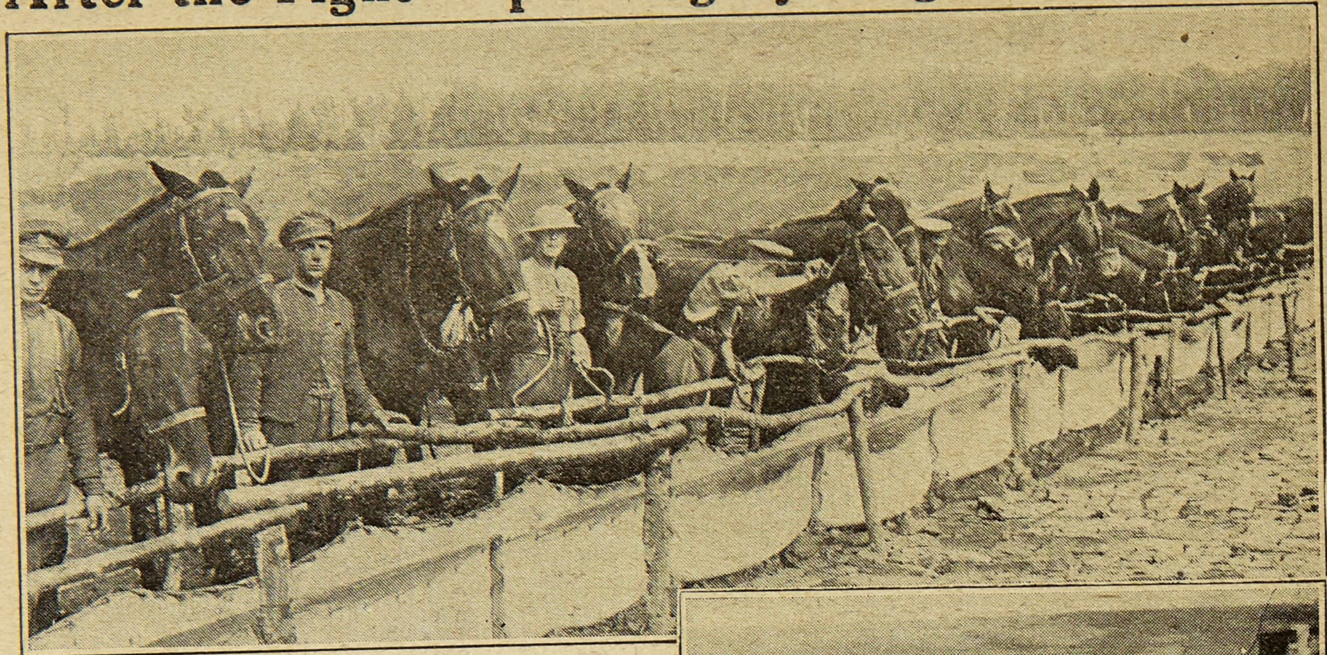
At last they advanced, and left me behind to be picked up by the R.A.M.C. and—so here I am, on the shelf for a bit, but glad I went, and willing to go again if I'm well in time. You see, I want to be in at the death.

Coffee in Place of Bombs and Bayonets



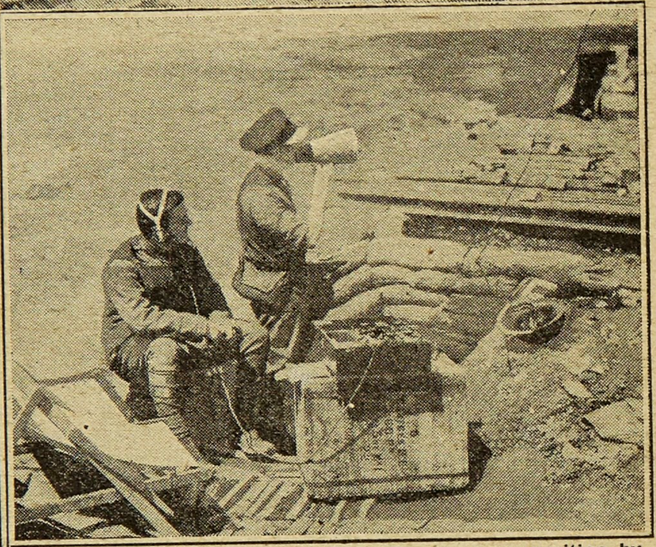
Many of the underground shelters on the western front were so deep that even the appalling torrent of heavy shells poured on them from our guns left them intact. A party of our men made its way down into the trench here depicted, thirty feet below the surface, and found it quite uninjured, fitted with wire-mattress beds laid down one side of the shelter and tenanted by Germans who were making coffee. Far from showing any resistance, they threw up their hands at sight of the bayonets, and conciliatorily offered their captors the coffee, a German Red Cross attendant being most profuse in his proffer of hospitality.

After the Fight · Speaking by Flag and Wireless

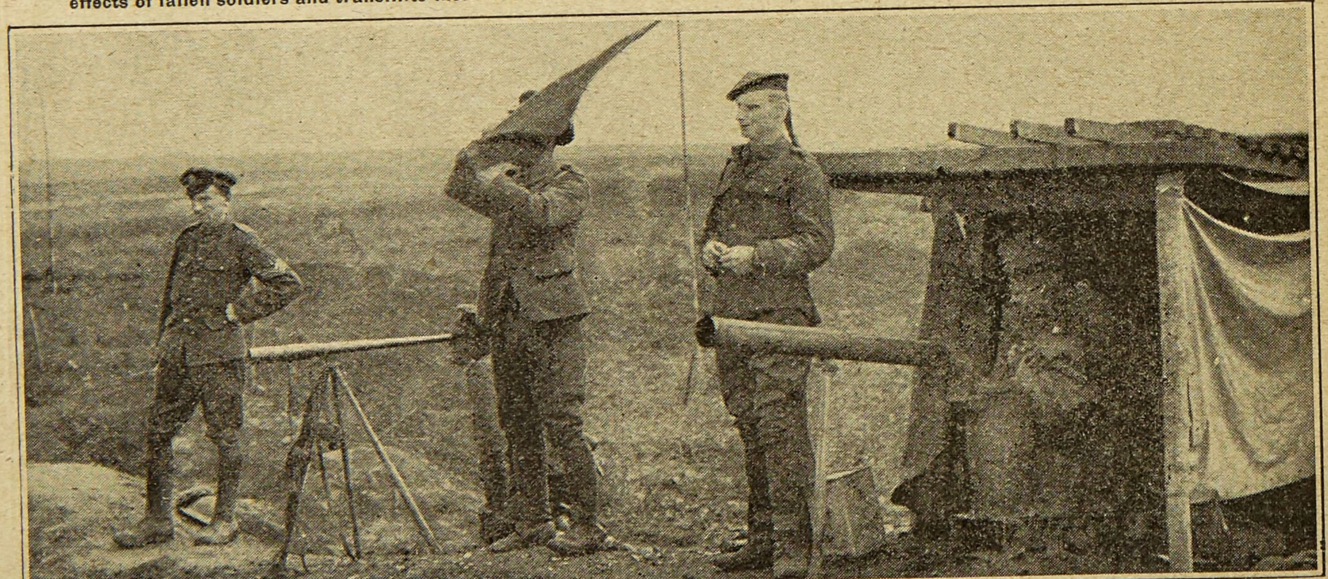


Ingenious arrangement for watering horses from a long, portable canvas trough held in position by short logs.

Salvaging equipment. A special department collects the personal effects of fallen soldiers and transmits them to relatives.

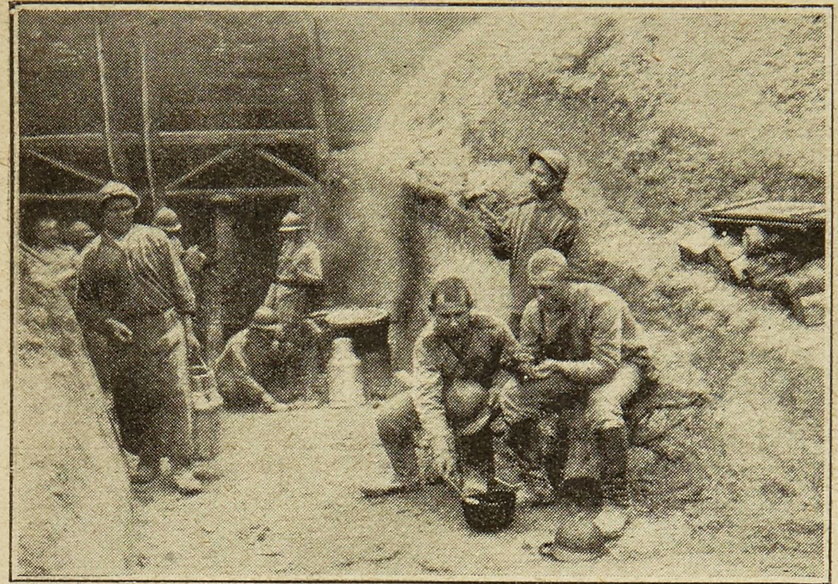


R.F.C. officer receiving information of an enemy gun position, by wireless, which is conveyed to the gunners through a megaphone.

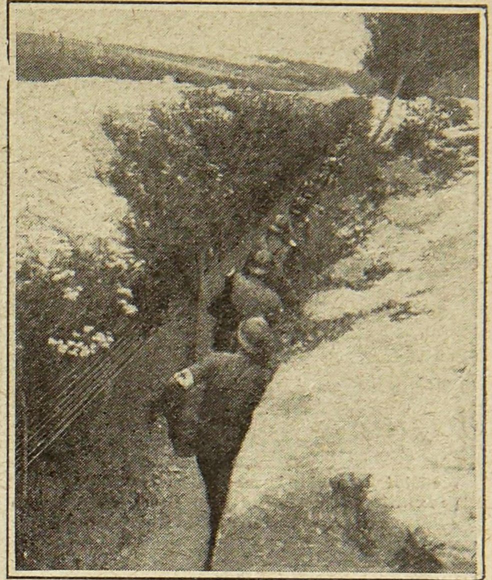


Artillery signallers conveying information by flag regarding hostile positions. One observer on his knees is earnestly searching the horizon through a powerful field telescope. In the shelter a soldier is about to set light to the stove.

With the Tsar's Forces on the Fields of France

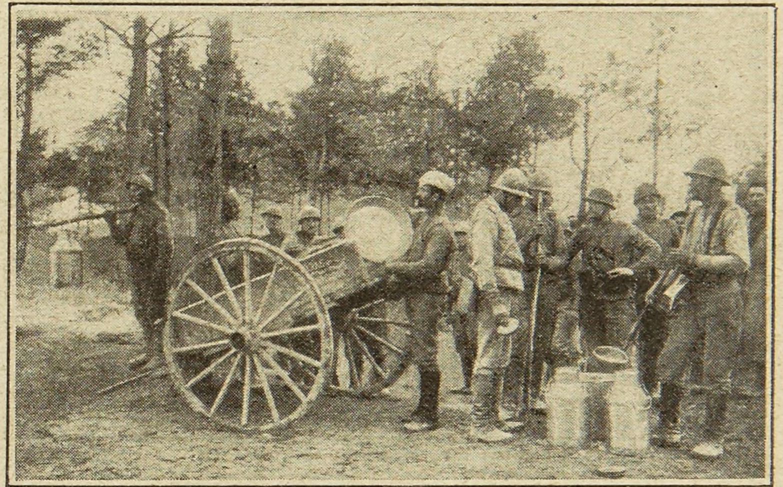


The Russian forces on the French front are as popular as General Haig's men. This photograph shows a Slav kitchen near the firing-line.

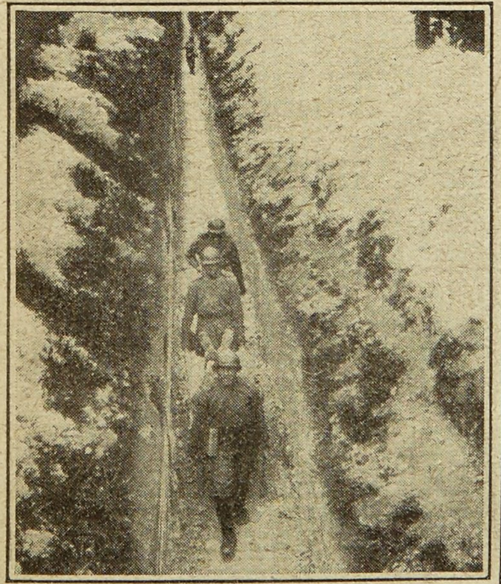


Russian troops, equipped for conflict, proceeding along a communication trench.

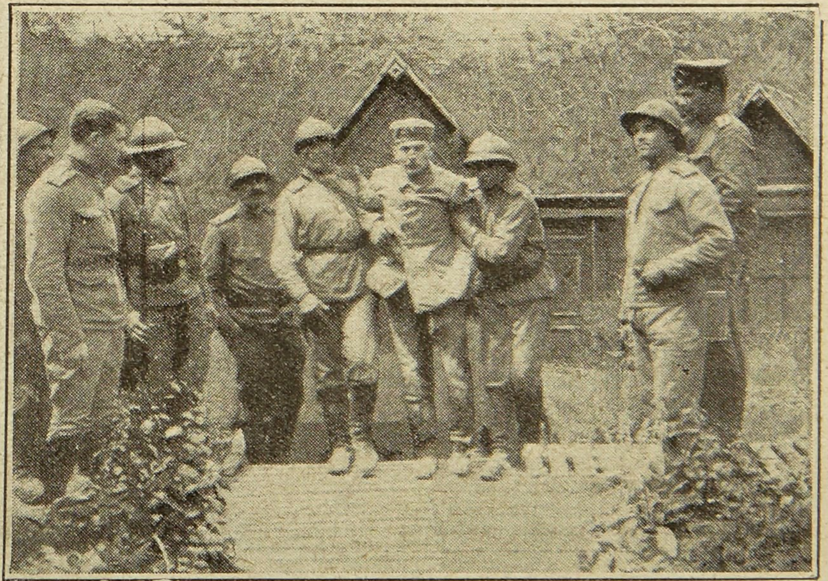
FOLLOWING on the disembarkation of Russian troops at Marseilles, another detachment landed at Brest on August 2nd, amid scenes of great enthusiasm. No two nations are more in accord than France and Russia. Temperamentally, the Slav approximates near to the Gallic spirit. For generations educated Russians have spoken the French language with as great a facility as they have discoursed in their native tongue. Thus, life in France to the Tsar's troops is not so unusual an experience as it is to our own men. In fact, wearing the same steel helmet, the Russian at first glance is scarcely distinguishable from General Joffre's men. The photographs on this page are from the sector held by the Russians in the Champagne district, where they have been in continuous action with the Boches. At Auberive, during the last days of July, the Russians, in the course of a violent night attack, penetrated beyond the enemy trenches, cleared the position with grenades, and brought back a number of German prisoners.



Soup, an indispensable French course, is equally in demand by the Russian troops, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the Allies.



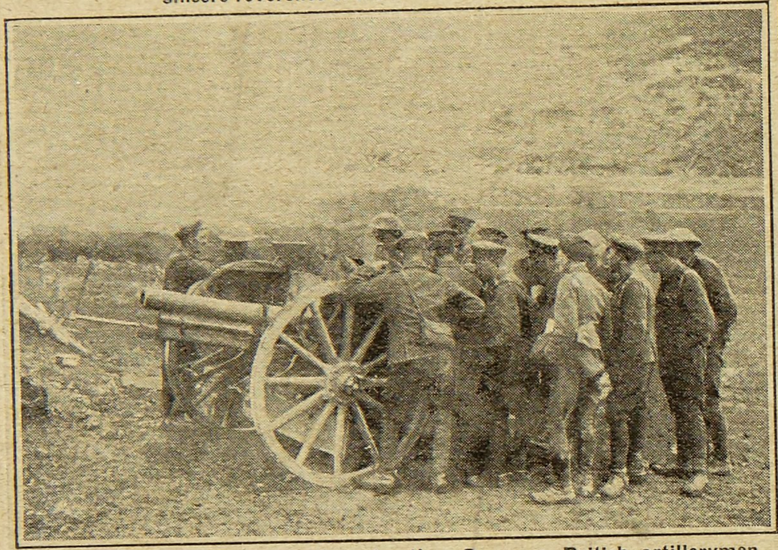
Russian Red Cross men carrying a wounded comrade along a communication trench.



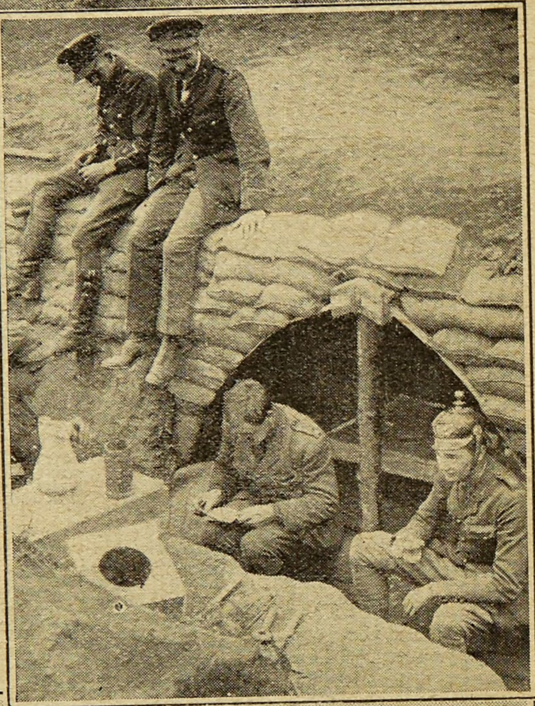
The Russian is a brave soldier with a generous soul. Bearing no malice, he is ever willing to help a wounded foeman vanquished in fair fight.

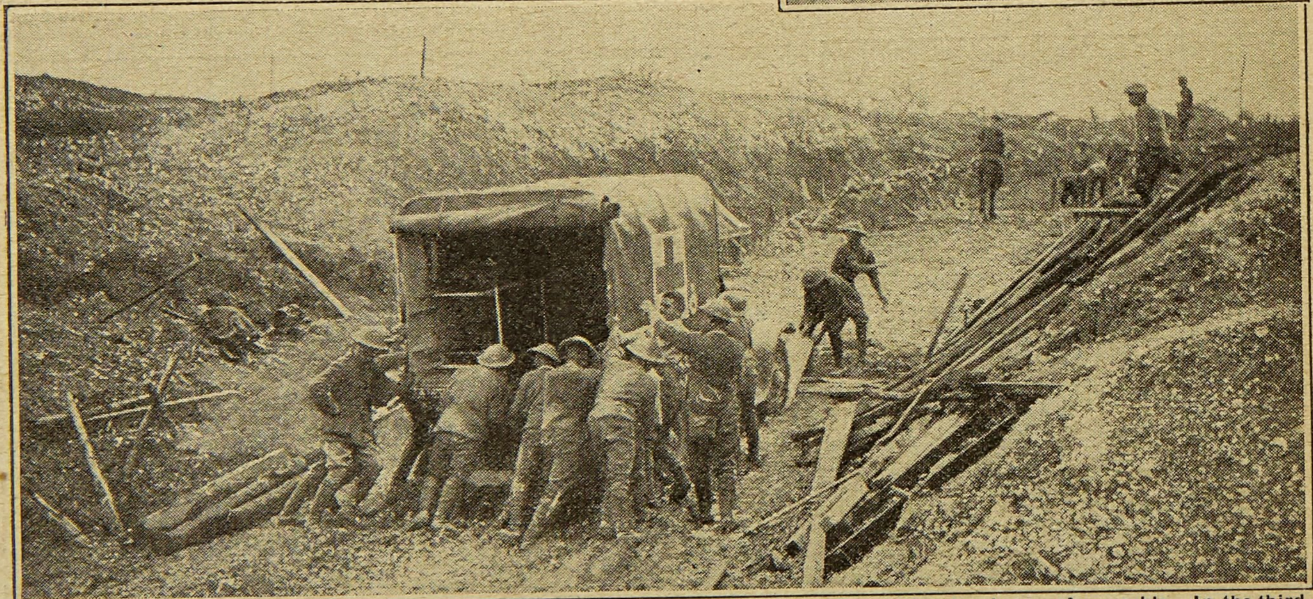
Piety and Patriotism: Prayer on the Field of War

No Divine service is more affecting than a military church parade. The close proximity of suffering and death inspires in the fighting man a deep and sincere reverence of the immaterial side of life.



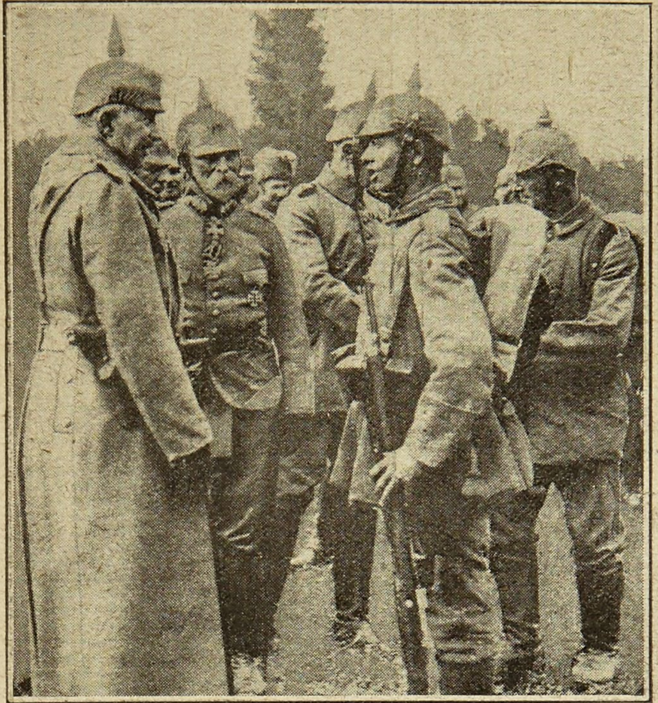
Prior to turning it against the retreating Germans, British artillerymen examine a captured enemy gun.



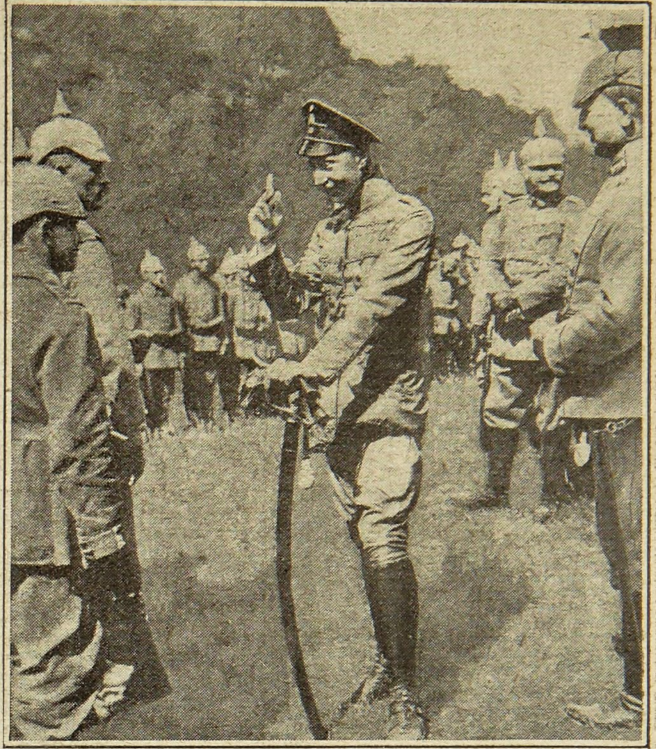


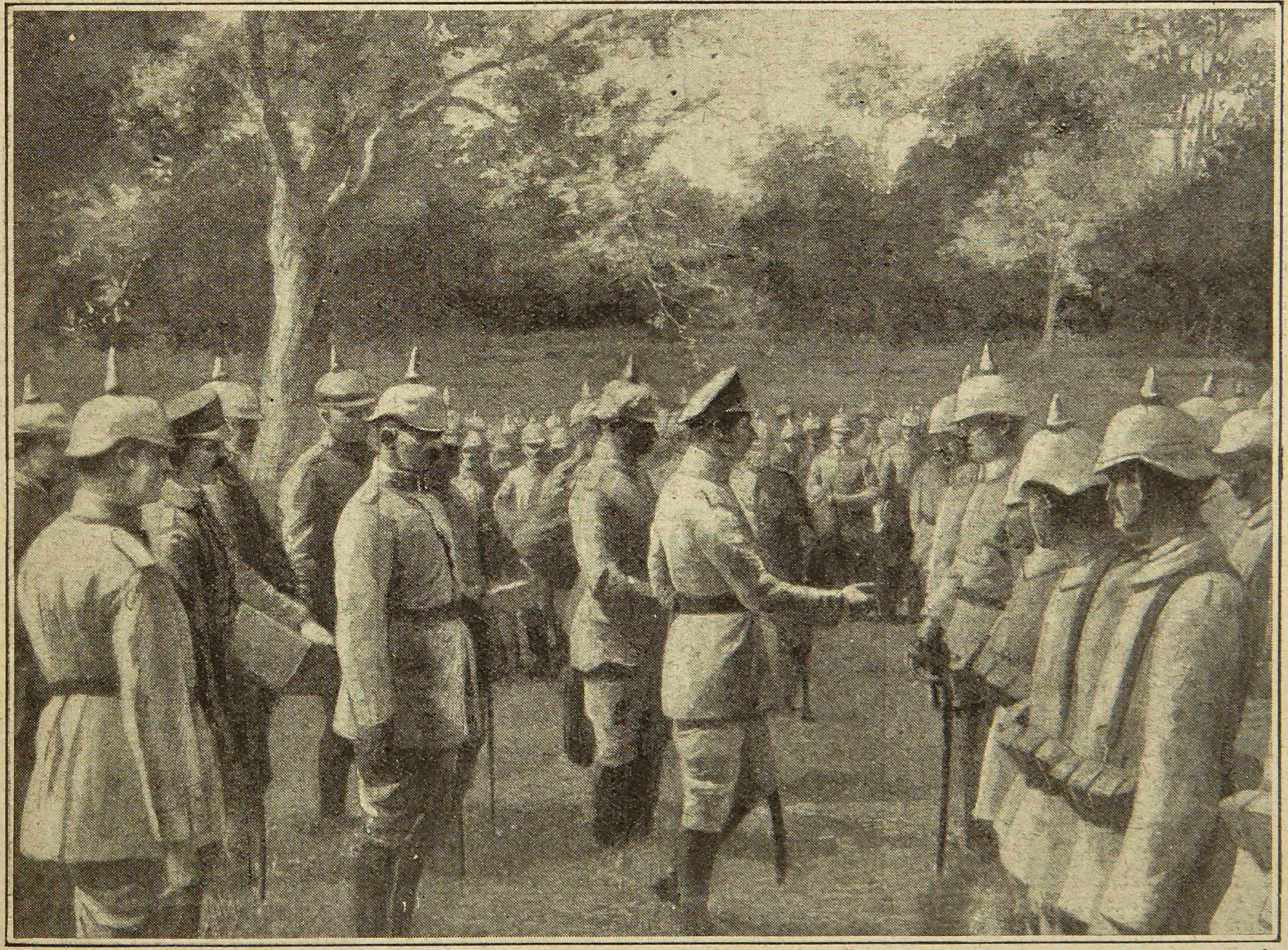
Why the ambulance was delayed. A not infrequent difficulty on the west front when the weather has been unfavourable. In the third photograph some British officers are seen enjoying a little light refreshment in a reserve trench.

Kaiser and Crown Prince on the Western Front



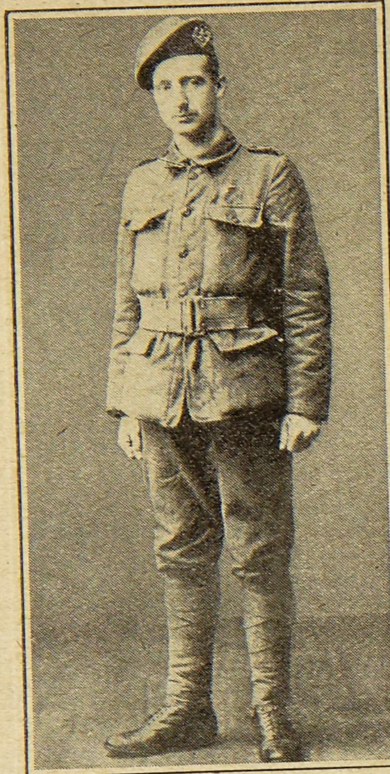
The Kaiser at a distribution of Iron Crosses to troops on the western front.



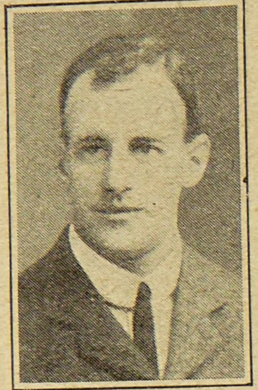


The German Crown Prince conversing with some of his troops who took part in the Verdun fighting. Inset is another snapshot of the Hohenzollern heir, which seems to prove that the caricaturists do not over-exaggerate his eccentric figure.

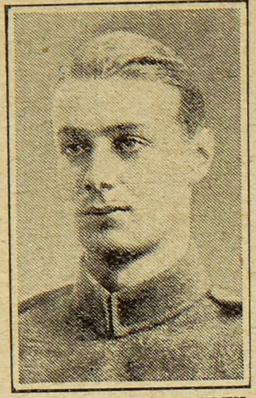
Britain's Chosen Sons: More Heroes of the V.C.



Acting-Sergt. **JOHN ERSKINE**, Scottish Rifles, T.F., won the V.C. for leaving a mine crater and rescuing his wounded officer, a sergeant, and a private under continuous fire.

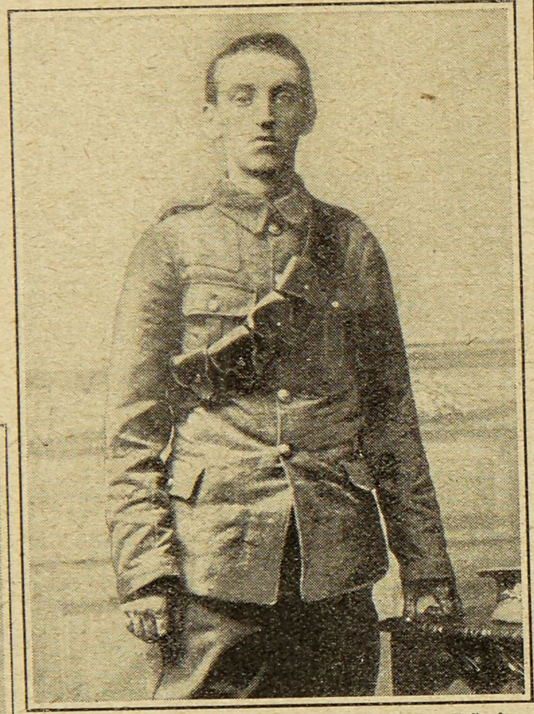


Capt. **L. W. B. REES**, R.A., R.F.C., for gallantly dispersing ten aeroplanes.



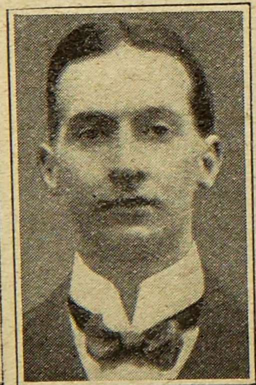
Lieut. **A. S. C. MACLAREN**, R.F.C., won Military Cross. He swooped down on Fokkers and destroyed them.

Pte. **G. W. CHAFER**, East Yorks, awarded V.C. for initiative in taking an important message from a wounded man and carrying it along a heavily-shelled parapet.



Pte. **G. STRINGER**, Manchester Regt., won the V.C. for single-handed keeping the enemy off the flank of his battalion by a deft use of hand-grenades, thereby rendering possible a steady withdrawal.

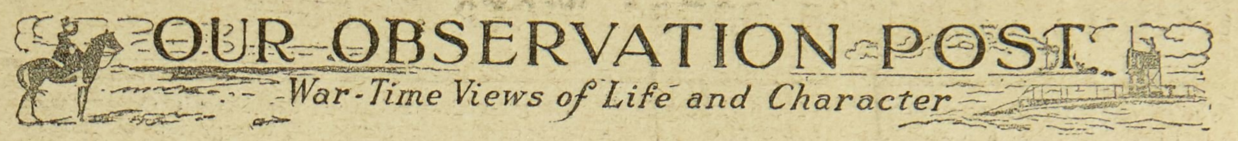
Sapper **W. HACKETT**, V.C. With four men, he was entombed by a mine explosion. He helped three out, but stayed with the fourth and, the gallery collapsing, both perished.



Lieut. **B. J. W. M. MOORE**, R.F.C., won Military Cross for destroying two kite-balloons guarded by aircraft.

Lieut. **R. B. B. JONES**, L. N. Lancs, awarded V.C. for inspiriting his men when trapped in a captured mine crater.

Pte. **A. H. PROCTOR**, Liverpool Regt., won the V.C. for conspicuous bravery. In civil life he was a clerk and a Sunday-school worker at Birkenhead.



OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

PUNISHMENT NOT REPRISAL

IN all the talk that one hears about reprisals, not enough is said about punishment. Let us grant with the orthodox that Christian morality has superseded the old law of retaliation which exacted an eye for an eye; and let us admit that, as a consequence, Englishmen, who profess and call themselves Christians, are debarred from taking the life of an innocent German as expiation for the life of an innocent Englishman taken by Germans, although they make the same profession. We still are entitled to proclaim and enforce the Christian obligation of punishment for offence, and it is our plain duty to do both.

ROMAN law provided no punishment for parricide, because a crime so unnatural and so atrocious was inconceivable to those who drew up the code. When, therefore, it came to be committed there was no legal provision for a case that now had happened. But that did not result in the parricide escaping without punishment, and it is not imaginable that any legal purist could have been found to protest that the execution of the horrid murderer was itself tantamount to murder, inasmuch as it had not been ordained by statute. What certainly happened was that the criminal was executed, and that his execution was made legally regular afterwards. And the procedure was approved by the conscience and the common-sense of the community.

INTERNATIONAL law, confronting German conduct to-day, finds itself in a like difficulty to that which beset Roman law when confronting the first parricide. It has made no provision for the punishment of such crimes as the sinking of the Lusitania and the murder of Captain Fryatt, simply because they were inconceivable before the actual event. But that does not mean that the guilty persons ought to escape scot free. The difference between the cases, ancient and modern, is only one of degree. The method of dealing with them should be identical: punish the criminals immediately and make the penalty legally regular afterwards. If eight Sovereign States agree on the form and approve its execution, that will be sufficiently international law to go on with.

PENOLOGICAL systems have a threefold purpose—punitive, reformatory, and deterrent. So far as Germany is concerned, the second idea may perhaps be discarded as hopeless; but the first and the third are immediately very necessary; the only means by which one can hope to deter Germans from repeating these atrocities is to smite them hard in punishment for what they have committed already in the shape of actual crime against humanity. Punitive treatment should take the form most likely to hurt the offender, and it seems to us that the situation is made very much clearer by the mere enunciation of that axiom. The aggravating type of man who always sees difficulties first, argues that the entire German people are blood-guilty in the present instance, and he proceeds to contend that you can't "execute" an entire people, the inference apparently being that its guilt must therefore remain unpurged. His major premise is right; his minor premise is faulty. For the case of Armenia goes far to prove that you can put an entire people to death, and, besides, punishment need not be capital to be quite effective. And his conclusion is wrong.

FOR the sanctity of innocent life the Germans have no regard whatever. It would even be affectation for the German military caste to pretend that they have the least regard for innocent German life. Consequently, to announce and carry out our intention to hang one or ten German prisoners of war now in our hands in retaliation for the murder of Captain Fryatt and the murder of every non-combatant lost on the Lusitania, would merely leave them cold, to use an expression of which they are very fond.

FOR the good opinion of the rest of the world the Germans have no regard whatever. This is not a pose on their part, nor a misrepresentation on ours. It is simple truth that they are completely indifferent to criticism from outside. Consequently, to frame and to publish an indictment of their iniquity, with the seals of the Sovereign States now at war with them appended thereto, would leave them equally cold. Of the Germans it might be written fairly, "Who steals my good name steals trash."

BUT the travesty might be continued, and of the Germans it could be written too, "Who steals my purse robs me of more than life, leaves me poor indeed." The way to punish the German people is to touch their pocket. Their mean souls would quail at loss of their money. The steps proposed by the "Daily Mail" are the practicable steps that would bring them to their senses most quickly. "German property throughout the Empire should at once be impounded by law and, after the claims of British subjects with property in Germany have been satisfied, the remnant should be held as a fund to compensate the victims of outrage, so far as that can be done." And, "secondly, an Act should be passed depriving Germans in this country of all civil rights for twenty-one years and forbidding intercourse and trade with them."

THAT for the immediate present would save some innocent lives of belligerents and of neutrals; but let it be understood, that that will not be all. The solemn words pronounced by the Prime Minister must be made good at the end of the war, and the individuals personally responsible for the atrocities punished individually where they have been identified. We venture to say that Germany will be surprised when she discovers how many of these there are. "The day of reckoning will come," says a doctor in France in the foreword to his book "Red Cross and Iron Cross." "The days when the civilised world sets to work to pick out the criminals from the barbarians, the criminals responsible for the atrocities and infamies committed by the savage foe. The documents for the accusation, furnished by the accused themselves, establish beyond doubt that it is on the leaders and not on the men that the heaviest responsibility will fall. The hanging evidence against several of the commanding German generals in Belgium is overwhelming—their proclamations to their victims and their orders to their troops contain damning proofs that they are morally and legally responsible for the slaughter of hundreds of helpless civilians—men, women and children. Accusations of instigation to murder, even of the wounded, are brought against officers of all ranks by their men in their note-books—now in the hands of the Belgian, French, and British authorities." We must see to it that that overwhelming hanging evidence is produced and that those murderers hang.

C. M.

The War Illustrated

News Notes and Comments

FROM my recent correspondence I am inclined to think that a considerable number of my readers so admire the outer pages of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED that they are including them in binding their half yearly volumes. The registered binding cases supplied by the publishers are quite capable of taking the twenty-six parts, with outer pages, and one advantage of binding these wrappers with the parts is that it facilitates reference to any particular part in which the reader has been particularly interested, and may wish to look up again. On the other hand, I personally prefer the volume bound with the outer pages of the parts omitted, as it then has, in my opinion, a more finished and book-like appearance. But this is a matter entirely for the reader, and fortunately no difficulty presents itself either way. The important thing is to make sure that the twenty-six parts *are* bound in one of the publishers' registered cases, which are still supplied at the very low price of 1s. 6d. each, and with which are presented, free, a beautiful full-coloured frontispiece and an artistic title-page and index of contents. The binding cases of Volume IV. (which was completed with Part 104), are now obtainable at any newsagent's or bookseller's throughout the country, and I would urge my readers to lose no time in making sure that their Volume IV. is bound up for future preservation.

The Fatal Friday

SHIPS and superstition are easily connected topics for table-talk. Mrs. Gwatkin-Williams has recently compiled and published passages from the diary which her husband, the captain of the torpedoed Tara, kept during his voyage and his subsequent captivity among the Senussi. The final chapter relates several coincidences and omens encountered in the course of the adventure. The Tara had a lucky black cat on board, and this animal sprang overboard and tried to escape. It was brought back and was lost with the ship. Did it have any presentiment of the coming disaster? Again: "The Tara was torpedoed on a Friday. We got to our permanent camp, the Wells of Hakkim, on a Friday. On a Friday we were rescued. Good Friday saw me sail for England. I got to my home on a Friday, and the ship was paid off on a Friday also." Captain Gwatkin-Williams does not commit himself to any deductions from these facts, so they may be left for perpetual debate by the believers and disbelievers in superstition.

Audacity *versus* Reason

IN an amusing article on "How to escape from a German prison camp," Mr. Geoffrey Pyke, who did it, confirms a widespread opinion about Prussian mentality. The first essential, he says, is that the prisoner in Prussia must endeavour to instil into himself a French type of mind. He must eschew the logical, the sensible, the practicable. In all these he will be beaten by his captors and will find precautions taken in the exercise of any of them. He must follow the super-logical, the utterly mad, and the hopelessly impracticable. Sheer audacity defeats the operations of the mind that works by logical processes. With regard to disguise, for instance, to dress up as a German soldier is simply silly; to dress up as the Kaiser is the obvious trick to try. This is no new discovery by Mr. Pyke. One recalls the case of Koepenick, perhaps the only humorist Germany has produced in the last hundred years, who acted on the same plan and achieved brilliant and unforgettable success.

THE graceful resolve of the French Government to consecrate for ever the graves of British soldiers who have fallen on the field of honour in France will come as a solemn joy to those numberless families who have given their sons for the great allied cause. France has assumed this responsibility as an expression of gratitude to the faithful ally who stepped into the breach at the critical moment and helped to hold the barbarian hordes from their cherished objective—Paris. No nation knows better how to honour the great dead than the French, and these British graves, all the way from the Yser to the Somme, tended with loving care and reverence, will constitute the eternal symbol of Franco-British fraternity.

Wool That Overcomes Barbed Wire

IT has been my privilege to see a practical demonstration of the use of the barbed-wire traversor, invented by Mr. George Lynch, for overcoming the obstruction of the wire entanglements defending the German trenches. This invention owes its powers of resistance to the peculiarly impenetrable character of cotton-wool, aided by its impregnation with a substance which increases its native inertia and multiplies many times its impenetrability. The "traversor" is a thick, padded sheet, something like a continuous eider-down quilt, thirty-six feet long by six wide, stiffened with bamboo cross-pieces. It is unrolled over the obstructing entanglement, pretty much as one unrolls a length of stair-carpet, by two men protected by gloves and leggings padded with this wonderful wool. With the "traversor," troops can walk over the barbed-wire as safely, and almost as easily, as crossing a brook by a bridge.

Other Advantages of "Traversor" Wool

NOT only did I witness two protected corporals lay, and a dozen Tommies with rifles walk over one of the "wickedest," looking thirty-feet wire entanglements, without a scratch, in thirty-two seconds, but I saw bullet and bayonet resisting pads made of this patent wool—and, even more to my fancy—protective coats for aviators. The Lynch airman's coat is a trifle heavier than leather ones, but as the pilot and observer work sitting, and the machine bears all the weight, this is immaterial. What does affect them is the greater warmth of the wool-padded garment. Moreover, as this is impervious to shrapnel, it confers a double benefit; for while keeping the airman warm, it protects his life and enables him to give his undisturbed attention to the work in hand.

Dragoon Guards in Action

OWING to an inadvertence, a statement appeared on page 575 of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED that the King's Dragoon Guards took part in the recent cavalry charge on the western front. In correction we wish to state that this brilliant operation was carried out by another regiment of Dragoon Guards, whose name, owing to the censorship, is not available for publication.

How You May Help

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED can greatly assist the publishers in conforming with the Government restrictions as to the consumption of paper by ordering this journal to be supplied weekly by their regular newsagents, instead of buying it casually. In this way it is possible for the publishers more accurately to judge their weekly printing order, and thus avoid wastage as well as prevent disappointment.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
48 Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

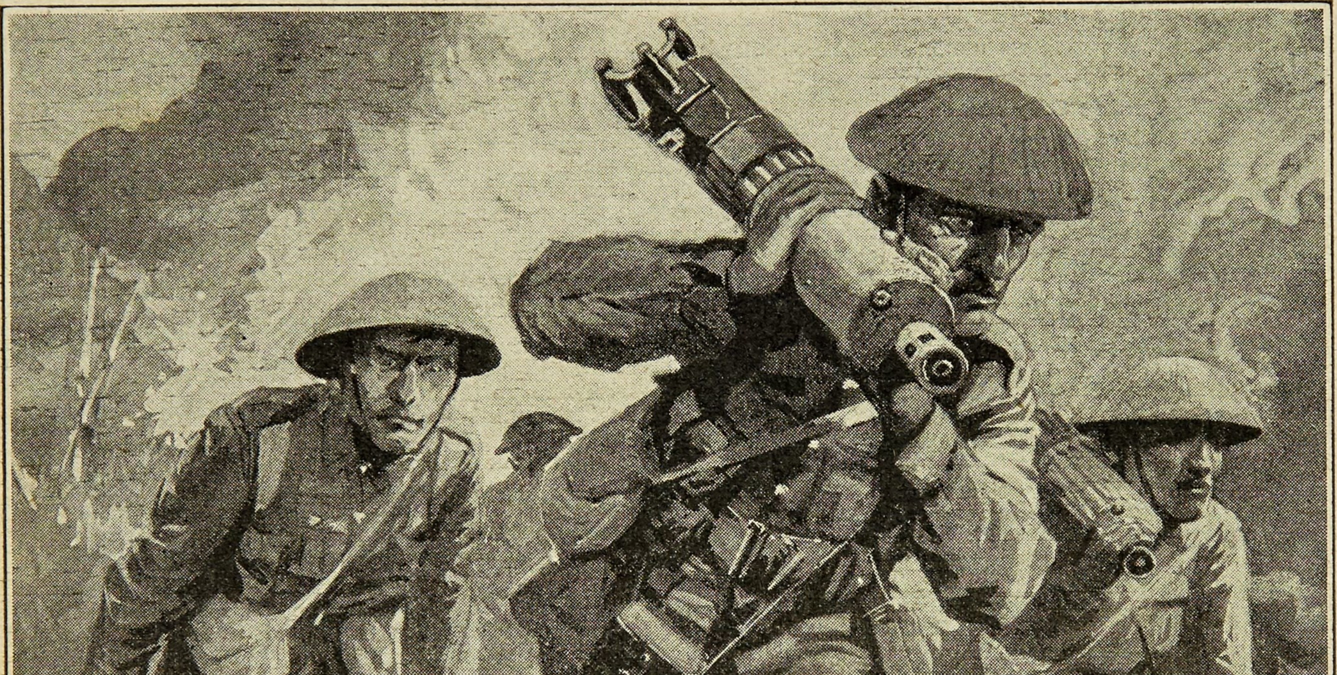
The War Illustrated, September 2nd, 1916.

Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

Round the Fields of War in Picture and Story

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly



Vol. 5

Forward, Machine-Gun Section! The Critical Rush for Position Under Fire

No. 107

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

TWO years ago a favourite amusement of people who considered themselves specially well informed was to guess the probable length of the war. Most of those who volunteered their prophecies then are sorry now that they did so, for the favourite forecasts then were between six weeks and six months. Recently, I had opportunity of learning the views of two of the best-informed high authorities in Europe. I regret that I am not allowed to give their names. The first was French. "The war will last not less than a year from now," he said. "We hope that it will not last more than two years more." The second authority was British. "The war will probably last two years more." I believe that the Frenchman exactly hit the situation.

The Tightening Grip on the Foe

Both authorities took it for granted that we are now in a position of superiority over the enemy. The news from every front is, as I write, exceedingly satisfactory. "The pincers are beginning to nip," to quote Mr. Lloyd George's expressive phrase. Since last writing in these pages I have had opportunity, thanks to the courtesy and kindness of the British authorities, of seeing for myself the situation along our front from the Ypres salient to the Somme. I come back heartened and encouraged. The perfection of our organisation, the serene courage of our men, and the weight of our guns all gave assurance of victory. But it will be victory attained by still greater sacrifices and by prolonged struggle. We are beginning to-day the penultimate chapter of the war, but this chapter promises to be a long one.

Six weeks ago Germany had the choice between two courses. She might throw her twenty-five reserve divisions on the eastern front, and open a vigorous offensive against the Russians, or she might throw her divisions on the west, and fight her great autumn battle there. Each course had its perils. It now seems evident that the Germans have resolved to sacrifice, if needs be, a certain amount of territory in the east, and will make the west their main autumn fighting ground. This necessarily makes the allied advance in the west slower than it would otherwise have been, but the advance still goes on.

The Advantage in Somme Ridges

The general talk in the British Press of the dominating ridge of the Somme, which our troops are steadily winning, is apt to give a wrong impression of the situation on that field. The fighting ground between Albert and Bapaume is a series of ridges. There is, it is true, one clearly-marked high line, but this dominating line is followed not by a tremendous drop, but by ridges just a little lower, which can be well defended. It will not be a case—unless I am much mistaken—of capturing the ridge and then advancing easily to Bapaume. The capture of the dominating lines will give us a real advantage, but it will not prevent the enemy from making sustained resistance immediately farther on.

The important advance of the British and French on Friday, August 18th, may be said to mark the commencement of the third phase of the Somme fight. The first phase was when with one great onset we surprised and overwhelmed the enemy, and gained a big expanse of country in a few days. The second was when our victorious armies found themselves up against the great German positions, and had to face an enemy greatly strengthened in artillery and heavily reinforced. This brought us to weeks of almost incredibly hard day by day and night by night fighting, with gains comparatively small in area, but vital in importance. The enemy thought, at this point, that we had struck our big blow. Actually, we had only struck the first of a series of heavy blows. The Friday fight was proof that both British and French can bring large fresh forces into the field.

The news as yet to hand of the naval fight on August 19th is too incomplete to justify final judgment. As I recently anticipated, the German High Seas Fleet came out and, according to the official account, "learning from their scouts that the British forces were in considerable strength, the enemy avoided engaging and returned to port." We lost two light cruisers from submarine attack. Only one comment can be made at this stage, and that is to point out that the popular view that German naval power was destroyed in the Battle off Jutland, and that the Germans would never venture out again, is shown to be wrong. The German Navy still remains a strong force.

Russian Dash and Austrian Strategy

The retreat of General Bothmer from his stubbornly-held front on the Strypa is final proof of the greatness of the series of Russian victories in the south-east. As long as General Bothmer held on, the Russian position, in spite of all gains, could not be considered as wholly satisfactory. His long resistance enabled fresh lines to the rear to be amply prepared, and his final retirement—at the very last moment when retirement was possible—to these new strong positions was done in masterly fashion. The retirement of Bothmer means not the end of a campaign, but the beginning of a bigger fight than ever. The Russians continue to show the greatest dash and enterprise all along their line, and their daily lists of fresh captures from the enemy make very encouraging reading. But the Austro-German forces in the east, although shaken and weakened, are not yet knocked out.

The fighting in the Balkans grows daily in severity. The Bulgarian armies are in considerable strength, and are occupying positions in Greek territory to enable them better to attack the allied forces. It is evident that they will not be content to wait to resist our advance. They are coming out to meet us. Very much depends on the results of the battles immediately ahead in this region. Decisive gains would benefit us as much politically as they would from a military point of view. No one who knows them doubts that the Bulgarians will put up a very hard fight; the allied commanders, however, are well acquainted with their strength, and have had ample time to make preparations against them.

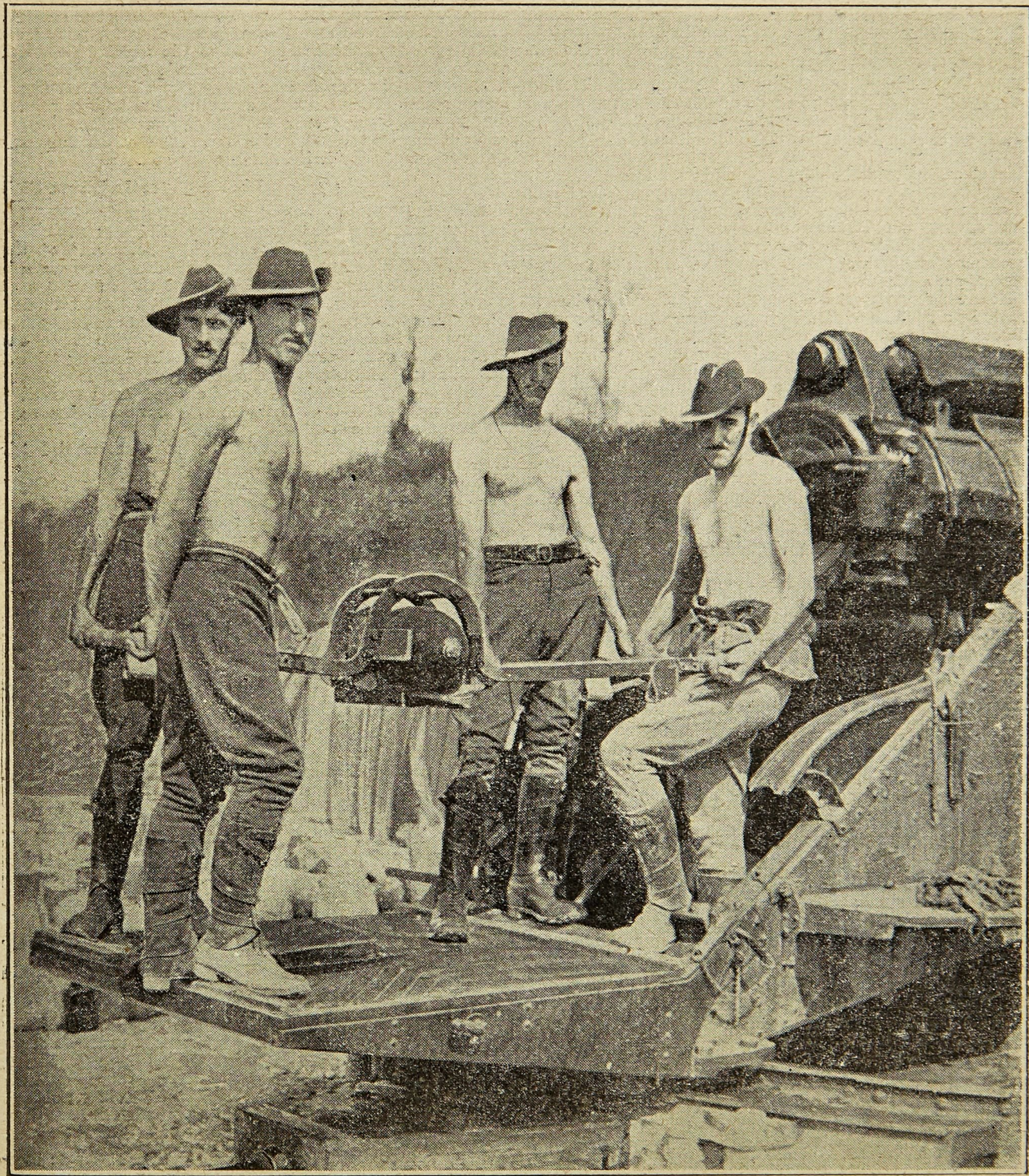
A German Shell Fallacy

I recently referred on this page to the reports arriving from different parts of the field that an increasing number of "duds"—shells which fail to explode—are found among the fire from the German artillery. This suggested the possibility that the supply of certain essentials for shell-making was running short in Germany. Careful inquiry convinces me that such a hope is, at this stage of the war, unfounded. The statement that the "duds" have increased at some points of the line is quite correct. The Boche has a way of using any old stuff for intermittent firing. But when real hard fighting comes there is always an abundant stock of "battle ammunition" of a very different kind. The German artillery failure when it comes is more likely to arise from an inadequate supply of very big guns than from the failure of good ammunition.

2nd September, 1916. No. 107. Vol. 5.

THE WAR
Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



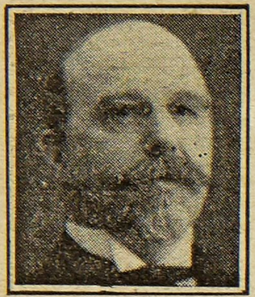
SUMMER TIME IN THE FIELD OF MARS.—How four ardent Anzacs got the better of the recent heat wave. Stripped to the waist, they continued their warm work of blasting the enemy positions, putting shell after shell on the mark, in spite of the temperature, enduring the physical and mental strain of keeping a giant howitzer in action with cheerful but indomitable will.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

TWO ZEPPELIN INCIDENTS: PARIS & REVIGNY

By W. L. McAlpin

Paris Correspondent of the "Daily Mail"



Mr. W. L. McAlpin

AMONG my collection of war trophies is a curiously-shaped piece of fused aluminium. It is part of the Zeppelin LZ77, brought down at Révigny, near Bar-le-Duc, early this year. I picked it up on the spot. In the middle, embedded in the aluminium, is a broken, black-enamelled insulator.

When I look at the distorted fragment of the German airship it conjures up all the horrors of its fearful end. It set out on its mission of murder and terror a magnificent piece of handiwork, the latest thing in aerial frightfulness, a splendid scientific weapon, conceived and executed with the object of launching death and destruction among the Kaiser's enemies. But on the very threshold of its journey a French artilleryman sent an incendiary shell through its envelope, and the colossal masterpiece of Count Zeppelin fell blazing to the ground.

I have never thought a great deal of Zeppelins, but it would be a mistake to disdain them. They have their uses, although they probably render greater services as sea-scouts than as raiders over land. When one considers their enormous cost, the risks they must run, and the losses they have sustained, it is doubtful whether, judged by results, they can be classed among the successful engines of the war.

I can recall very easily the two occasions on which Zeppelins visited Paris. They came at night. I did not see them, but I heard them drop their bombs. I saw the searchlights vigilantly sweeping the heavens, and the rockets and star-shells vainly searching the darkness for the track of the elusive night-hawks.

Cry of Horror and Shout of Triumph

If I could have seen the airships perhaps I would have felt less uncomfortable. A man with ordinary workaday nerves may be trusted to act like a common-sense being when he sees danger. But I could not see the Zeppelins. They were overhead, hiding above the clouds, perhaps about to drop a bomb on me before I knew it. And my wife and child were in the next room. What if the nocturnal assassins killed them? I was not at all comfortable.

But I had my revenge. On February 21st of this year the LZ77 was despatched by the Kaiser to inaugurate the capture of Verdun by destroying a military railway junction of great value to General Joffre. Near Révigny, however, a battery of searchlight operators spotted it, and the gunners got its range. From that moment its fate was sealed. Try as it might, the gigantic dirigible could not extricate itself from the blazing network of light which illuminated it wherever it turned. Shells were bursting over it and under it. At last the gunners found their mark, and, as a cry of horror escaped the crew of the flaming Zeppelin, there rose towards them a savage shout of triumph from the men whose shot had got home.

Next day—the only foreign journalist authorised by the French Government to be present—I inspected the melancholy débris of the burned airship and watched a party of soldiers burying the carbonised remains of its crew.

What a contrast between Paris and Révigny! As the Germans, in their phantom pirate-ships, sailed majestically over the capital at night, raining infernal shells on helpless women and children, theirs was the arrogant, barbaric pride, and ours the nameless fear. But at Révigny, as I gazed upon the shapeless wreck of the Zeppelin Dreadnought, and visioned the agony of the Kaiser's diabolical emissaries meeting an incandescent death as they dropped to earth, I understood the joy of the men who brought it down.

The woman who keeps the level-crossing, a hundred yards away, told me that as the airship floated to the ground she heard the despairing cries of the crew who were being roasted alive.

The LZ77 was a model Zeppelin. But a few hours after it cast loose from its moorings all that remained of it was a heap of charred débris and scraps of aluminium, enveloped in a fetid odour of seared flesh, petrol, and carbide. From one end of the deformed mass of bent, misshapen metal protruded the sharp point of the forward gondola; at the other extremity the monster steering-wheel was plainly visible. The carcase of the Zeppelin looked like a long, broken ladder. All the superstructure had, of course, disappeared, leaving only the aluminium tubing, flanked on each side by twisted trelliswork. One of the huge six-cylinder motors lay half buried in the soil.

Like a Gigantic Silver Fish

Captain B, to whom the honour of destroying the LZ77 belongs, gave me a vivid account of what happened.

"We were warned," he said, "by telephone of the coming of the airship, only a few minutes before we saw her. We got ready at once. You see those batteries of searchlights and anti-aircraft guns at the forked roads? They command a radius of several miles, and can be quickly transferred from one point to another. We kept our lights dark, and presently we heard the buzzing of the Zeppelin in the distance. The men were all impatience to turn on the searchlights, but I ordered them to wait a bit. I was afraid that if we showed our hand too soon we might scare her off.

"Watch in hand, I waited three minutes, until I felt sure she was almost overhead.

"I gave the word 'Allumez!' Four shafts of light rent the darkness and began their merciless scrutiny of the heavens. Alongside each searchlight was an N.C.O., with a glass, following its track. A minute later there was an exclamation from the Breton sergeant a few yards away.

"'Ah! Le voila!'

"Turning my glasses in the direction indicated, I saw a monster Zeppelin emerging from a cloud. Six thousand feet up, she glided through the firmament like a gigantic silver fish. She showed no lights, and was making straight for the railway line. In fact, she was almost over it.

"As soon as I had got the range I gave the order to fire. The first shot went wide, the second seemed to graze her stern. She began to zigzag, and was evidently hesitating as to her direction. But we had her range to a nicety, and the shells were bursting all round her.

"At intervals of a second our incendiary shells whizzed upwards, leaving a luminous trail behind them.

"Suddenly I saw the brilliant track of a shell stop dead against the side of the Zeppelin. We had holed her. A moment later she burst into flames.

"'We've got her!' shouted the men.

"Another round from the battery, and a second shell hit the dirigible, this time penetrating the forward gondola.

"I ordered 'Cease fire!' We had finished her.

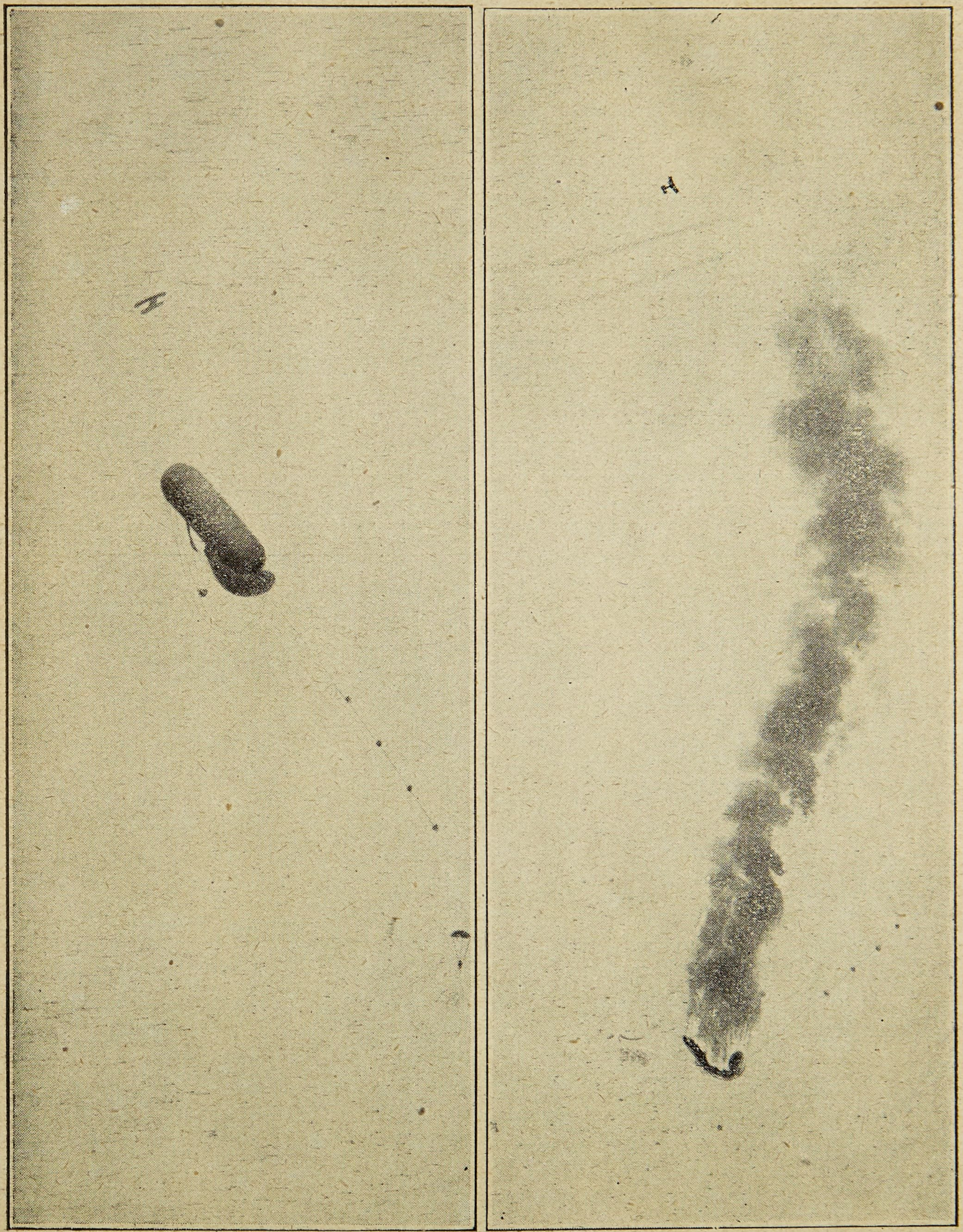
"The men were delirious with joy. They shouted, laughed, sang, and embraced one another.

"Then we ran across the fields to where the Zeppelin had fallen, like a blazing torch from the skies."

From a report drawn up by French engineers, it is possible to state that the LZ77 was an airship of the most recent and most redoubtable type in Germany's aerial fleet. She measured 30,000 cubic metres in gas capacity, and was about 160 metres long. She had five six-cylinder motors, could travel at a speed of well over sixty miles an hour, and had on board a ton and a half of explosives. She had six machine-guns, and a crew of twenty-three men.

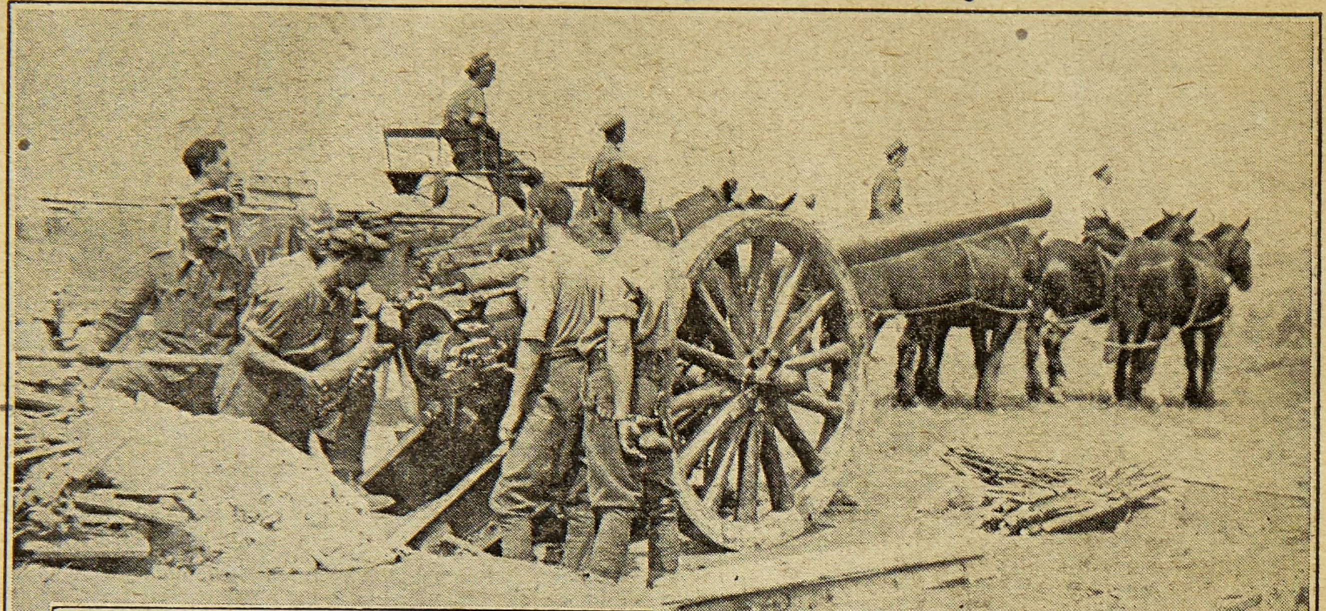
[The next contribution to this series will be entitled: How I got into Rheims during the Bombardment. By Julius M. Price, the well-known war-artist correspondent.]

Crashing to Earth a Meteor of Smoke and Fire

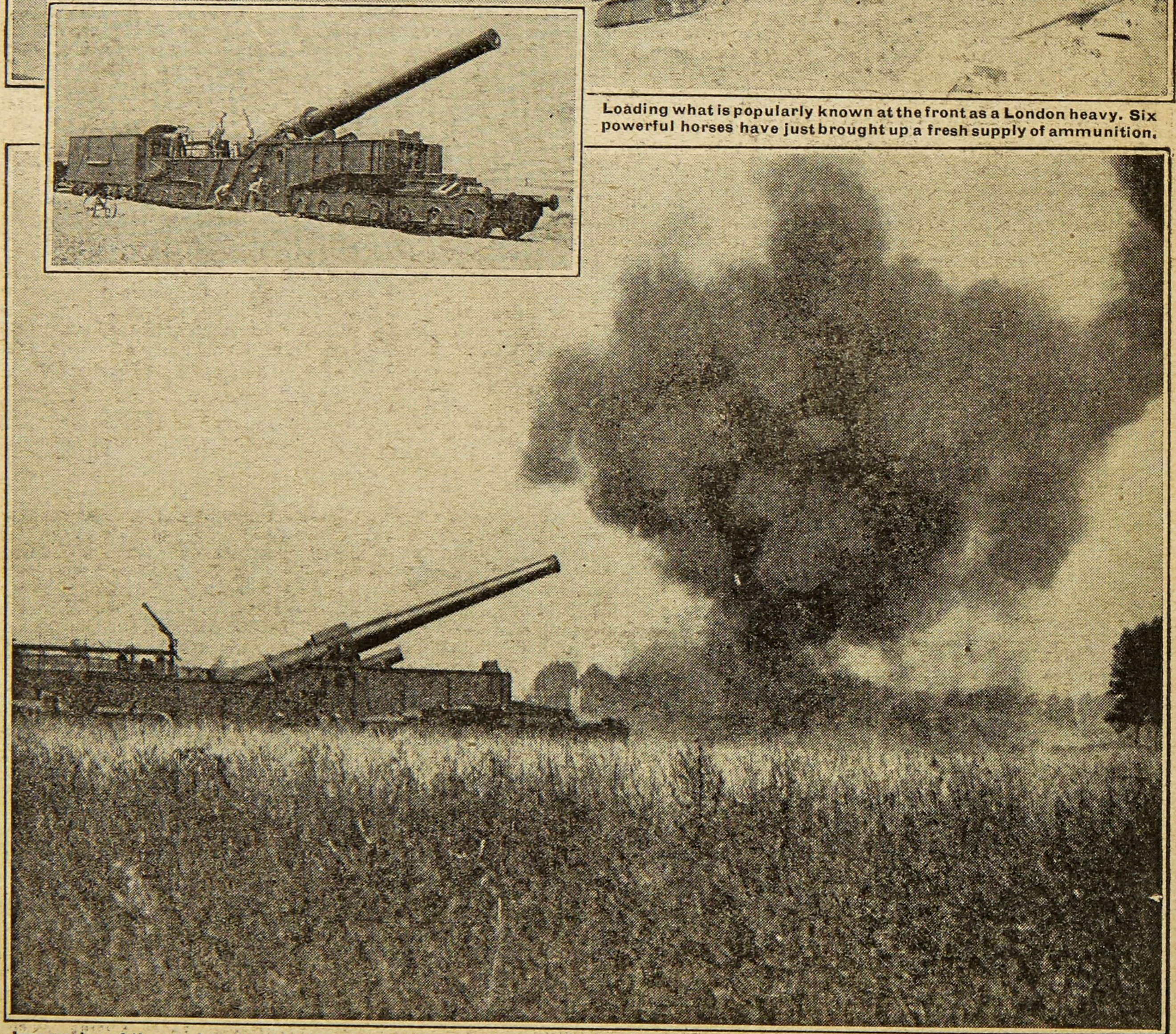


If the aeroplane pilot is unusually brave, the occupant of an artillery observation balloon may be said to be even braver. Those who man these stationary craft, used by all the belligerents, have little or no chance if attacked by aeroplanes. With no effective means of retaliation, their only hope lies in the fragile parachute which not infrequently fails to act. In these remarkable photographs an observation balloon has just been attacked by an aeroplane. Bombs have sent it crashing to earth, a smoking meteor, but the parachute has got away, and the observer is dropping through space towards terra firma.

Steel Fingers Writing Germany's Doom

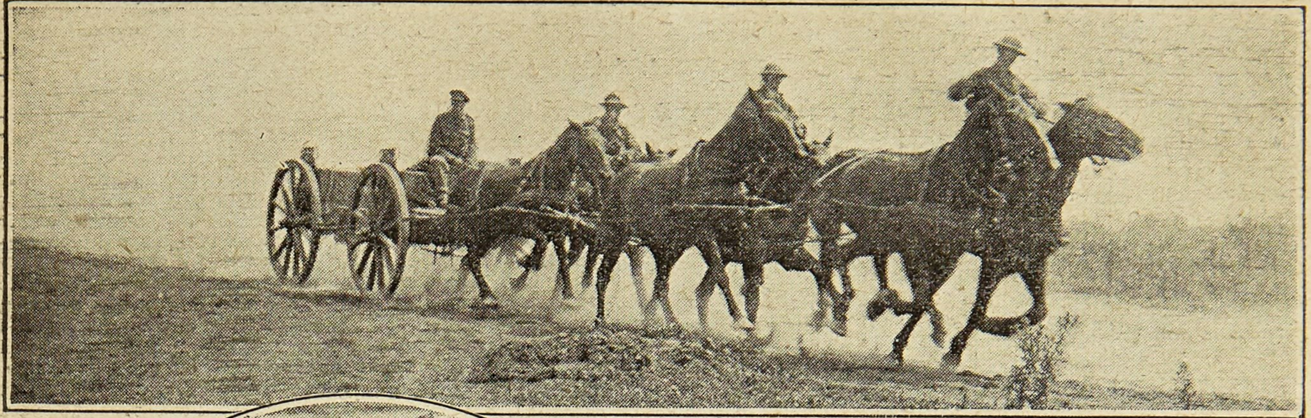


Loading what is popularly known at the front as a London heavy. Six powerful horses have just brought up a fresh supply of ammunition.

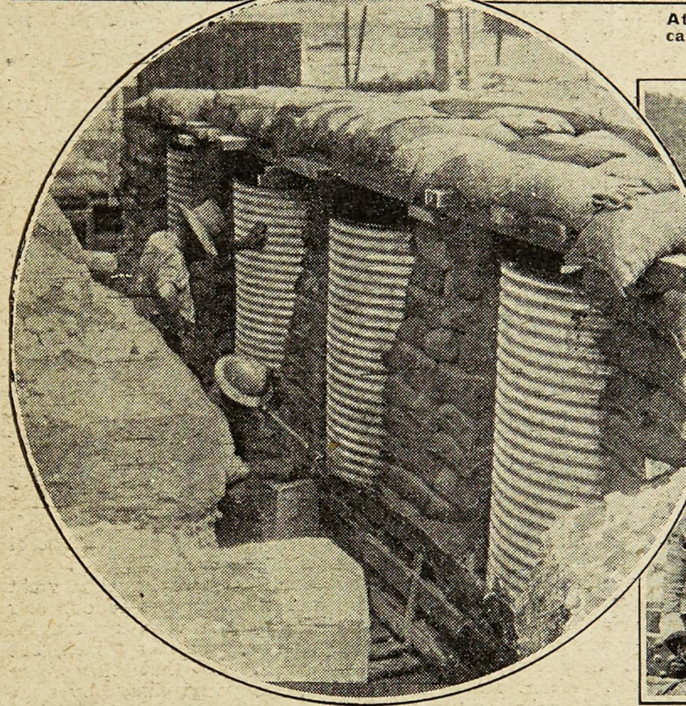


Impression of the smoke caused by the explosion of a monster shell. This photograph and the inset give some idea of the colossal weight of artillery that Britain is bringing to bear on the German positions. The gun is so heavy that it can only be used effectively on rails.

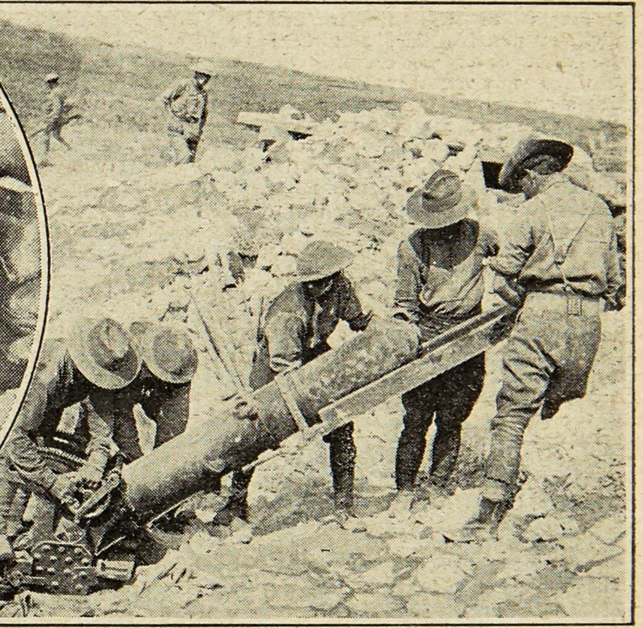
Munitions and Guns Move Up Along the Somme



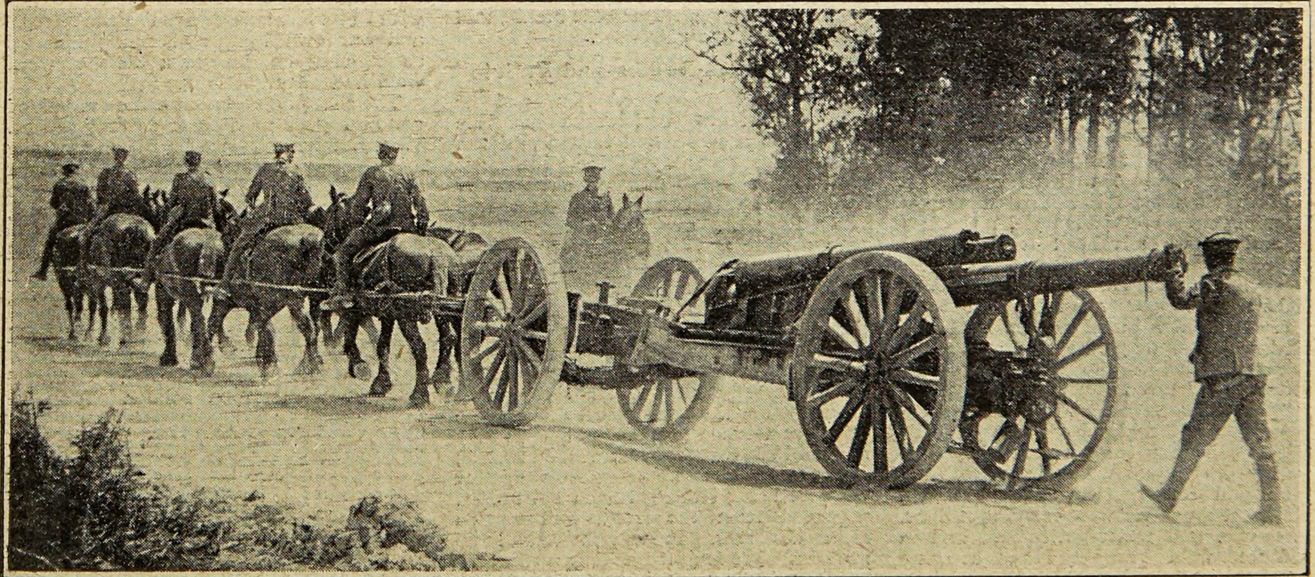
At breakneck speed over the grassy track a six-horse ammunition car flashes by on its way to the battery, an officer perched on the precarious seat and three steel-helmeted drivers in control.



Owing to the fact that water is scarce in some districts of the advance, special reservoirs are kept in the trenches protected by sandbags.



Anzac soldiers getting a "flying pig" into position, otherwise a particularly effective type of aerial torpedo.



A companion picture to the first one on this page. Along the sun-bright, dusty roads of France an enormous weapon is being hauled into position by ten Shire horses, which are always the envy of our allies interested in horseflesh. Even with so much physical power the team can only proceed at a walking pace.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

HOW THE ROYAL WEST KENTS HELD TRONES WOOD

BY CORPL. DAVID MOORE

Corpl. DAVID MOORE, of the King's Liverpool Regt., attached to the Royal West Kent Regiment.

FOR some reason or other I'd been fighting with the Royal West Kents for a long time before the big push commenced, and after we'd started the Germans on the run we lay in the captured first-line trenches, just in front of Trones Wood.

One afternoon, after tea, we got orders to stand by to move on about eight. We were to get across to the timber in the straightest possible line, and take or make what cover we could. On the left there was another small forest, where some of our troops were already in possession, and the land between this and Trones Wood was to be consolidated by my platoon, with three others.

We started off as darkness fell, and managed to reach the edge of the wood just after midnight. We hadn't any guides to show the way, and the ground was exceedingly bad going, and in addition there was the knowledge that the enemy were in full force on our right and inside the wood proper to cheer us up. But we meant to clear them out of it, and were right glad to get a chance to be among them. We hoped that the fighting would be of the close quarter order, so that we could see what we were doing. Anything would be better, we considered, than standing waist deep in a trench, and firing odd and occasional rounds at a puff of smoke.

Straight Through the Barrage

The ground we crossed made us savage, too, for it had been fought over before, and here and there we'd come across the bodies of our own comrades. Many others were wounded, and, being within the zone of fire, the ambulance people hadn't been able to get up to them. In one shell-hole that we stumbled across there were ten lads, all hurt in some way or another, and still fighting. They borrowed our field-dressings — quite against all rules—and two of them insisted on advancing with us. The others we managed to send back.

There was a sort of half-hearted barrage fire going on. We walked right through it, and as we advanced it lifted and played just in front of us. Needless to say, our own artillery were sending shells screaming over our heads in tons.

We reached a bit of sunken road just at dawn, and dug ourselves in, for we knew that when the light was good Fritz would strafe us hard.

"You had better catch what sleep there is going, lads," said our captain. "There mightn't be any for you to-night." So we lay down, just where we were, after posting a few sentries, and slept till breakfast time. We were carrying rations, of course, and water-bottle full, and in addition we'd brought along a spare supply of water in petrol tins. When we came to make tea with this, however, we soon got disappointed, for it tasted so strongly of petrol that even we, used to putting up with all sorts of things, couldn't manage to swallow it.

We worked on the road, making good our position, all through the day, getting a dinner, steaming hot, from the A.S.C. waggons, in spite of the barrage fire. It was really wonderful to see the huge motor-lorries dash up through the shells, deliver their soup and beef, and then make off again, wobbling all over the shop as their drivers dodged the shell-holes in the ground.

The Solace of Fatalism

We got orders to advance again at half-past four, and every man got his bombs ready. The German artillery fire had increased terribly by this time—they seemed to know just what we intended to do, and I can tell you there wasn't much lagging behind. We didn't try to dodge the shells—if your number is up there's no sense in getting out of the way, and if it isn't, well, you can walk through German barrages every day. We reached the rear of a position where another company were already entrenched on a ridge, and waited. About an hour afterwards, our own artillery "lifted" about two hundred yards, and with a yell we all pressed on at the rush. The undergrowth was thick about here, and it kept on hanging men up, but we slashed through, and smacked our bombs over at every opportunity. We handed over a lot of bombs to the company ahead of us—they'd somehow used up all their own—and finally, when we stopped for a bit, we got bombed in turn.

Again as darkness fell we reached an enormous shell-hole made by one of our projectiles, where we found part of another platoon. The Germans were entrenched about twenty yards in front, and through the night they kept on lobbing time-bombs over. About midnight a voice hailed us in German, and asked some question. We didn't give him any answer beyond shoving the muzzles of a dozen rifles at his breast, and calling on him to surrender.

Riddled with Bombs and Bullets

We hadn't understood him, and he didn't seem to understand us. He rapped out a curse, and turned and ran towards his own lines. He didn't get very far; a bomb dropped close under his feet, and a few dozen bullets punctured him. In fact, everybody seemed to have a spite against that poor Boche—perhaps it was because they'd been deprived of a good night's rest.

Just after that we got orders to assault, thinking the enemy were only on our flanks and ahead of us. Nobody seemed to expect an attack from the rear, as we'd naturally cleared all the ground we crossed of the enemy, and thought the others had done the same. Perhaps they had, and the Germans had worked round; anyway, before we'd gone very far we were being enfiladed from both sides, peppered from the front, and strafed from the rear. It was hot, and no mistake. We fought like demons in that terrible darkness, firing at the flashes of the enemy's rifles, and shortly after we discovered that we were surrounded, Fritz brought a battery of machine-guns into play, and we had to get right down close to Mother Earth.

The bullets sprayed us like water from a pipe, and the gallant lads were dropping on every side. But, though they were wounded—many of them severely—they kept on fighting and firing.

The Germans in the rear seemed determined to clear us out altogether. They came on in massed formation, and long before we could see the outline of their bodies against the sky we could hear the crashing of the undergrowth under their heavy boots. And, as if by preconcerted signal, at the same time as they swept on the machine-guns would double their rate of fire, and every German to the right and left and in front would indulge in a burst of rapid firing. Dawn found us hemmed in on every side, holding a position that someone had made into a rough kind of fort before we came, and we could see that we were terribly outnumbered.

"Steady, the Half Hundreds," was the word, and steady they were. I saw my own regiment sliced up at Mons, and we had some of the best fighters in the Army among us, but this stand was even bigger and better somehow than anything I'd ever known of. Three times we tried to get a message through to the outside, but each time, as the messenger started off, he was shot down. We didn't know whether we'd ever get relieved, and we all made up our minds to die fighting.

Bravo! the Half Hundreds

The day after—France's Day—the main attack was launched, and the bombardment that preceded it was terrifying even to us, whose own guns were firing. We could see and hear the shells screaming over, and all the time we were praying that they wouldn't shorten the bracket—that is, make the range shorter—because, if they had, we should have been right in the line of fire and unable to move either way.

Just before seven we heard a great crashing, and the Germans to our rear came rolling on in a vast, dense mass. We thought it was another attack, but when we could see that they were retiring before a grand charge by some of our troops, we nearly wept with joy. The advancing regiment seemed to have unlimited supplies of bombs, and what with these coming from Fritz's rear, and our own bullets chopping him up as he came on, he got a taste of what we'd had all night long.

The charging regiment came on, passed us, and gave us a cheer as they did so. Weary, worn-out—we had been working and fighting for forty-eight hours straight off, with about an hour's sleep—we crawled out of the trench and the wood, and made a rest camp.

I got my punctured shoulder bandaged up at the dressing-station, where a wounded German prisoner was receiving attention.

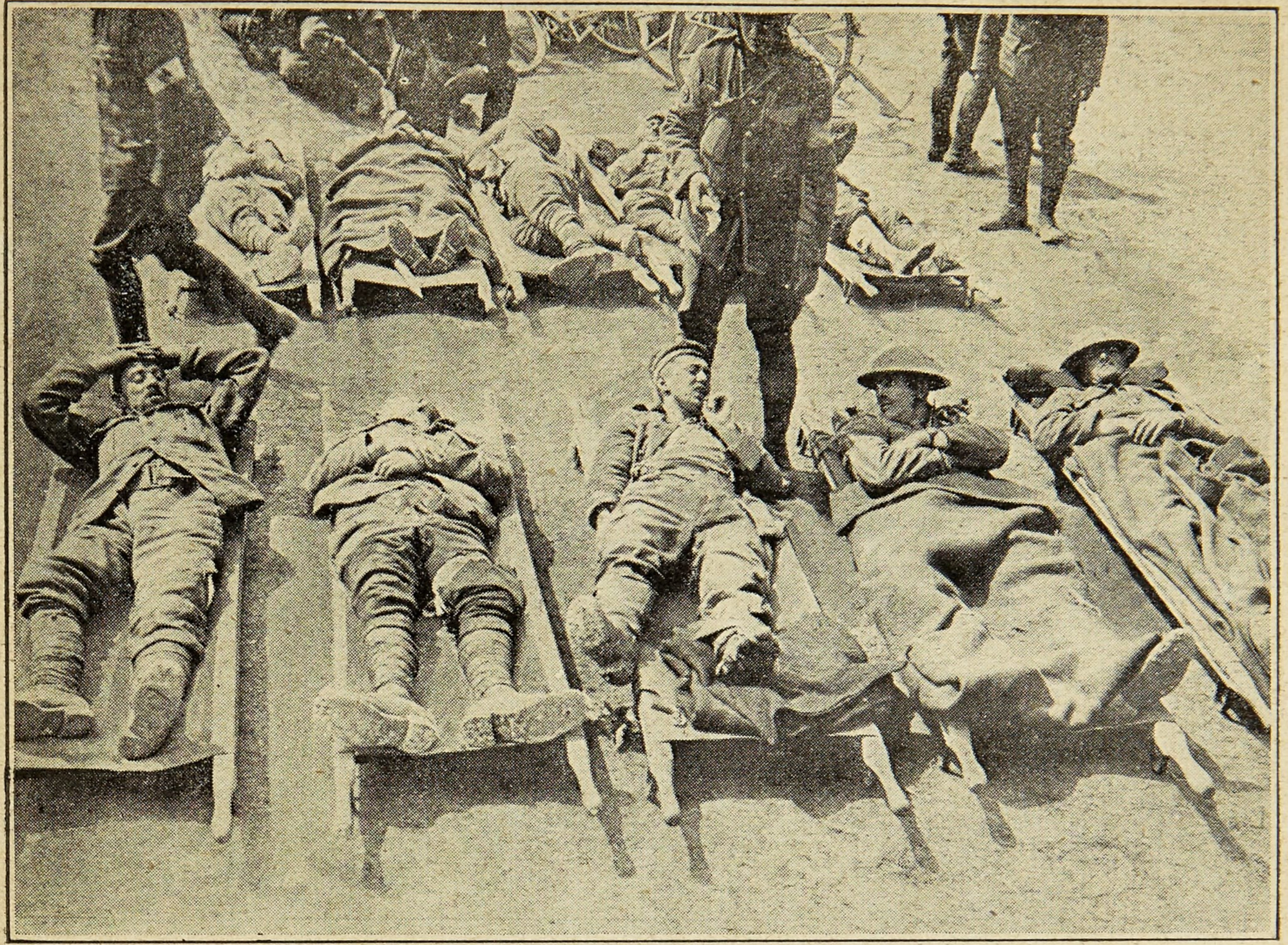
"We got you that time, Fritz," said one of our men. "How d'ye like it?"

The German gazed with mournful eyes at the stained soldier. Then he replied:

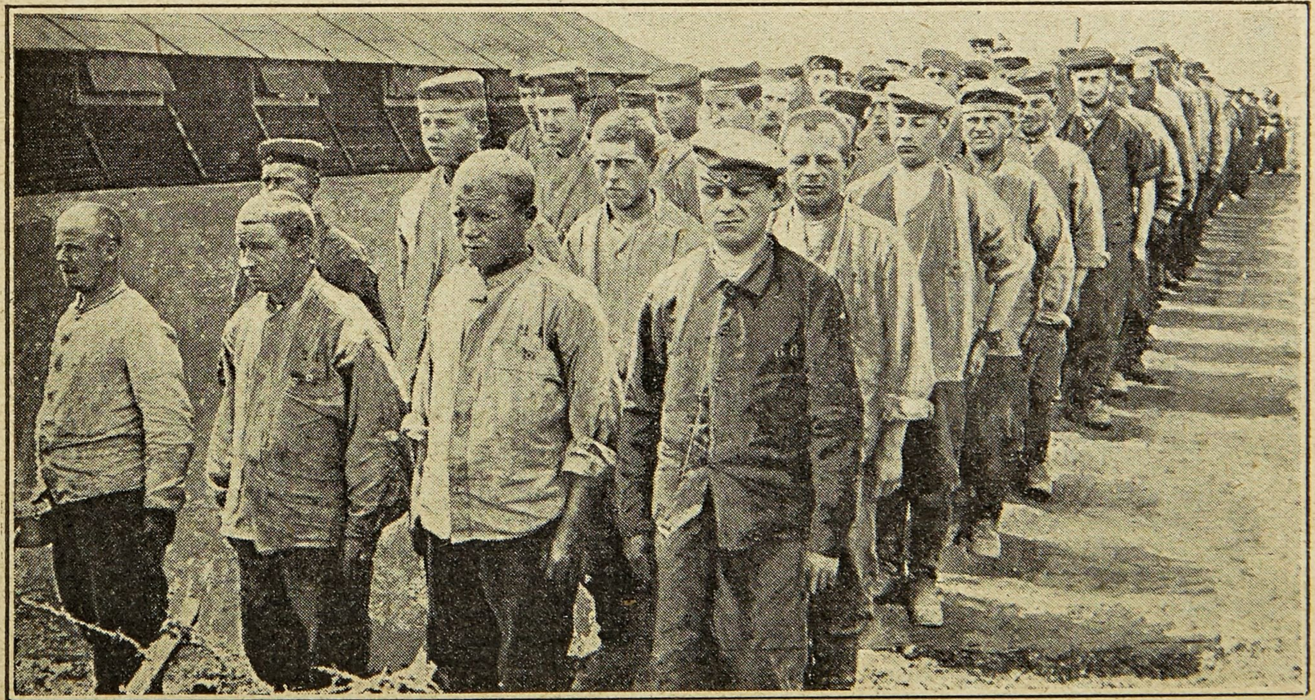
"You are wonderful men, West Kents. The wood was to be held at all costs, and there were six regiments holding it."

"Well," replied the West Kent. "You couldn't do it, could you? Fine lot of Germans you are, can't shift a few dozen of the Old Half Hundred, even when you've got ten times as many men as they have!" And he was right, as the German had to acknowledge.

British Wounded and Youthful German Captives

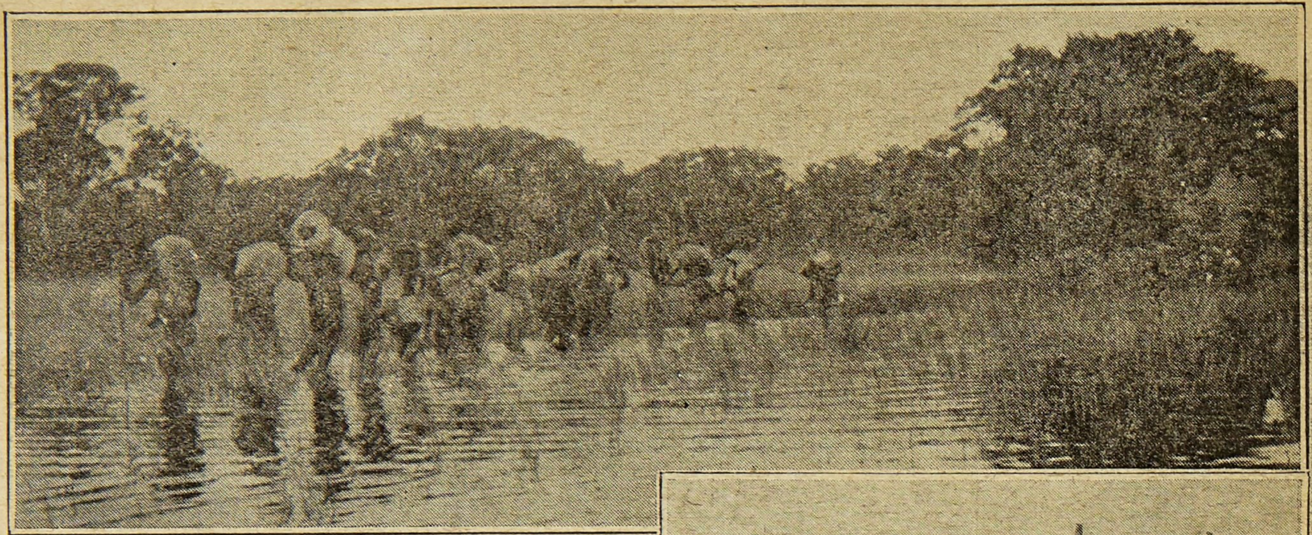


To walk through the rows of stretchers with their suffering burdens is perhaps the most moving experience in the most moving drama within human memory. Not infrequently the enemy's wounded lie alongside their British opponents. Neither bears any malice after having passed through the ordeal of battle, only too happy to have come out of it, temporarily at least, with their lives.

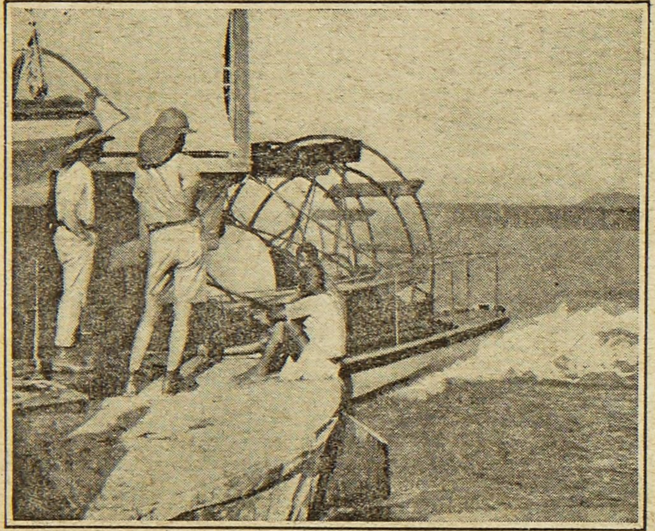


Germany's boy soldiers. During the advance on the Somme soldiers of the 1916 class are continually being taken prisoners by the British infantry. A group of these extremely youthful antagonists is seen above, two of whom in the first four must be brothers, judging by their extraordinary resemblance to each other.

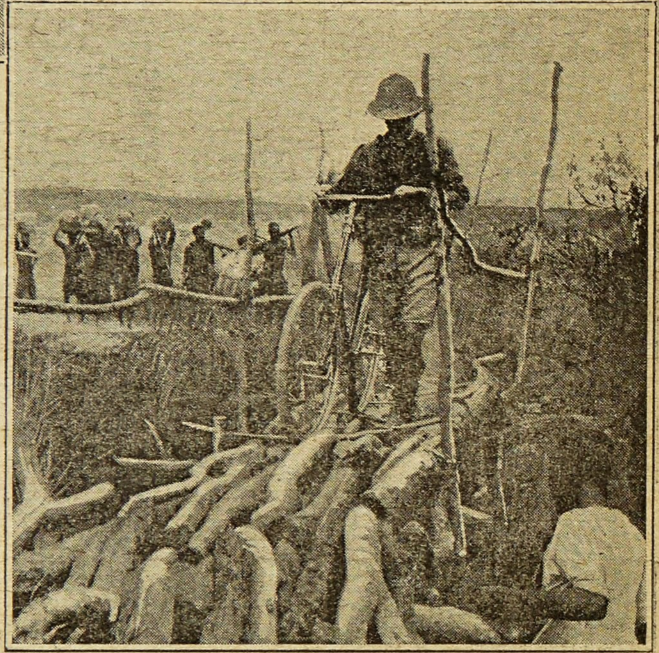
Across Lake, River and Bush in Tropical Clime



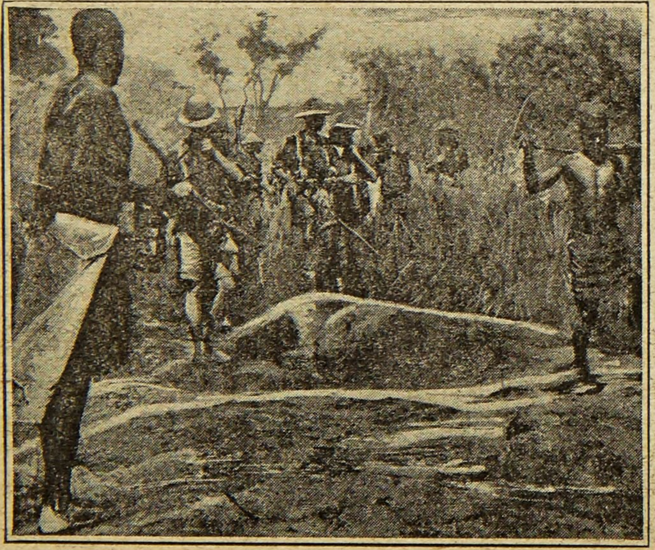
Loyal African "boys" carrying the kit of General Northey's troops who invaded German East Africa from Northern Rhodesia.



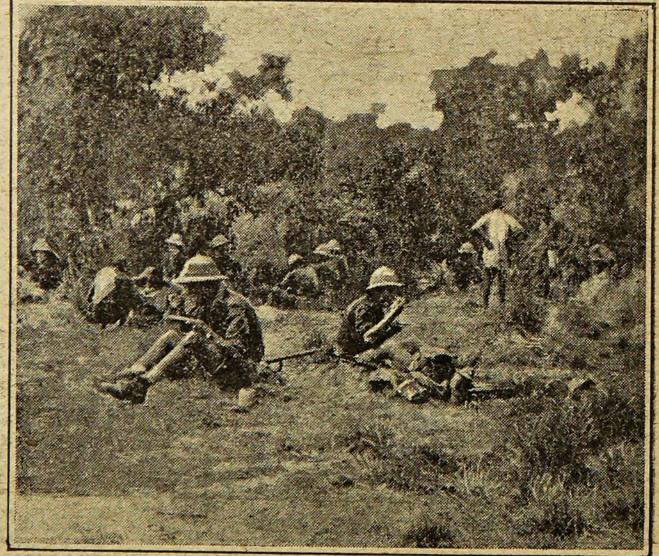
General Northey's force crossing Lake Nyasa in the s.s. Queen Victoria on their way to Abercorn.



Cycle messenger crossing a rough-and-ready native-made bridge on the borders of German East Africa and North-East Rhodesia.

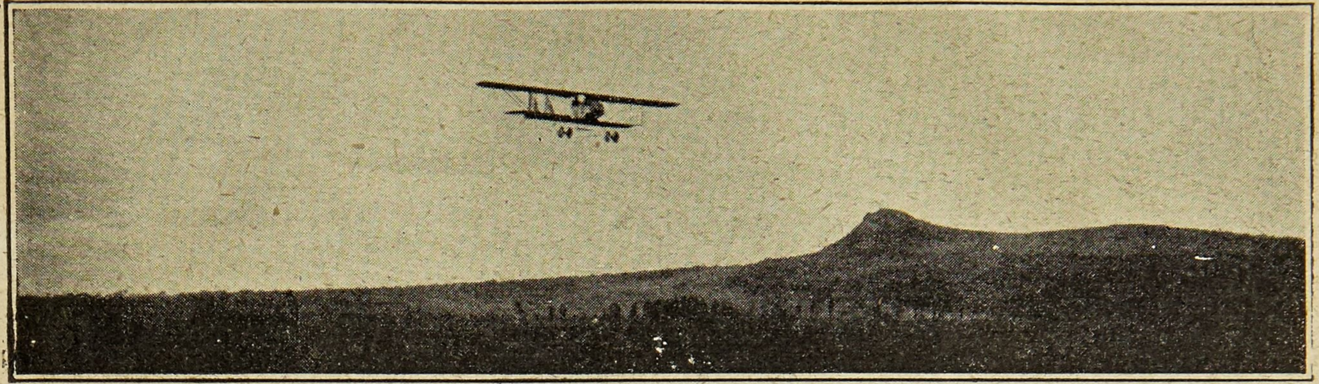


Patrol of British South African Police Service Column marching through the bush between Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika.

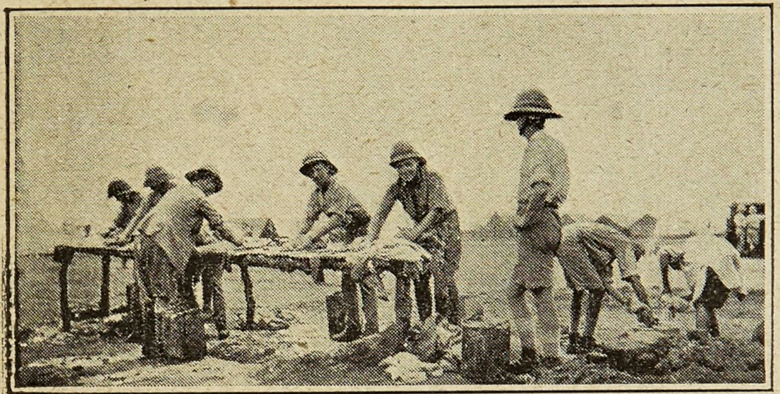


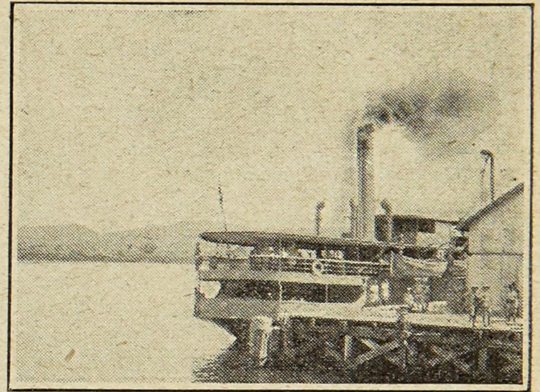
Members of the British South African Police Service at lunch. This column won considerable success against the Germans.

With General Smuts' Forces Nearing the Goal

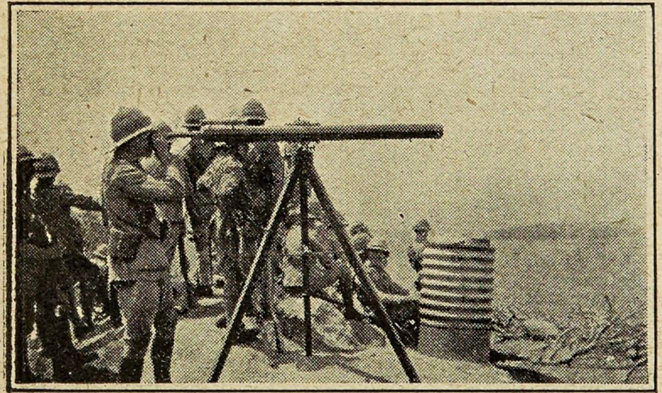


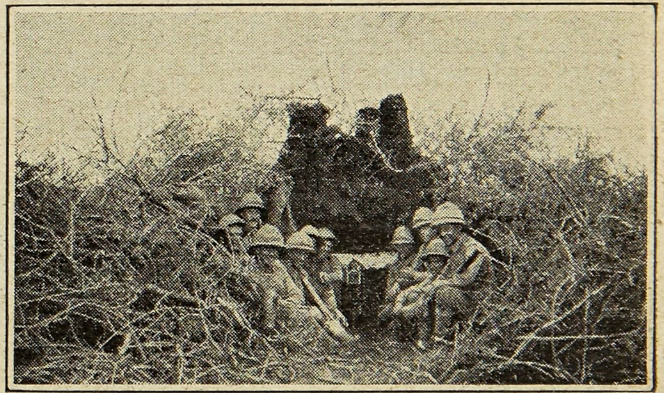
Wonderful everywhere, the aeroplane seems a thing of greater magic when it soars over the wild places of the earth. In Africa aeroplanes flew over the sands of the desert and dropped bombs, as shown here, on enemy camps near Kilimanjaro and the great lakes.



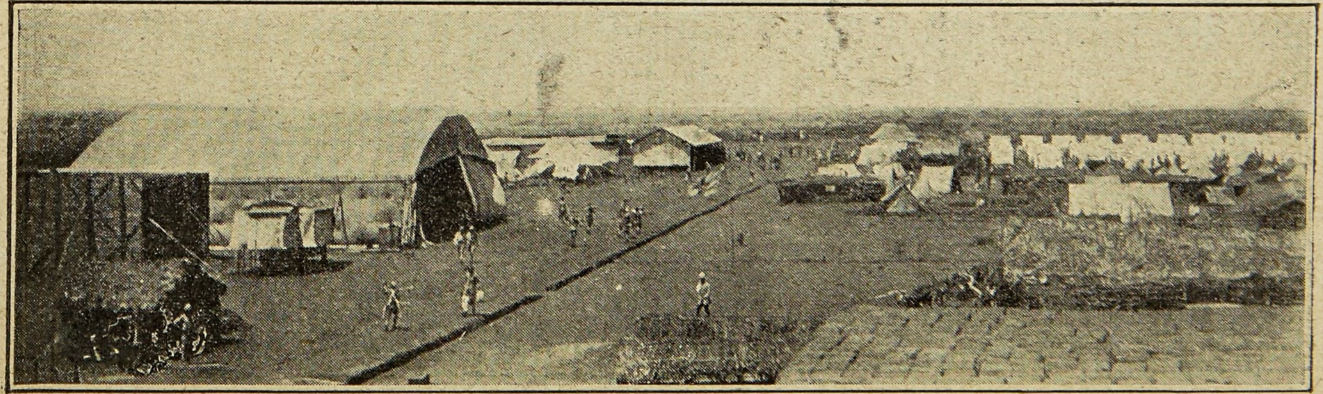


Washing-day is any possible day with British soldiers campaigning, and much of their healthiness as well as their smartness is due to their passion for cleanliness. Right: A transport steamer on Lake Nyanza, the latest water from which the German flag has been cleared.



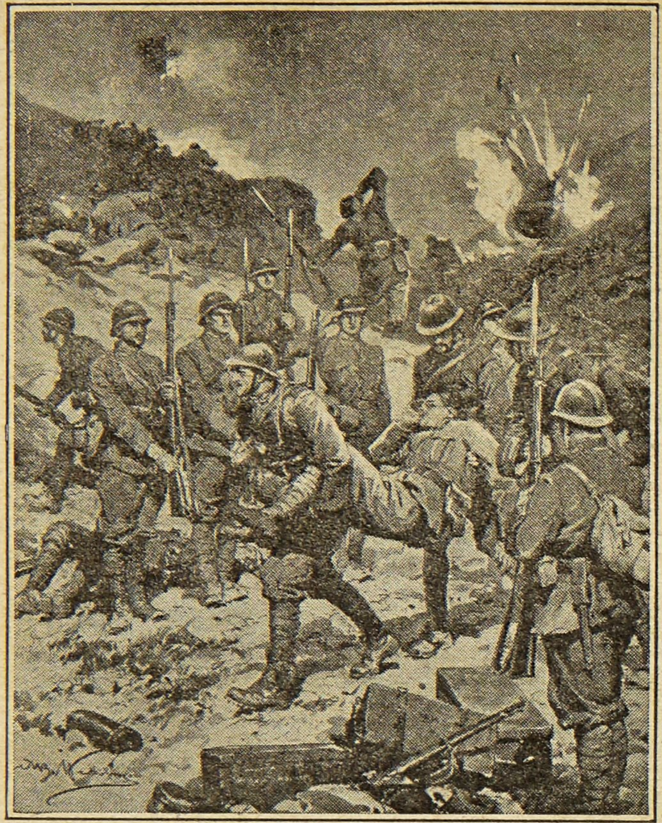


Watching a German camp somewhere in East Africa through a powerful telescope set upon high ground. Right: Back view of a machine-gun emplacement fashioned out of one of the giant ant-hills which are a remarkable feature of the landscape in many parts of Africa.

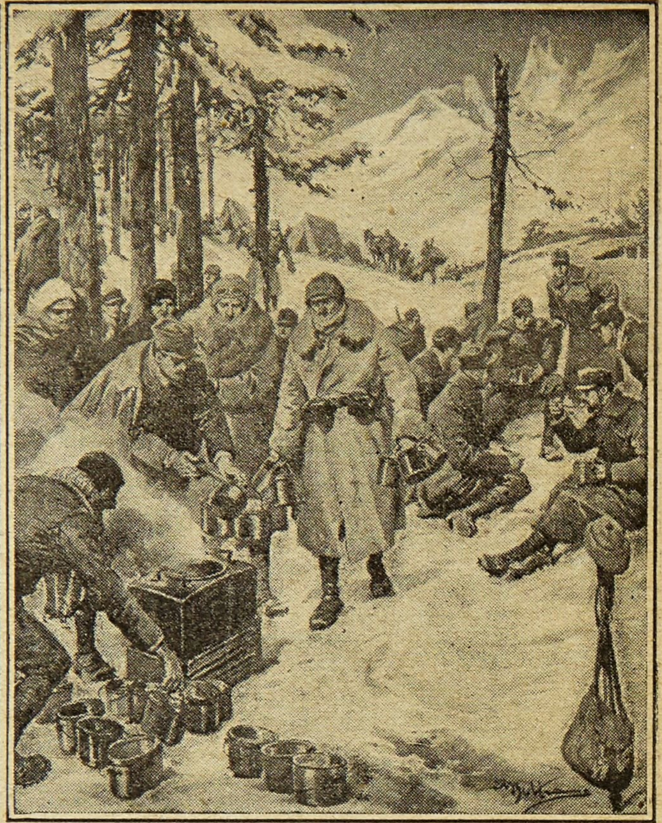


General Smuts' forces had to travel very light owing to the variety of the country over which they operated. Transport, nevertheless, was arduous work, as may be inferred from the quantity of material required to construct a camp like this pitched in a treeless waste.

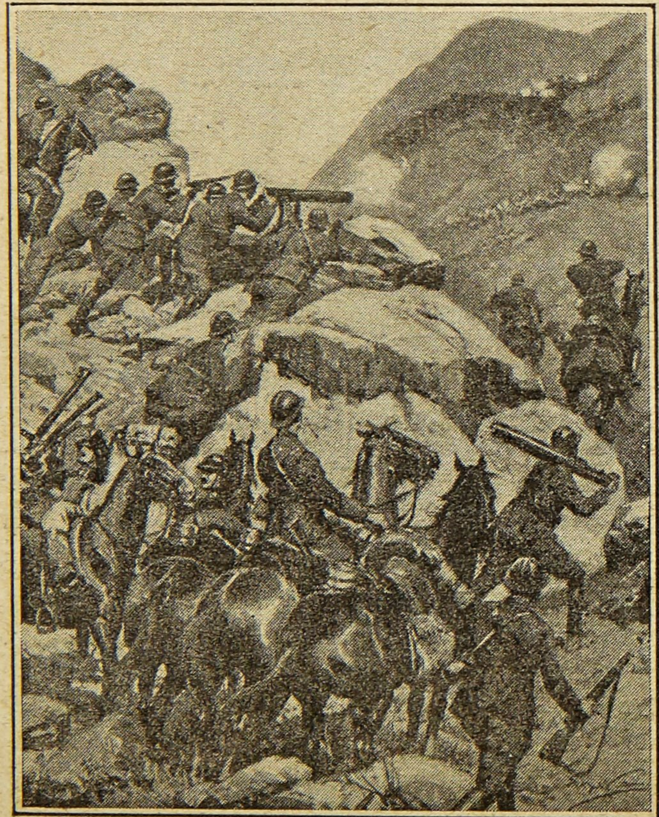
Heroism and Hardship on the Trentino Front



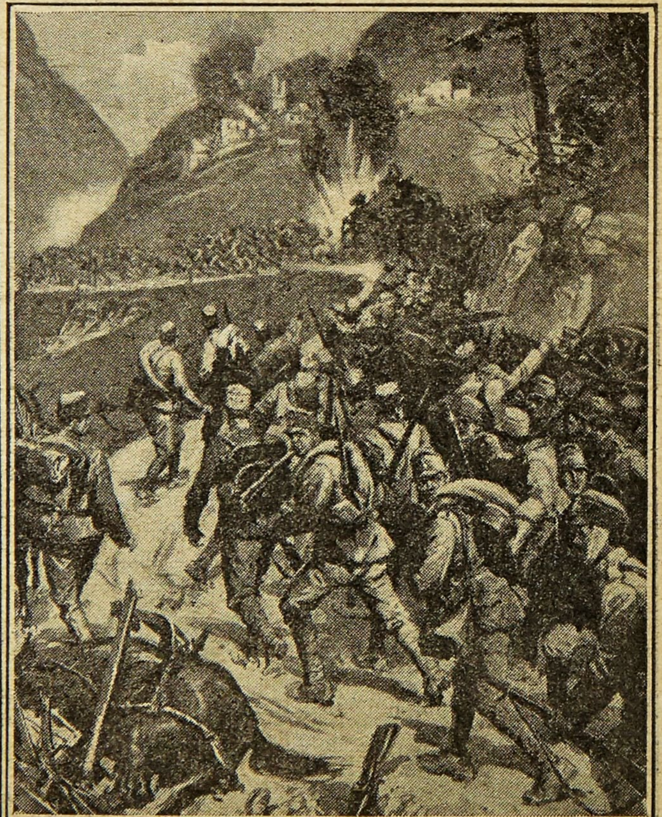
As an Italian colonel, mortally wounded, was being carried away, his only thought was of the coveted enemy position and his dying lips murmured repeatedly, "The position! The position!"



The hardships of the Austro-Italian campaign for both sides were almost unimaginable. Rations were constantly served out under conditions like these, on snowy fields unprotected by any shelter.



Italian cavalry starting in pursuit of enemy just driven from a position by a hurricane of machine-gun fire. Italian horsemen are specially trained for rough riding.



At some points the Austrian retreat became a rout, and the flying troops were harried by Italian artillery, accounting for several thousand casualties in the enemy's ranks.

BATTLE PICTURES of the GREAT WAR

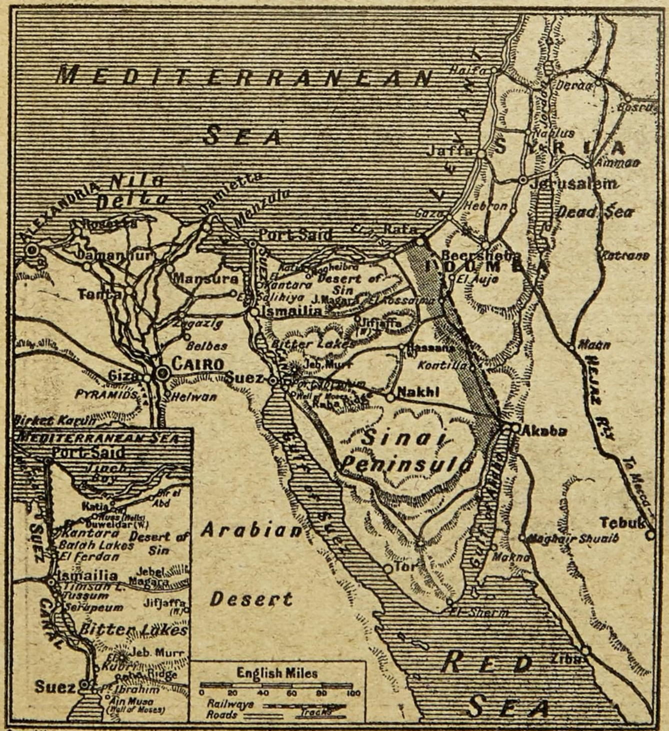
The Turkish Rout at Romani

By Edward Wright

Of all the battles of the war, the desert conflict in the eastern marches of Egypt was in some ways the most interesting, because of the far-reaching, subtle play of British and German intellects that went on beneath the movement of the forces. Our former Chief of Staff, Sir Archibald Murray, matched his wits against those of the German Chief of Staff, General von Falkenhayn, and left Whitehall for Cairo, apparently to undertake the direction of a small affair in a third-rate theatre of the war. But it may be remarked that the Germans also sent to Syria, about the same time, one of their best men, the late Field-Marshal von der Goltz. Neither side thought of putting much more than 20,000 men in the Egyptian field of conflict. Yet Germany employed one of her best strategists, and we employed our then Chief of Staff, giving Sir William Robertson the important position at home that Sir Archibald Murray resigned. Clearly something of importance was occurring in connection with Egypt.

Titanic Energy in the Sin Desert

On the surface there was nothing very remarkable. General von Kressenstein, the German director of the first vain Turco-German attack on the Suez Canal, prepared a more formidable movement of invasion across the great Desert of Sin. Hundreds of first-rate directive German minds—engineers, gunnery instructors, drill instructors, and supply organisers—with two thousand Teutonic troops, came to Palestine to train, stiffen, and energise Djemal Pasha's defeated army. For eighteen months the Germans laboured with great skill and high ingenuity. They excavated huge depots in the sand of the oases, and stored tens of millions of cartridges and tens of thousands of shrapnel and high-explosive shell. Krupp produced a special gun to be carried on a camel pack, and batteries of 6 in. howitzers that could be hauled by ox teams across the wastes of soft sand, by means of a continuous track of planks carried by gangs of labourers. Fifty big pontoons for bridging the Suez Canal were also hauled by ox teams over the sand. A large concrete reservoir of fresh water was built in the heart of the desert; scores of new wells were sunk, and pipe-lines laid in places.


MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Alexandria
Nile Delta
Rosetta
Damietta
Manzala
Damanhur
Port Said
Tanta
Mansura
Zagazig
Belbes
CAIRO
Giza
PYRAMIDS
Helwan
Birket Karun
Kantara
Salihiya
Ismailia
Desert of Sin
J. Magara
El Kossaima
Jifjaffa (W.)
Bitter Lakes
Jeb. Murr
Suez
Hassana
Kontilla
Nakhl
Akaba
Sinai Peninsula
Arabian Desert
Gulf of Suez
Gulf of Akaba
Tor
El Sherm
Makna
Maghair Shuaib
Tebuk
Ziba
RED SEA
Haifa
Deraa
Bosra
Jordan
Nablus
Jaffa
SYRIA
Amman
Jerusalem
Hebron
Gaza
Rafa
El Arish
Dead Sea
Beersheba
IDUMEA
El Auja
Katrana
Maan
HEJAZ Ry.
To Mecca
Levant
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Port Said
Tineh Bay
Bir el Abd
Katia
Oghratina (Wells)
Duweidar (W.)
Kantara
Balah Lakes
El Ferdan
Desert of Sin
Ismailia
Timsah L.
Tussum
Serapeum
Jebel Magara
Jifjaffa (W.)
Bitter Lakes
Jeb. Murr
Kubri
Raha Ridge
Suez
Pt. Ibrahim
Ain Musa (Well of Moses)
SUEZ CANAL
English Miles
0 20 40 60 80 100
Railways
Roads
Tracks

Copyright The War Illustrated

Map of Egypt and Sinai Peninsula, indicating the area of the recent Turkish rout. In the smaller plan Romani, where the Turks were shattered on August 4th, is shown, together with Katia and Bir-el-Abd, the line of their retreat.

Early spring was the best season for an advance through the wilderness, for many of the dry gullies in the inland heights were then roaring with water. Kressenstein, however, let the cold, healthy months go by, for certain reasons of larger strategy, and abruptly launched his expedition in July, 1916, at the height of the scorching, tropical desert summer. Instead of attempting a surprise attack across the centre of the Sinai wastes, as he had done before, the German commander made a well-heralded movement along the ancient caravan track by the Mediterranean shore—the Serbonian Road, used by most of the famous conquerors of old, from Rameses to Napoleon. On the Serbonian Road there was plenty of water, and though so brackish as to be undrinkable by European troops, it was good enough for the two Turkish divisions that Kressenstein led to battle. For his picked force of two thousand German infantry and his hundreds of German officers, engineers, and gunners, fresh water was conveyed by camel pack.

The conflict opened on July 19th, 1916, with skirmishes between the enemy's horse and foot and our cavalry screen round the Katia Oasis, some twenty-five miles from the canal. We had about 12,000 Scottish Territorials and 2,000 troopers, under the command of Major-General the Hon. H. L. Lawrence, opposed to the 18,000 troops that Kressenstein advanced. General Lawrence had besides a reserve brigade of 5,000 Lancashire Territorials with some Warwick and Gloucester Yeomanry. The German general also seems to have had a strong reserve, which he threw out in the closing phase of the struggle. The available forces on both sides were about equal, and this equality, as we shall see, had a bearing upon the larger strategical victory won by Sir Archibald Murray as commander-in-chief.

Sand Wraiths in Phantasmal Nights

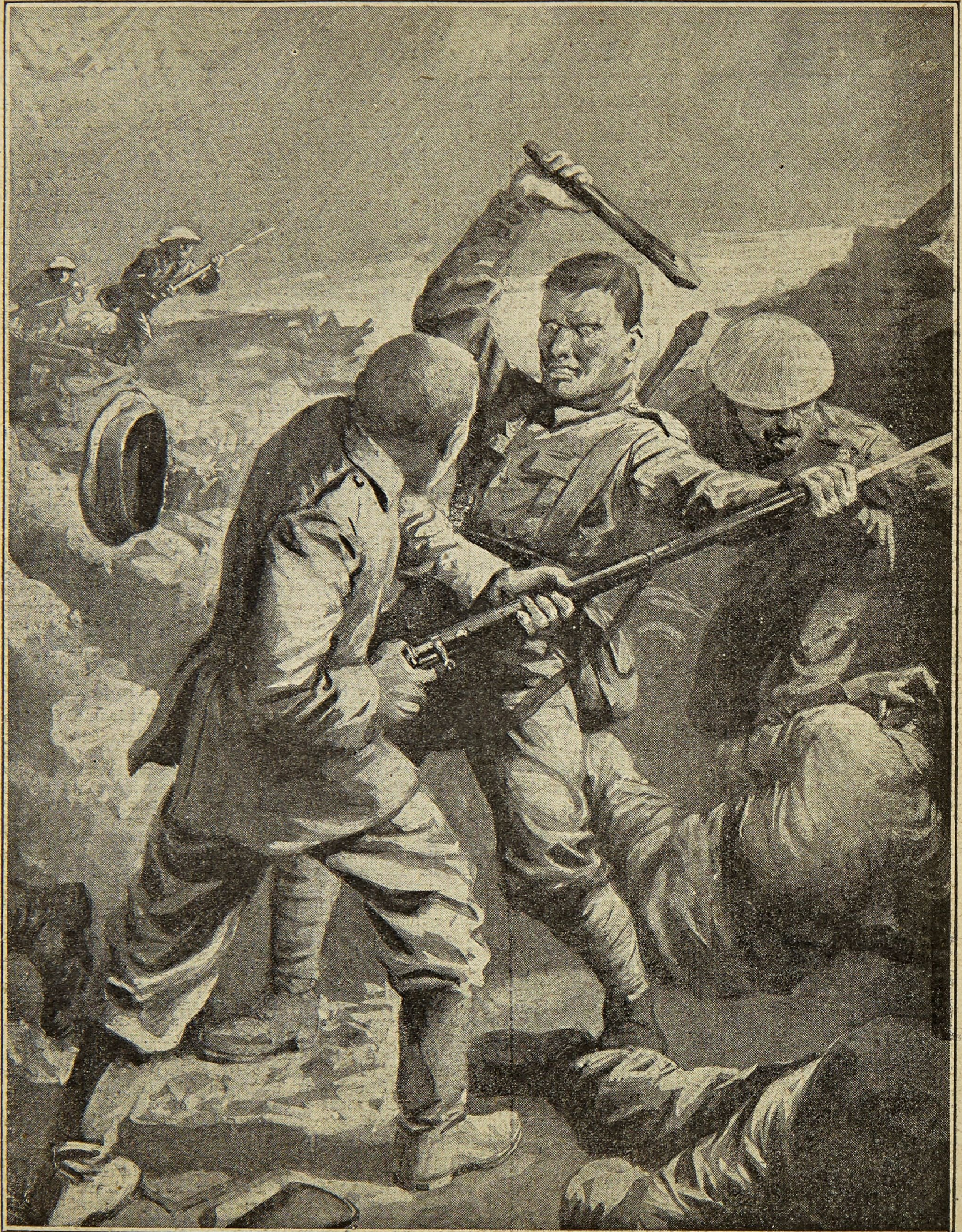
We occupied a position about seven miles west of Katia, and about eighteen miles east of Port Said. Our flank rested on the Bay of Tina, where it was strengthened by four monitors. From the coast our entrenchments curved towards the Oasis of Romani, and the new desert railway station near by. A sand-dune three hundred feet high, called Gannit, served as our chief observation-point beyond Romani. Then a mile west of Gannit was Wellington Ridge, named after the Wellington Mounted Rifles, with two miles farther south Mount Meredith, and three miles farther westward Mount Royston. Meredith was named after the commander of the 1st Light Horse Brigade of Australia, and Royston after the commander of the 2nd Light Horse Brigade. Three brigades of the Light Horse, famous for their charge to the death on Gallipoli Peninsula, were combined with a brigade of New Zealand Mounted Rifles, under the divisional command of General Chauvel. On this Anzac mounted division of 2,000 troopers fell the heaviest fighting and the highest honours.

For fifteen days and nights the 1st and 2nd Light Horse took turn and turn about in keeping touch with the enemy. Then, at midnight on Thursday, August 3rd, Kressenstein made a sudden bid for a decision. Under cover of the strange, phantasmal desert night, lit only by a thin crescent moon, when the sand wraiths dancing on the wind seemed often to be an army in movement, he launched three thousand men against the weary five hundred troopers of the 1st Light Horse. His aim was to break through our slight cavalry screen, seize the dunes south-east of Romani, take the railway, so as to isolate the Scottish Territorials, and prevent reinforcements reaching them by rail. Then the road to Port Said would soon be opened by him.

The Anzacs had eight to one against them in men, with

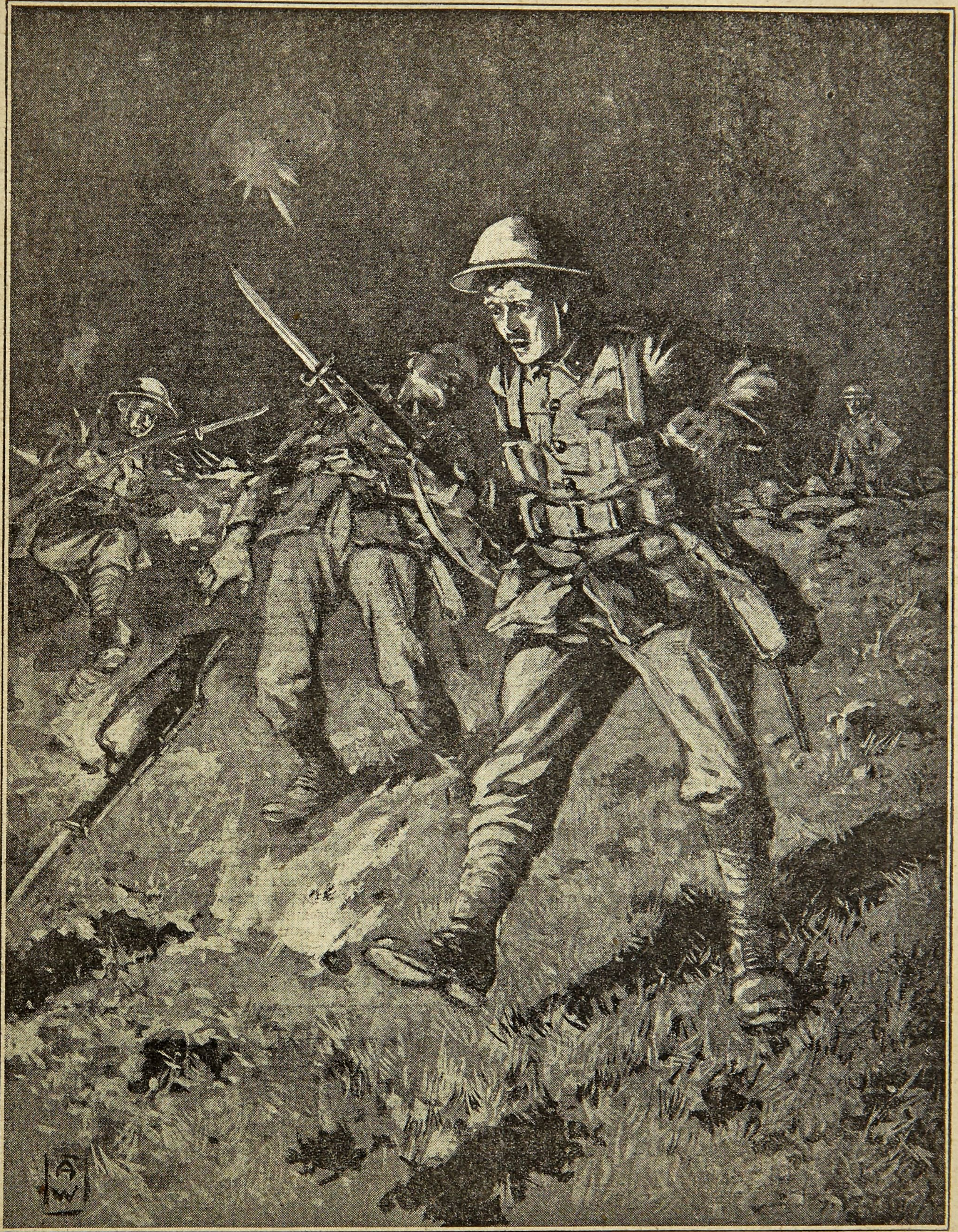
[*Continued on page* 62

The Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock So Green



The Munster Fusiliers have proved particularly formidable in the many raids into German trenches that have marked the British advance since it began in July. On one occasion they got in with irresistible dash, rushed the Germans off their feet and bombed and bludgeoned them. The most deadly weapon used in this encounter was a short bludgeon like a shillelagh, which is regarded as the prescriptive, hereditary right of all Irishmen. The shamrock is the badge of the Munster Fusiliers, and "the sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green" gave the Huns a drubbing on this night that none of the survivors will forget.

Stamping Out Tell-Tale Flares in a Night Attack



Germans holding the trenches at Mouquet—known to our soldiers as Moo-Cow Farm—expecting a night attack, sent up distress signals to their guns and also flung coloured lights over to our lines so as to illuminate any British infantry who might be advancing. Where these flares fell they blazed up in vivid red and green fires. At the same time the enemy's machine-guns played upon any figures so revealed, so that it was almost certain death to come within those lights. At great risk several men sprang forward into the illumination and kicked out the burning canisters. Then the leading companies advanced towards the German trenches.

THE TURKISH ROUT AT ROMANI

(*Continued from page* 59.)

6 in. howitzers, as well as mountain batteries and machine-guns, against their light horse artillery. But with the help of a battery of Scottish Territorial guns they saved Romani and the railway, and then, while the Scottish Territorials smashed up a frontal attack, the hard-pressed 1st Light Horse pivoted on the high stretch of sand at Wellington Ridge, but slowly gave ground on their right flank. Their own Mount Meredith was lost, and then Mount Royston. Not until daybreak did General Chauvel bring the 2nd Light Horse Brigade to reinforce their valiant comrades. But the commander of the Anzac mounted division knew what his men could do. By beating the enemy from Romani and Gannit, and holding to Wellington Ridge, they practically won the battle!

Meanwhile, the Scottish Territorials, who had also fought the Turks before at Gallipoli and again in the spring of 1916 in the Sin Desert, shattered the enemy's front attack. The Turks and Germans had entrenched by a belt of marsh near the coast and advanced within rifle range of our positions. But at daybreak our monitors searched them out, and when they tried to storm our elaborate defences they were swept by a still more terrible rifle and machine-gun fire. "Your rifles were worse than your big guns," said a captured Turkish officer. Early in the afternoon, Kressenstein gave over trying to force his way along the Serbonian Road, and swung his main force farther inland into the dune country south and west of Romani. Between the dunes ran a wide, undulating plain of sand leading towards the canal.

Turks Driven Into the Marshes

The German guns plastered Gannit and Wellington Ridge with shrapnel and high explosive. But the heavy shells made little impression on our defences, as the force of their explosion was cushioned by the sand. The Turks charged at Romani and Gannit, but the Scotsmen and the Light Horse drove them back towards the marshes. Then as the main body of the enemy turned into the dune region and reached the slopes of the Wellington Ridge there was a transformation scene.

General Lawrence had railed up the Lancashire Brigade, and the Warwick and Gloucester Yeomanry were moving into battle. The New Zealand Mounted Rifles were closing round Mount Royston at the end of the enemy's eight mile line, and the 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigade was preparing to charge. The enemy was trapped. His apparent semi-success among the dunes, achieved against only one-fourth of General Chauvel's force, was his undoing. Entangled amid the sand hills, well to the south-east of the old caravan road, was nearly half of Kressenstein's forces. It could not escape if we made a general advance.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the advance began. The New Zealanders moved on Mount Royston and recovered it. The English Yeomanry, fighting on foot, stormed Mount Meredith, and while the Light Horse and the Scottish Territorials were driving the enemy from Romani, the Lancashire Territorials came from the rail-head and drove in the Turkish centre. Sweeping through the gap, infantry and dismounted cavalry enveloped the Turkish brigade among the dunes, taking some two thousand unwounded prisoners, and scattering the rest towards the waterless side of the wilderness. The pursuit continued until August 5th, when the 1st and 2nd Light Horse and the New Zealand Mounted Rifles moved directly towards Katia, while the 3rd Light Horse made a southern flank attack. There was scarcely a drop of water for men or horses, and the 1st Brigade had been fighting almost uninterruptedly since midnight on August 3rd. Yet the brigade galloped three-quarters of a mile over heavy country, through a curtain of shell fire, going so quickly that the Turkish gunners could not get the range. But the flanking movement by the 3rd Brigade, which was new to the Katia district, did not at once succeed. So the 1st and 2nd Light Horse withdrew in the evening for water, food, and sleep.

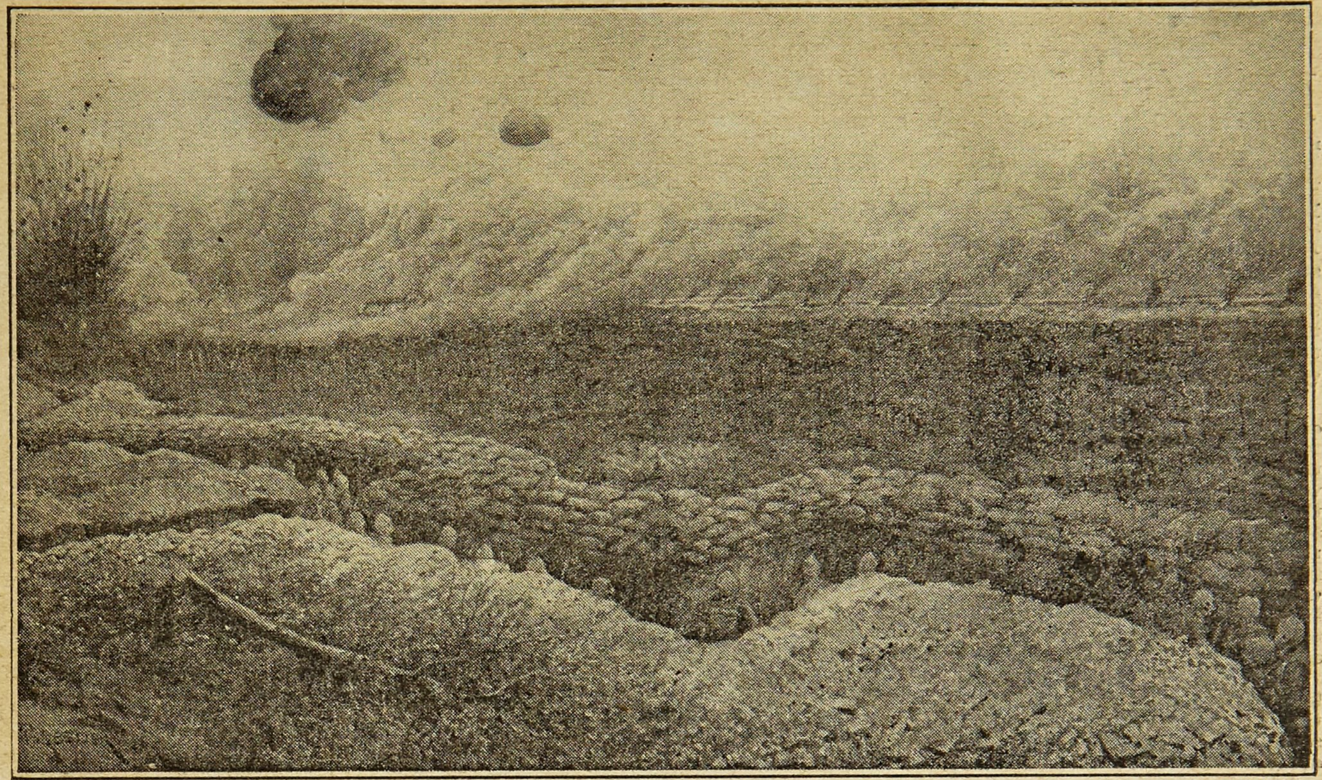
The Real Object of the Attack

Late in the evening the Territorial troops carried a strong Turkish rearguard position, and Kressenstein withdrew to his main entrenchments at Bir-el-Abd, some forty miles from the Suez Canal. Here, on August 9th, began another long and desperate battle that lasted three days. The Turkish artillery fire was more intense than at Romani or Gallipoli, and as our infantry were left behind, owing to the speed of the enemy's retreat, only our small force of mounted troops, the Anzac Light Horse and Mounted Rifles, the Yeomanry and Territorial Mounted Infantry had sufficient mobility in the matter of supplies to come up with the enemy. Outnumbered and outgunned, the mounted troops broke three attacks, brought their guns within 2,000 yards range of the Turks, and captured Bir-el-Abd. In all, Kressenstein lost half his force, of which more than 3,920 were captured. Four guns, 9 machine-guns, 500 camels, 100 horses, 4,000 shells, and 1,000,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition formed part of the war material taken

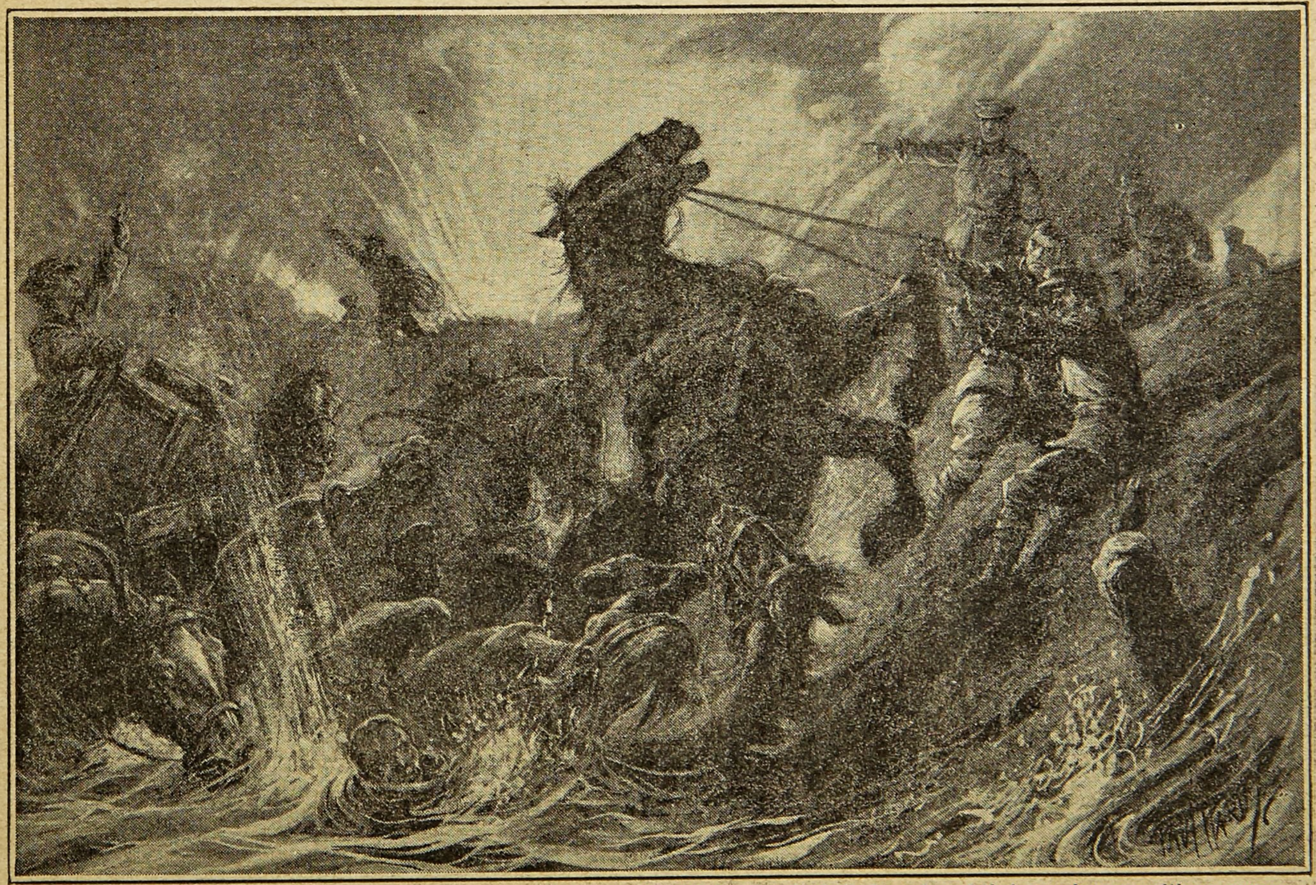
The defeat of Kressenstein, however, was an affair of secondary importance. We had abundant means of defeating him, by reason of our sea-power and the expansion of our military power. The main thing was that we did not use these means. Falkenhayn's primary design was to waste some thousands of Turks in order to compel us to weaken our Grand Army in France and Flanders. He thought to mislead us into placing men in hundreds of thousands and guns in hundreds along the Suez Canal, where they would be comparatively idle during the critical period of the European conflict. For we needed to be strong at every point on a long front at which a thrust might be made. But Sir Archibald Murray defeated the scheme by constructing an extraordinary system of defences, with railways, motor tracks, and fresh-water pipe-lines stretching far into the desert, and enabling a small British force to concentrate victoriously against any similar force that Kressenstein could bring over the Sinai wilderness. This was the far-reaching success of the second Egyptian defensive campaign. From a local point of view, the movement of invasion was largely a bluff, in that it was scarcely designed to conquer the country. At the utmost, Kressenstein with good luck could only have temporarily disturbed the Suez Canal traffic. But from a universal point of view, if we had used a great British force in order to meet the bluff, our local victory would have been a strategical defeat. For we might then have lost in France against the Germans more than we gained in Egypt against the Turks. Thanks, however, to the foresight and energetic organising skill of Sir Archibald Murray we won all round.

Camel transport leaving for the firing-line on the Egyptian frontier. Incongruity never went further than in the recent battles in old Egypt, where motor-cars jostled camels, telegraph wires reached across deserts, and aeroplanes flew over immemorial caves.

Germans Counter Their Own Method of Attack



The enemy, first to devise some method to emphasise the horror of war, is no less ready to find a means to counteract its military value when adapted by their opponents. Near La Bassee Canal, after a discharge of gas, the Germans lit fires in oil braziers, hoping that the upward current from the flames would lift the cloud over their heads. The British trench is seen in the foreground.



German gunners have sometimes ranged to an inch routes to the British front, and shells have found their mark on munition waggons. Even though projectiles may not actually strike the team, the crash of "Jack Johnsons" will stampede the horses into terrific confusion. Such an incident finds illustration above—men, animals, and munitions having been thrown into a Flemish canal.

"DOING THEIR BIT."

WORKING FOR THE V.A.D.

By An Old Member

I HAD been an old member of the V.A.D. when the war started, and I will frankly confess how I viewed my responsibilities up to August 4th, 1914. I thought it rather a pleasant variation of the ordinary social amusements. It had just that spice of seriousness which justified a new frock and a little extra extravagance. I attended classes in first-aid ; I wore an enamel badge ; I listened to the amusing lectures of our local medical man ; I took my share in the mild jests about how the vicar's wife tied bandages over the tea-cups

When Duty Calls

I had a vague notion that the object of the Voluntary Aid Detachment was to relieve the sick and wounded in war time, but like thousands of other women who had joined the society, I never took the work seriously or imagined that my services would ever be required. And then came the war, and the nonsense and frivolity and that unwholesome spirit, which makes society occasionally feed its restless craving for variety by playing at noble forms of work, were swept away.

I was called up, and since then I have been working seriously and steadily, glad that I have the health and strength to do something for the great cause for which our men are giving their lives.

As many people are ignorant of the V.A.D. movement, I will briefly sketch its history. Up to 1910 the whole movement was chaotic. Then the necessity of co-ordinating all voluntary aid and fitting it into a comprehensive scheme for treating the sick and wounded in war time was realised. A system of voluntary aid was fitted into the organisation of the various County Associations, somewhat after the example set on the Continent, The detachments were grouped together on the county basis, the men's and the women's detachments being separated. The latter consisted of a commandant, a quartermaster, a trained nurse, sixteen women who had passed a specified Government examination in first-aid and home nursing, and four qualified cooks. Sections of these detachments were formed in most villages, and the whole were linked up to the County Association and the Territorial scheme generally. They existed simply for the purpose of supplementing the medical service of the Territorial Force.

Though the county unit has been maintained, the experience of war has re-adapted this machinery. The V.A.D. now receive their orders from the British Red Cross Society or the St. John Ambulance, and very few, if any, work under the County Associations.

I myself, joined one of the Voluntary Aid hospitals in London. I was made to feel at once that, whatever my social position, I was a very insignificant unit in the great machine of war. I was put to work at which I would have shuddered in pre-war days. I had to scrub floors, make beds, and perform other menial tasks, and it was always impressed upon me that I ought to consider myself very lucky in being allowed to do these things. I kicked a little at first, but now I know I have been lucky.

The V.A.D. Hospitals

Within a year twenty-two Voluntary Aid hospitals were set up in London with fifty to a hundred beds apiece. All the funds for these hospitals were raised privately and all the labour was given free except that of the professional nurses, who were paid. The War Office made a grant of two or three shillings per bed, and this was the only Government support that the V.A.D. hospitals received. It is we women who have done most of the work, for the men's detachments have been mostly broken up, their members finding direct employment at the front. Altogether, there are some five thousand women working in these detachments in London alone. Nominally the hours are from nine to six in most cases, but it has been midnight frequently before I have been allowed to go.

The V.A.D. has adapted and elaborated its work enormously since the beginning of the war. In London a selection board sits at Devonshire House and allocates members and sections to various works as the occasions arise. Those who pass the Government examination act as assistants to the professional nurses ; those who have passed no examinations do the domestic work. The original idea of all members giving their services free has now been scrapped, and women, anxious to make a career of such nursing, can obtain a salary, after qualifying, up to twenty pounds a year.

Perhaps the most important elaboration of the V.A.D. has been the recent formation of a General Service Scheme which exists for the supply of cooks, clerks, and pharmacists. Women have done wonderfully in this branch, and there is one hospital in London where the R.A.M.C. has been completely superseded and the men transferred to the fighting units. A lady does the work of the quartermaster for a salary of twenty-six shillings a week, and all the other military positions, down to that of privates, are filled by women members of the V.A.D.

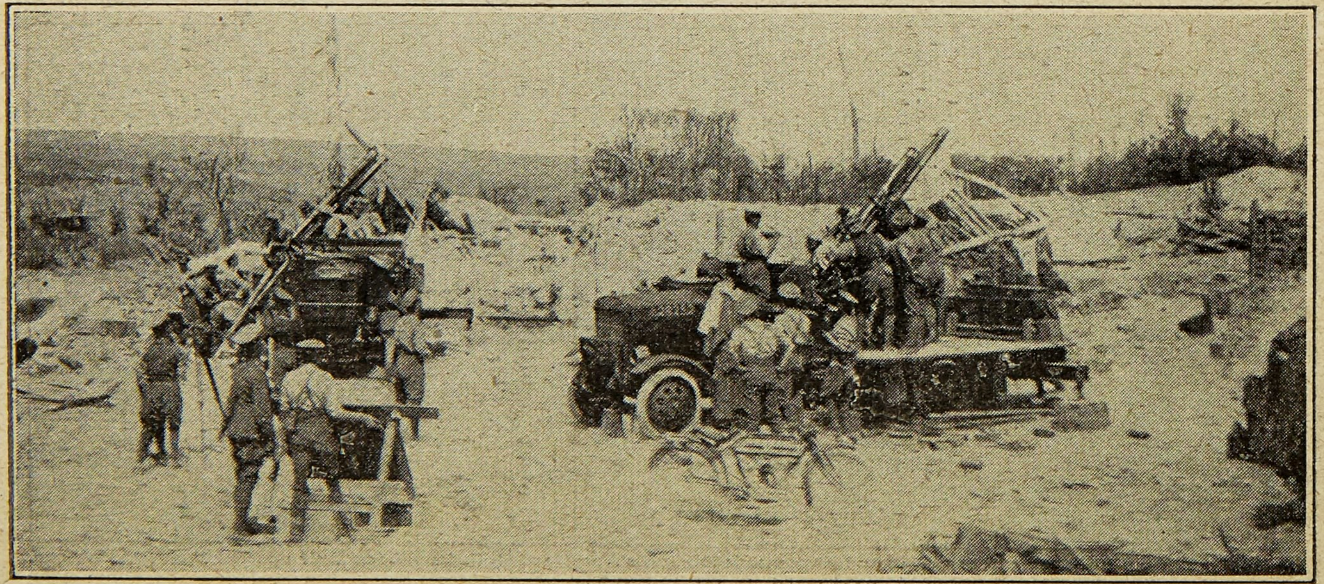
Where Women Replace Men

But the volunteer, pure and simple, is still as eager as ever to find employment in the V.A.D., and how these ladies obtain work is admirably illustrated by an anecdote related in the report of the County Director of Gloucester. (Outside London, Gloucester and Lancashire take the lead in voluntary aid work.)

"A lady and her daughter came to me and said they felt they could not possibly stay at home doing nothing ; they must do some kind of war service. The mother was too old to be taken for general service in a military hospital and her daughter too young, and they had not a hospital in their own locality. What were they to do ? They declared they were willing to scrub floors or anything else. I said : 'These scrubbing jobs are extremely sought after just now, and I hardly know whether I can fit you in. If it can be managed, will you give me twenty-five beds ?' 'Yes ; of course I will,' was the reply. The twenty-five beds were immediately forthcoming, the lady got into her car, and went straight off with her daughter to begin work."

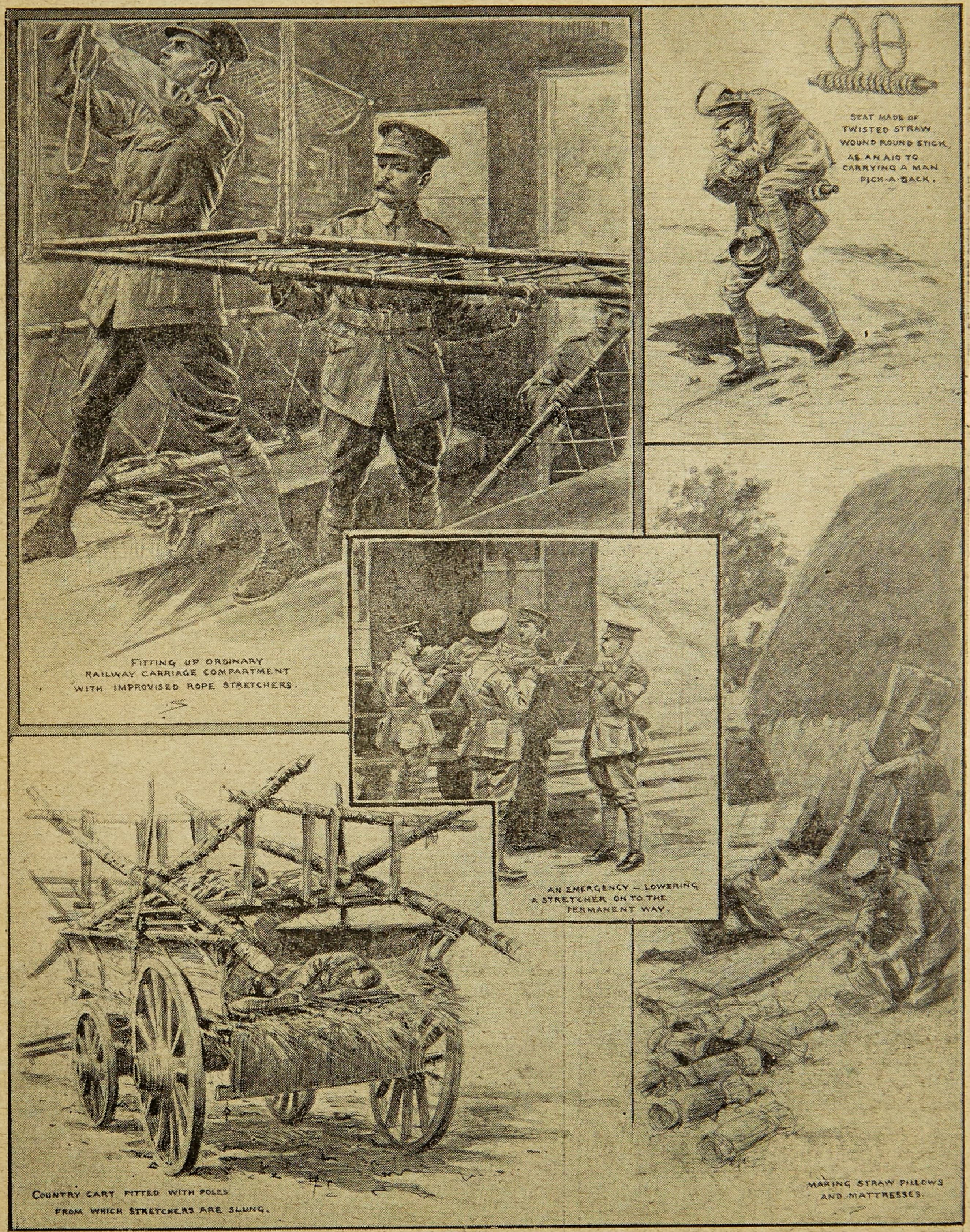
That is the fine spirit in which the members of the V.A.D. have been helping the great cause.

[Next article : The 'Bus Conductor. By One of Them.]



So many German aeroplanes have been brought down by our machines and anti-aircraft guns that, it would seem, since the eclipse of Boelke and Immelmann, the enemy air service has lost the initiative. This photograph shows British anti-aircraft guns in action.

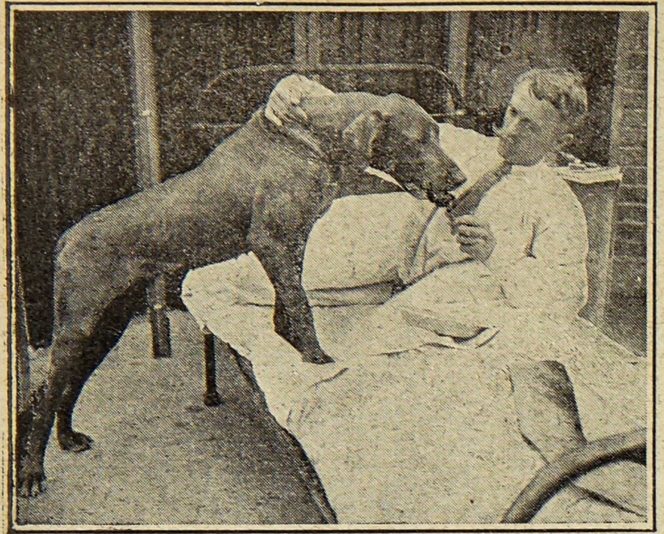
Ingenious V.A.D. Modes of Carrying Casualties



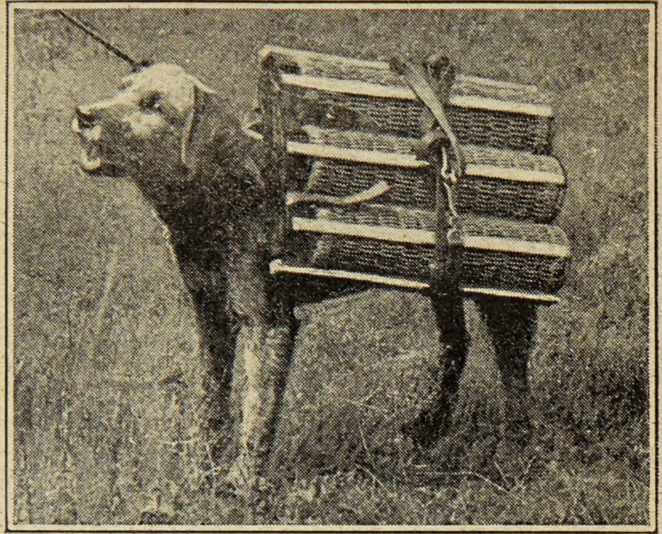
FITTING UP ORDINARY RAILWAY CARRIAGE COMPARTMENT WITH IMPROVISED ROPE STRETCHERS.
SEAT MADE OF TWISTED STRAW WOUND ROUND STICK AS AN AID TO CARRYING A MAN PICK-A-BACK.
AN EMERGENCY – LOWERING A STRETCHER ON TO THE PERMANENT WAY.
COUNTRY CART FITTED WITH POLES FROM WHICH STRETCHERS ARE SLUNG.
MAKING STRAW PILLOWS AND MATTRESSES.

As the days draw in and Zeppelin "frightfulness" increases with the dark, more strenuous work and responsibility will be thrown on the excellent Voluntary Aid Detachment Service, an article concerning which institution will be found on the opposite page. Perhaps the conveyance of casualties from place to place is the most difficult and delicate task of members of the V.A.D., who have discovered many ingenious methods, some of which are illustrated in detail, and explained in the series of drawings above.

Lull After Battle: Pictorial Notes of War

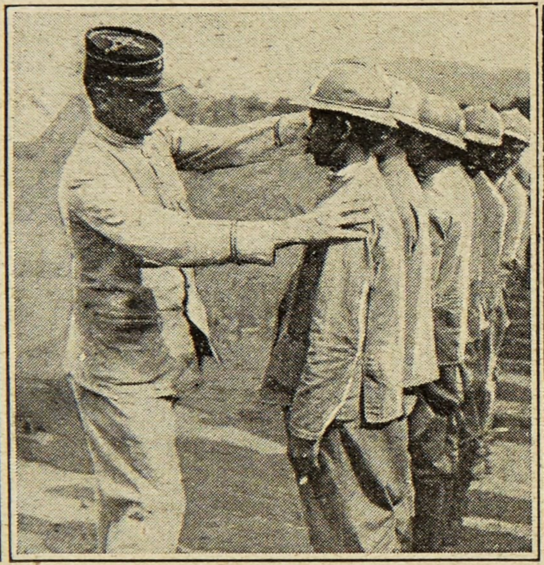


Wounded member of New Zealand Mounted Rifles, with Rona, mascot of the regiment. The dog has been under fire.



A dog of war. Airedale terrier trained to carry a load of shells for the use of the light field artillery.

Private of the Irish Rifles accompanying himself on trench-made fiddle.



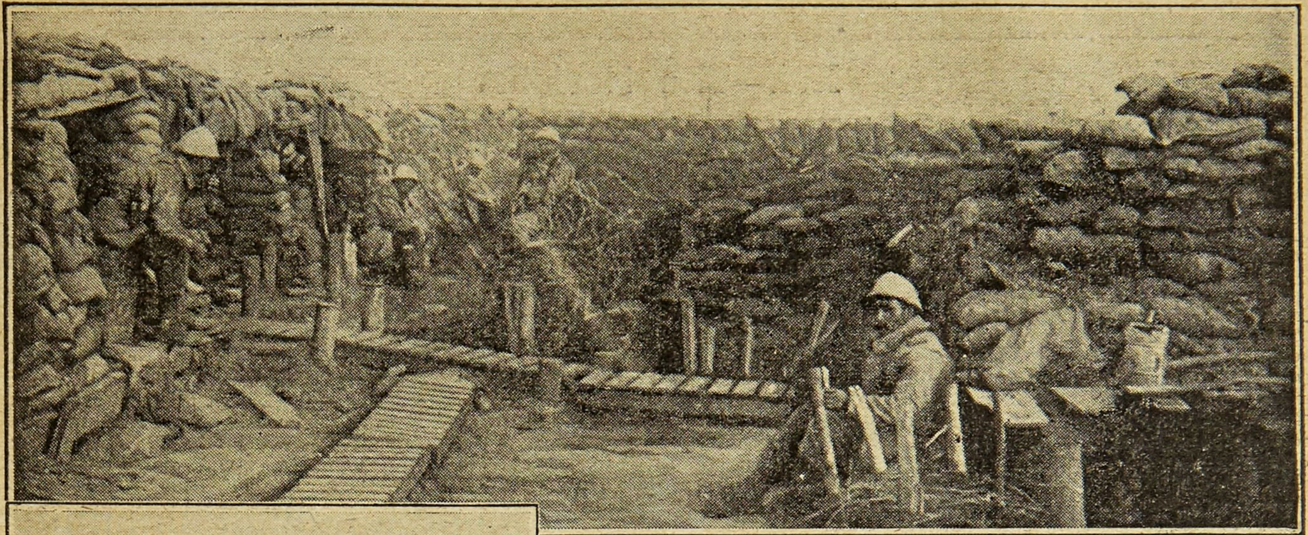
Annamites, coloured natives from the French colony, in training for the first line.

Serbian bagpipes made from lambskin, a gourd, and rubber piping.

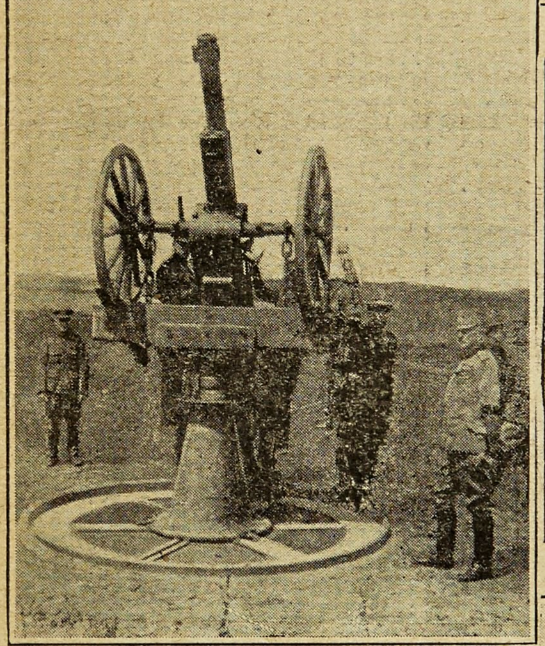
In a Berlin street. British and Belgian officers accompanied by a German non-com.

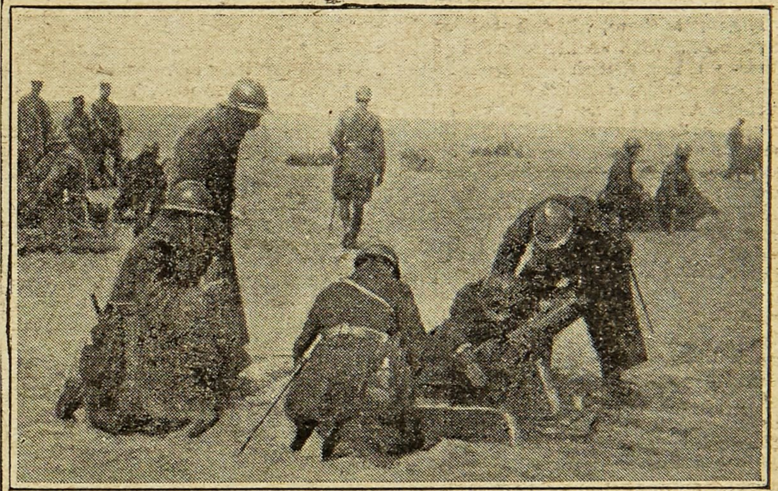
Members of the Canadian Red Cross Hospital. Left to right—Miss Gamble, Miss Spanner, and Colonel R. A. Roberts, all from Toronto University.

Where Dune and Ocean Flank the Western Line

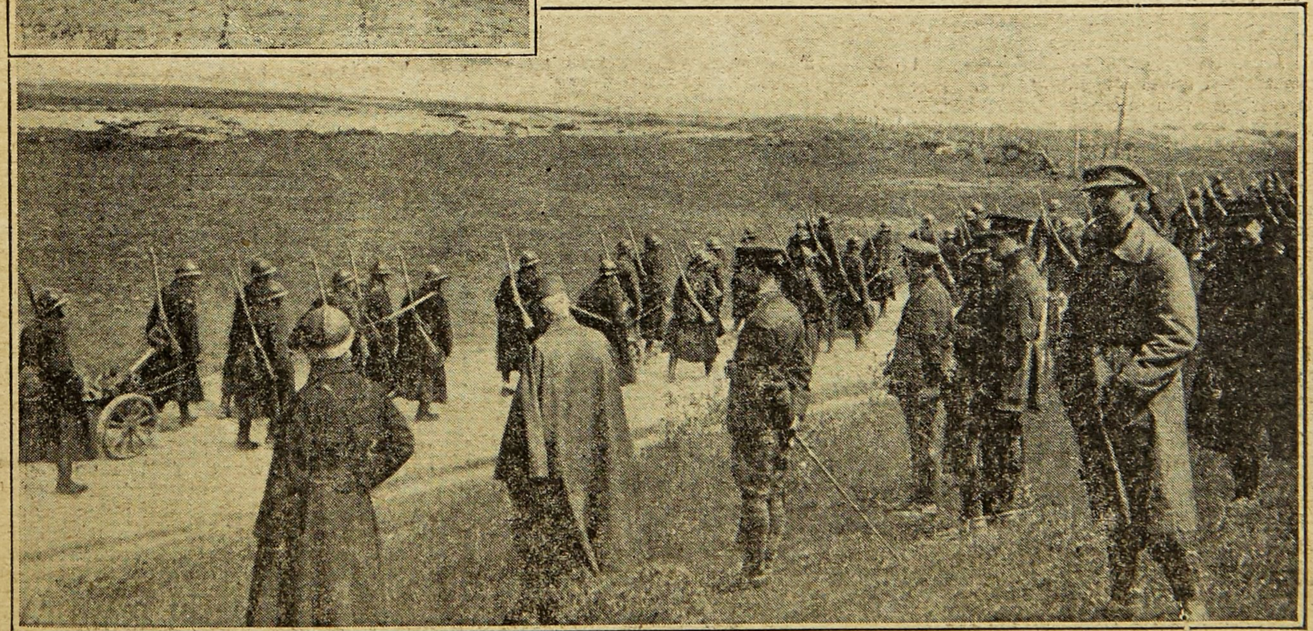


In the Belgian lines facing the Yser. This part of the line has remained practically unchanged since October, 1914.





Battery of Belgian 75 mm. mortars in action among the dunes. Inset: 75 mm. quick-firer (used against enemy air-craft) mounted on a revolving pivot.



At the extreme end of the western battle-line. Belgian troops marching to the front along the seashore, hauling the new mortars with which King Albert's forces have been recently equipped.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XX.—The Norfolks

THE NORFOLK REGT

THE campaign in Mesopotamia, which has ended, for the present at least, in the surrender of General Townshend at Kut, began in November, 1914, when a force from India landed at the village of Fao. This little army, about 20,000 strong, consisted largely of bearded Indian soldiers, eager to fight for the sahibs, but it also included three seasoned battalions of British regulars; one of these was the 2nd Norfolks, from Belgium.

The Norfolks did not take part in the first little engagement with the Turks. On December 7th they helped to capture Kurna, but their first experience of heavy fighting was near Basra in the following April.

The battle there, which lasted for three days, began with an attack made by the Turks on the British entrenched camp, and ended with a British attack on the Turks. As soon as ever the enemy's troops had been beaten back by our men, our generals decided to clear them from the neighbourhood. This, however, was not an easy task. It was found that the Turks were in trenches, and, further, they had chosen the sites for these trenches with extraordinary skill. Behind them were some woods, and in front a plain absolutely without cover, and commanded by the Turkish guns. Moreover, it was very difficult to find out exactly where the trenches were, they were so cleverly hidden. The front was three miles long, and owing to natural obstacles there was only one way of getting at it—by an advance across the plain. The name of the wood was Barjisiya, and on that account the fight is sometimes called the Battle of Barjisiya.

A Norfolk Charge

The day, April 14th, was one of burning heat, trying even to men who had been trained under the Indian sun. But the advance was ordered, and it began, the Norfolks leading one section of the British line. For several hours our men pressed on, rushing forward for a hundred yards or so, and then lying down for a time, while at great risk picked men went back to bring forward water and ammunition to their comrades. All the time (to quote an observer) our shells dropped neatly in front of them, clearing the way.

At length, in the afternoon, the men were near to the Turkish trenches, and all was ready for the final rush. The bayonets were tested, and then it came. The Norfolks dashed into the Turkish trenches. But, whatever his faults, the Turk is a sturdy fighter, and he took a good deal of clearing out. But cleared out he was, and the victory was ours—a real success.

General Melliss, himself a V.C. hero, has described the battle, which added a fresh honour to the long record of the Norfolks: "Splendid dash, combined with resolute courage, alone carried our men across that bullet-swept glacis. It was a sheer, dogged soldiers' fight, and no words of mine can adequately express my admiration of the conduct of those gallant regiments who won through."

> *"In carrying out these interesting and almost unique operations of war, the chief meed of praise is only justly due to that noble corps, the 9th Foot."*
> —C. R. Low, "Life of Sir G. Pollock."

After another pause, the advance up the Tigris was renewed, and the Norfolks were again in the forefront, for they helped to capture Kut-el-Amara in September, 1915. In this campaign the shells and bullets of the enemy were not their only foe, for there was also the terrific heat, and at times the superabundance of floods. On one occasion, we are told that the Norfolks disembarked from some boats and were at once up to the waist in mud and water. All night they lay in the wet mud, and when in the morning they advanced against the Turks and their Arab allies their rifles were all choked with mud, so that firing was very difficult indeed. Nevertheless, as before, they won through.

In the West

The 1st Norfolks, the sister battalion, were all this time in France and Flanders, where they were in Sir Charles Fergusson's harassed 5th Division. Their difficulties began in the retreat from Mons, where they were protecting the left of the British line. Near Dour they fought a little battle on August 24th, a day of tremendous heat, when, so one officer calculated, 6,000 shells fell in two hours within a quarter of a mile of the battalion's headquarters, and two days later they fought at Le Cateau. Soon they turned on their pursuers, forced their way across the Aisne and, like the rest of Smith-Dorrien's corps, marched away to Flanders.

On October 22nd the battalion was fighting its way, almost inch by inch, towards Lille; but when they got as far as Violaines they were forced back, and on the 26th they were in action at Festubert, where Sergeant E. S. Grice and Private E. Burton won the D.C.M. During the winter they enjoyed a certain amount of rest, and they only heard from afar the sounds that marked the attack on Neuve Chapelle in March.

Every Man Needed

But in April our generals needed all their reserves, and the Norfolks were again in the line of battle. With the rest of the 5th Division they held a position near Hill 60, and they were there when, on April 22nd, the Canadians faced the waves of German gas. There they remained through those weeks of dreadful carnage, and when the battle died away, this splendid battalion of regulars was, like so many others, but a shadow of its former self. Henceforward the brunt of the struggle against the new barbarian must fall upon the Territorials and the men of the New Armies. The regulars had done their part. Let those who doubt turn to the casualty lists.

The Norfolk Regiment was first raised in 1685, when Monmouth was about to invade England, and was known as the 9th of the Line. Its first experience of war was in Ireland, when it fought at Londonderry, the Boyne, and elsewhere. It won honour and glory at the Battle of Almanza in 1707, and later in the century was in America and the West Indies. In 1792 the regiment was associated definitely with Norfolk, and was called for the next hundred years the East Norfolk Regiment.

Hard fighting in the Peninsular War was their next exploit, and one of their battles there was Corunna. After that fight the Norfolks were given the sad but honourable task of placing Moore's body in the grave, burying him "darkly at dead of night," and they were the last troops to leave the shore. A black line in the regimental lace commemorates his service to-day. At Busaco, in 1810, the regiment finished the day by charging downhill with the bayonet; and at Salamanca, two years later, they showed perhaps greater heroism by just standing still under fire. They were present at three other fierce battles—Barrosa, Fuentes d'Onor, and Vittoria—and when it came to the crossing of the River Bidassoa their gallantry was equally conspicuous.

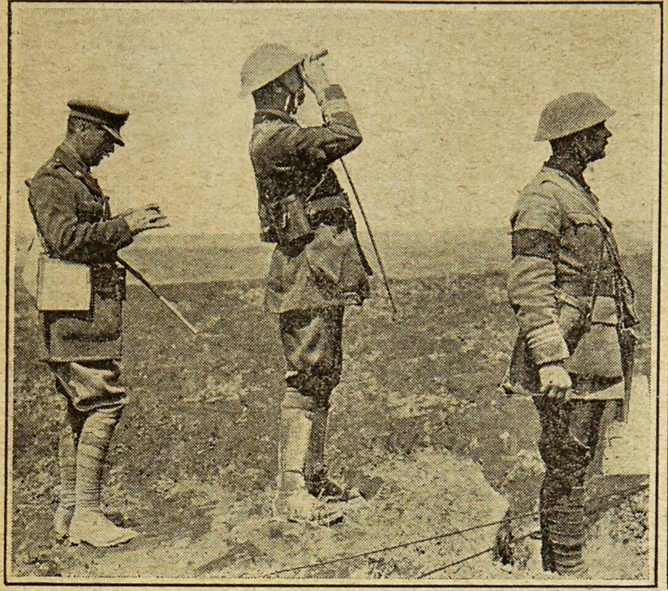
Thirty years later the Norfolks were in Afghanistan, forcing their way through the Khyber Pass to Kabul. Under Gough they encountered the warlike Sikhs, and then returning to Europe they shared in the Siege of Sebastopol. They were a second time in Afghanistan in 1879, and finished the century with service in South Africa, where they had a considerable share in the victory at Paardeberg, and a good deal of desultory fighting as they marched to Bloemfontein and then to Pretoria.

Those Ardent Souls

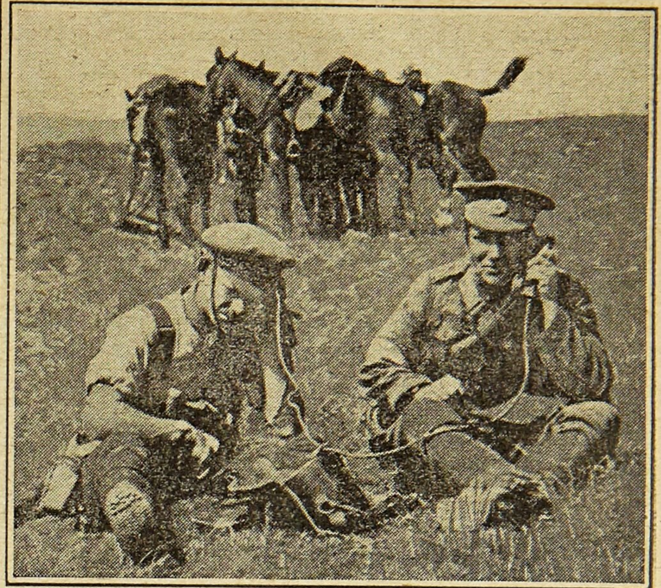
This is a fine record, but the crowning glory is still to come. Among the troops sent to Gallipoli were the 5th Norfolks, a Territorial battalion, consisting partly of men in the employ of H.M. the King at Sandringham. They were ordered forward to support the attack at Suvla in August, 1915, and on the 12th, after our first attempt had failed, their division tried to capture the Anafarta ridge. The Norfolks were on the right of the line, and they pressed forward eagerly, while the fighting grew hotter and the country more wooded and broken. Some were wounded, others were exhausted through thirst and fell out of the ranks; but the colonel, Sir Horace Beauchamp, Bart., with sixteen officers and two hundred and fifty men, still kept pushing on, driving the enemy before them. And then, said Sir Ian Hamilton of these "ardent souls," as he called them: "Nothing more was ever seen or heard of any of them. They charged into the forest and were lost to sight or sound. Not one of them ever came back." A noble epitaph for Norfolk men.

A. W. Holland

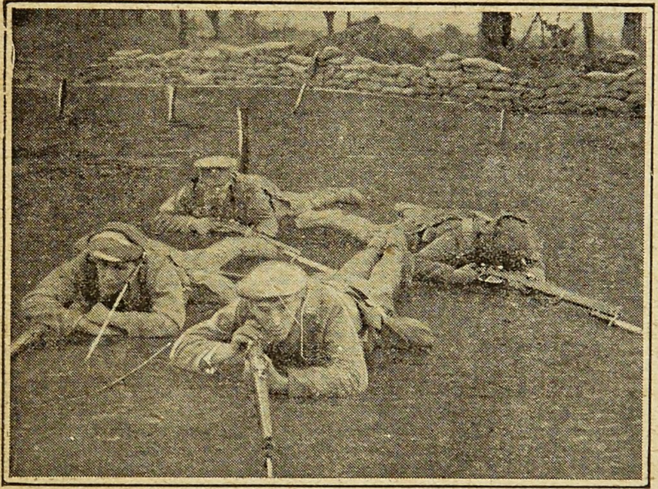
Looking and Listening for the Hard-Pressed Foe



Three British Staff officers on observation duty, with the aid of maps, charts, and field-glass, in the neighbourhood of Pozieres.



Getting on at Salonika. British artillery telephone operators in communication with headquarters in the Balkan field.

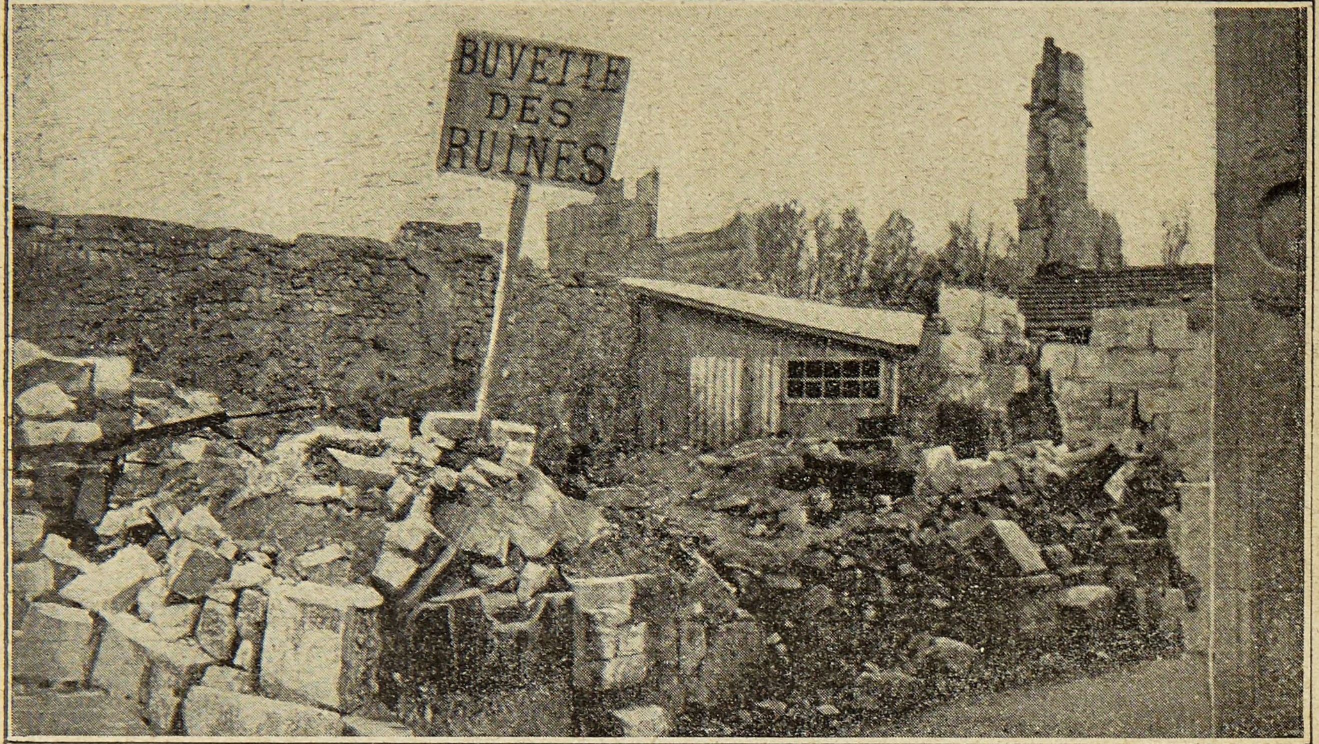


At a listening-post. Flat on their faces, bayonets fixed and rifles ready, these British are crawling towards the foe in broad daylight.

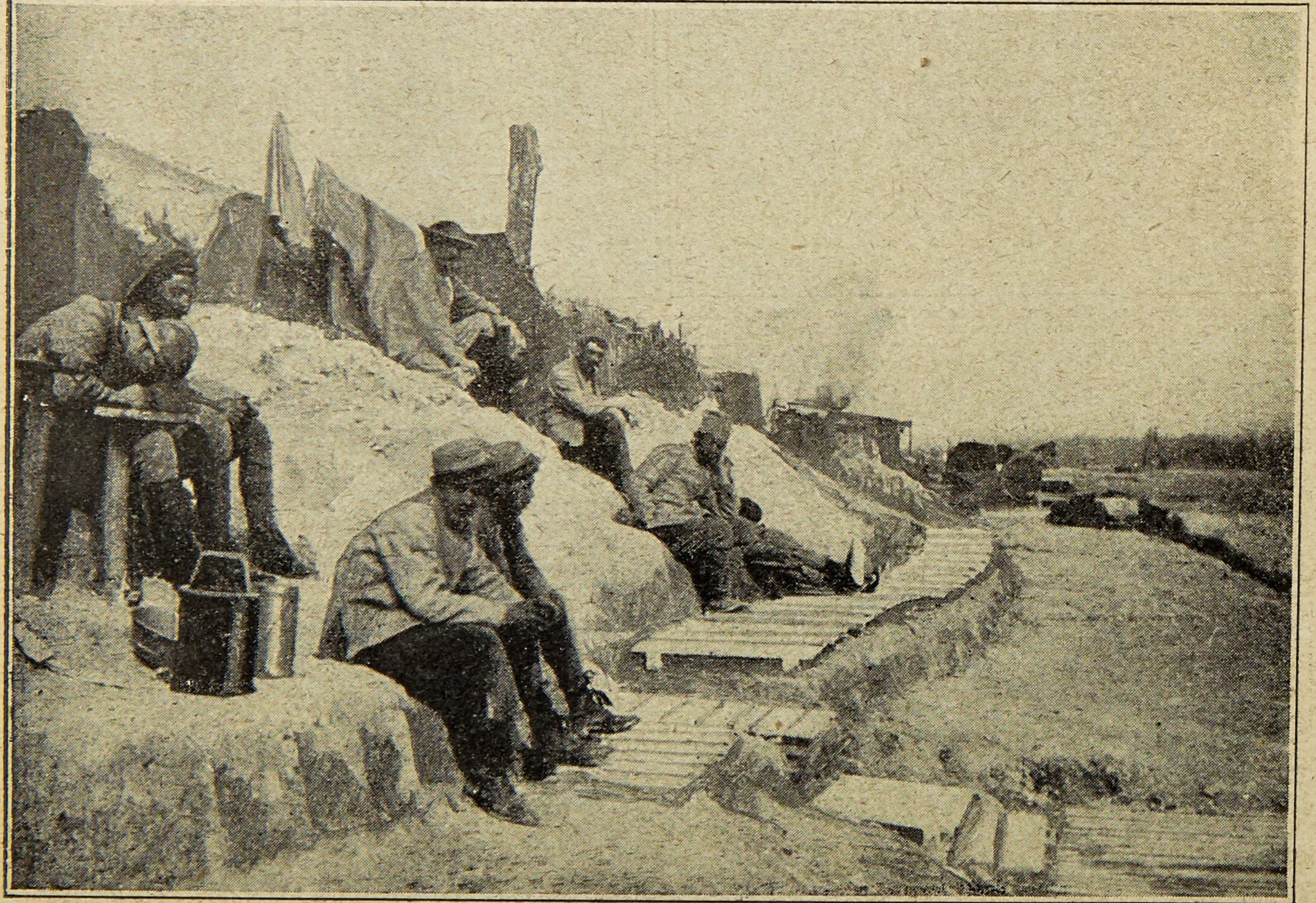
Leaving the British trenches to take up a position nearer to the enemy on the offchance of intercepting his movements.

Provisions, equipment, etc., going up to the communication trench along a shell-shattered roadway. In the summer sunlight these men of the "army behind the army" are jauntily making their way up to the front, quite oblivious to the falling shell or persistent rifle shot.

Light Thoughts and Leisure Hours in Champagne

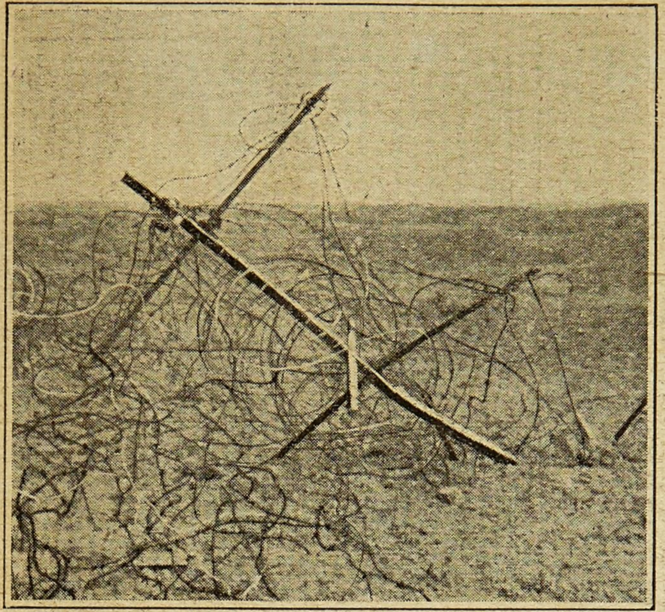


The cheerful spirit of the French soldier is irrepressible under all circumstances. Even during the critical contest for Verdun (now in its seventh month) some of our allies have found time to joke about the site of an inn destroyed by gun fire. To mark the position a signboard was erected on which the words "Buvette des Ruines" (the Ruins Inn) were inscribed.

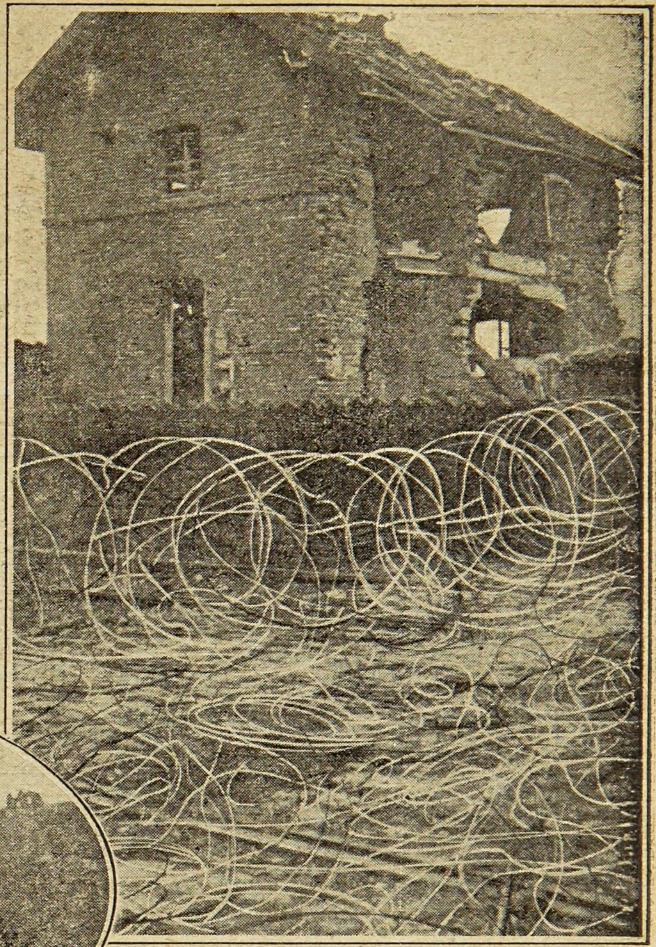


French dug-outs in Champagne. The photograph was secured during a lull, and the watchers of France are taking it easy—smoking, writing letters, doing nothing in particular. A soup-can and basin are seen in the foreground, and other evidences of dug-out life is scattered here, there, and everywhere.

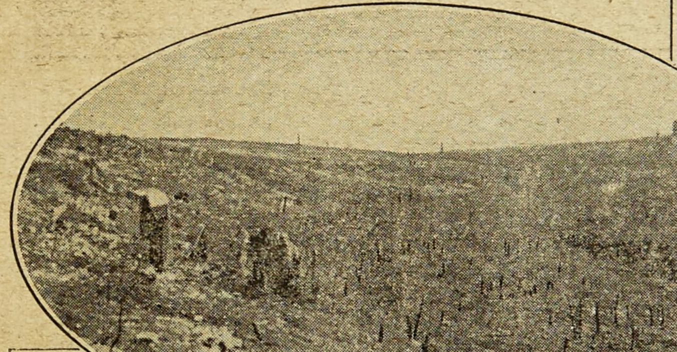
Visions of Verdun After Six Months of Terror

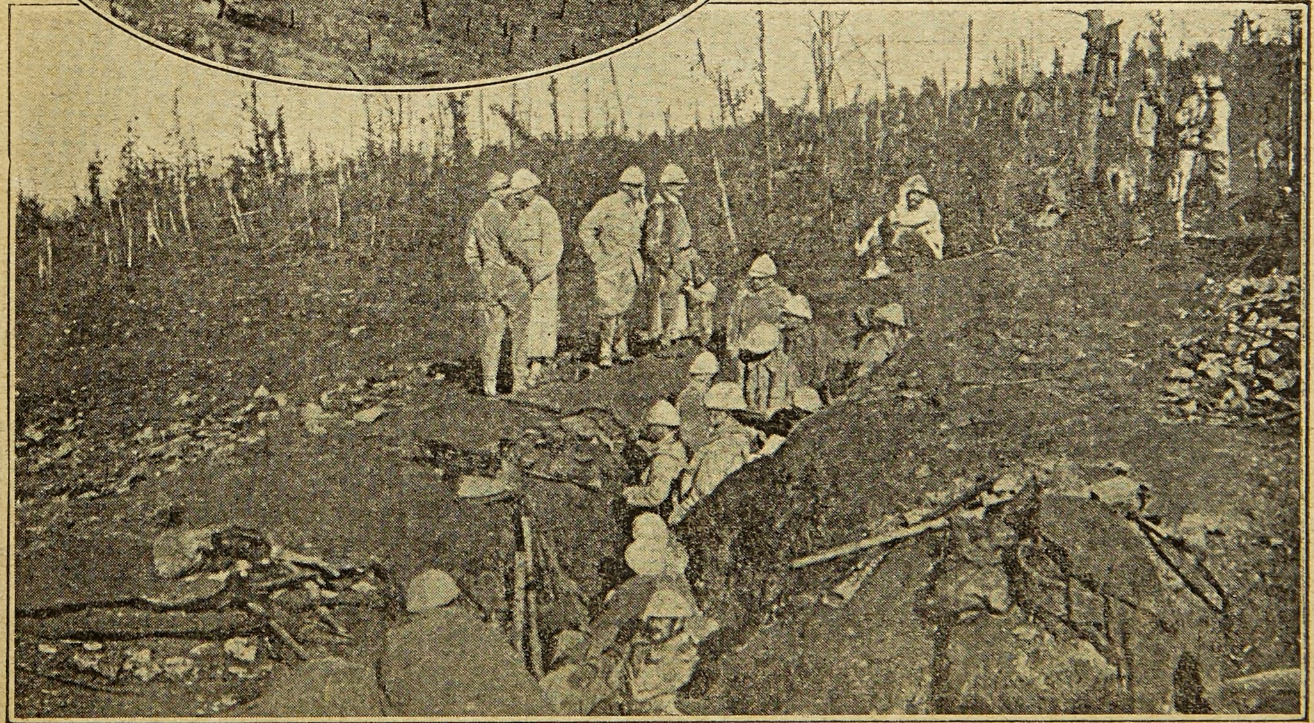


Freakish effect of shell explosions on barbed-wire. The stakes are torn out of the ground and the wire is wound round them.



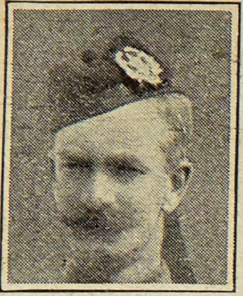
Where it is death to penetrate. Profusion of barbed-wire which surrounded an outpost position in the neighbourhood of Beaumont Hamel.



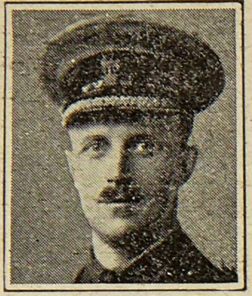


All that remains of a wood near Thiaumont, through which runs a communication, by way of which some French soldiers were on their way to relieve comrades in the first line. Inset: This dreary waste was once Thiaumont Farm on the hill. Every tree and blade of grass was blasted, and only a few charred sticks remained as melancholy evidence of the recent flourishing woodland scene.

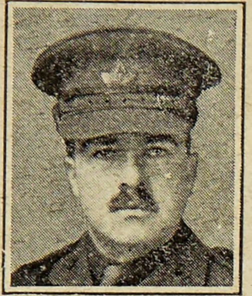
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



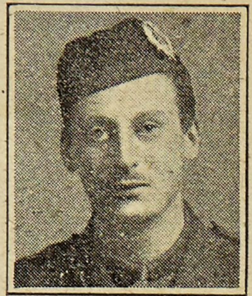
Lt.-Col. R. J. DOUGLAS, C.M.G., Cameronians.



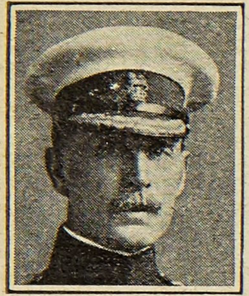
Lieut.-Col. A. E. SHAW, Canadian Mounted Rifles.



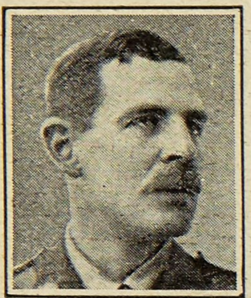
Major P. P. BALLACHEY, Canadian Infantry.



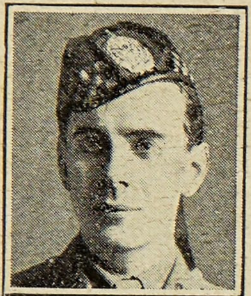
Major P. R. HARDINGE, Cameronians.



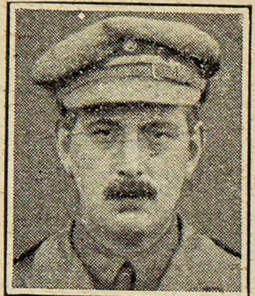
Maj.-Gen. E. C. INGOUVILLE-WILLIAMS, C.B., D.S.O.



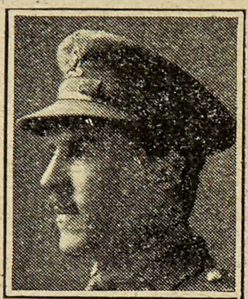
Capt. H. D. RILEY, East Lancs.



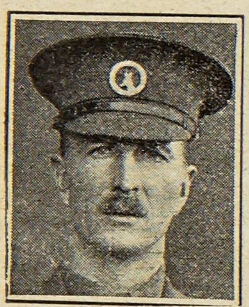
Capt. H. C. DRUMMOND. A. and S. Highlanders.



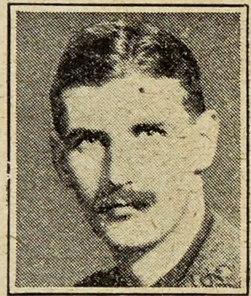
Capt. GUY DICKENS, King's Royal Rifles.



Capt. M. PARTRIDGE GAMON, Lancs Fusiliers.



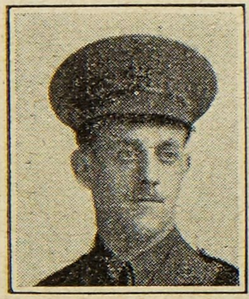
Capt. J. W. JACKSON, South African Infantry.



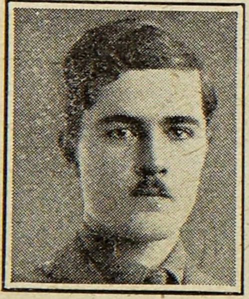
Capt. J. L. GREEN, V.C., R.A.M.C.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert J. Douglas, C.M.G., saw active service in South Africa, gaining the Queen's Medal with five clasps. Major-General Edward Charles Ingouville-Williams, C.B., D.S.O., had a long Staff and active service record. He fought in the Battles of Atbara and Khartoum, and took part in the Relief of Ladysmith, was present at the actions of Spion Kop, Vaal Krans, and Tugela Heights. Major Patrick Robert Hardinge was the only child of the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Hardinge, Brockworth House, Gloucester. Only twenty-three, he attained proficiency and promotion, and won the Military Cross.

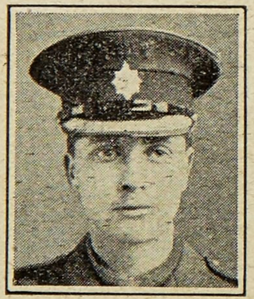
Captain Maurice Partridge Gamon was one of the heads of the publishing house of S. W. Partridge & Co. On the outbreak of war he received a sub-lieutenantcy in the Lancashire Fusiliers. One of the survivors of the first German gas attack, he was promoted to captain and attached to the Intelligence Dept., but took part in the advance, and fell leading his men on the First of July. Lieutenant Donald Campbell, Coldstream Guards, was the eldest son of Captain the Hon. John Beresford Campbell, D.S.O. (himself reported missing since January, 1915). Thus two heirs of Lord Stratheden and Campbell have fallen on the field of honour. Lieutenant Henry Webber, J.P., South Lancs Regt., volunteered for foreign service at the age of 68. Second-Lieutenant A. S. H. Barrett was a grandson of Wilson Barrett, the eminent actor, and son of Mr. A. Wilson Barrett, editor of "Colour." He fell gallantly leading his men to victory at Mametz.



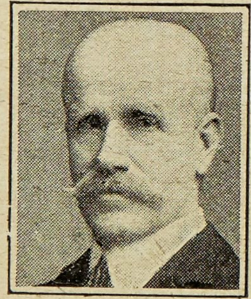
Lieut. R. M. DOINBRAIN, Indian Army.



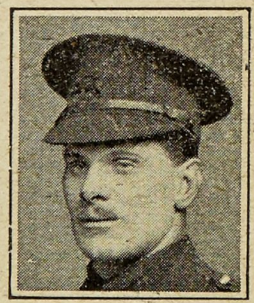
Sec.-Lt. M. H. BLACKWOOD, Seaforth Highlanders.



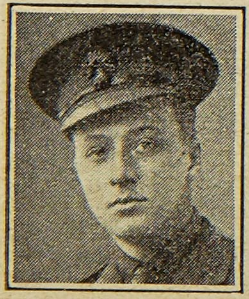
Lieut. DONALD CAMPBELL, Coldstream Guards.



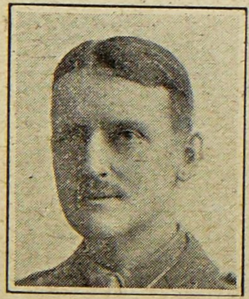
Lieut. HENRY WEBBER, J.P., South Lancs Regt.



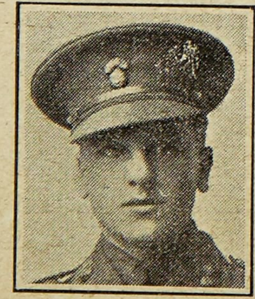
Lt. G. T. LOVICK ELLWOOD, Leicester Regt.



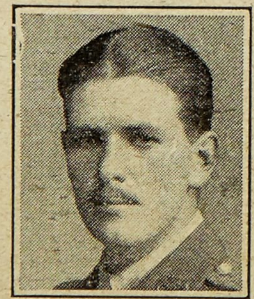
Lieut. M. N. SCHIFF, Scots Guards.



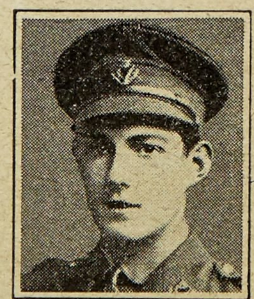
Sec.-Lieut. N. BARNARD, King's (Liverpool Regt.).



Sec.-Lieut. A. S. H. BARRETT, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lieut. G. G. WILLIAMS, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.



Sec.-Lt. C. SUMMERSCALES, Connaught Rangers.

(Portraits by Walter Barnett, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Russell & Sons, Swaine.)

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

HONESTY of intention is a quality in his enemy which an Englishman ever respects. Even though he dissent from his opinion so fiercely as to come to blows about it—surely the most unreasonable way to try to decide a question that foolish man ever devised—he invariably pays its honest advocate this tribute of respect before stripping to the buff and pounding him for daring to profess it. He realises, too, that the honesty will be some measure of the toughness of the fight. Righteousness of cause nerves the arm of the individual and intensifies his power of endurance; it is worth millions of money and many army corps to the State that is conscious of it.

THE next best thing to having right on your side is believing that you have it. Unless you can demonstrate to your opponent that his case is false and absurd he will fight and die for the maintenance of it with fervour as passionate as your own. If you cannot persuade him, you had better make up your mind to the fact that the fight will go on until one side can endure no more, and that after it is over both sides will resume their normal existence with their original diametrically opposite views of the subject unaltered and their mutual relations embittered for all time. Truth so banal would surely do away with war if the human race would only exercise some of the reason which is its distinction from the brute creation.

FOR six weeks now the offensive of the Allies in every theatre of war has been waxing in intensity. Men little apt to let their hope father their thought have begun to whisper that the end is close at hand at last. They quote words attributed—nobody knows how properly—to Lord Kitchener, that the first estimate of a three years' war might possibly be found excessive. They quote, and embroider other words attributed to the Prime Minister and the Minister for Munitions, and they are pathetically anxious to believe them heaven-inspired. And on the greens and commons, of course, the geese are gabbling noisily. According to the wiseacres, it is all over but the shouting, and that they may be trusted to carry on as long as the restricted opportunities for obtaining refreshment allow their voice to hold out.

WE wish, indeed most sincerely, that the anticipations of all these men, wise and foolish alike, may be justified by the event. We do not care to dispute them, having no qualifications to pose as military expert or right to profess special information. But we have been interested by a story told by "an eminent neutral," who was present at a tea-party given by the German Empress towards the end of last year, at which the Kaiser also was present. Another member of the party, another neutral, led the Kaiser on to refer to the war, and to him the Kaiser said: "I suppose the British theory that I am responsible for the war has got a hold on your own people?" He did not wait for an answer, but went on: "It is curious how this theory seems to fascinate my enemies. Yet the people who accuse me of having caused the war are the very people who previously testified to the earnestness of my desire for peace."

AND then he said: "I do not envy the man who has the responsibility for this war upon his conscience. I, at least, am not that man. I think history will clear me of that charge, although I do not suppose that history will hold me faultless." And in conclusion: "In a sense every civilised man in Europe must have a share in the responsibility for this war, and the higher his position the larger his responsibility. I admit that, and yet claim that I acted throughout in good faith, and strove hard for peace, even though war was inevitable. Why do you neutrals always talk about German militarism and never about Russian despotism, the French craving for revenge, English treachery? I think the next generation will strike a juster balance in apportioning blame."

IN our ears those words ring true. There is no trace in them of the theatrical, flamboyant, hysterical, mad vanity of the man we have so often termed a megalomaniac. They convince us of their frankness and sincerity. And to that sort of talk we will ever give dignified and respectful attention, even though it proceed from the lips of a man whom we regard as a convicted criminal. The Kaiser has not got right on his side. But it seems clear to us from that speech that he honestly believes that he has. And, consequently, following our line of argument, we suggest the prudence of not underestimating the toughness of the fight that still remains to be fought.

FOR it would be absurd to suppose that the Kaiser's honest belief in the righteousness of his cause is not shared by very many Germans of intelligence and education and knowledge. Faith is a great dynamic, able to support resistance to defeat long after hope of victory has died away. We have supposed that the Kaiser knew long since that the Central Empires had lost all chance of defeating the Allies, but that is not the impression left by him upon the "eminent neutral." He saw no sign of intense mental anguish or of intolerable burden upon the conscience of the man before him, although there were deep lines upon his forehead and grey streaks in his hair. And another man of some position, who dined with the Kaiser as recently as Midsummer Day this year, described him as the healthiest mortal he ever saw, with fire in his eye and a quickness of mind in conversation and an alertness of spirit that were simply amazing. And not only by his freshness and virility of spirit and mind did he impress this interested observer, but even more perhaps by his absolute optimism and assurance of ultimate and complete victory of the German arms. Only the cheapest and most dangerous kind of folly would underrate the power of such a personality to hypnotise into continued obedience to his will a people who for nearly thirty years now have idolised him as a symbolic figure of the New Germany.

HERE are no concessions. We admit temptation to pick up the Kaiser's challenge and tell him why people talk of German militarism rather than other things, but, once more, the victory has still to be won. Academic discussion of German militarism can be postponed until it has been destroyed, as it is going to be. There will be plenty of time in the long days of peace that we are going to secure for the Kaiser and his fellows to flog a good many dead horses. They will be better employed doing that than in flogging live soldiers up to our guns and in committing and causing crimes that have shocked the world. He does not envy the man who has the responsibility for this war upon his conscience? Sire, thou art the man!

C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

OUR recent paragraph, "An Undying Army," has brought us information from several parts of the country about some of the men who went out with the original British Expeditionary Force in August, 1914. Melancholy reading it is, upon the whole. "Invalided out of the Army with a very small allowance," is the news of one man. "Marked for 'light duty,' and at present rolling the lawn," is the answer of another. Marked "permanently unfit" but still doing their bit at home, is said of a few survivors of another unit. All are unanimous in their praise of our New Army, ungrudging in their admiration of it; but their admiration of the boys of the Old Army, seasoned campaigners who bore the brunt of the German onslaught, is intense—and intense, too, is their pride in having belonged to that heroic force. And they are unanimous also in wishing that they had some mark to show that they did belong to it. Some of them were not wounded—double pneumonia, pleurisy, rheumatic fever, chronic ill-health due to that first awful winter have incapacitated them, and the gold stripe is only for the wounded. Until the war is over and the general medal is issued, some of these great men will have nothing to show to people sceptical about their ailments that they ever did a day with the Colours. And these were the men who saved Britain. That is simple truth.

Quick Lunches for Constant Diners

FAR from starvation conditions prevailing in Germany, it would seem from the latest batch of German newspapers that, next to holding back the enemy from all fronts, the chief obsession is to absorb as much food as possible in the shortest possible time. The holiday season is just over, and Berliners are flocking back to the capital, after having done themselves exceeding well in the matter of exchanging all their available marks for rural delicatessen. Holiday traffic this year is more than double what it was in 1915. The passion for food kitchens finds expression in another "Kolossal" eating-house in the Berlin Central Markets. There is accommodation for four hundred and fifty diners, and each one is expected to satisfy his or her hunger within twenty minutes.

German Intrigues in Persia

SINCE the complete collapse of the recent Turkish offensive against the Suez Canal, German intriguers in the Orient will be hard put to it to convince the Persian people of the Almightiness of Kaiserism. When the Dardanelles campaign failed, the jubilant Germans made every use of that ill-fated expedition, and by an amazing lying propaganda nearly succeeded in bringing the Persians into the war against the Allies. German schemes in the East are as obvious as a Punch and Judy show, if not so harmless. The Kaiser is alleged to hold daily converse with the elect of Teheran, telling of overwhelming disasters to the Slav armies, the destruction of the British Navy, the collapse of the Bank of England, the obliteration of France. For many long months a Zeppelin, laden with sugar (symbolic freight), has been promised for the Oriental skies. On May 20th a large concourse gathered at the cemetery of Ispahan, and spent many hours star-gazing, but no Zeppelin appeared on the horizon. Slowly and surely the Persian is being disillusioned from this childish nonsense.

An Expression of National Passion

THERE was something fine in the lyrical outburst of Mr. Lloyd George at the opening of the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Aberystwyth, which, we imagine, will have appealed even to the writer of the letter which provoked it. This gentleman had deprecated the holding of the festival, suggesting that in time of war a musical festival was inappropriate. This is not the place to debate the point. But the Minister's question, in the words in which it was asked, may fairly be repeated. "Why should we not sing during the war? Why, especially, should we not sing at this stage of the war?" "The blinds of Britain are not down yet, nor are they likely to be." And then came the following passage which is remarkable because it is so obviously spontaneous, pouring from a heart surcharged with genuine national passion:

The Eloquent Simile

"THERE is a bird in our villages which can beat the best of them. He is called Y Cymro. He sings in joy, he sings also in sorrow. He sings in prosperity, he sings also in adversity. He sings at play, he sings at work. He sings in the sunshine, he sings in the storm. He sings in peace. Why should he not sing in war? He sings in the daytime, he sings also in the night. Hundreds of wars have swept over these hills, but the harp of Wales has never yet been silenced by one of them, and I should be proud if I contributed something to keep it in tune during the war by the holding of this Eisteddfod to-day. It is true there are thousands of gallant men falling in the fight, but let us sing of their heroism."

A Word in Season

I MAKE no apology for reminding my readers once more about the matter of binding the loose parts of Volume IV. of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. The publishers tell me that there has been an extraordinary demand within the last week or two for back numbers. It is wonderful how easily odd numbers can disappear, and those who have successfully kept the twenty-six loose parts of Volume IV. up till now, should not lose another day in placing them in the hands of their local newsagent to be securely bound in the publishers' registered cases. That is the only way to make sure that next week or the next again, one of the parts so carefully kept until now may not be missing. The publishers have made every effort to maintain a considerable supply of back numbers in order to facilitate the completing of volumes where readers have unfortunately lost a few of the weekly parts, and this has been done at very considerable trouble and expense, in view of the paper difficulties with which, like all other publishers, THE WAR ILLUSTRATED publishers are still contending. If one or two of your loose parts for Volume IV. (Parts 79 to 104) are missing, you should order them to be replaced at once—your newsagent will see to this, as he has only to communicate with our publishers to be supplied with the missing numbers—and proceed with the binding immediately. The publishers' "registered cases" are still sold at the low price of 1s. 6d., despite the great increase in the cost of bookbinders' cloth and other materials.

How You May Help

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED can greatly assist the publishers in conforming with the Government restrictions as to the consumption of paper by ordering this journal to be supplied weekly by their regular newsagents, instead of buying it casually. In this way it is possible for the publishers more accurately to judge their weekly printing order, and thus avoid wastage as well as prevent disappointment.

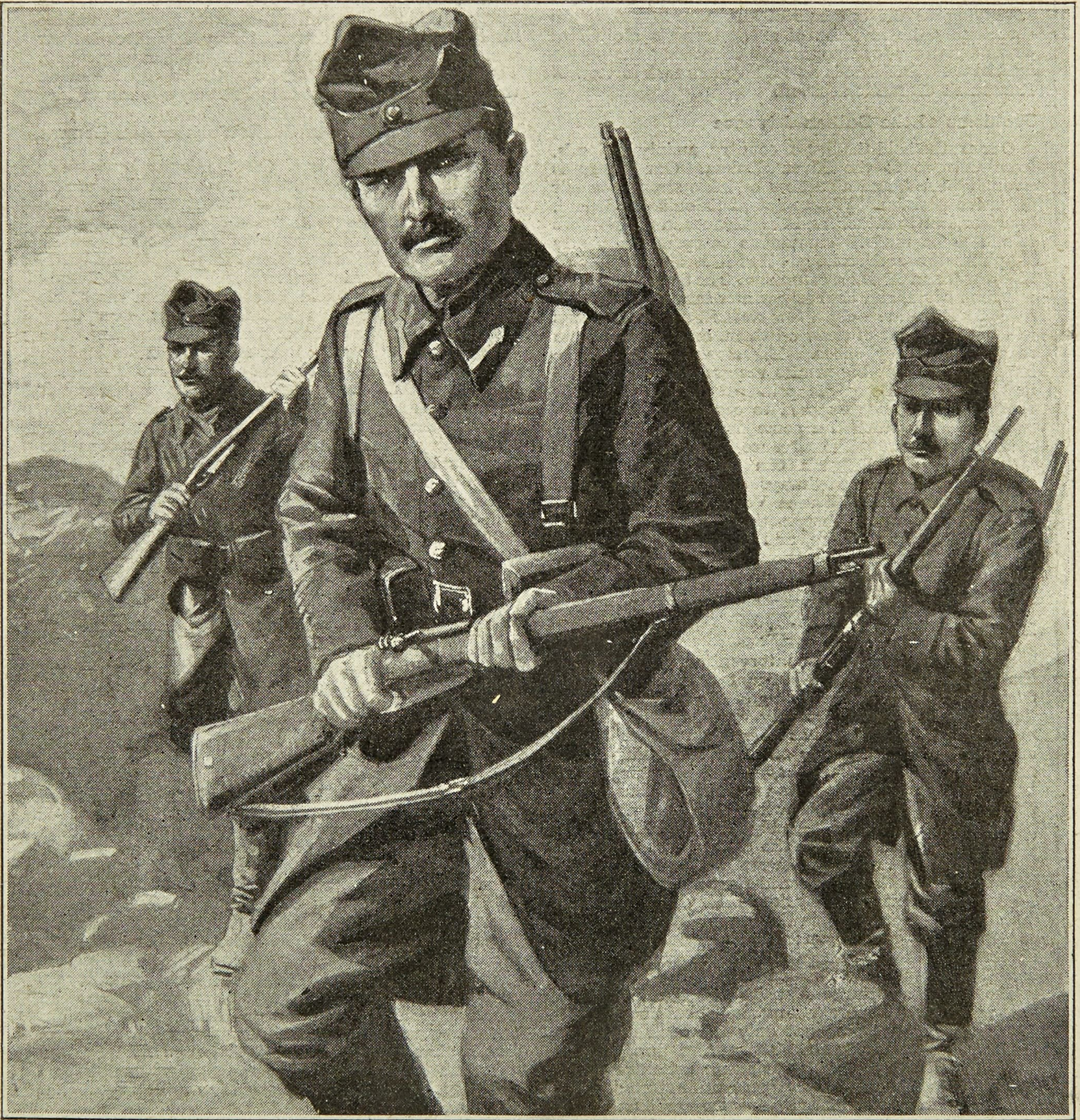
Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, September 9th, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

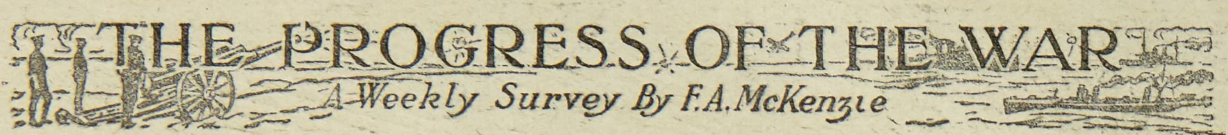
A Spaniard's Impression of the British Front

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly



Vol. 5 One More Portent of Victory: Rumania Joins the Grand Alliance **No. 108**



THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE main interest of the war centres for the moment on the situation in the Balkans. The dramatic landing of Russian and Italian troops at Salonika, the sudden and fierce attack by the Bulgarians on both flanks of the Allies, the Bulgar invasion of Greek territory and occupation of Kavalla, Italy's declaration of war against Germany, Rumania's entry into the war as an ally of the Grand Alliance against Austria-Hungary, and Germany's declaration of war against Rumania have all lent fresh interest to an already enthralling position. The Bulgars, by the suddenness of their blow, succeeded in driving in the outposts of our flanks. They are threatening the invasion of a considerable stretch of Greek territory, for the purpose of rallying the people against us. But that is now a hopeless task in view of Rumania's dramatic decision.

Problems of the Balkan Advance

Our armies hold the line of country, mainly lowlands, from Ostrovo to the River Struma. Our centre is strongly placed, and a number of lakes strengthen our defensive position. We are not at Salonika to defend, however, but to attack, and the advance in the Balkans is still to be made. Rumania's co-operation vastly simplifies the undertaking. But it is already late in the year for an offensive campaign. The September rains will soon begin, and the early winter snows will quickly follow. There are only a few weeks before the passes will have ten feet of snow on them, and the mountain roads will be icy slides. Big armies, with all the impedimenta that big armies require, can only travel in great force along the principal passes, but their communications are exposed to ceaseless attack from smaller forces which can come down over the minor mountain tracks. The advance of the allied armies into Serbia and Bulgaria can only be made from Salonika along such highways as the Ostrovo Road and the Vardar and Struma Valleys. To the north-west three main positions practically control communications—Monastir, Prilep, and Uskub. A movement of the Allies in this direction, if carried out in co-operation with an Italian landing in Albania, would give us control of the very heart of Old Serbia.

Italy's Active Co-operation

Apart from the timely intervention of Rumania, the most cheerful and significant item in the news from the Balkans is that telling of the active co-operation of the Italians. Day by day Italy is showing more and more that she has fully taken up her burden in the great struggle. We all know something of the causes—mainly political—that at the beginning made Italian policy apparently less vigorous than was anticipated. Now we have crowning evidence that her heart is with the Allies. The big Austrian blow against Italy a few months ago, and the attempted invasion of the Plains of Lombardy, were met and repulsed with a heroism that awakened unstinted admiration. To-day the arsenals of Italy are working at high speed making munitions; fresh bodies of conscripts are constantly being called up; the victory of Gorizia has inflamed the nation, and the doubters and waverers have been swept aside. Eviva Italia!

The German counter-offensive on the Somme is now making itself more and more felt, but the Franco-British armies are able not only to check it but to move forward despite it. The nation has already prepared itself to moderate the somewhat extravagant expectations with which the great push started. We have made very substantial gains, and are continuing to make more; but it does not seem probable that we shall compel a big shortening of the whole line of the German western front during the next few weeks.

On our section of the Somme, Thiepval continues to be the main point of conflict. This is so naturally strong and so well defended that we failed to make any real progress against it at the opening of the battle. It cannot well be taken—save at excessive cost—by direct attack, and so our troops are gradually hemming it in and surrounding it. This move of ours is being desperately resisted by the Germans, who are sending their best troops to oppose us. The capture of Thiepval is, if not essential, at least highly desirable for our continued advance. Every day gives further proof of our superior strength in heavy artillery. There are growing evidences of the fearful strain on the enemy caused by the ceaseless fury of our attack.

Our Staff Work on the Somme

I sometimes wonder if the public at home fully realise the excellence of the Staff work on the Somme. Everyone knows something of the tragedies in certain earlier battles, due to imperfect planning, supports that did not arrive in time, or troops sent forward without proper backing. Here, in the greatest battle of any, where a far larger army is fighting than Britain has ever put in the field before, and when the battle is lasting not for days but for months, everything moves with the precision of a well-oiled machine. We have evolved a large body of superior officers and an adequate organisation to deal with armies numbered by the million. Troops arrive right to time, there is no failure in supplies, ample stocks of ammunition are to hand, the medical services are sufficient, and complete unity is maintained. We have a genius for organisation at the head of our military affairs, a genius who—if I mistake not—will be regarded by the world as one of the greatest generals of any age. The men aiding him are worthy of him.

The numerous forecasts now being published of the early break up or break down of Austria-Hungary are interesting but not wholly convincing. According to some authorities, we are to make peace with Hungary, who will withdraw from the Germanic union. But this war has given Hungary a supreme place in the Dual Monarchy which she is not likely readily to forgo. It is difficult to see how one section of the Central Powers can at this stage separate itself from the others. The admitted difficulties of Austria are more likely to lead for the time to the strengthening of German power there, as Germany comes more and more to Austria's aid.

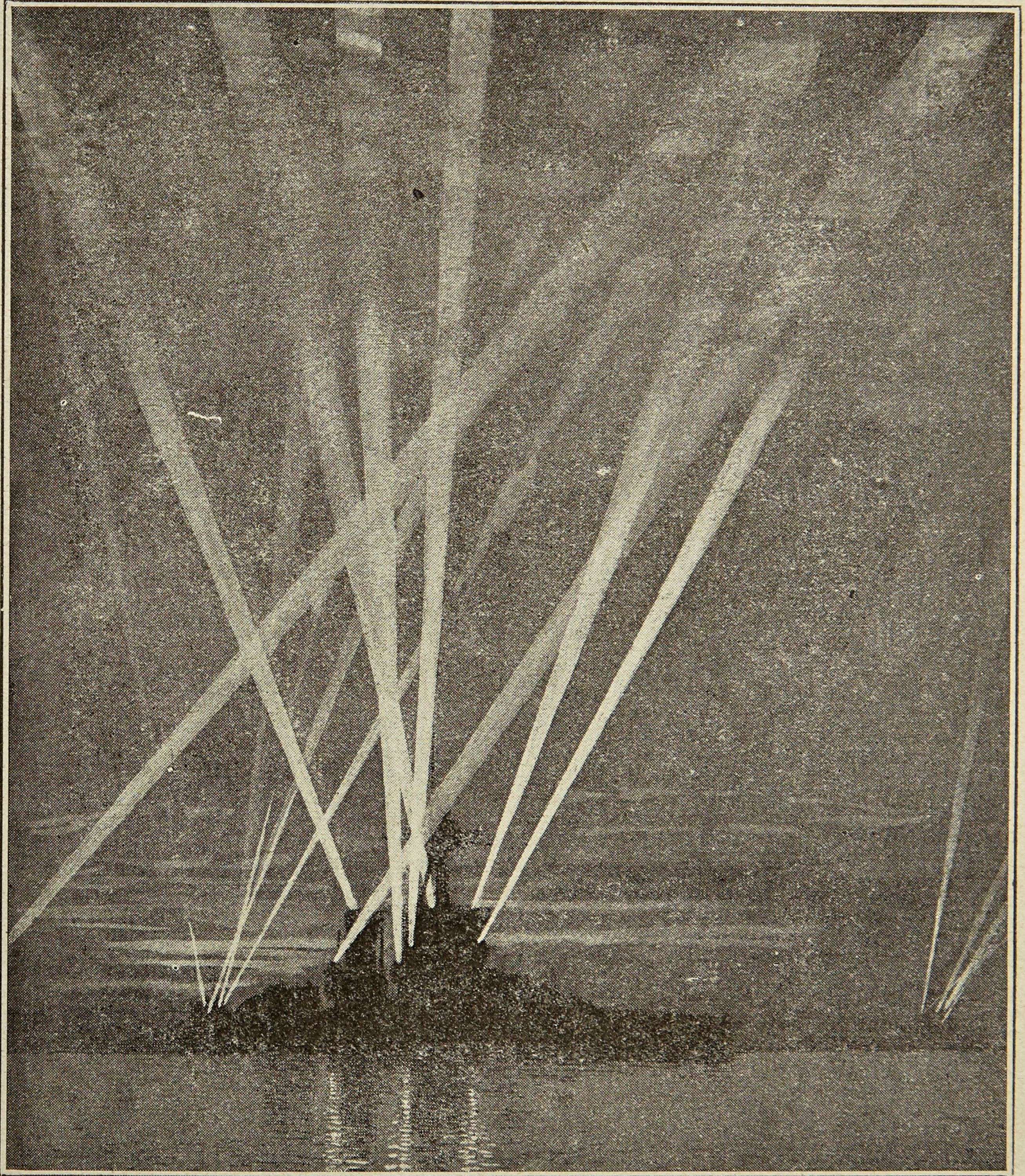
Failure of the German Offensive

Every day brings more clearly into relief the failure of the German summer campaign against France. The Germans have failed to progress at any point for some weeks past, while on the Somme they have had to yield much ground. Verdun is now more secure than it has been for months. The German offensive burnt itself out. Elsewhere the French keep the foe well in check. In Picardy they are giving us all our work to keep pace with them in friendly rivalry in advance. The big British offensive has had an exceedingly favourable effect on French public opinion. There was undoubtedly a feeling in some quarters in France that we were leaving the active land fighting too much to our ally. The suspicion was unfair, and was largely due to misinformation. To-day it has vanished.

9th September, 1916. No. 108. Vol. 5.

THE WAR
Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



THE ARGUS EYES OF THE FLEET.—Most of us have admired the spectacle of searchlights over a great city; but comparatively few have had opportunity to see them at their finest, when a squadron of battleships are searching the sky with their powerful batteries of lights, dappling the clouds with luminous pools and cleaving a clean cut way through darkness with blades that broaden as they rise.

A SPANIARD'S IMPRESSION OF THE BRITISH FRONT

Written for "The War Illustrated" by E. GOMEZ CARRILLO, the Famous Author and Traveller

IT is at all times a wholesome tonic to hear what an unprejudiced witness has to say about ourselves. "To see ourselves as others see us" is an excellent antidote to self-satisfaction, and at no time in our national history has it been more necessary for us as a people to hearken to the foreign critic. Some of the opinions which the foreigner may entertain of us will probably seem absurd to the British reader—in the second paragraph of the following article there is an amusing instance of this—but let us remember that we are equally liable to harbour similar delusions concerning other peoples.

Senor Gomez Carrillo, who lives in Paris, is one of the most eminent Spanish authors of to-day, of a type that has no counterpart in literary England, being at once a brilliant novelist, essayist, travel writer, and journalist. He has wandered widely and written quite a library of works about many nations of the world. During the war his articles about the French front have had myriads of readers in the Press of Spain, Italy, and South America, and a collection of his most notable war sketches, "Among the Ruins," has just been issued in English.

Knowing that Senor Gomez Carrillo had recently been invited to visit the British front, I asked him to contribute to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *an impression of what he saw, and have just had the pleasure of receiving from him the following interesting and characteristic article.*—EDITOR.

TO be perfectly frank, until three months ago I did not have a very high opinion of the British Army. Like everyone else, I knew that the officer in the Army of his Britannic Majesty was a perfect type of chivalry and courage, a kind of knight-errant or adventurer in the noblest sense of the word—a gentleman, in fine, who welcomed danger, strife, and sacrifice as an aristocratic sport. But I considered the great mass of ordinary soldiers little fitted to play an important part in the tragedy now being enacted.

The blame for these opinions of mine must be attributed to those in Britain and out of Britain who have popularised the idea of a Tommy endowed with more bravery than discipline, and fonder of his own comfort than of prolonged military efforts. Who has not heard the story of the famous khaki-clad troops who dropped their rifles when the clock struck five, although the battle was at its height, because it was time to go and have tea? Have we not all heard it affirmed that any self-respecting British trooper requires at least two servants, one for himself and the other for his horse?

I know now that these are fairy-tales, but I did not know it until a short time ago, when I had the honour of paying a visit to the British front in the company of my friend, Lord D——.

A Hurricane of Heroism

The Battle of the Somme, in which the warriors of Sir Douglas Haig reached the German second line at a single bound, was just commencing. Every day the Tommies were gaining some ground in territory which the German strategists considered absolutely impregnable. The whole world, somewhat surprised, paid well-merited tribute to that magnificent hurricane of heroism which little by little was overthrowing the great barriers erected on French territory by the Kaiser's General Staff.

"This afternoon," said my companion, when we reached the neighbourhood of Albert, "you will see the regiments who have captured Pozières after a wonderful fight."

My mind went back to some other troops—French not British—which suddenly came in sight one spring morning, singing martial airs, as they returned from a victorious attack. Their faces showed how proud they felt at their success, and their eyes shone with the light of duty nobly done. But, Dios mio! What a state they were in; uniforms torn and covered with mud, helmets battered and dented; and how terribly weary they looked!

And I expected to see the same thing again.

But what was my astonishment at seeing approach along the road a column of warriors apparently coming off parade! The fighting helmets had been left behind in the trenches, and the regulation cap was set jauntily on their fair heads. Their uniforms were clean. Their faces looked as though they had shaved less than an hour ago.

"But," I asked my guide, "have they not been to some reserve camp since the battle?"

"No," he replied, "these men are coming straight from the trenches they captured two days ago. There they have cleaned, shaved, and tidied themselves as best they could."

That scene explained better than any careful study the real psychology of the British fighter who, even in the most tragic moments of the campaign, preserves his smartness, sang-froid, and spirit of moral and material dandyism.

Shortly afterwards, when visiting a rest camp where two regiments were waiting their turn to go forward again into the fight, I was able to probe more deeply into the character of the Tommy. They were as calm and indifferent as though they had been enjoying a country holiday in peace time.

Democratic Camaraderie

All those young athletes, frank of eye and pleasant mannered, were engaged in their favourite amusements. I saw tennis-courts, reading-rooms, mess-rooms, chapels, barbers' shops, bars, and even a concert-room. And as the officers have their quarters on the spot, I at once noticed the truly democratic camaraderie, such as exists in France, between plain soldiers and the higher ranks of all grades.

"This discipline does not resemble the German discipline," I said to Lord D——.

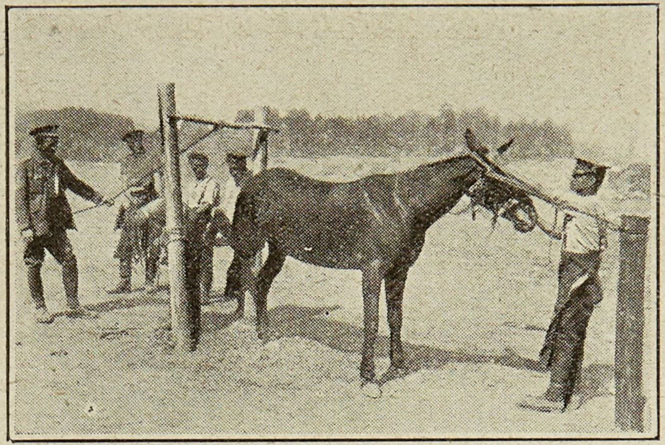
He merely smiled, and murmured: "Naturally——"

And quite true. For a free race,

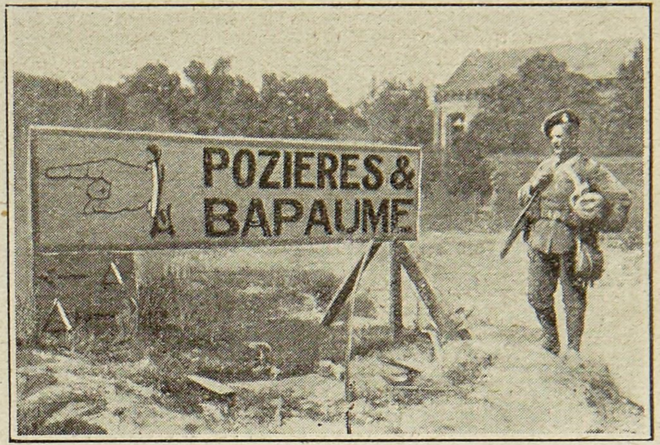
[*Continued on page* 76

Gomez Carrillo

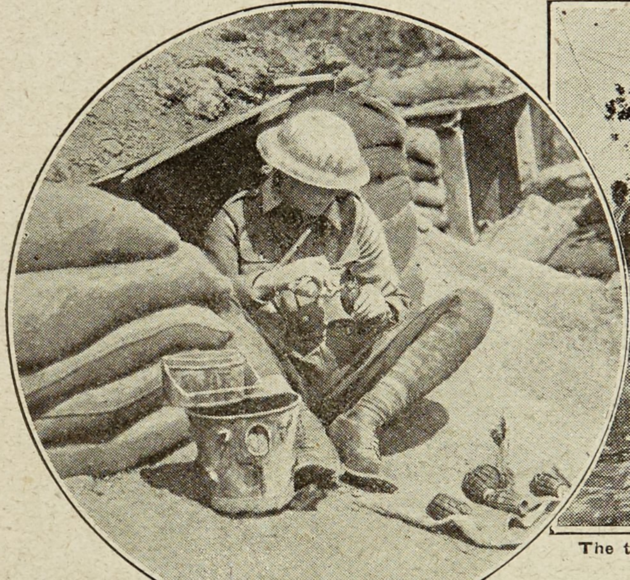
Watching at the Front and Working at the Base

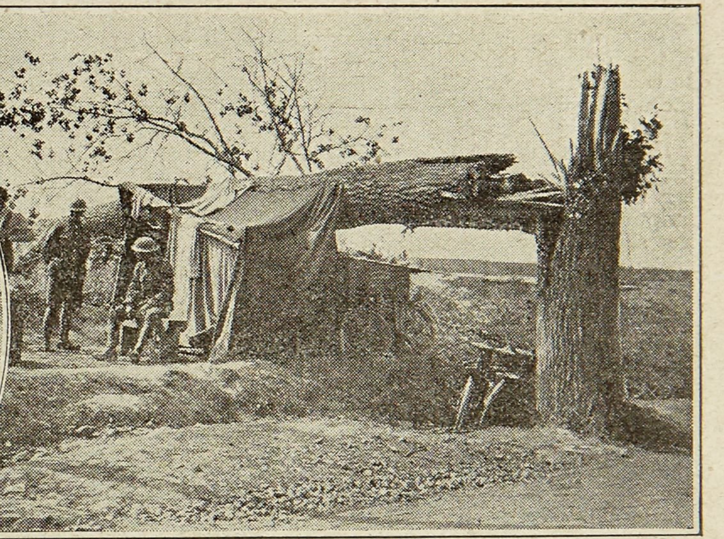


Getting the better of a refractory mule on the British front. Six men, ropes, and stout logs were necessary to repair one shoe.

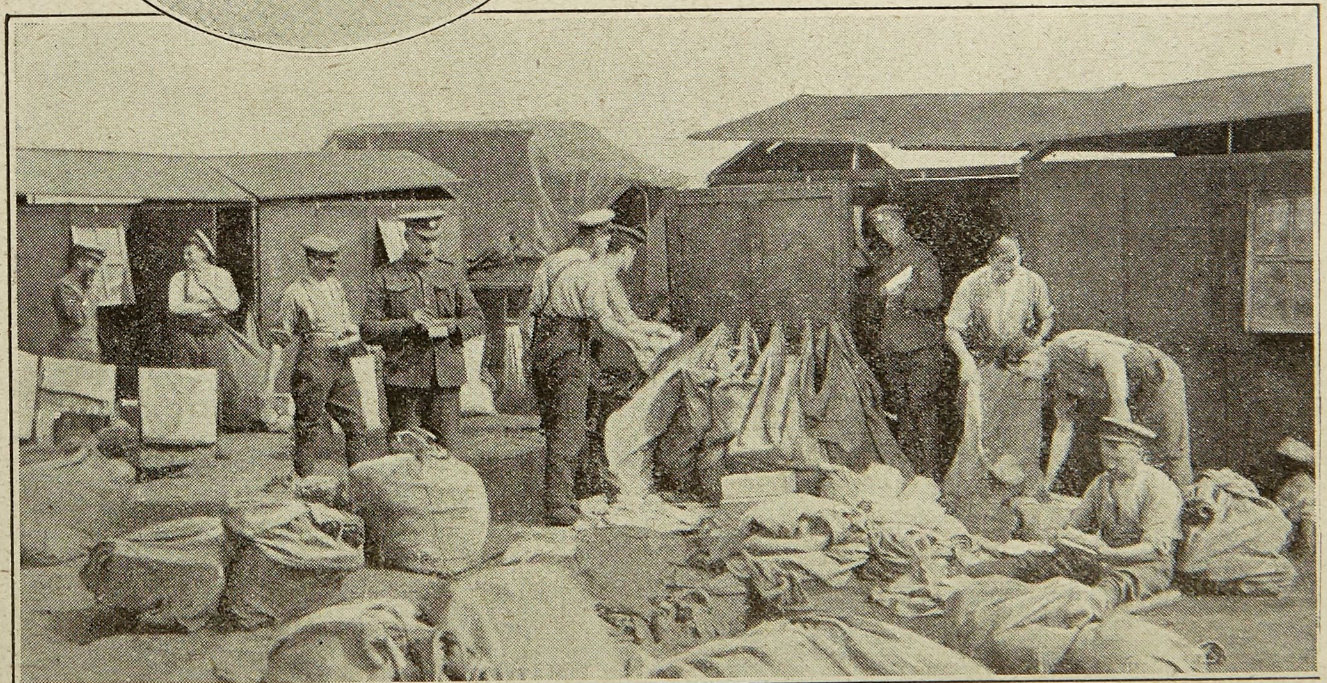


A signpost of the advance on the west front. The way to Pozieres, Bapaume, and the Rhine. Pozieres is already in our possession.





The target of a big shell, a tree on the front has broken at right angles, but forms the support of a little outpost hut.



The way in which millions of letters pass to and from the fighting-line is one of the marvels of military organisation. This is a corner of the trench G.P.O., and letters and parcels are being sorted. In circle: A bomber adjusting his stock of grenades.

A SPANIARD ON THE BRITISH FRONT

(Continued from page 74)

a worthy race, a race of men conscious of their rights as citizens, would never submit to the regimen of terror and humiliation unending which makes the Germanic hordes into an iron machine. Read, for example, in the Paris newspapers the following telegram referring to one of the recent battles, and then say whether it would be possible for the Staff of General Joffre or of Sir Douglas Haig to act in this way:

"In the recent fighting round Metzeral the Germans were compelled to make a bayonet attack; behind them were crouched a line of men with orders to turn their machine-guns on any columns which did not advance quickly."

No, neither British nor French could be treated in this way. Therefore, if the perfect military type is the German, the British are not and never will be a military nation. But, happily, the present war has shown that the superiority of Germany was only in her material preparedness, and never in her human elements.

How often have we heard asked: "Is there really a British Army?"

"The First 100,000"

To this question there is no clearer reply than the results of the Battle of the Somme. Would it, in fact, be possible to carry out so formidable an enterprise, fighting against the nation whose preparations for war were the cleverest, if no Army existed?

But I quite understand that military experts, when they ask this question, mean: Has Britain, in spite of her individualistic traditions and her antipathy to conscription—in fine, in spite of the spirit peculiar to her—has she already succeeded in creating the homogeneous nucleus of officers and men which constitutes what is called an army?

Even in this sense there can be no doubt that the British should be extremely proud of what they have done.

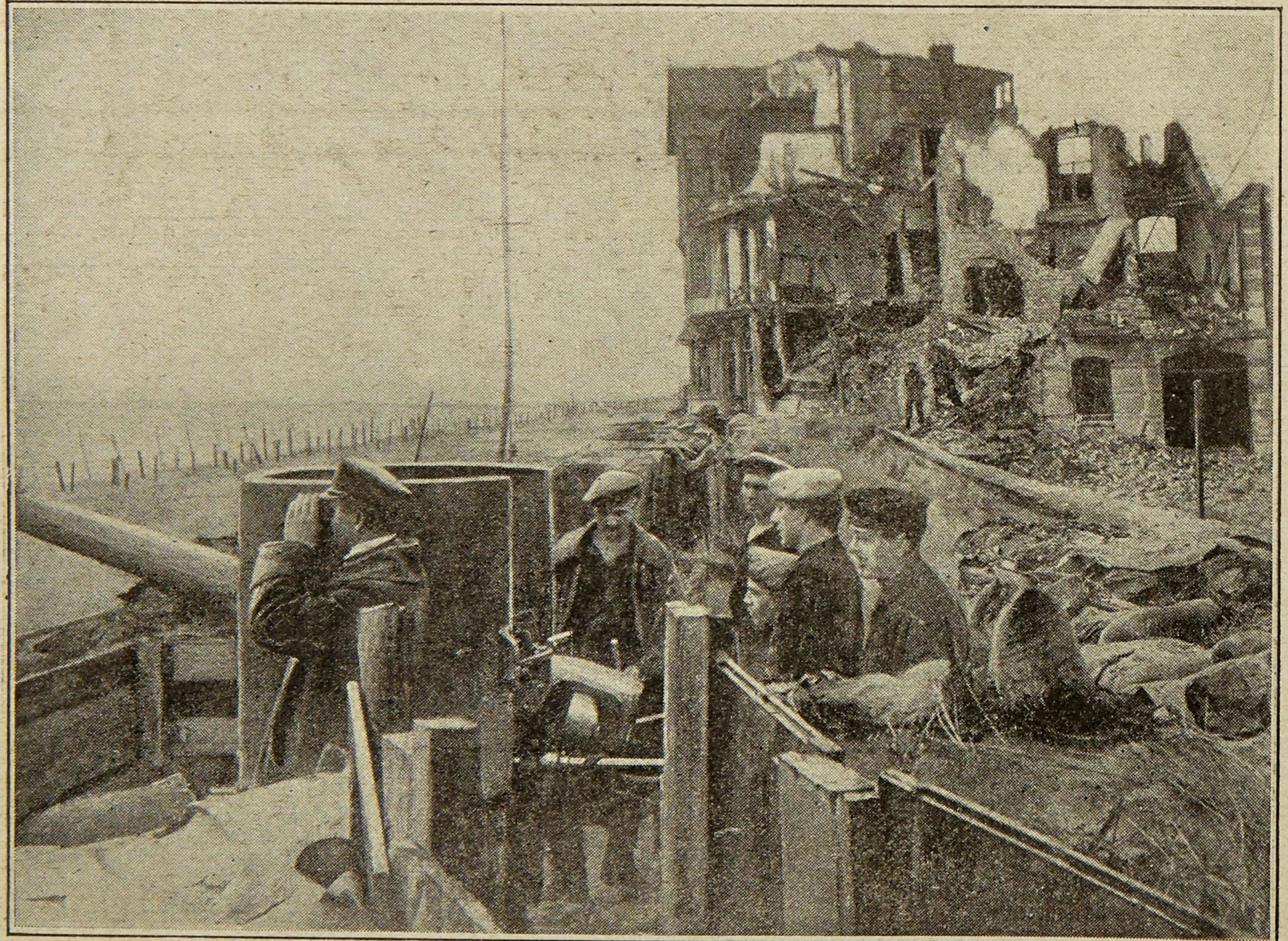
When the war broke out the British troops were not numerous. The book which tells the story of the campaigns in Belgium is entitled "The First 100,000." And this figure, in a tragedy like the present, is so insignificant that it would not suffice now to hold a sector. But when one remembers the enthusiasm with which men of all classes have voluntarily enlisted right from the beginning, until they have formed the present formidable nucleus of three or four million Tommies, one cannot but admire the real spirit of national and democratic discipline which animates this wonderful people.

Britain's Stupendous Achievement

That other countries, where conscription is the established system, should possess large armies is not to be wondered at. But that the necessary elements have been found from which to improvise what it has taken an empire like Austria centuries to accomplish, is indeed extraordinary. And this is what Great Britain has done, creating a stupendous Army while a war raged.

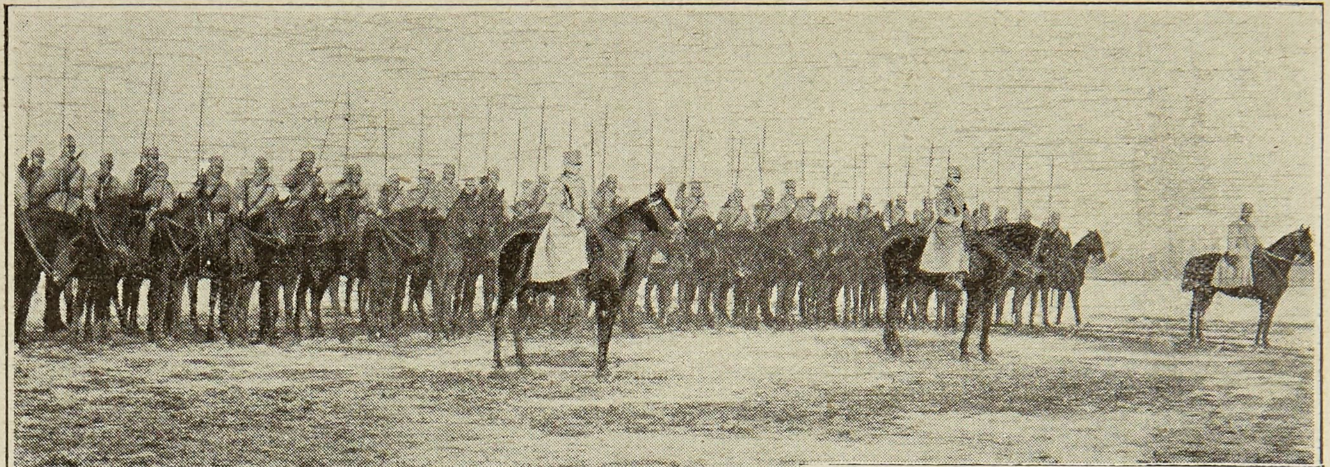
Naturally I saw something more than the mere size of the Army. During the few days I spent on the northern front I was able to appreciate the fighting qualities and chivalrous spirit of the British soldier. How many millions of soldiers are fighting there? I cannot tell. How many new heavy guns are smashing the German lines? I do not know. But this I do know: When we asked ourselves whether Kitchener's men could play an important part in this tragedy we showed supreme ignorance of the virtues of the British race.

With officers such as I saw, going into battle unmoved and fearless as if it were a friendly match, with generals such as received me, showing a tranquil consciousness of the duty they are doing, with soldiers like those who calmly performed their toilet after the Battle of Pozières, a country can sleep peacefully, sure of victory.

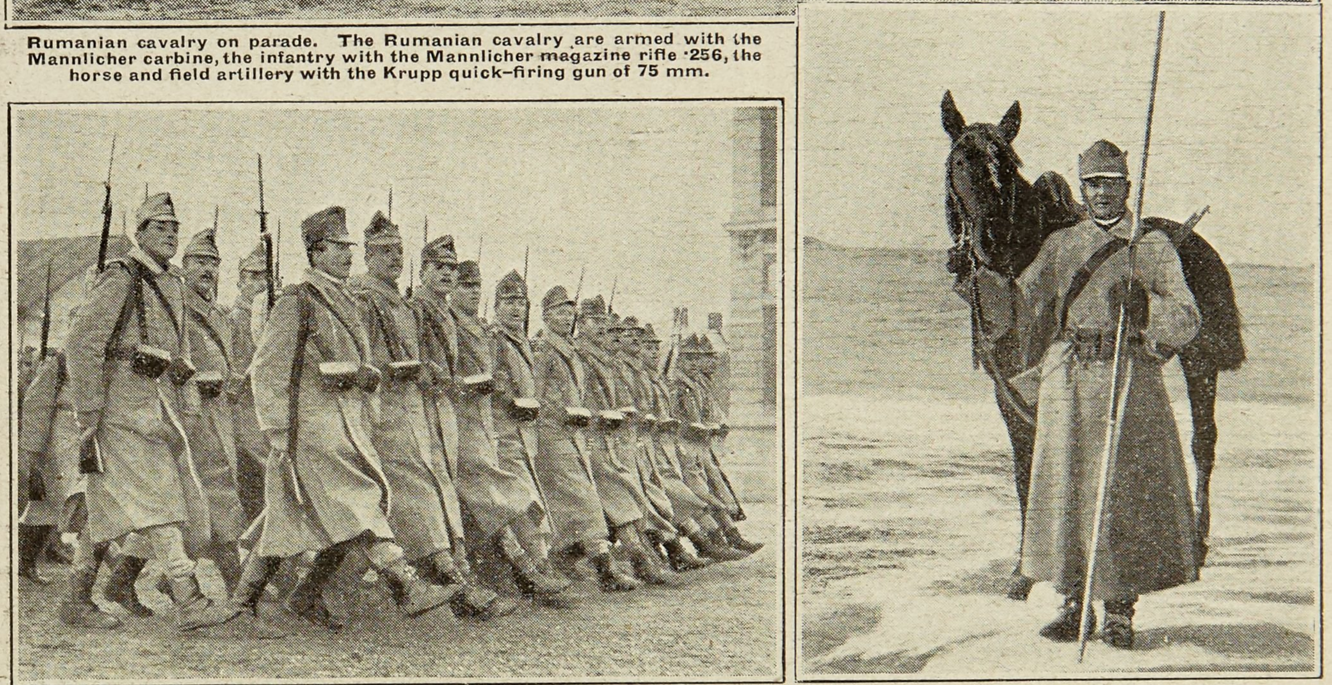


German naval battery in position near Westende, on the coast of Belgium. British monitors have played havoc with these gun-positions and upon the extreme right flank of the German army resting near the sea.

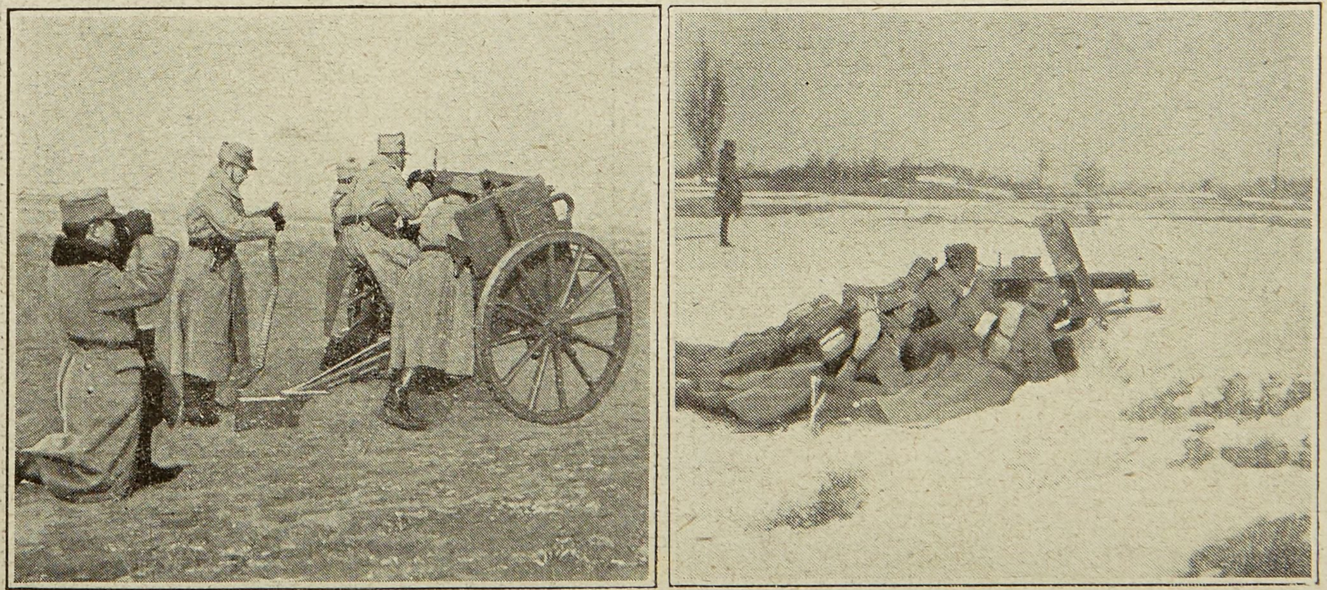
Six Hundred Thousand More Against the Teutons



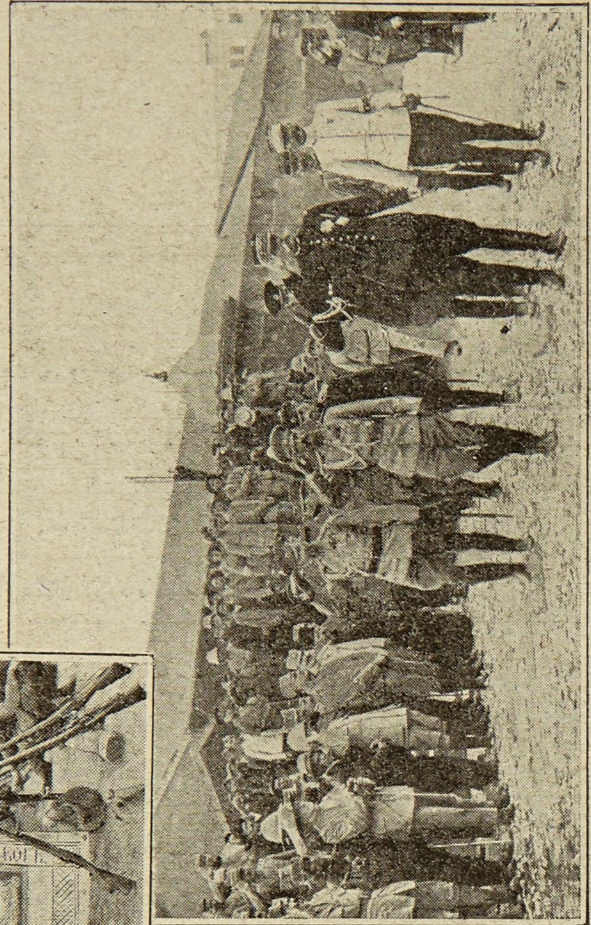
Rumanian cavalry on parade. The Rumanian cavalry are armed with the Mannlicher carbine, the infantry with the Mannlicher magazine rifle ·256, the horse and field artillery with the Krupp quick-firing gun of 75 mm.

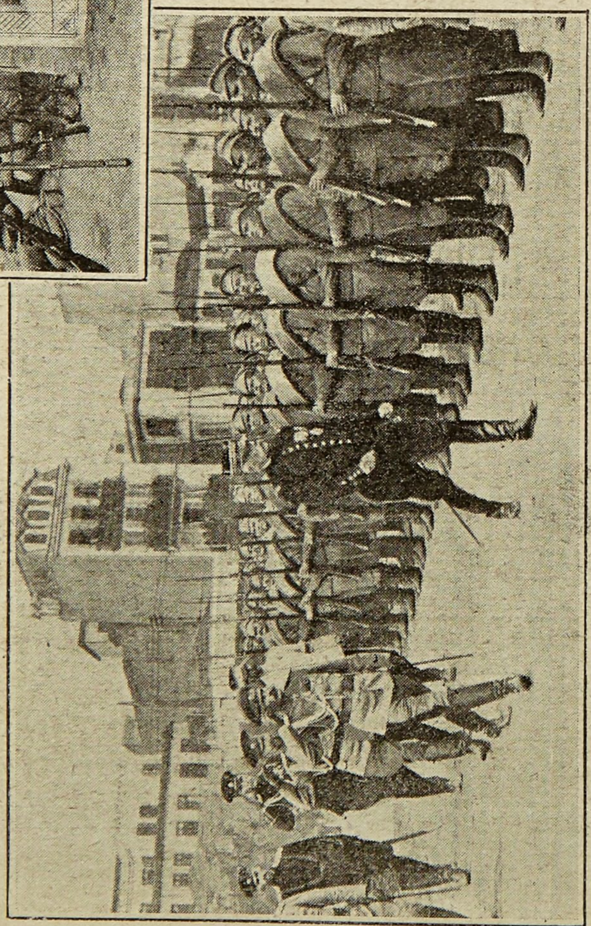


Rumanian infantry and (right) a type of Rumanian cavalryman. The Rumanian Field Army contains about 290,000 men, and forty battalions and nine batteries of second-line troops. The force mobilised for the Great War may number 600,000 men.

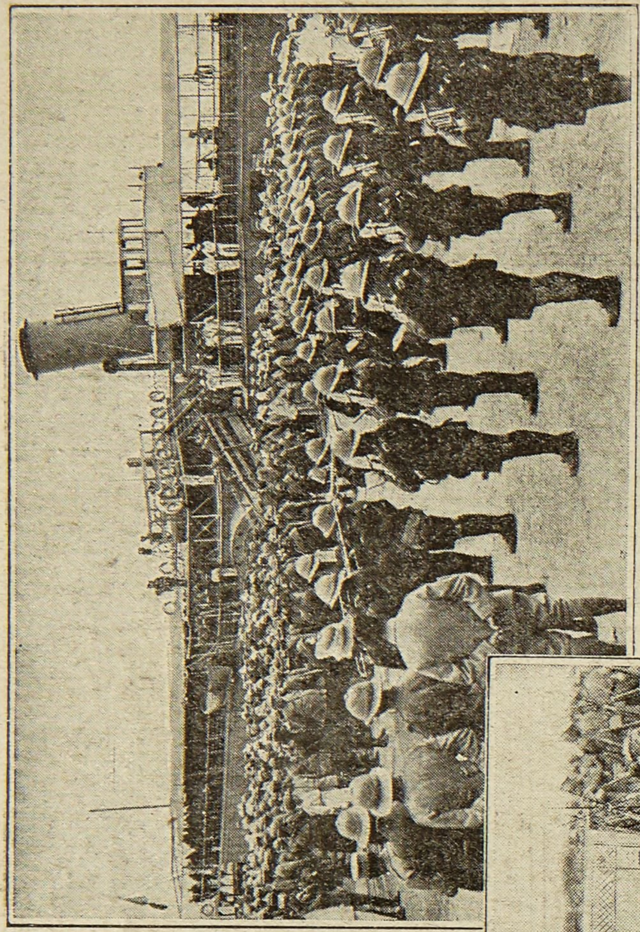


Rumanian cavalry in action with a Maxim gun and (right) Rumanian infantry entrenched with a Maxim. Universal service is compulsory. Rumania is the tenth civilised State to enter the alliance against the Kaiser and the imposition of Kultur on the world.

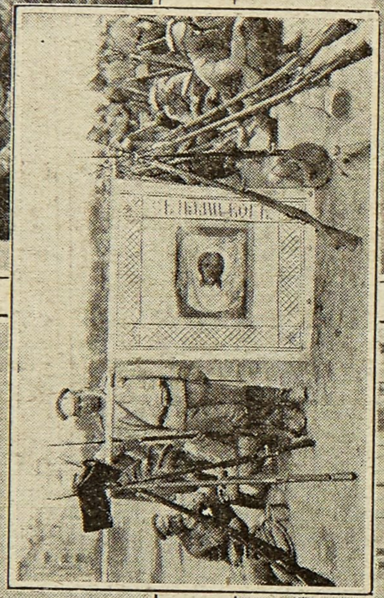


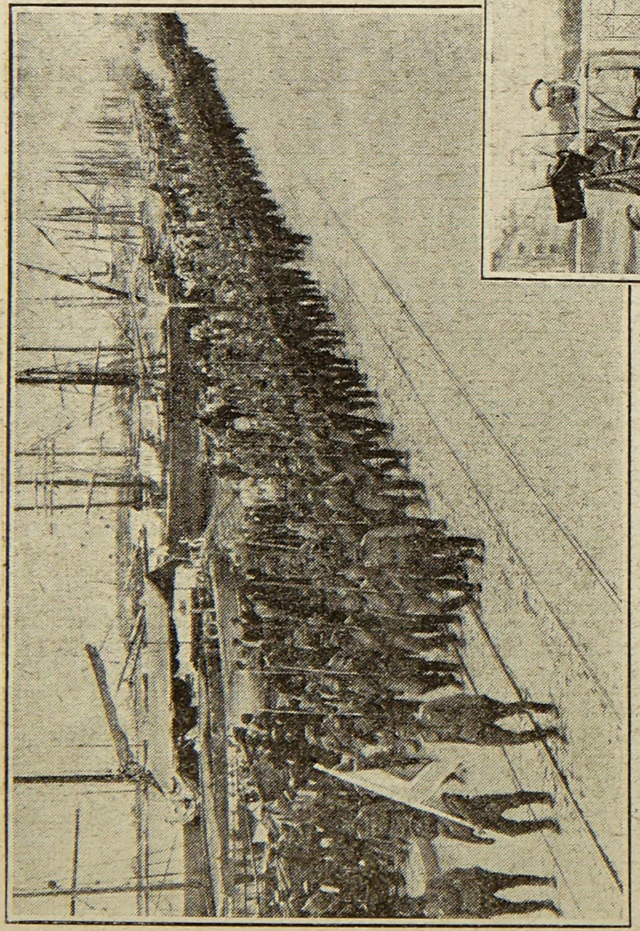


THE RALLY IN THE BALKANS.—Despite her occupation in Galicia and Armenia, Russia has sent troops to France and now to Salonika. Left: General Sarrail, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in the Balkans, inspecting the new arrivals. Right: General Sarrail saluting the Russian troops. (Official photographs. Crown copyright reserved.)



British band playing the Russians ashore. The Russians had an enthusiastic welcome from the British, French, Italians, and Serbs already gathered at Salonika.

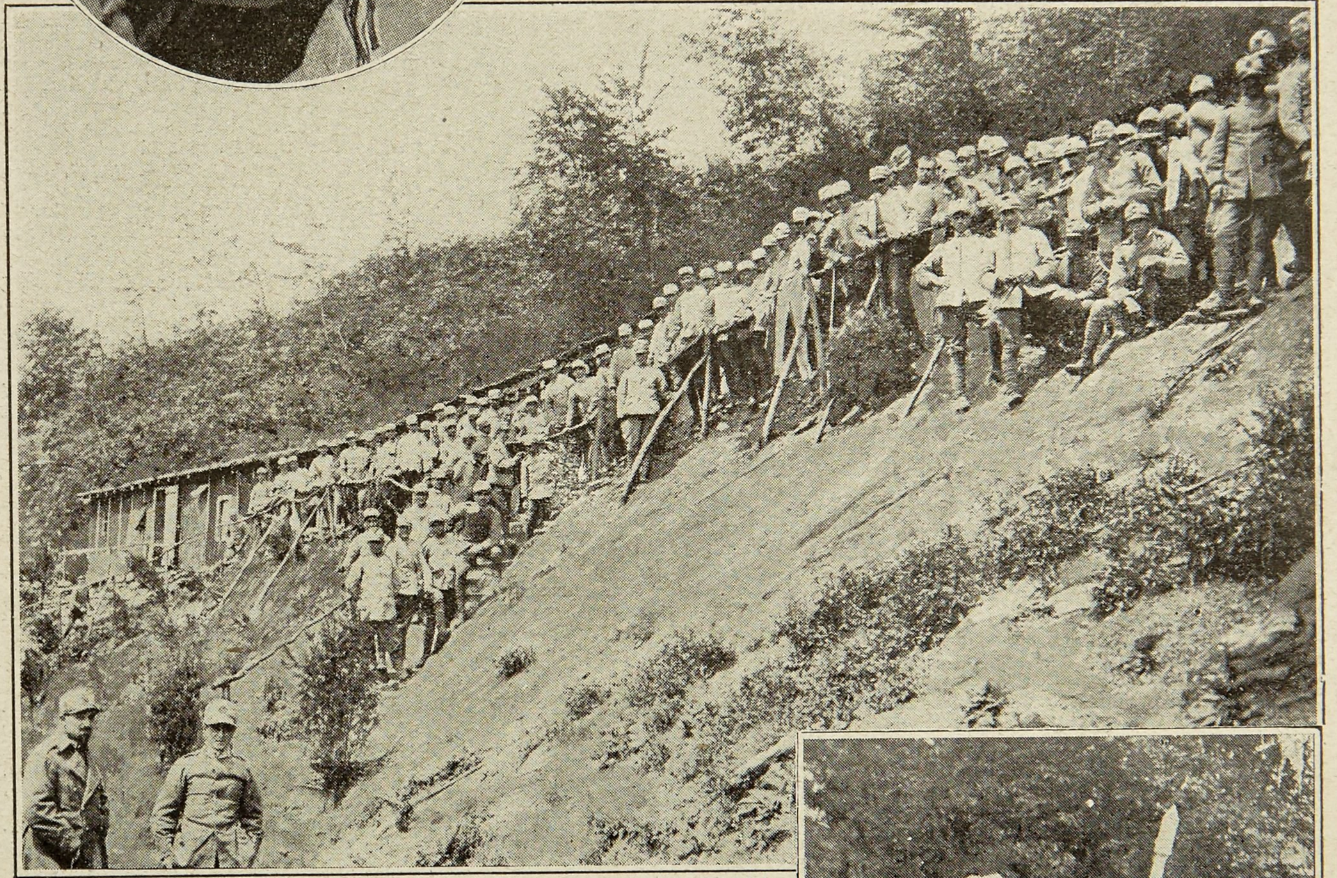




Russians marching along the quay after landing at Salonika. Inset: Russian regimental colours in white silk with embroidered motto, "God with Us."

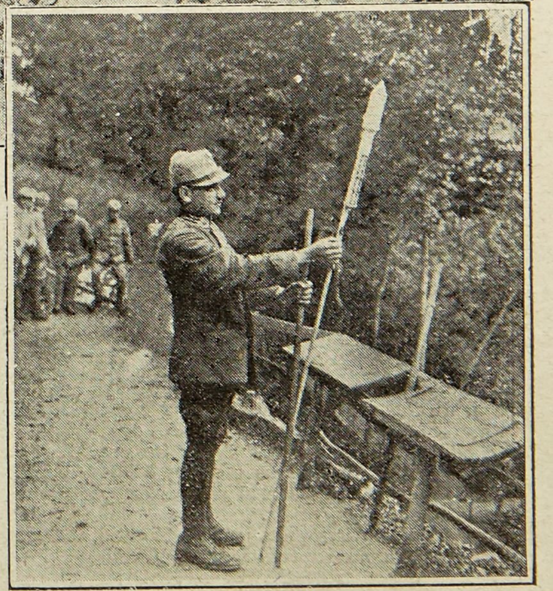
Gates of Lombardy Locked and Barred to Austria

Back to billets after a spell in the trenches. Left: Making sure that the road is clear. Bersagliere watching a point past which his transport must move.



Second-line men of the Italian Army outside their quarters, situated in thick summer foliage on the hillside.

A new and deadly growth on the mountain side. Barbed-wire entanglements that flourish alongside the Lombard vine.



Type of rocket used by the Italians to illuminate the Austrian positions by night.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

WITH THE BERKSHIRES IN "THE BIG PUSH"

BY PRIVATE S. J. BOYLAND

THE village had been taken, the Australians and the London regiments who had been lucky enough to share in the capture of this important little village had been relieved, and at nightfall we occupied the first German trenches outside the village to the east. They were right on the crest of the ridge—the summit of a position which had cost us much fighting and the lives of many gallant lads.

There was a picture before our eyes that was quite unique. Right ahead of us we could see the German guns in action, firing for all they were worth, and we counted the flashes as we lay snug behind cover. Half a mile away there were about forty batteries all pelting away as fast as they could be loaded, and from the size of their shells I should have considered them to be light field-pieces.

Sniping Enemy Gunners

Every now and then a battery would shift its position, and we watched the gunners limber up and dash off down the hill, helter-skelter, driving like fiends and flogging their horses to their fastest pace. This was our opportunity for a little " running-man " target practice, and you can bet we didn't let it pass. There was no hurry in the trenches, you simply took aim at a certain point and waited till the first horse crossed your line of sight, then you squeezed your trigger, holding your breath and taking as deliberate aim as if doing a musketry course, and sometimes you'd have the satisfaction of seeing a driver or a gunner topple over from his seat on horse or limber.

We were looking into the darkness, as I said, but that darkness was brilliantly illuminated by bursting shells, star-shells, rockets, and Very lights. We were in the centre of the light, and the night was about as hot as it could be. The weather had been beautiful, and the shells burst so close that the heat was a thing you were simply bound to notice, though there was plenty of excitement to distract you.

But, hot as it was, we soon got it hotter, for the Huns started firing their liquid-fire shells among us. Then they mixed the shells, sending shrapnel and high explosive over together with the fire. One big shell burst near me—within five yards, and I was picked up and thrown into the air. I thought that my number had actually gone up that time, but I seemed to be a long time coming down, and when I landed it was on soft earth. I was shaken and dazed, but found that the shell had dropped me into another shell-hole, close alongside my original position.

"Over the Top"

I was out of the way for a little while. Then, during a lull in the firing, I crept to the edge of the crater, and towards my old position. That lull must have been made for me, for as soon as I got back into the old German trench they started strafing us again.

We were getting annoyed, and some fellows asked our captain when we were going over the top. " Wait a bit," he said. " Their wire isn't sliced up enough yet. You'll have your fill of fighting before morning." So we had to wait, and all the time we were getting more and more angry.

Over our heads we heard the whir of aeroplane propellers. They must have been flying pretty low, for the noise of the shells and the firing didn't drown that of their engines. Three minutes afterwards we saw a brilliant display of fireworks among the German gunners, and many of them turned their pieces into the air, and tried to get the aviators down.

That was our chance, and we took it.

" Over you go, lads ! " yelled half a dozen officers in a second. One of them dropped to the telephone and yelled an order to the gunners behind us, and they sent a veritable hail of shells over our heads into the German ranks.

As it was, the gunners saw us coming, and limbered up at their top speed, leaving the ground open for us. They took up position quite a long way ahead this time, too far off for us to do any more target practice; and, to tell the truth, we were too busy digging ourselves in before they registered the target—that was us in their position—to do much shooting.

Towards dawn they ceased their fire altogether, except for a few guns which fired star-shells, so that we should not advance under cover of the darkness. And when light broke not a single German gun was to be seen, except the ruins of a few that the aeroplanes had crumpled up. But, right ahead of us, about twelve hundred yards away, a fresh German line of infantrymen had been rushed up, and they, too, had dug themselves in.

Shot Down by Their Own Guns

It was the old thing—bob up, pot at the first head that showed itself, and get under cover quickly—the same as we had before the advance commenced. But, early in the afternoon, half a battalion of the Huns in the trenches in front signalled that they wished to surrender. They stepped out of their trench when we knocked off firing, and came towards us, with their hands in the air in the approved fashion, in good order, but about two hundred yards away they got " nerves " badly, and broke in a panic, some running towards us, and others making for their own lines. But before they could reach them their own guns opened fire on the flank, and raked them with shrapnel, while our gunners, thinking that there was something like a counter-attack in the wind, also chipped in, and a dozen machine-guns took a hand as well. There were about twenty wounded men escaped out of all that crowd, and the main part of the killed died through their own bullets.

At four o'clock our artillery started their usual preparation. They hurled shells over our heads to form a barrage, and the strange thing is that we all went to sleep, except for a few sentries, while that awful din was going on. We required a nap, I can assure you, but we were all awake again before it got dark, for we knew that another attack was to come.

The enemy, knowing this also, sent star-shells and Very lights up by the thousand, silhouetting us against the dark background so that we formed perfect targets for rifles and machine-guns. Men dropped, but we pressed on, and soon came to their barbed-wire entanglements. The bombers ahead of us kept the Boches busy while we carved lanes through the wire, and then we filed through, raked by fire the whole time, the bombers loading and lobbing their grenades over as fast as possible.

Between the lanes officers stood and yelled : " To the right ! " " To the left ! " And when the firing got so loud that they couldn't be heard, they blew whistles to guide the troops coming up behind to the gaps. But we were well among the Boches in no time, and if the fighting had only been half as good as the promise of it was, we should have had a really fine time. I can tell you that we were all itching to get a rub at close quarters, for during the attack we had been kept more or less in reserve, and when those blessed pap-fed Boches started in to surrender as soon as they caught the glint of a British bayonet at close quarters it nearly made us weep with disappointment. But we were more unfortunate in our section of captured trench than they were a bit farther along the line. It was strangely quiet where we were, but they seemed to be having a regular rough-and-tumble. You could hear English language (some language, too !) and guttural German curses.

" There's something doing over there," said my platoon leader. " Let's go and investigate." We did.

Gluttons for Fighting

As soon as we started to move we got right in the way of a shell, and for the second time I gave death a wide miss. " Third time will do it, Jim," I told myself, little thinking that I had the gift of prophecy. We went into that bit of trench and gave our lads a hand, and not before they wanted it. If the Germans to the left were worn and tired these weren't, and they were gluttons for fighting. It was all thrust and slash, too ; no firing. It was too close quarters for that. I got mixed up in a corner where two of my pals were dealing with half a dozen Boches—two big ones and the others mere boys. It seemed a pity to do the youngsters in, but they were fighting like fiends.

And then the third shell came—right plump where we were scrapping. It wasn't a lift this time ; it seemed to sweep my legs right under me, and I dropped, with my right leg clean broken, right across a groaning German youngster. They took us to the rear in stretchers side by side—he a prisoner—and they bandaged us both up.

We had taken much ground, and that, considering the fierceness of the fighting, was as good a bit of work as ever the old Berkshires did.

DECLARATIONS OF WAR

1914.

July 28.—Austria against Serbia.
Aug. 1.—Germany against Russia.
" 3—Germany against France.
" 4—Britain against Germany.
" 7—Montenegro against Austria.
" 10—France against Austria.
" 12.—Britain against Austria.
" 23.—Japan against Germany.
Nov. 5.—Britain against Turkey.

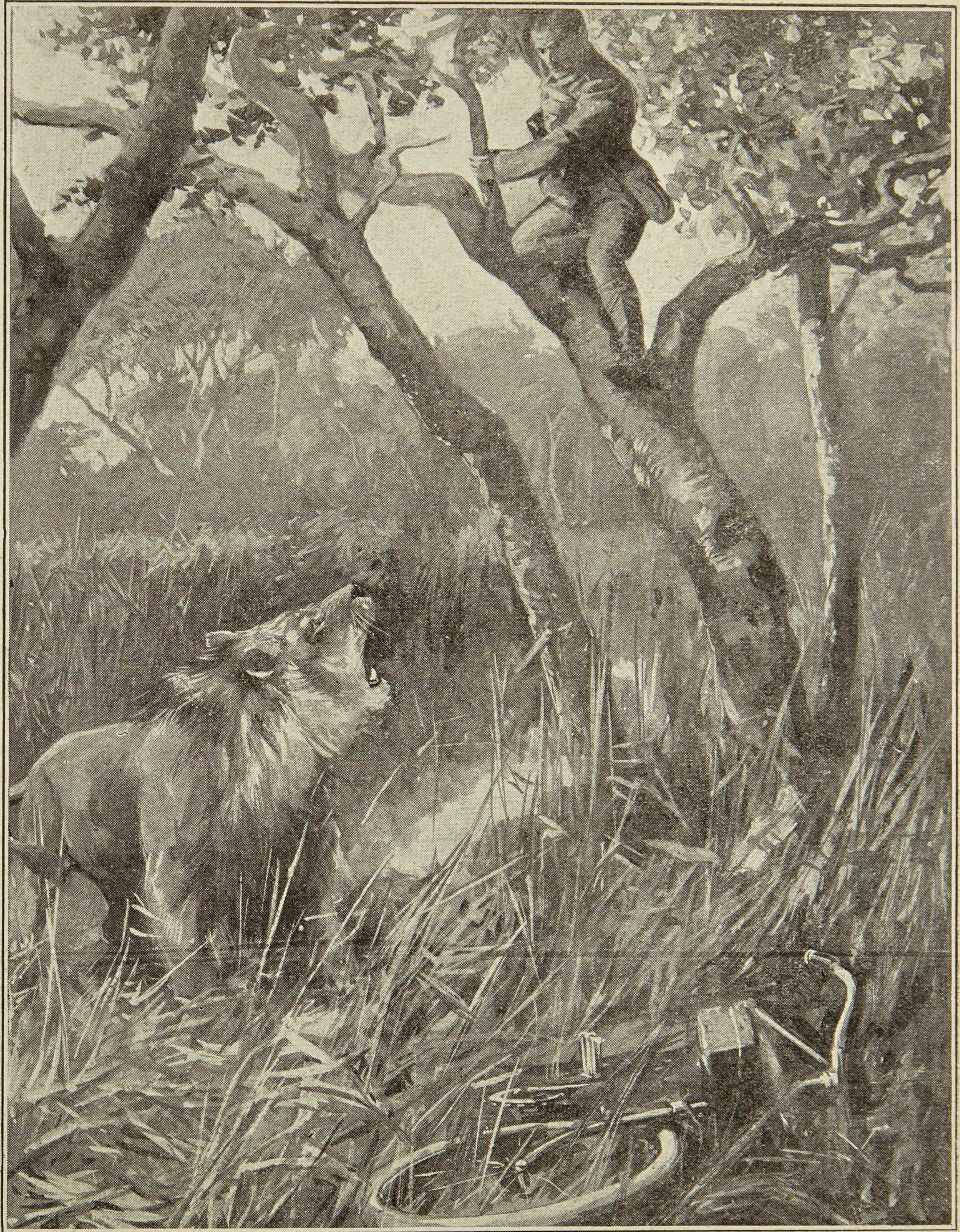
1915.

May 23.—Italy against Austria.
Aug. 20.—Italy against Turkey.
Oct. 15.—Britain against Bulgaria.
" 16.—France against Bulgaria.
" 19.—Italy against Bulgaria.

1916.

Aug. 27.—Rumania against Austria.
" 28.—Italy against Germany.
" 28.—Germany against Rumania.

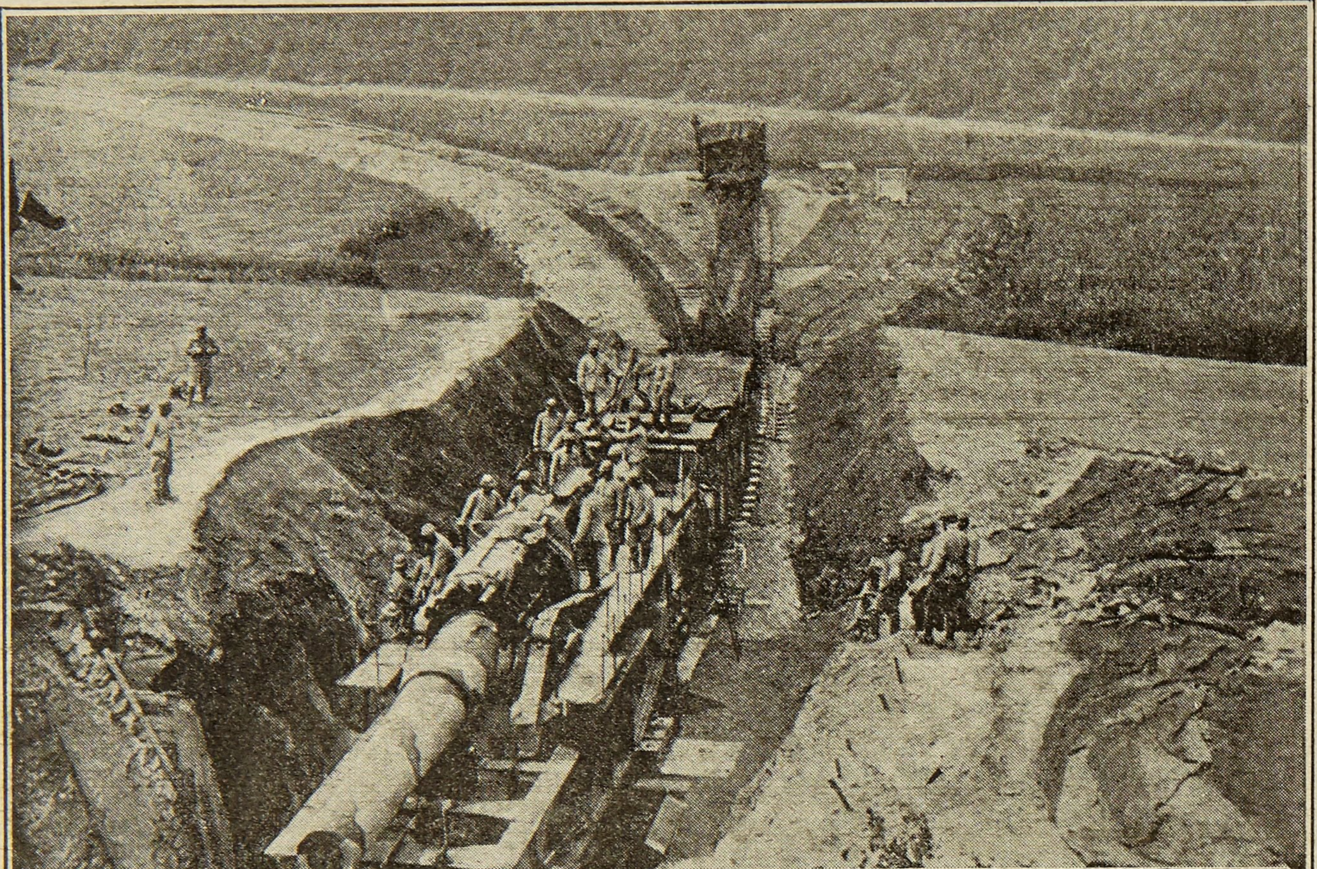
Despatch-Rider Playing 'Possum With a Lion



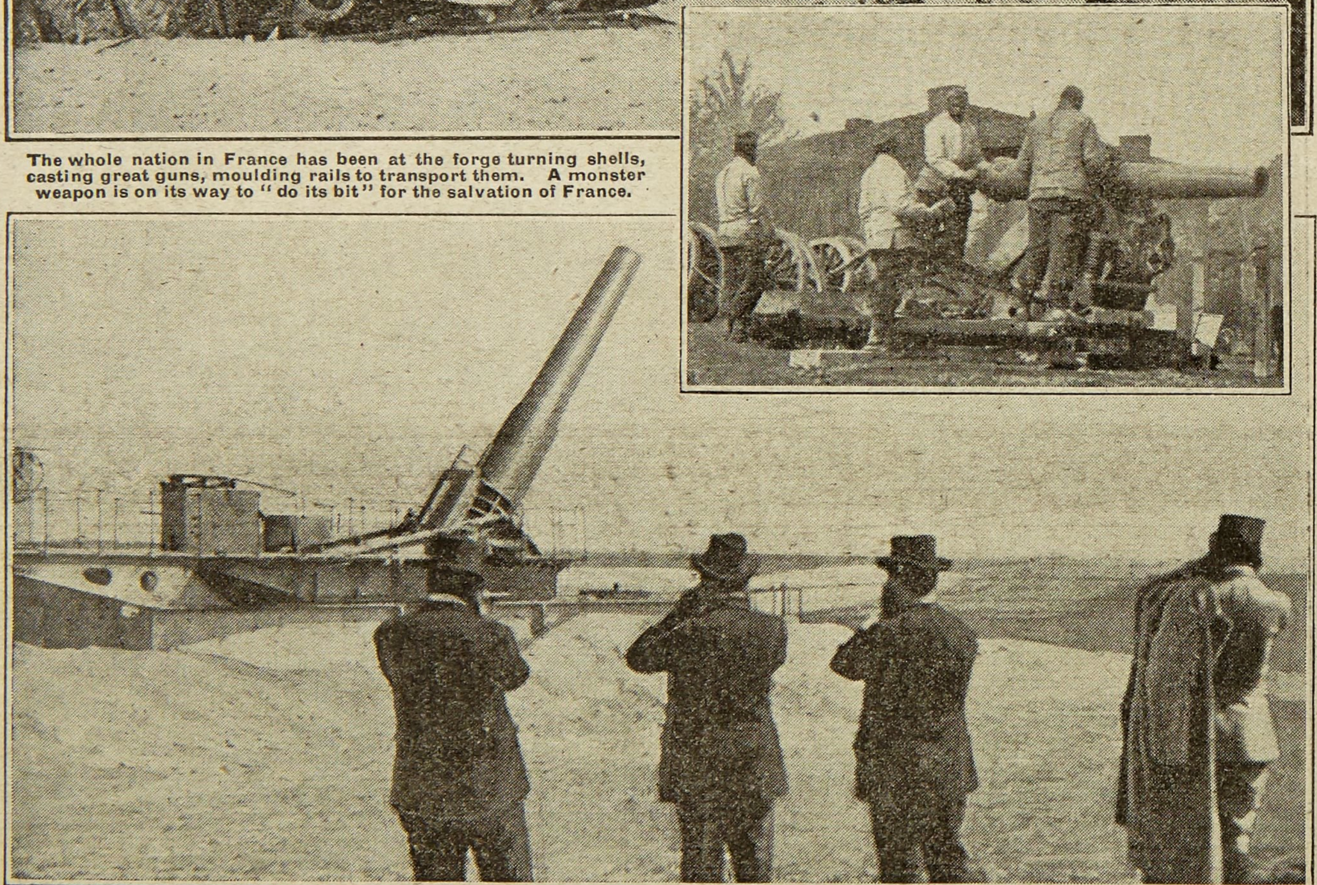
Despatch-riders in East Africa had some exciting adventures. One man, riding very fast in semi-darkness, suddenly saw a lion across his path. He managed to swerve a little, but grazed the brute's hindquarters and struck his tail; then he ran smack into a stone, was thrown from his machine, and sprained his ankle.

The lion turned to see what had run into him, and while he was considering, the despatch-rider shinned up into a tree, where, having had no time to unship his rifle, he was obliged to stay all night in tropical rain. Next morning the lion had vanished, and the man got through with his message.

Greater than Ever! New French Guns in Action

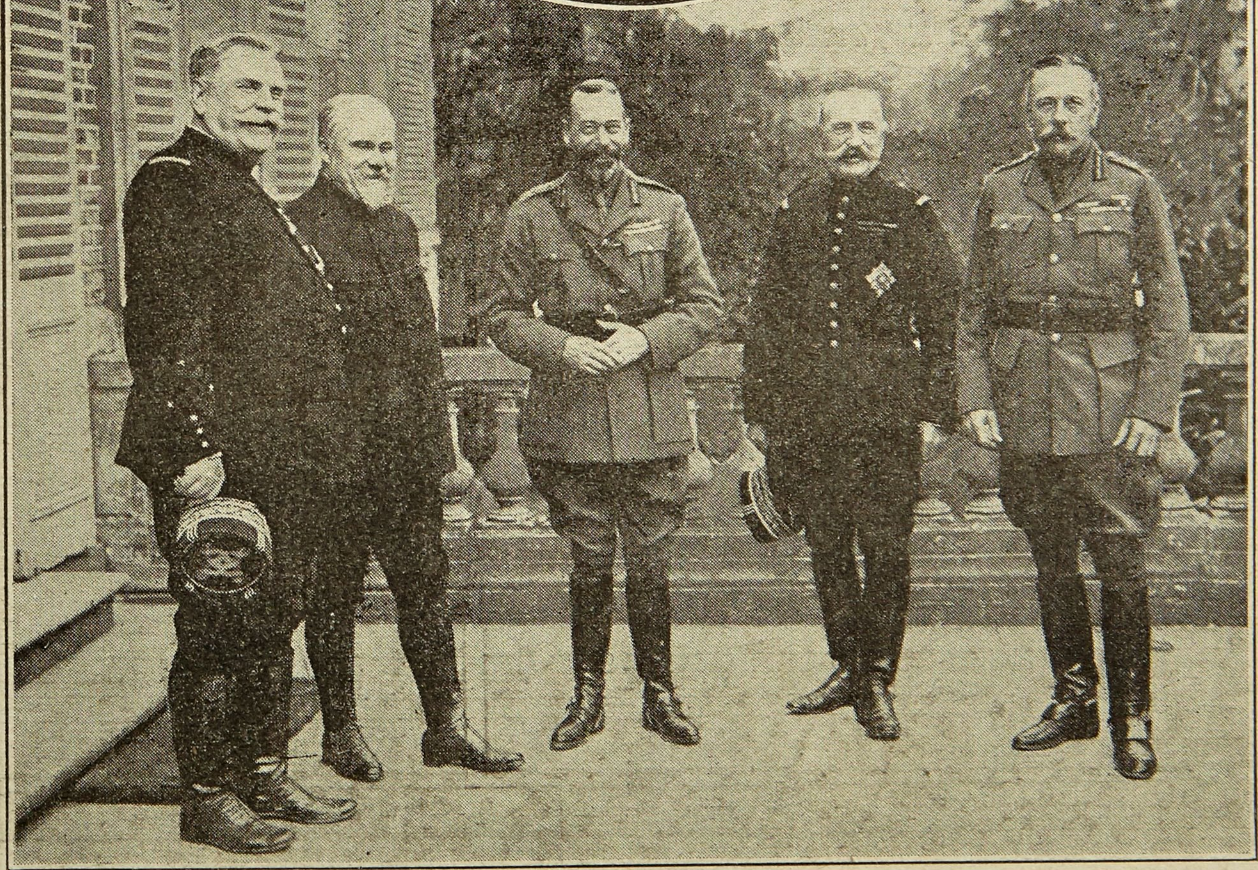


The whole nation in France has been at the forge turning shells, casting great guns, moulding rails to transport them. A monster weapon is on its way to "do its bit" for the salvation of France.



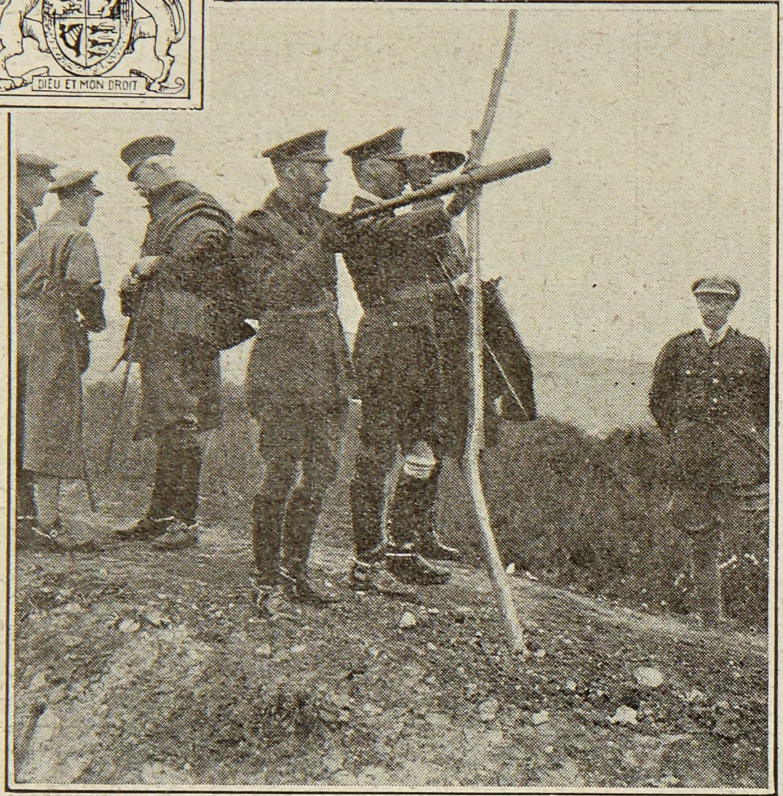
A modern howitzer entails an enormous steel emplacement, huge girders driven deep into the soil, gangways, and a wonderful mass of accessory machinery. This new trench howitzer is in the act of firing, and three civilian engineers and a French officer are watching the result. The inset shows a battery of lighter guns in action on the French front.

WITH BRITAIN'S KING
On Fields of British Victory

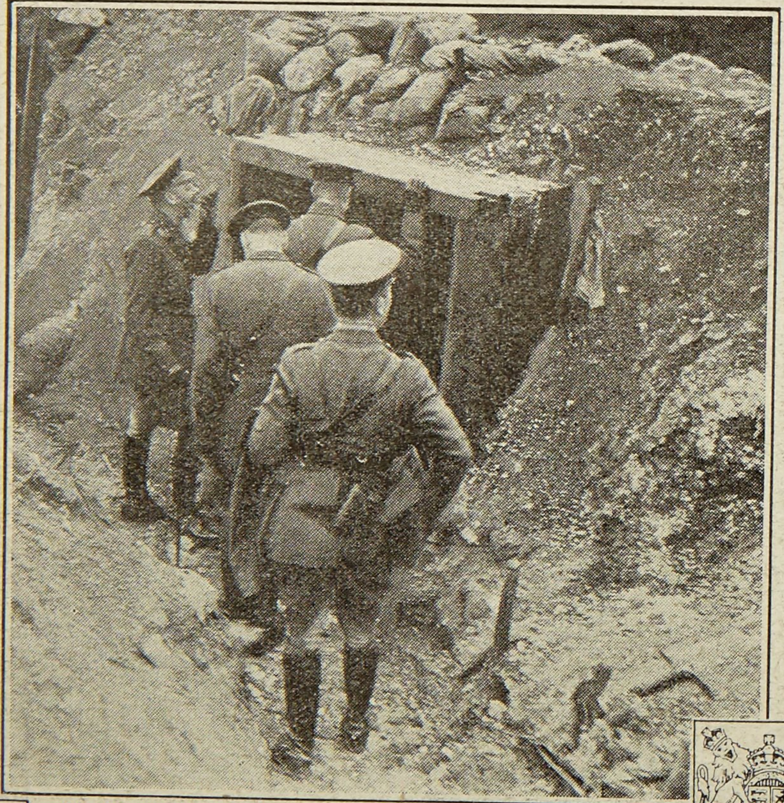


The circle illustration shows King George describing to King Albert an amusing incident which his Majesty witnessed in captured German trenches. Above: All's well with the advance. An historic and happy group of leaders. Reading from left to right: General Joffre, President Poincare, the King, General Foch, and General Haig.

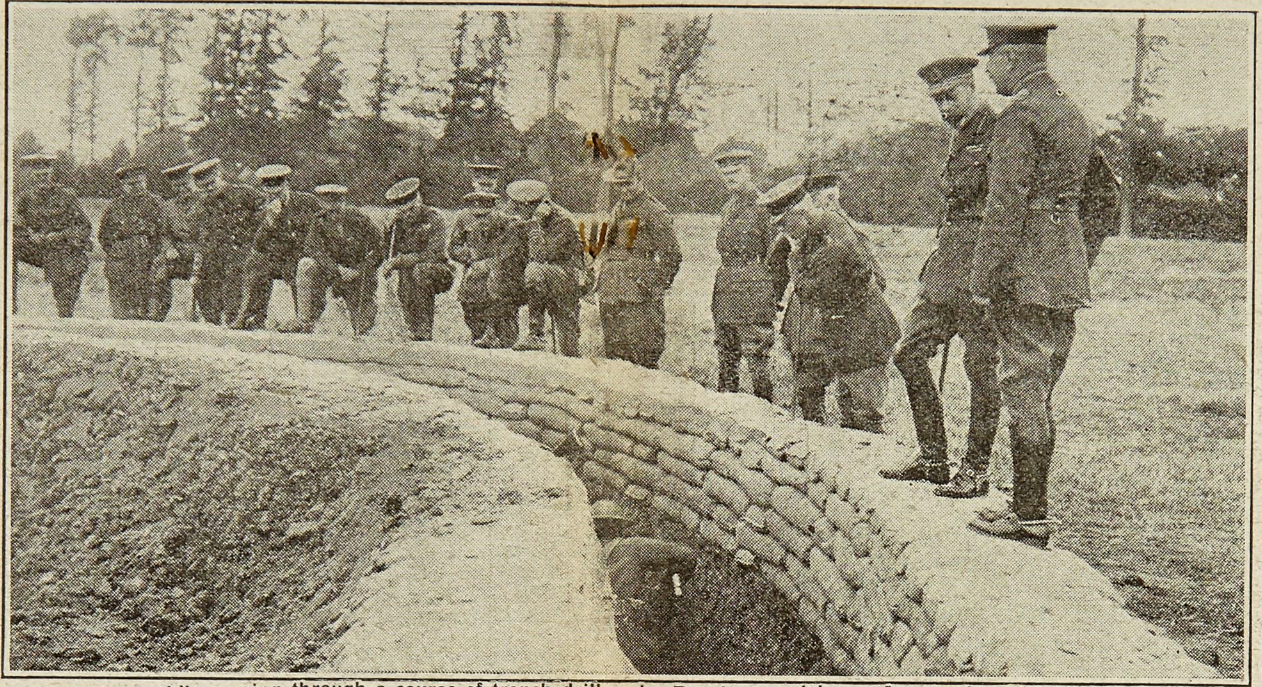
King George Follows the Course of the Great Summer Offensive of 1916



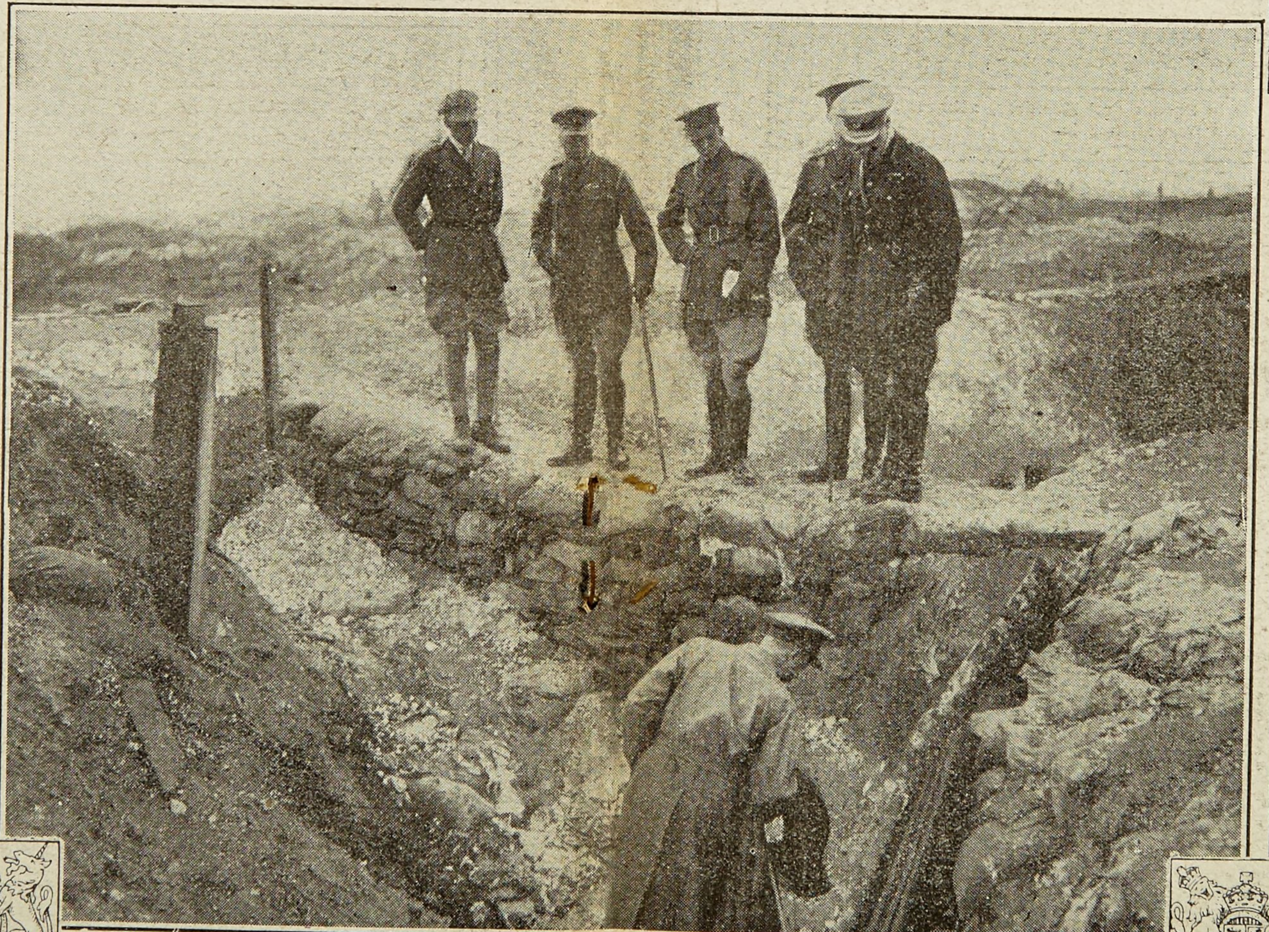
Watching the progress of the battle. His Majesty, from captured German trenches, following the attack on Pozieres.



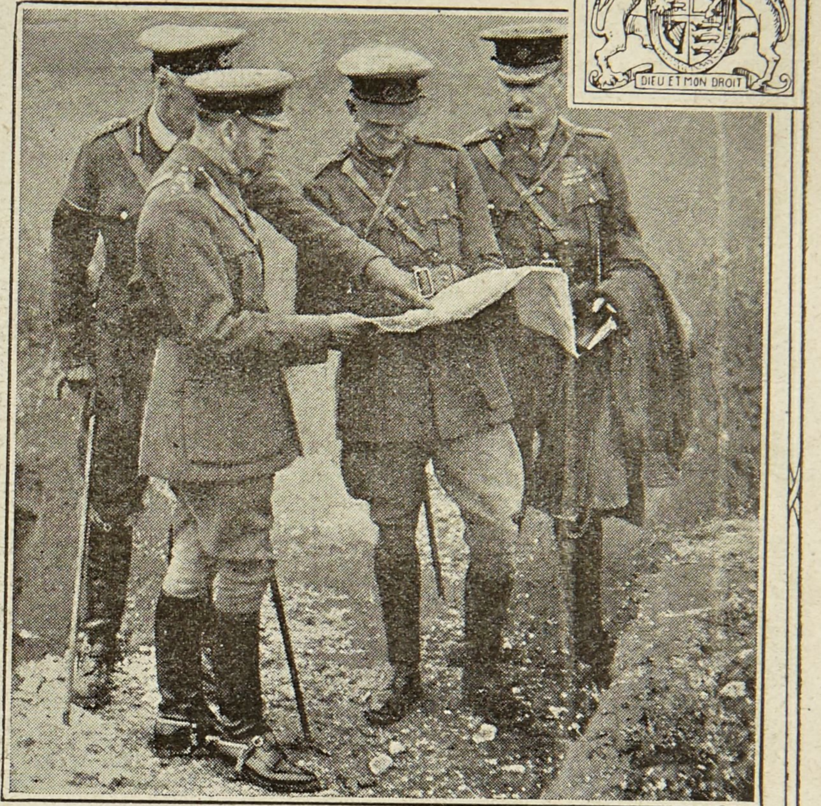
At the enemy's field quarters. King George about to inspect a German dug-out captured in the July advance.



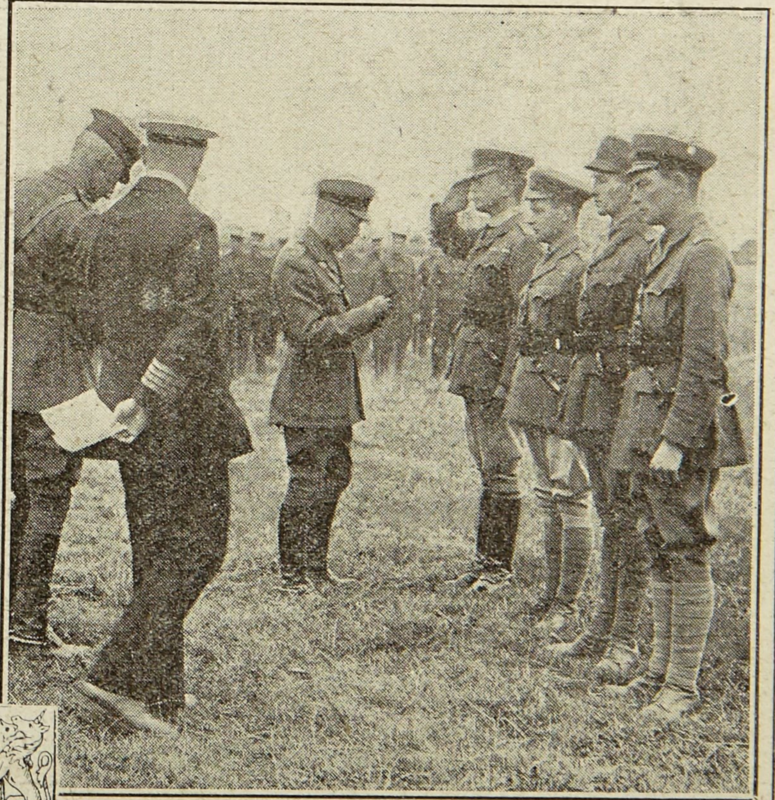
Australian soldiers going through a course of trench drill under Royal supervision. Among the officers, sixth figure from the left, will be seen the Prince of Wales.



The King made a tour of the ground recently captured often exposed to shell and rifle fire. This photograph shows the Royal group (including the Prince) inspecting German trenches at Fricourt.

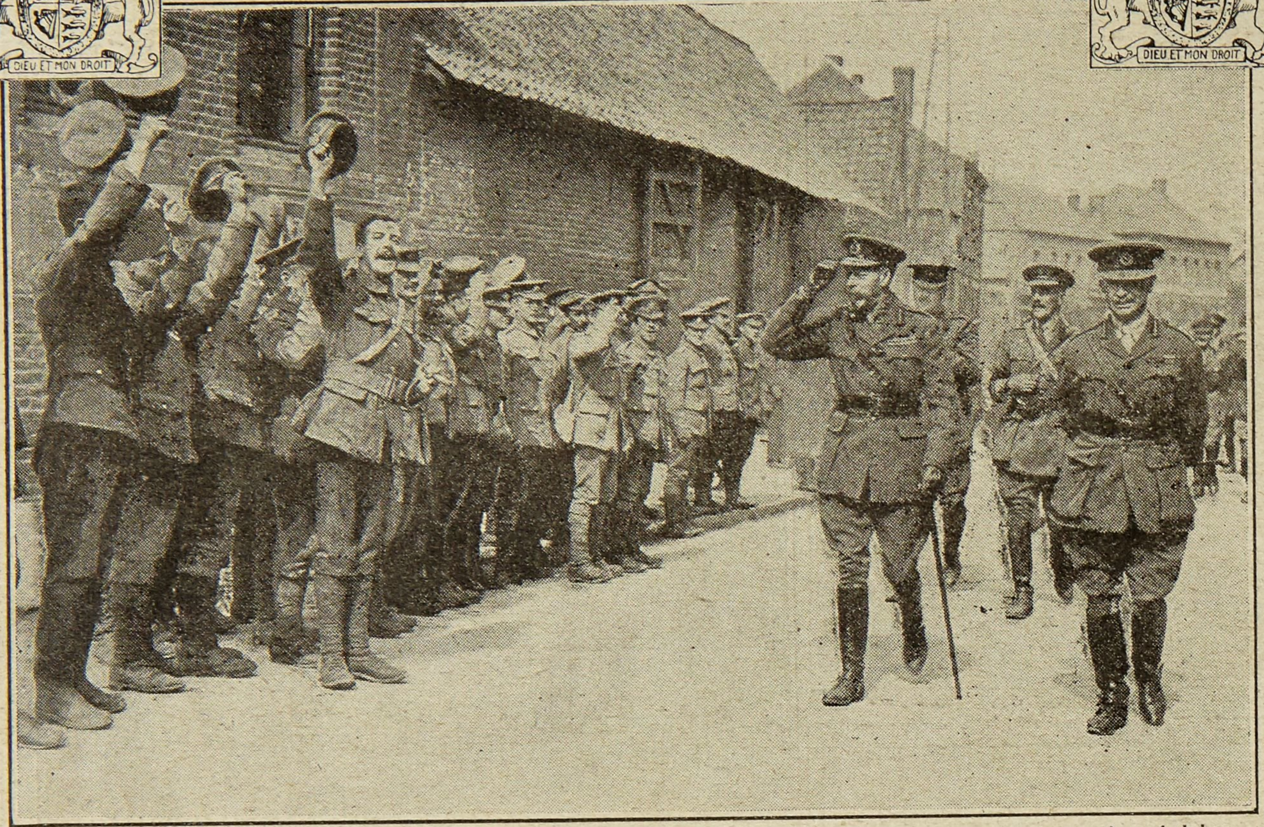


Studying a military plan. An officer explaining "the situation" to the King. The group includes Sir Henry Rawlinson and General Congreve, V.C.

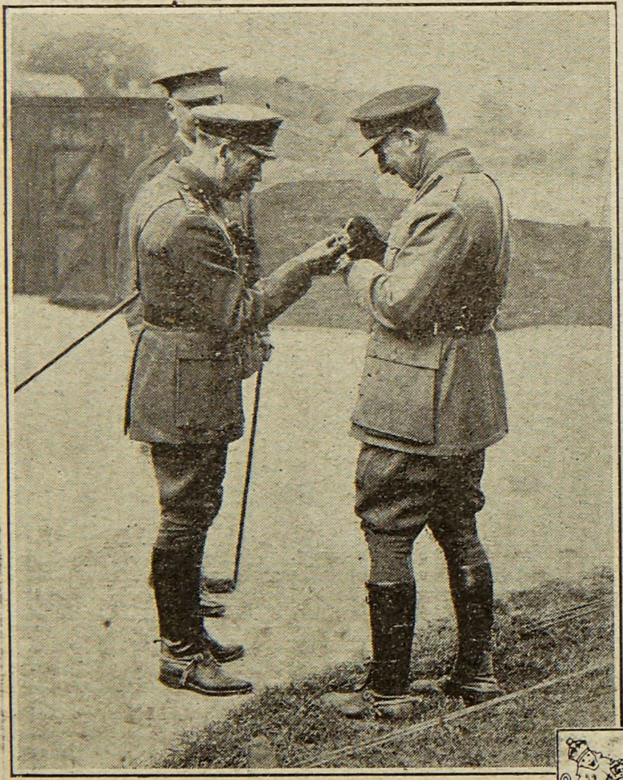


Honours for heroes. His Majesty decorating officers of the R.N.A.S. somewhere in Flanders.

Royal Interest & Soldierly Zeal



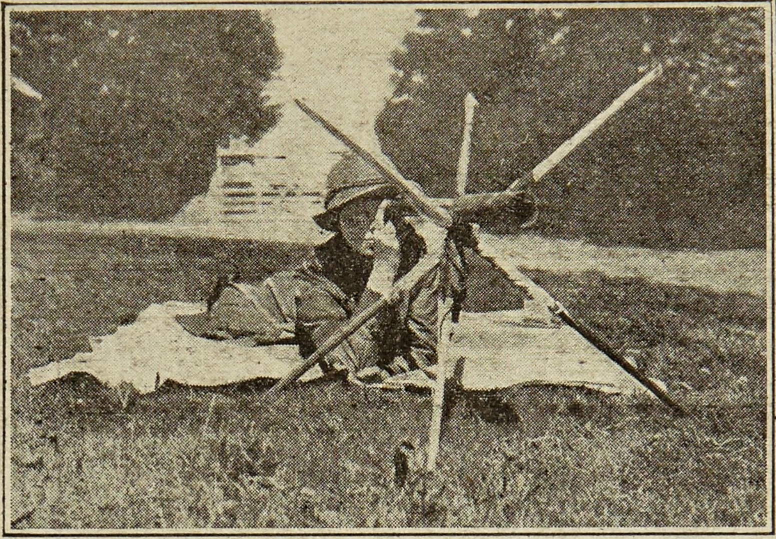
Radiant with pride and pleasure, his Majesty walked among his soldier subjects in France and Flanders, acknowledging their enthusiastic welcome with a charm of manner which won all hearts.



A delightful snapshot of King George caressing a tiny mascot puppy "attached" to a field hospital.

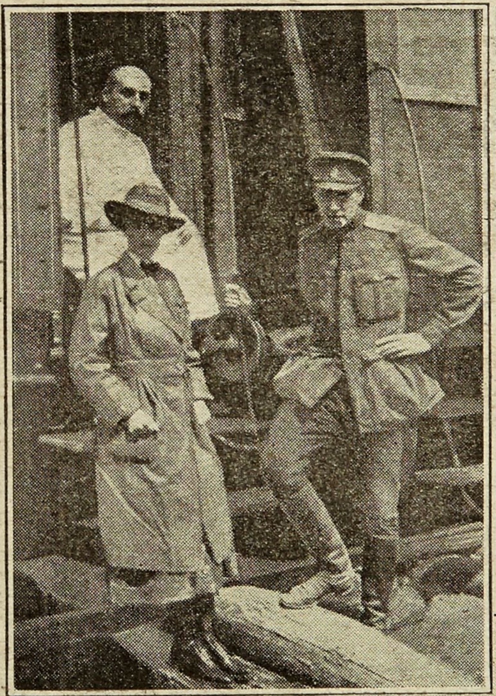
The King had a smile and a kindly word for many of the peasants who gathered near him.

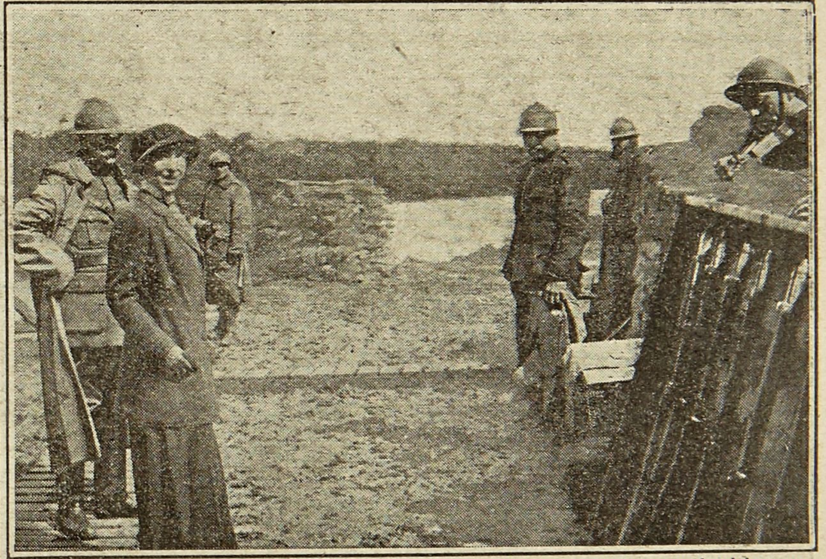
Women on War Service at Home and Abroad



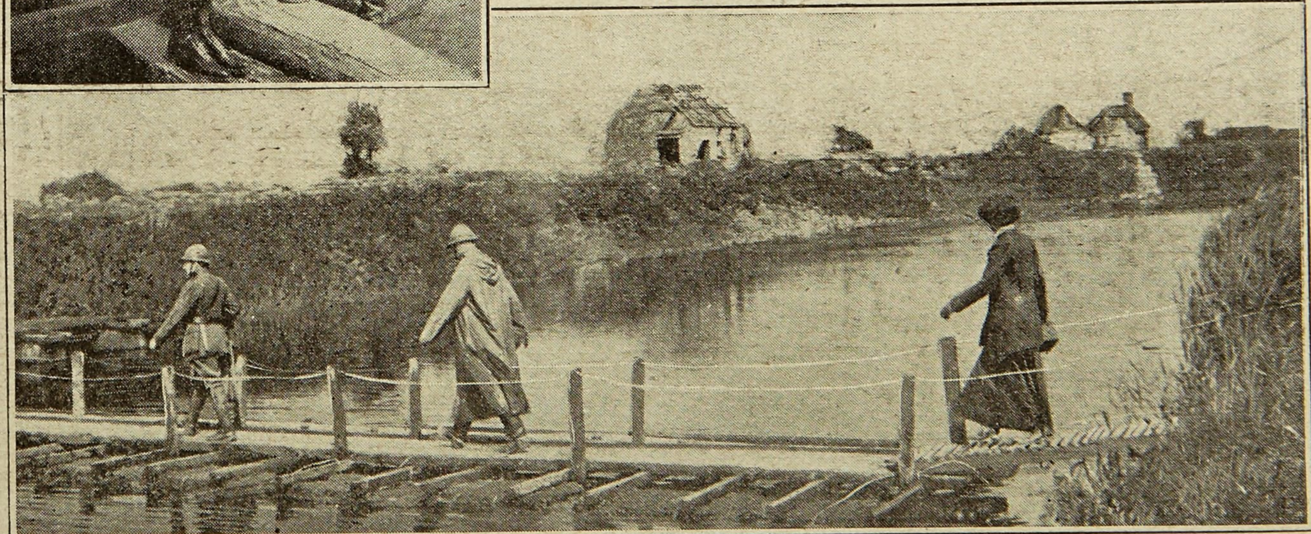
Member of the Women Signallers Territorial Corps, the object of which is to link up every town by means of signallers, taking a long-distance message.

Leisure moments in the long day's work. British nurses chatting on the steps of an officers' hospital.

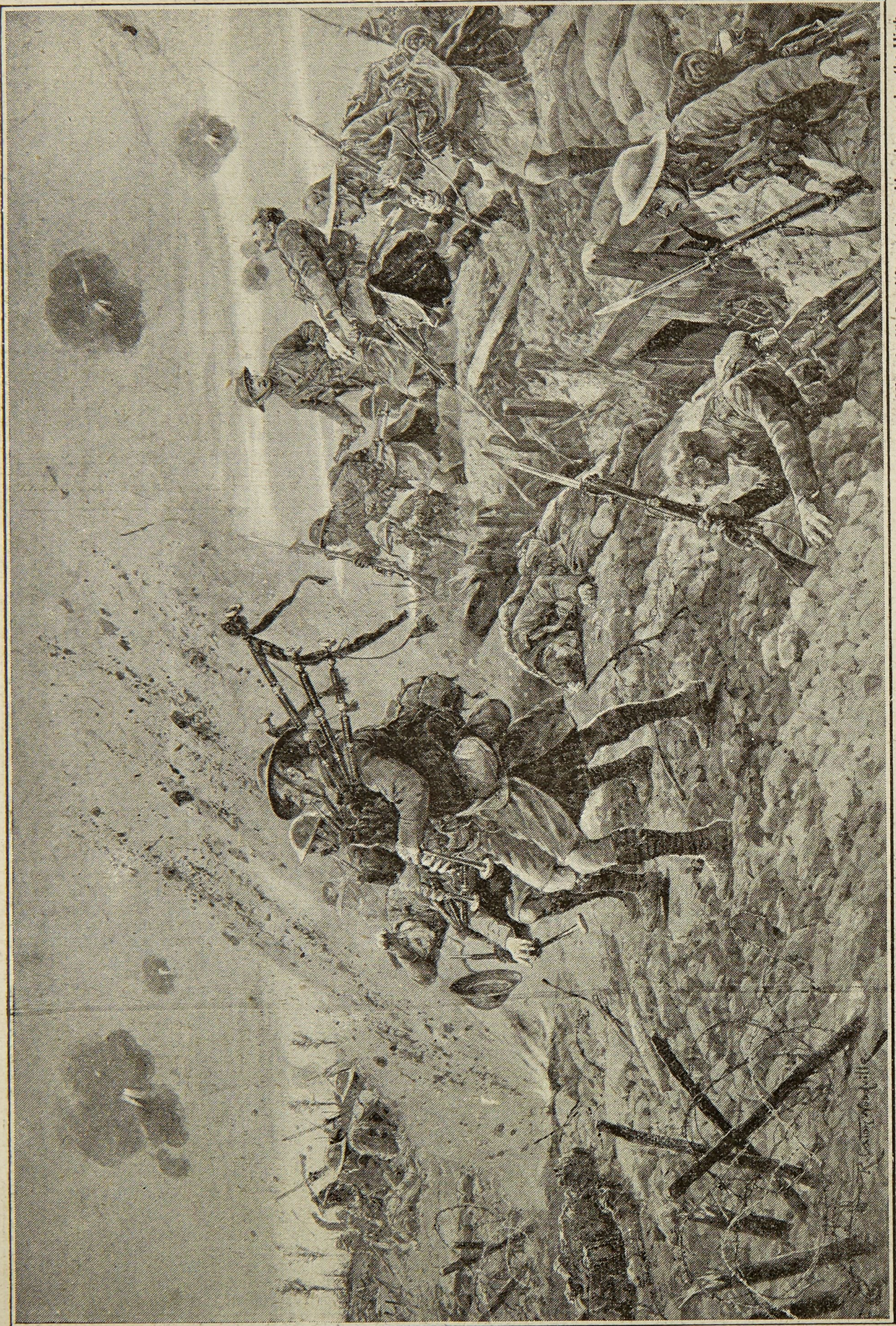




Queen Elizabeth visits the Belgian trenches and is agreeably surprised by an impromptu rendering of the "Brabanconne" on the fiddle.

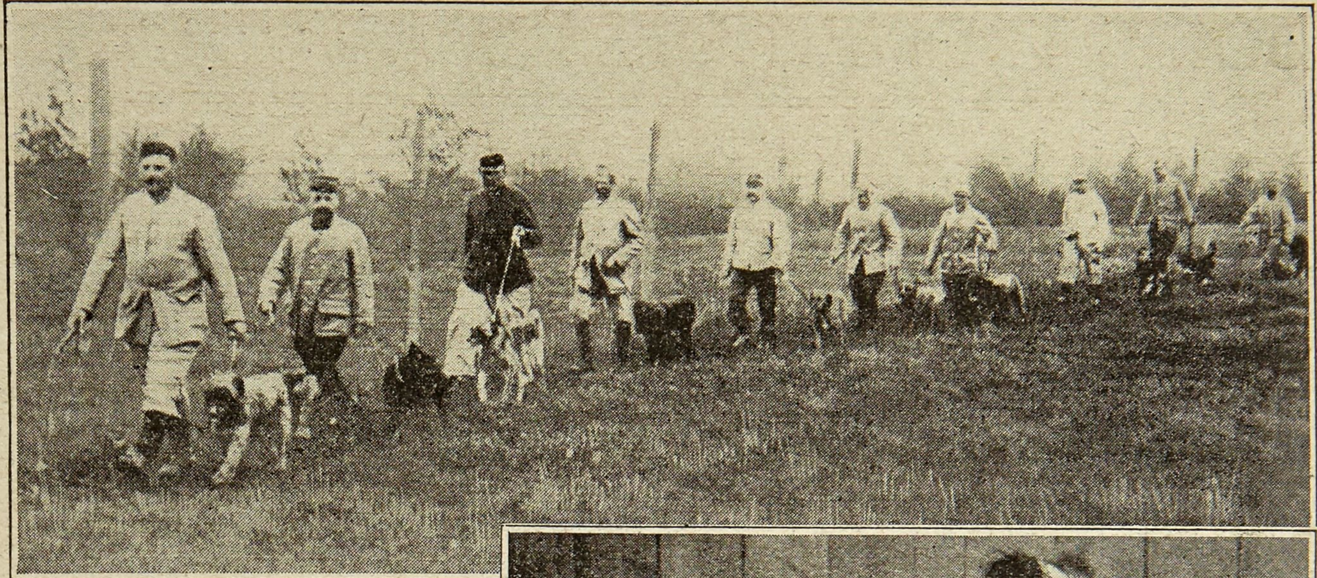


The Queen of the Belgians has frequently visited the Flanders front, and this is the most recent photograph of her Majesty crossing a river on a tour of inspection of Hun devastation. Inset: Lady Muriel Paget, who is now working for the Red Cross in Russia.



“THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING!”—The first rush of the Highland regiments for Longueval was one of the finest exploits of the war. Their pipers led them right across the German lines, one regiment advancing to the tune “The Campbells are Coming!” Then the pipes screamed out the “Charge!” and with fixed bayonets and hand-grenades the Highlanders stormed the German trenches. When all was over, the pipers led the Highlanders back from the trenches, playing an old Scottish love-melody.

Canine Contingent in the French Trenches

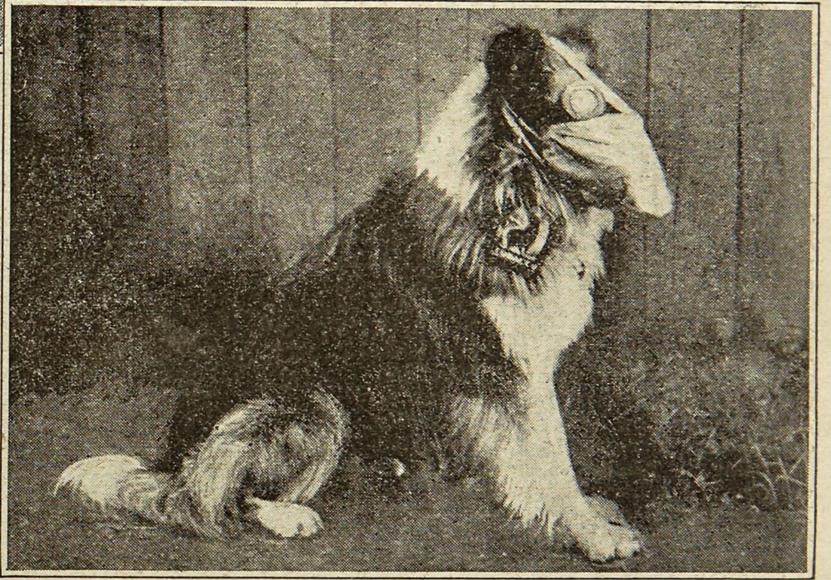


Dogs as messengers, scouts, sentinels, and trench guards. Column of canine recruits of the French lines going up to the front.

FROM the beginning of the war nearly all the belligerents have made use of dogs in various ways, but the extent to which they work with the French armies is not generally known.

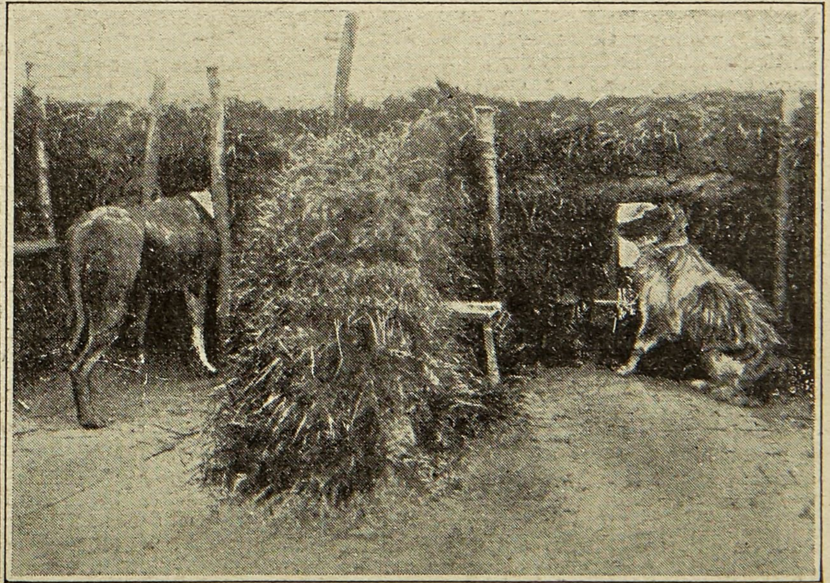
The animals have been found not only effective for draught purposes, but are even entrusted with such responsible work as sentinel duty and carrying messages and tobacco to and from the front line. They have even their own special trenches of observation, one of which is seen on this page.

Frequently, in going into the danger zone, the dogs are provided with respirators, as many of these highly-trained creatures were lost through breathing poison gas. There is a special training centre behind the French lines where these sagacious dogs or war learn to do their bit towards eventual victory.



Collie dog, wearing a respirator as a precaution against poison-gas, on its journey to and from the trenches with tobacco.

Dog with its master on the French front watching the effect of a revolver shot.



Dogs as trench guards ready to give the alarm at the sight of any suspicious movement from the German trenches.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

HOW I GOT INTO RHEIMS DURING THE BOMBARDMENT

By Julius M. Price

Artist-Correspondent of the "Illustrated London News"

MR. JULIUS MENDES PRICE has crowded adventure into his life since he became attached to the "Illustrated London News" as war-artist and correspondent. For journalistic purposes he enlisted as a trooper in Methuen's Horse in the Bechuanaland Campaign of 1884-85, and served with the regiment till it was disbanded. Later he went with the Exploration Expedition to open up the Nordenskiold route to the interior of Siberia, and afterwards travelled alone across Mongolia and the Gobi Desert to Peking. He was with the Greek Army in the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, and with the Russian Army in Manchuria in 1904-5. There was thus little for him to learn when he went to France for his paper in the present war, and his thrilling yet amusing story, written specially for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *shows once again that in daring and resource, and in power of graphic writing, he retains to the full his position in the first rank of war-correspondents.*

DURING the early weeks of the war the life of the correspondent in France was scarcely worth living, as for unexplained reasons the authorities were one and all determined he should see as little as possible of what was going on, with the result that unless he was content to fool away time in Paris, waiting for permission to go to the front, he might as well have returned to London forthwith.

After a very short time this irksome and apparently needless restraint got on my nerves. At the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, where a "Press Bureau" had been established, the officials were courtesy personified, but you soon realised that this was but a polite method of putting you off.

So at last I determined to kick over the traces, and decided—if I may be forgiven the "bull"—to take French leave as I couldn't get it, and was so far successful that I managed to leave Paris, get into the war zone, and remain there four months.

It was not, however, easy sailing by any means—for with me the bump of inquisitiveness is strongly developed, and as a result I was continually getting into hot water somewhere. I forget for the moment how many times exactly during those four months I was arrested for being in places where I was not welcome; I believe it was six in all. But anyhow, of one thing I am certain as I recall them to mind now, that every one of them was worth all the risks entailed.

There is an element of adventure which imparts additional zest to the knowledge that you have no right to be where you are, wherever that may be. In my particular case, the fact of my intimately knowing France and its customs, and speaking French as easily as English, gave me the opportunity of wandering far afield and enabled me also to make friends everywhere.

[Elliott & Fry

Mr. Julius M. Price

The Friendly French

There is no more cheery companion in the world than the average Frenchman, and if he takes to you, you have in him a real friend. I was particularly fortunate in this respect during my wanderings, and met a lot of good fellows who went out of their way to be of service to me.

In this connection I recall what was perhaps one of the most thrilling adventures I had while at the French front. Hitherto I have refrained from narrating it for fear of getting anyone into trouble, but as it occurred as far back as September, 1914, I feel that there can be no harm in relating it now.

I was in Epernay shortly after the Battle of the Marne, and was trying my utmost to get a permit to go to Rheims, which was then in the throes of the bombardment—but without success. In the meantime, I had made friends with an officer of the train des equipages (motor-transport convoy), that went every day with stores from Epernay to a distributing depot a few miles from Rheims. He genially offered to give me a run out there in his car any day if I could get permission to go with him.

The Commandant d'Armes, after some demur, consented to my having a laisser passer, which allowed me to go to several places along the line—amongst others the destination of the transport convoy. I ventured to hint that while he was about it Rheims might be included, since it was only a few miles farther on—but to no effect. If I could get permission from the "privante" (i.e., the gendarmerie) to go there, well and good, but so far as he was concerned he could not give it to me. My transport friend was as good as his word. On seeing my laisser passer he agreed to take me with him the following day.

Humour in a Motor-Waggon

The convoy left Epernay every morning at seven o'clock, and I was advised not to bring any bulky luggage, as the car was only a small one. As I only had my rucksak with me, this did not trouble me. When I turned up, my friend informed me that he regretted he would not be able to go with me, so he would put me on the leading waggon, which was driven by the sergeant in temporary command of the convoy.

It was a bit of a disappointment, after looking forward to a jaunt in a luxurious car, the more especially as I should be with men I did not know at all; but there was no help for it, and no time to lose, as punctuality was strictly observed. So up I climbed on to the box seat and off we went.

The convoy consisted of every description of motor-waggons and some Paris motor-omnibuses—about a dozen in all—packed full up with army stores, forage, etc. There were three soldiers, including the chauffeur, to each car, so it made a pretty tight squeeze, as I soon realised. But my companions had a keen sense of humour and treated my being with them as quite a good joke; in fact, we were speedily on the best of terms.

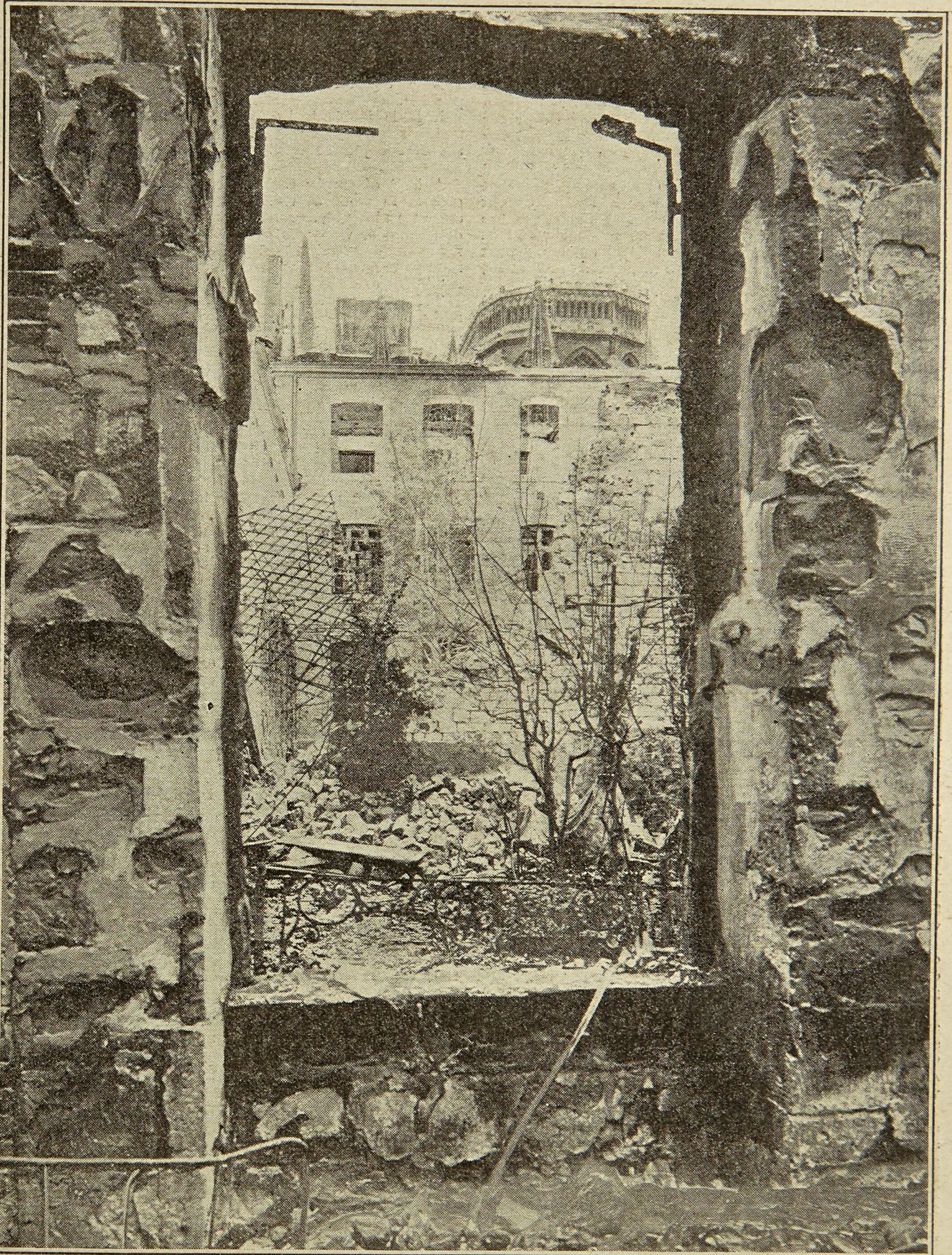
It was a dull, grey, autumnal morning, with a sharpish wind that cut through one like a knife, and was, moreover, very cramped and uncomfortable on the unsheltered seat of the waggon. I was wearing breeches and gaiters and a Norfolk jacket, with only a light "Burberry" waterproof as overcoat, so before we had gone very far I was chilled to the very bone. Almost needless to mention, my companions were wearing their heavy army greatcoats.

A few miles along the road we stopped for some reason or another, and I profited by it to endeavour to make myself a bit more comfortable. The sergeant stowed my rucksak under the seat, and kindly got a man to fetch a blanket to go over my knees.

Suddenly it seemed to occur to him that my waterproof was not very warm, and he insisted on my getting into a spare greatcoat that was in the waggon. It was very big for me, and came well down below my knees, and thus

[*Continued on page* 92

Ruins of Rheims: The Grave of German Kultur



When Germany laid in ruins this glorious mediæval Cathedral City she buried under its stones the Kultur which has earned the obloquy of the world. The stones will be cleared away, with the iconoclasts; the memory of the sacrilege will endure.

HOW I GOT INTO RHEIMS

(Continued from page 90.)

hid my breeches. The greatcoat of the French soldier is practically his entire uniform, as he always wears it—summer and winter.

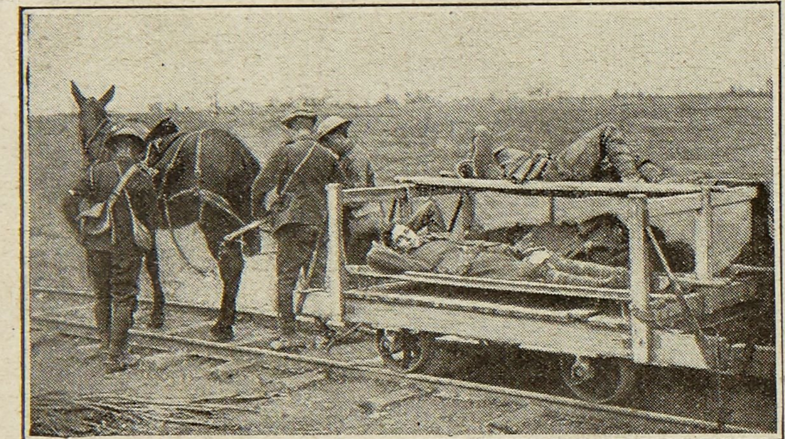
I could only guess the transformation in my appearance by the laughter it produced. "He only wants a képi to look a typical reserviste," someone remarked. "Then lend me one," said I, "and I shall not look out of place on the waggon." This was agreed to nem. con. In a few moments a cap was found that fitted me, and that fortunately, like the greatcoat, had no regimental number on it. Quite a bit of luck, in fact. I pulled the cap well down over my eyes, turned up the collar of the coat, and felt that my best friend would have failed to recognise me.

As I clambered back to my seat the thought flashed through my mind what a mad thing I was doing, and that there would be the very devil to pay if I were caught masquerading like this; but the thrill of the adventure and the humour of the situation soon made me feel at my ease again, and as we passed several officers I took the cue from my companions and, to their great amusement, saluted as they did.

"Where is it you want to get to?" asked the sergeant suddenly, as though an idea had struck him.

"Rheims," I replied, "if the gendarmes will let me."

"You need not trouble about that," he remarked. "I will drive you on there after I have got rid of my cargo. I don't suppose we shall be very long unloading, and then I am free for a few hours."



Hospital train near the front. Light railway behind the line of the British advance in the west for transport of wounded. (Official photograph.)

"It won't get you into any trouble, taking me there?" I asked, for I did not want to take advantage of his good nature.

"Not in the least," he replied. "I want to get a few things one can't buy in Epernay, and it will be an excuse to try and get them in Rheims. And at the same time we can have an apéritif together, if there is a café left." So it was arranged that I should remain in the waggon while it was being unloaded.

I felt I should be showing nervousness if I made any objection, besides which we were now quite close to our destination, and I had no chance to alter my mind and get out of the uniform, even if I had wanted to.

The distributing depot was a sort of junction where several big roads converged, and it would have been impossible to picture a more animated scene of military activity. Officers and men of apparently every branch of the French Army were there; military vehicles of every description were drawn up awaiting our arrival.

"I shall have to leave you for a little while," said the sergeant as he pulled up. "But you just stay where you are, and no one will take any notice of you." And without giving me time to reply, he jumped down and disappeared in the throng of soldiers. Meanwhile, his companion had hurried off to the back of the waggon and started unfastening the flaps. So I was left quite alone.

As may be imagined, I felt anything but comfortable. I realised now the risk I was running, for round about I could see several gendarmes, and it was not difficult to imagine what would happen if they "spotted" me. A military officer might perhaps look upon my escapade as a joke, but a gendarme sergeant would have no such sense of humour. I had already had experience of his views of "duty," and the mere thought of getting into his clutches again made a cold shiver run down my back. The French gendarme is conscientiousness personified, and he is hard as several bricks.

Since no one seemed to take any particular notice of me, I lit a cigarette and assumed as nonchalant an air as possible.

A little incident, however, occurred which even now makes me shudder when I recall it—for I was within an ace of being discovered.

Within an Ace of Discovery

A load of empty sacks had just been dumped on the ground in front of me. Then a big empty "camion" drew up alongside. At this moment an excitable captain of dragoons, who was evidently hustling around looking for something to find fault with, noticed a soldier standing idly by my waggon, with his hands in his pockets.

"What are you doing there?" bawled the officer.

"Nothing for the moment, mon capitaine," was the reply.

"How nothing? Then set to work and do something! Pick up horse dung—anything—but, N—— de D——, don't stand there doing nothing!" Then suddenly espying the heap of empty sacks, to my consternation he called out to me:

"Where are these sacks to go—in this camion?" indicating the one that had just drawn up.

I could not risk a complicated reply, in case my accent might betray me, so without the slightest hesitation I saluted smartly and replied, "Oui, mon capitaine!"

To my relief he took no more notice of me, but in less time almost than it takes to relate, he had got the soldier hard at work piling the sacks in the van. In a few minutes it was loaded up. "En route!" the officer called out to the chauffeur, and off went the waggon with the sacks. Where they got to, heaven only knows—perhaps they are still travelling.

Meanwhile, the distribution of stores had been proceeding rapidly, and the various regimental waggons were starting on their return journeys with their loads. The throng was thinning out. The day's routine of our convoy was ended.

At last the sergeant turned up. "Well, they haven't shot you?" he exclaimed jocularly, as he accepted a cigarette I offered him. "How have you got on? No one took any notice of you? I told you they wouldn't. I'm sorry I was away so long, but there was a lot to see to."

I told him the incident of the sacks, whereupon he gave a long whistle, and then roared with laughter at the dénouement. He evidently thought it a capital joke. "And now for Rheims and our apéritif!"

It was a run of about eight miles, and once past the depot we seemed to leave the military zone for the time being. It was a delightful country road, typically French, and for the first mile or so, had it not been for the distant booming of big guns, one might almost have forgotten the war. But a turn in the road brought it back in all its reality.

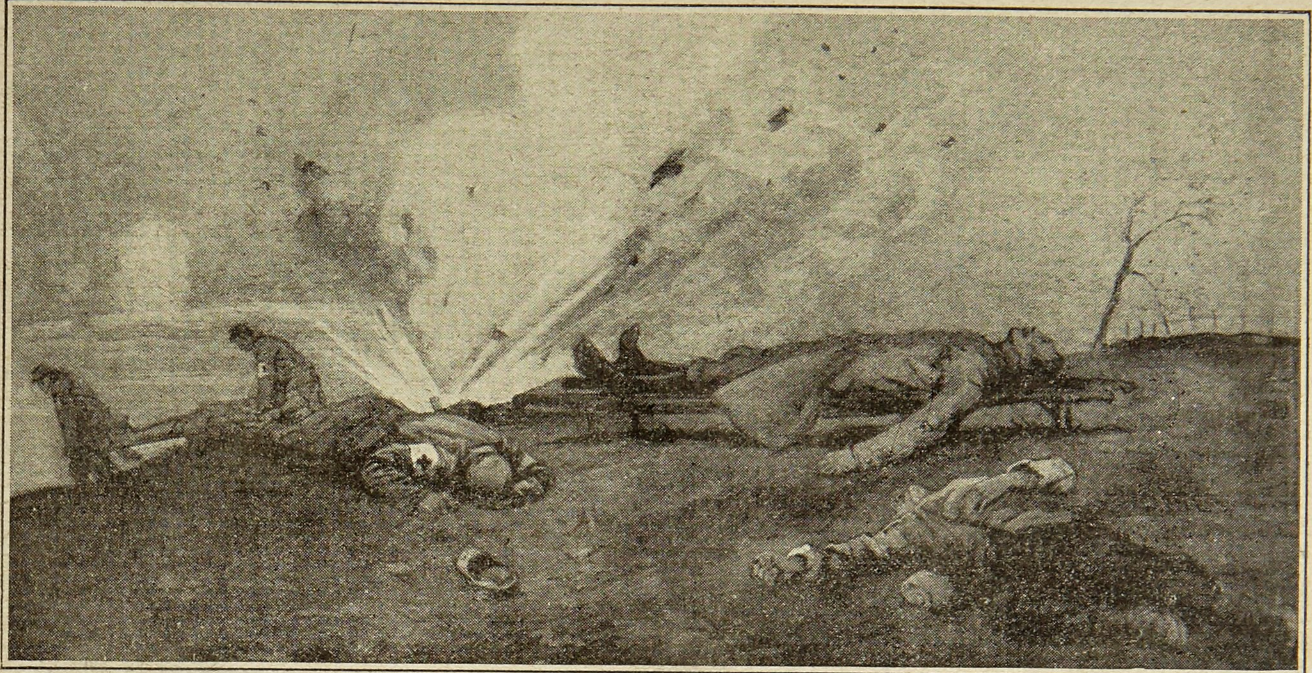
One saw the Cathedral of Rheims standing out in sharp silhouette against the sky. All around were significant columns of smoke—the bombardment of the city was continuing with unabated fury.

The guard at the Porte de Paris took no notice whatever of us. No doubt hundreds of military transport waggons passed through the gates every day.

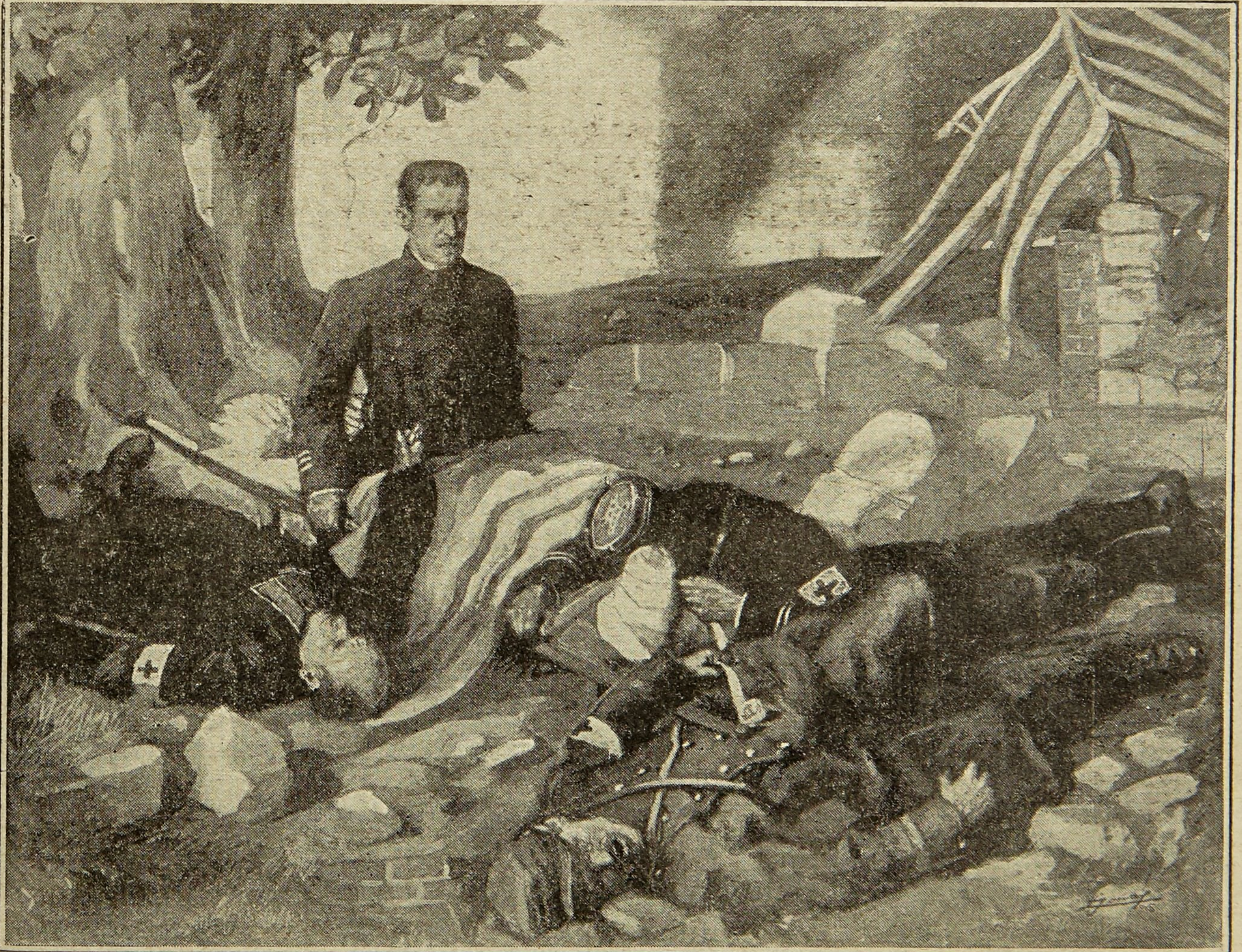
The sergeant knew his way to the café where I had been told I could get lodgings, and drove through an unfrequented lane, where he pulled up and advised me to get into civilian attire again. The sense of relief I experienced when I had got out of the regimentals can be better imagined than described. I felt I would not have gone through the adventure again for a pension!

Next article: "My Adventures on the Fringes of the War." By James Dunn.

Supreme Self-Sacrifice of Stretcher-Bearers

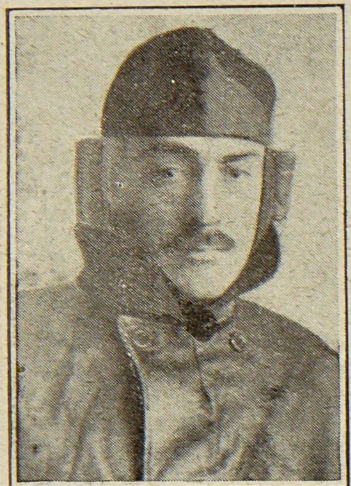


How dangerous the work of the stretcher-bearers is, this dramatic drawing suggests. The artist inscribed upon it "Homage to the stretcher-bearers, heroes whom fame passes by!" Yet the world seldom hears of their individual deeds of heroism.

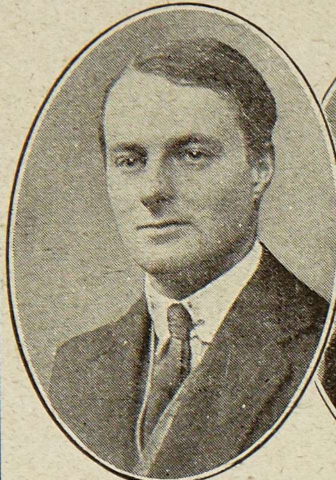


Imagination can conceive no situation more poignant than that of a wounded man who, carried to a Red Cross station, finds himself, by the bursting of a shell upon it, the sole survivor of the party, the men who brought him in lying dead around him.

Hero Aviators and Some Victims of Hun Spite

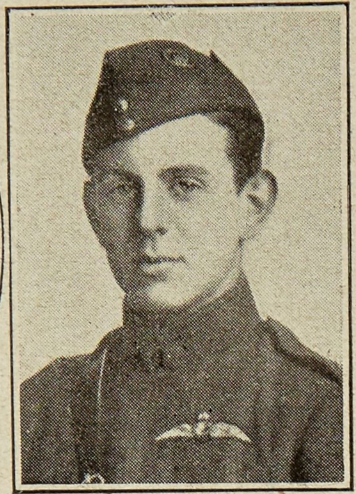


Lieut. R. G. GOULD, awarded D.S.O. for bringing down an enemy aeroplane and putting another to flight, although wounded by anti-aircraft gun fire.



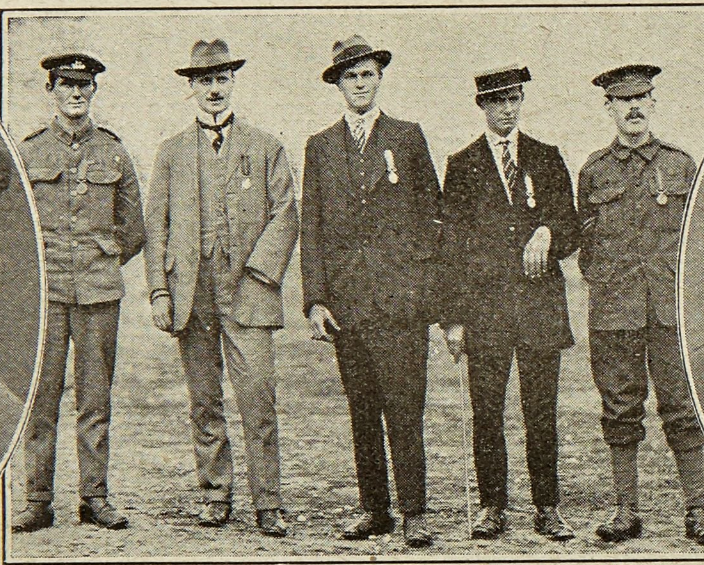
Temp. Capt. W. A. G. BELLEW, R.F.C., awarded Military Cross for attacking, first, eight enemy machines, then four, and, later, three, destroying several.

Champion Pilot. Sec.-Lt. GUYNEMER, who has brought down no fewer than fourteen German aeroplanes, for which valour he has been variously decorated.

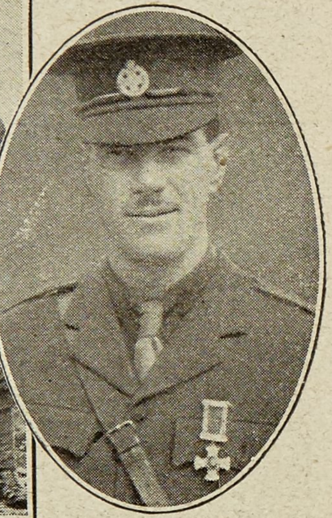


Lt. SAVAGE, R.F.C., killed in the three-cornered fight with Immelmann. His mother received a chivalrous letter of sympathy from a German field chaplain.

Temp.-Sec.-Lieut. A. L. GORDON-KIDD, R.F.C., awarded D.S.O. for bombing an enemy ammunition train from a height of 900 feet and disorganising the track.

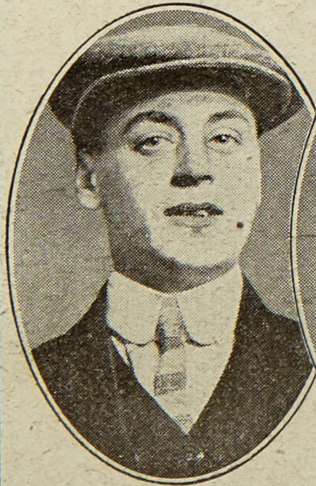


At a recent special parade of No. 1 Convalescent Camp, Sutton Park, Lieut.-Col. Diver presented two D.C.M.'s and three Military Medals for conspicuous bravery at the front. The recipients were: Left to right: Lce.-Corpl. HAZELL (Military Medal), Sergt. P. ALLBUT (D.C.M.), Lce.-Corpl. DENNIS HOLMES (Military Medal), Pte. J. E. KELLY (Military Medal), and Corpl. NOLAN (D.C.M.).

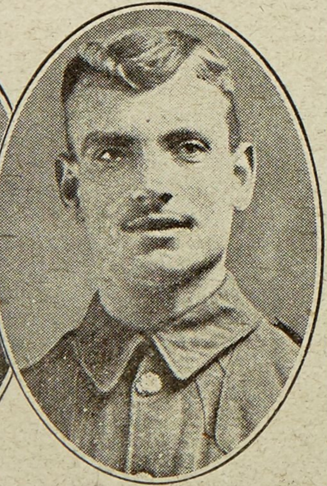


Capt. R. BRICKWOOD, Rifle Brigade, who was decorated by the King with the D.S.O. for raiding German trenches. Was given a commission in 1915 after ten years in the Coldstream Guards.

Private WILLIAM DEVLIN, Royal Fusiliers, shot by the Huns at Limburg Camp. Devlin was one of the Irish prisoners who refused Casement's offer.



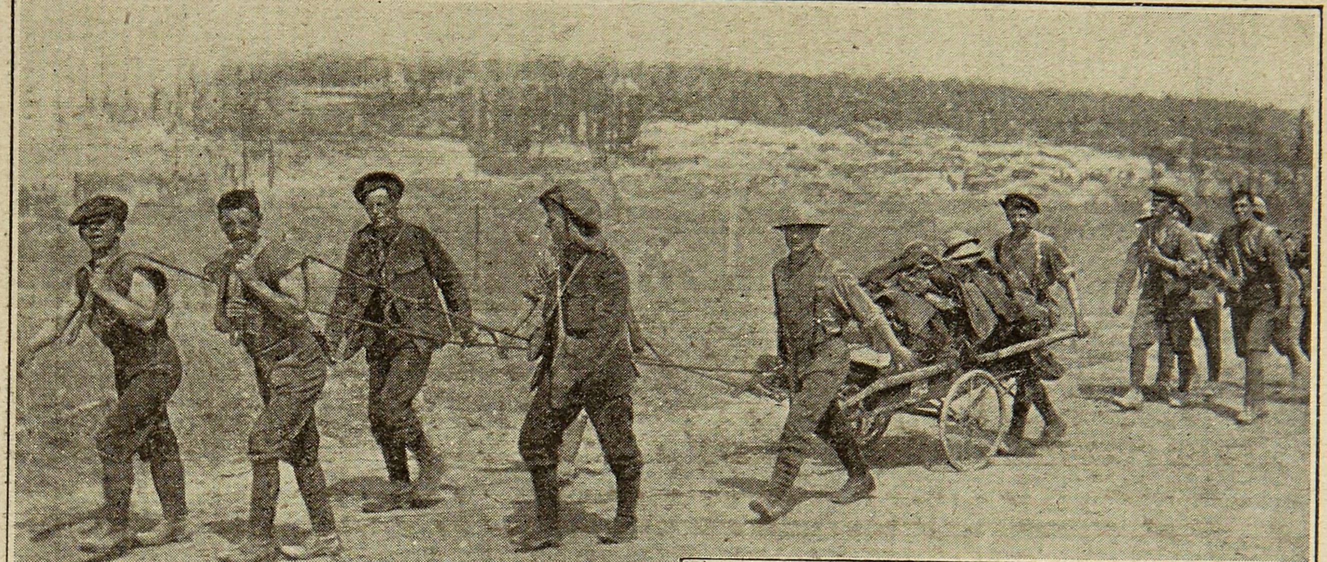
Pte. DEAL, East Surreys, sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for having an altercation with a German N.C.O. in charge at the prison camp.



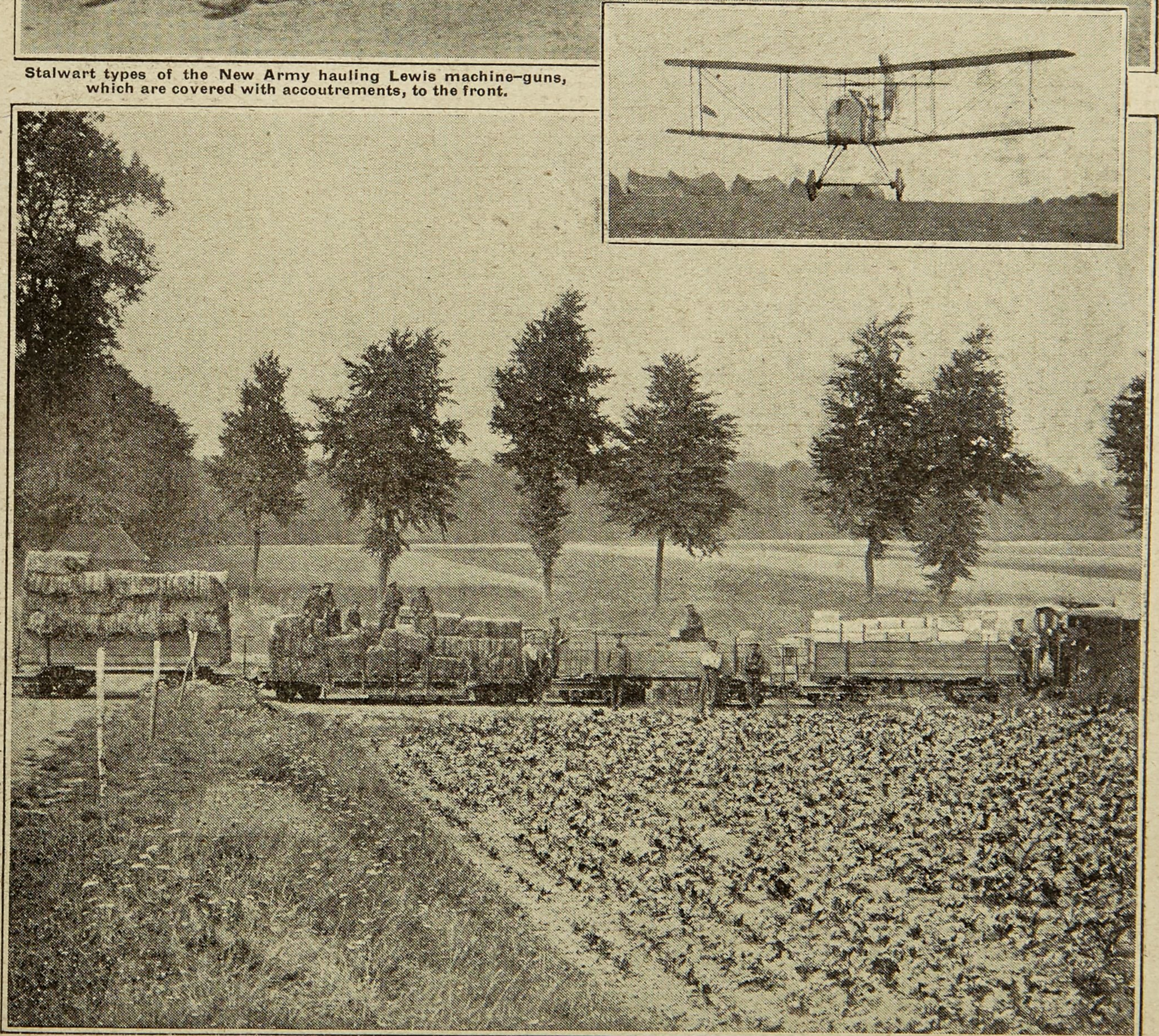
Pte. KEMP, East Surreys, outrageously sentenced to one year's imprisonment for refusing to dig trenches for his German captors.

Corpl. SMITH, Norfolk Regt., had the courage to "speak his mind" about the Kaiser, and received a sentence of three years' imprisonment at Cologne.

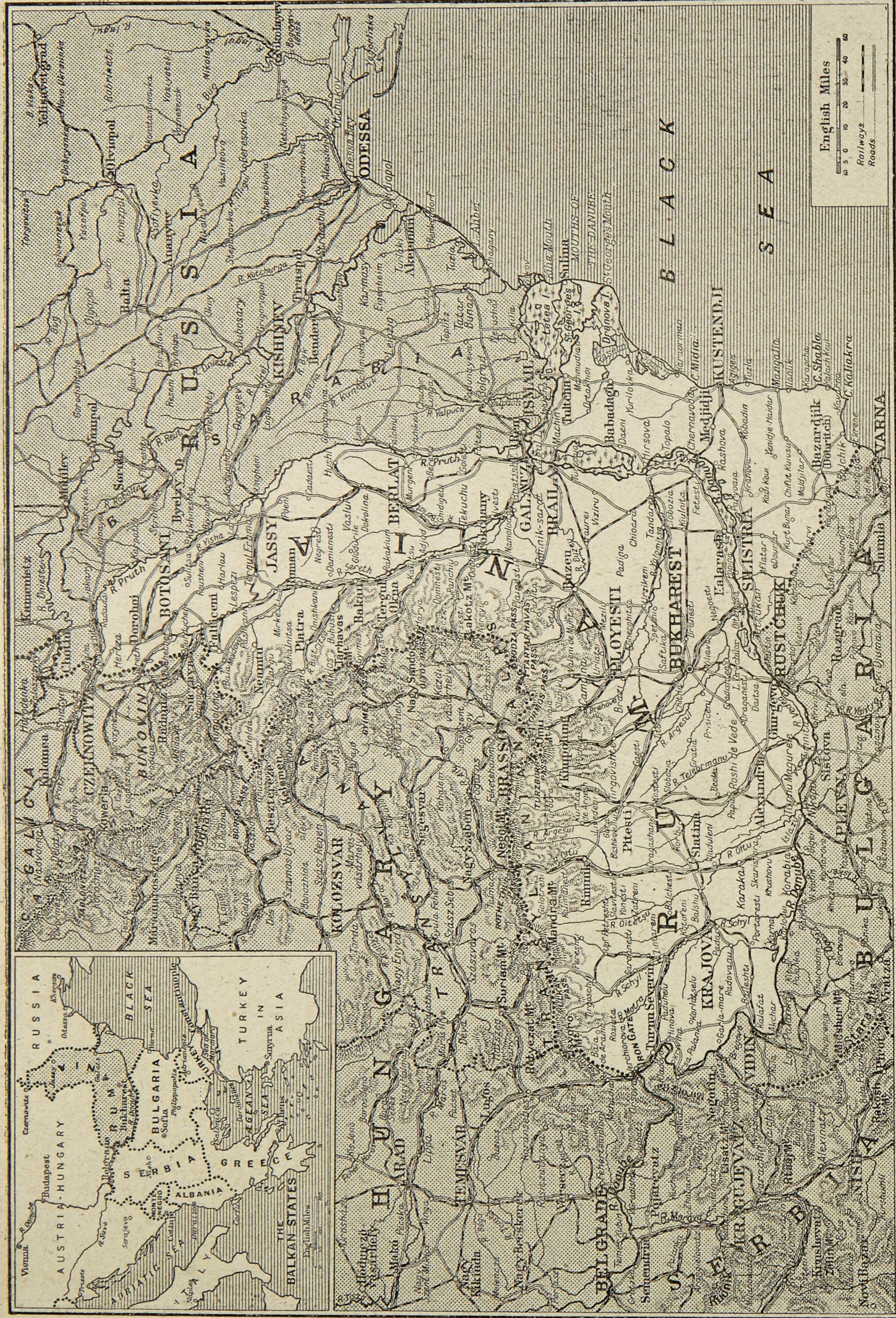
To the Front by Road, Rail and Aeroplane



Stalwart types of the New Army hauling Lewis machine-guns, which are covered with accoutrements, to the front.



A veritable network of light railways has spread itself just behind the front line, and all are kept working at high pressure bringing supplies to the troops. Inset: An aeroplane leaving the aviation park on a raid over the enemy's lines.



The War Illustrated.

Copyright.

THE LATEST EXTENSION OF THE WORLD-WAR AREA.—This map shows the position of Rumania, now linked up with Russia and on the right flank of the Austro-German armies, with Bulgaria between her and the Allied Army gathered at Salonika. An extension of about 750 miles is now made to the Balkan front, and the difficulty of safeguarding this constitutes a new menace to Austria, whose reserves of men are already so depleted.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

THE ANZAC IN LONDON: AN INCIDENT

"WE'RE a mighty fine people," the old gentleman in Mr. William De Morgan's book was wont to say frequently, and the statement squares so exactly with the opinion of many of us, that it is possible we have acquired a habit neither tactful nor well-mannered of suggesting it by a self-complacency which may well be more objectionable than speech, and all the time being guilty of that most hateful form of rudeness, assumption of an air of patronage. If so, may Heaven forgive us!

THIS rather penitential mood has been induced by an incident that occurred a night or two ago. Into a small restaurant came a fair-haired boy, with wide and happy eyes, blue as the flower of the succory. He was an Australian, come to England for the first time in his life, with money in his pocket, perfect health, and ten days' leave. His uniform was smart and, conscious of his fitness and well-earned right to a general welcome, he smiled upon the company and gave his order as if it were a matter of as much interest to everyone else as it was to himself. He called the proprietor " Joe " with republican fraternity, requested the waiter to be as expeditious as his remarkable flat-footedness would allow, yawned noisily two or three times, and gazed round the company once more, anticipating cheery conversation.

WHAT happened was not very clear. But suddenly the boy stiffened and flushed. The blue eyes lost their happy sunniness and grew cold, hard, and merciless as steel on a frosty morning. The lips that had been parted in a smile set in a tight line like the rims of a trap that has sprung. And the next minute he got up and walked across the room to an opposite table. Two men were sitting there, powerful and swarthy. Their nationality was difficult to determine, but they spoke English perfectly and something they had said had been audible to the boy. Offensive, too; for taking a chair he sat astride it and looked them full in the face. "Again, please," he said, and waited, tense as a steel crossbow newly strung. The bigger of the two men waved him away. "Don't sit here," he said curtly. "Get back to your own seat and behave yourself, if you can."

THE lad looked round the room, seeming almost puzzled. There were other people there, an R.F.C. man, a timid-looking civilian, and a girl with an older man. The latter looked at the R.F.C. man. "Are you in this with me and this gentleman?" he asked gently, and the R.F.C. man nodded. "And you?" he said to the timid civilian, and got a half-hearted assent. Then he called the waiter. "Bring coffee for two to that table," he said, and joined the Australian opposite the offenders.

THERE was an uncomfortable pause, during which everybody seemed to be considering what he should do or say next. Evidently disconcerted by the alliance suddenly formed against them, the offending giants continued their supper with an indifferent air that suggested defiance and yet uneasiness. The older man obtained precise statement of their offence from the Australian. They had sneered at him for a half tipsy Cornstalk, and wished him well back at Botany Bay, where his grandfather, out on ticket-of-leave, had contracted an imprudent marriage with a gin—an accumulation of insults not to be endured by any man of honour. It was almost unbelievable that insult so gratuitous and so great could have been offered in England to any man wearing the King's uniform. At the recital the Australian's wrath blazed up and he made a movement that brought the fat Italian proprietor near with a protesting "Gentlemen!" The older man checked the brawl by the sheer intensity of his quietness. "They are going to apologise," he said, "and they are going to leave—now." The pause was long enough to be ominous, and the R.F.C. man and the civilian came to the table, obeying a nod that was a command. "We are four to two," he went on, "and you are in the wrong. I think if I were you I should apologise and go." And the upshot was, unlikely as it had seemed, that some sort of apology was mumbled and the two men went.

IN the ensuing conversation the Australian delivered himself of an indictment of England and the English that was quite terrible. He pulled a book out of his pocket and slammed papers down on the table. He had enlisted on August 15th, 1914, had been in Gallipoli, had spent a couple of months somewhere in the desert, and at last had come to France, whence he had arrived a few days before on leave, and able for the first time to see the land for which he had fought for two whole years. And he wished he had never set eyes upon the place. He did not know which were the worst—the women who flung themselves at him and tried to pick his pocket, or the men who asked him to their rooms to play cards. Before he came over he had been warned to keep both his eyes "skinned," because every Australian was regarded as a fool burning to be parted from his money, and every Englishman was a knave burning to do it. And everyone, man and woman alike, was a supercilious, patronising ass, who turned up his nose at "Colonials" as if they were some uncouth, wild beasts not rightly to be admitted into the company of such aristocratic demigods. Twelve thousand miles he had come to fight for England and the English, and he had been a fool for his pains.

INCOHERENT, distorted, exaggerated—any and all of these the boy's indictment may have been, but it behoves every man in England to ask himself whether there was even a shadow of foundation for it. For if it is to be credited in the least degree, Englishmen cannot be such mighty fine people. Do we patronise these lads? Do we treat them as if they were larrikins gone astray? Do we behave like ill-born, ill-bred outsiders to these men who have thrown up their life-work and come twelve thousand miles to fight for us? It seems incredible, and yet that boy was not merely giving vent to the empty rodomontade of wounded vanity. Sensitive youth had indeed been mortified and abashed when its ingenuous overtures for friendly colloquy had been rejected, but what had gone deep was the fact that in the land for which he had risked his life he could be actually insulted and have to look round, wondering whether there would be anybody to give him countenance and testify that he was not simply a tipsy and quarrelsome brawler. On this occasion champions had been forthcoming, and he was glad. The point of the story? Well, is not our honour involved? Is everything as it should be in our treatment here in England of these magnificent Anzacs, who have added a new glory with their new name to our heritage?

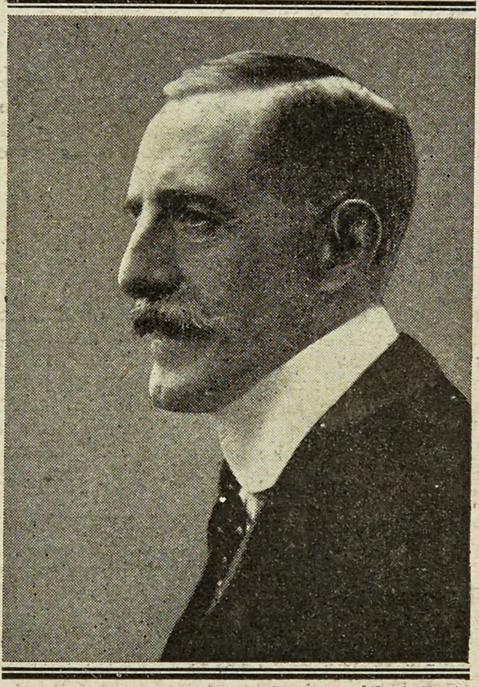
C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED who have been following with interest Mr. Edward Wright's series of brilliant contributions, "Battle Pictures of the Great War," will notice the absence of the usual weekly contribution from this issue. I regret that indifferent health and the pressure of Mr. Edward Wright's work as chief contributor to "The Great War," our sixpenny contemporary, have made it difficult for him to maintain the series of "Battle Pictures," and it has been deemed desirable that he continue his writings on the war exclusively in our companion publication. While regretting his disappearance from our pages, I am happy to say that I have been fortunate enough to secure the services of one of the most brilliant and picturesque writers of our time for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, having just effected an arrangement with Mr. Max Pemberton, the celebrated novelist, author of "The Giant's Gate," "The Impregnable City," and numerous fascinating tales of military adventure, to contribute a new series under the same title, "Battle Pictures of the Great War."

A Famous Novelist and the "W.I."

MR. PEMBERTON needs no introduction to my readers, nor to the readers of any English periodical, as he has long since won a national reputation, and I feel sure that his forthcoming contributions to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will be eagerly looked for week by week. Not only does Mr. Pemberton command a glowing and arresting style of narrative, but having so long made a special study of military affairs, and being particularly familiar with the whole battleground of the western front, he conjoins the imagination of the novelist to the knowledge of the military expert, and the "Battle Pictures" which he will write exclusively for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, beginning with our next issue, will provide our readers with vivid and enduring vignettes of all the most picturesque and memorable episodes which the unfolding of the great drama still holds in store for us.


[Claude Harris

Mr. Max Pemberton

What's in a Name?

NO Briton can have felt anything but satisfaction at the decision of the Government to deal with the question of the "Enemy Dukes." It is an aggravating anomaly that Cumberland and Teviotdale, Armagh, Ulster, and Kent should continue linked even in name with the forces that are doing their best to destroy us. But, after all, this is mainly a question of sentiment. There is certainly more than sentiment behind the demand that aliens in our midst should no longer be allowed to adopt the disguise of British patronymics. In some cases—as in that of a well-known artist—this liberty has involved a distinct personal grievance. Why do these aliens wish to change their names? We have more respect for those of Teutonic birth who simply stand by their naturalisation papers. Deeds in behalf of their adopted country speak louder than words.

Buried Talents

THERE has been much discussion as to whether the brains of the New Army are being utilised as they should be. Men obviously fitted for mental work are being used for mere physical labour. It is very doubtful, indeed, if the most suitable men always get commissions. To a large extent, perhaps, this is inevitable. But what about those who are so wounded as to be ineligible for active service again but who could still help in the training camps at home, and so release others for the field? There are many young fellows minus an arm, but otherwise whole. Would it not be a good thing to let the country have the benefit of their experience instead of thrusting them back incontinently to civil life?

The Legion of Honour in War-Time

THE Legion of Honour, the most coveted French decoration, has been won by many heroes in the war service of their country. Several, of course, had already gained the red ribbon in civilian life for varied work of national importance. As the decoration cannot be conferred twice, the French Government has decided upon the pleasant expedient of changing the civilian decoration to a military one should the recipient distinguish himself on the field of battle. At such a time all Frenchmen would prefer to possess the militarised version of the honour, which incidentally carries with it a pension of £10 a year. One might confidently hazard a guess that no Frenchman who had gained the Legion of Honour in private life will return from the war without having converted it into a decoration for valour in face of the foe.

Mars and Bellona

A CHINESE student and traveller, K'ung Yuan Ku'suh, in his book, "The Judgment of the Orient," regards the world-war as one between the femininity of Germany and the masculinity of her neighbours—especially the masculinity of England. In his view, it is owing to the female soul's ignorance of the safe limitations of force (due to inexperience in its use) that the femininity of Germany's controlling ego has committed all those horrors that mankind regards as outside the pale of war. "The only way to confound and shame a typical woman," says this observer from the Far East, "is to deprive her of the prize which she has steeped her soul in infamy to win."

A Hamburg Sermon

THE Vienna "Arbeiter Zeitung" calls attention to a sermon delivered at Hamburg by an Evangelical pastor named Ebert, which would probably be cited by the Chinese student as a fine example of the ungoverned rage of Germania. Here are a few passages from Herr Ebert's discourse: "God has placed in our hands all means to defeat the enemy. We have submarines enough to bring England to her knees in a few months, and yet we do not use them. We have Zeppelins enough to reduce the proudest people on earth, and yet we spare the enemy. God has given us the most brilliant leader of our days, and our enemies call him the 'Terror of the Russians,' but still we are waiting for him to strike fresh blows at the Russians. This false sparing of the enemy is directly branded by God's Word as disobedience to His will."

The Baby and the Bank-Note

A CUSTOMER paid in to a Manchester bank a fragment of a bank-note gummed on to a piece of paper, with the explanation that the baby had eaten the rest. The uneaten portion of the note was duly sent to London and returned together with an elaborate and awe-inspiring form, and an instruction that the form must be filled up and signed by the person who had done the damage!

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

15 Jan

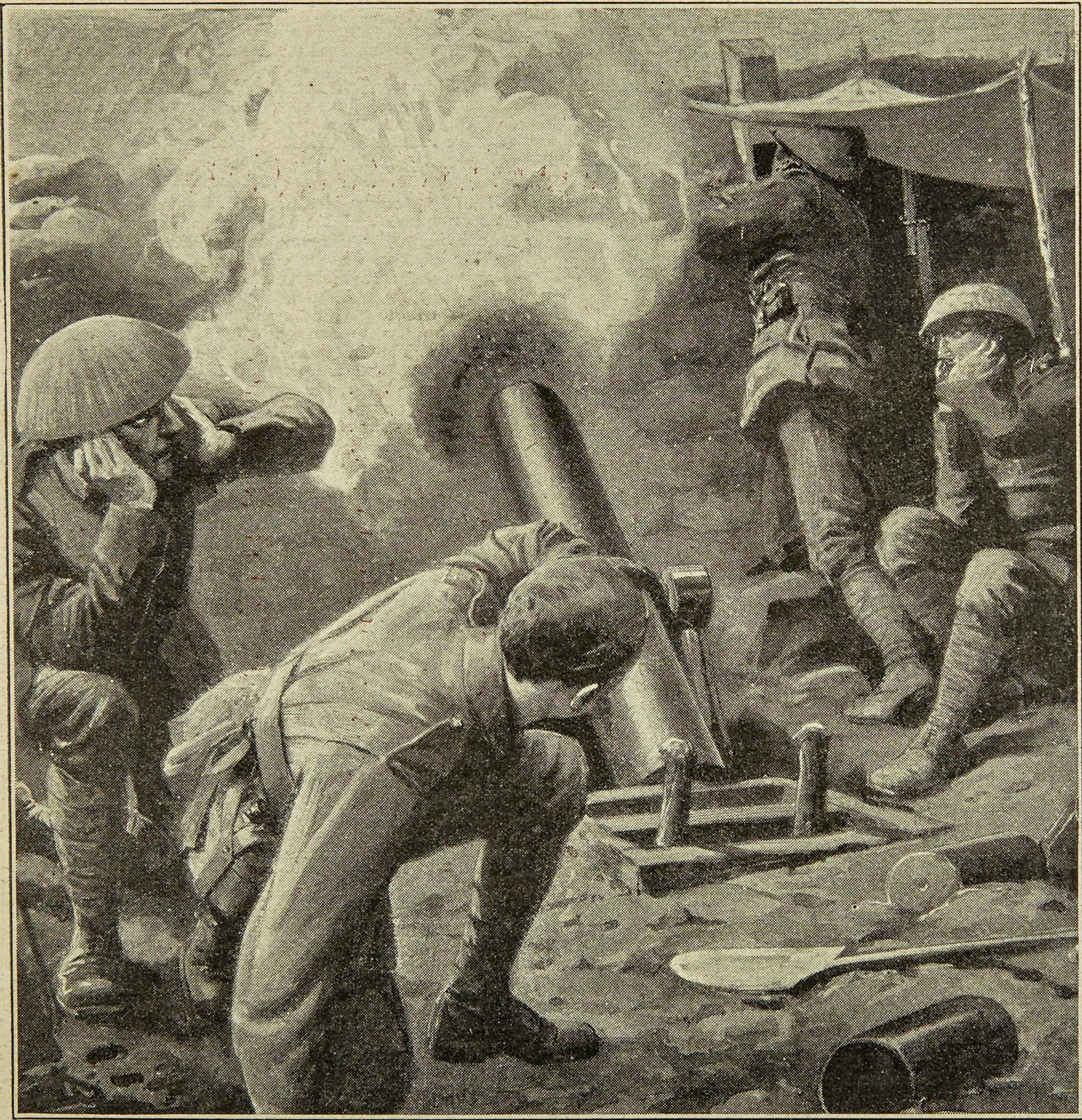
The War Illustrated, September 16th, 1916.

Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

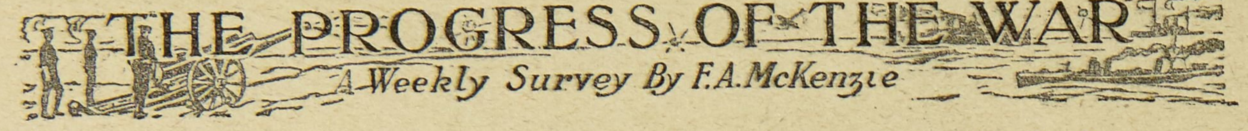
The Battle for the Ridge, by Max Pemberton

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 5 War at Close Quarters: A Mortar Belching Destruction from Trench to Trench **No. 109**



THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE military situation on all fronts is developing rapidly and dramatically in favour of the Allies.

The declaration of war by Rumania has brought to a head a crisis in the administration of the German Army which had been developing for some time. It has enabled the Allies to deal firmly with Greece. It has compelled Germany to weaken her reserves on the western and north-eastern fronts in a way that is materially helping the British, French, and Russians.

The sequence of events which gave rise to the dismissal of General von Falkenhayn by the Kaiser from the supreme direction of the German armies is fully known. Falkenhayn believed—as many strategists in this country believe—that the real issue of the war will be decided not in the east but in the west. He, therefore, logically concluded that Germany should devote her main efforts to the defeat of her western enemies, Britain and France, because their defeat would of necessity involve the submission of the others. Von Hindenburg, on the other hand, believed that it would be possible, by a quick, concentrated blow, to eliminate Russia, and that the western Powers could then be dealt with by the total German strength. All last winter Hindenburg trained and drilled an enormous army of young soldiers on the north and east-central front for his contemplated spring campaign to Petrograd via Riga.

The Drain on Hindenburg's Eastern Armies

When spring came, however, the counsels of Falkenhayn prevailed, and Germany spent her strength on an attempt to overcome France by the capture of Verdun. This capture of Verdun and of the Heights of the Meuse would have thrown the French armies back on the line of the Vosges, and have rendered them practically powerless for months to come. Tens of thousands of men were drawn from Hindenburg's eastern armies to help in the west. The German spring offensive in the east was rendered impossible, and it was only with great difficulty that the Germans were partly able to hold back the Russian advance.

The Verdun campaign failed. Then came the Franco-British move on the Somme. Falkenhayn had now to face a serious problem. Should he use his large strategic reserves to check the allied advance in the west, or should he use them eastwards? It was decided to send them to the Somme. This considerably retarded the allied advance, but Rumania's blow found the Central Powers with no strong force available in the east to keep back the hundreds of thousands of fresh enemies pouring over the Carpathian passes. Hence Falkenhayn's supersession by Hindenburg.

No one denies that General von Falkenhayn is a brilliant strategist and a great soldier. But his brilliancy and his strategy have time after time failed to bring material success. Under him the German armies have accomplished marvels in minor things, but have in nearly every instance failed to obtain vital successes. They failed to capture the road to Calais; they failed to reach Petrograd; they failed to take advantage of their unequalled opportunities against the British last year when we were woefully unprepared; they failed at Verdun; Austria failed in her spring campaign against Italy; and the German armies are now on the eve of the greatest failure of all.

Rumanians Across the Carpathians

The success of the Rumanian armies in crossing the Carpathians and in capturing, with comparative ease, Brasso (Kronstadt) and Hermannstadt—two of the most important towns in Transylvania—has surprised even Rumania's best friends. It was anticipated that there would be severe fighting in the commanding passes of the Carpathians. The long line of mountain frontier between Transylvania and Rumania can be crossed at numerous points, all easy to defend and difficult to attack. Eastern Transylvania runs into Rumanian territory as a salient, giving certain advantages to the armies of our new ally, which can attack it from three sides. But the defence of mountain country is to-day so easy—as is shown by the difficulties of the Italian advance in the Alps—that Rumanian progress at this point was expected to be slow. There are two possible explanations of the rapid Rumanian advance. There is first the explanation accepted in Austria, that the armies are falling back to entrap the Rumanians in the mountains. There is, secondly, the more probable explanation that the Hungarian forces were so weakened that no effective resistance could be made.

Rumania and Bulgaria

The first stage of the great battle between the Central armies and the Rumanians has been fought in the region of Orsova, on the Danube, and has resulted in a victory for our ally. This fighting can, however, only be the preliminary of a much greater battle to follow. Hindenburg is bound to hurry all possible troops that he can up to this point, even though he has to weaken other fronts dangerously to do so. The Rumanian armies are in touch with the Russians, and are working in close co-operation with them. They are endeavouring not only to advance westwards but to force in a wedge between the Austrian armies and the Bulgarians.

In attempting to estimate the Rumanian plan of campaign we have to remember that the Rumanian people have their eyes towards the west rather than the east. Their attitude towards Bulgaria is one of scorn, and they would gladly leave the crushing of that country to their allies. Their statesmen have dreamed visions of a new Rumania, ranking among the Great Powers of Europe, whose western borders shall be not Transylvania but even beyond that. The Rumanian armies are trying to turn this vision into a reality.

Steady Progress on the Somme

In the west the allied offensive on the Somme continues to make slow, steady progress. The violent German counter-offensive which marked the beginning of Von Hindenburg's accession to power failed to accomplish anything worth mentioning. Movement has been made more difficult by very bad weather.

Despite this the Franco-British offensive has been resumed on a larger scale than ever. Guillemont has been captured, and several thousand fresh prisoners have fallen into our hands.

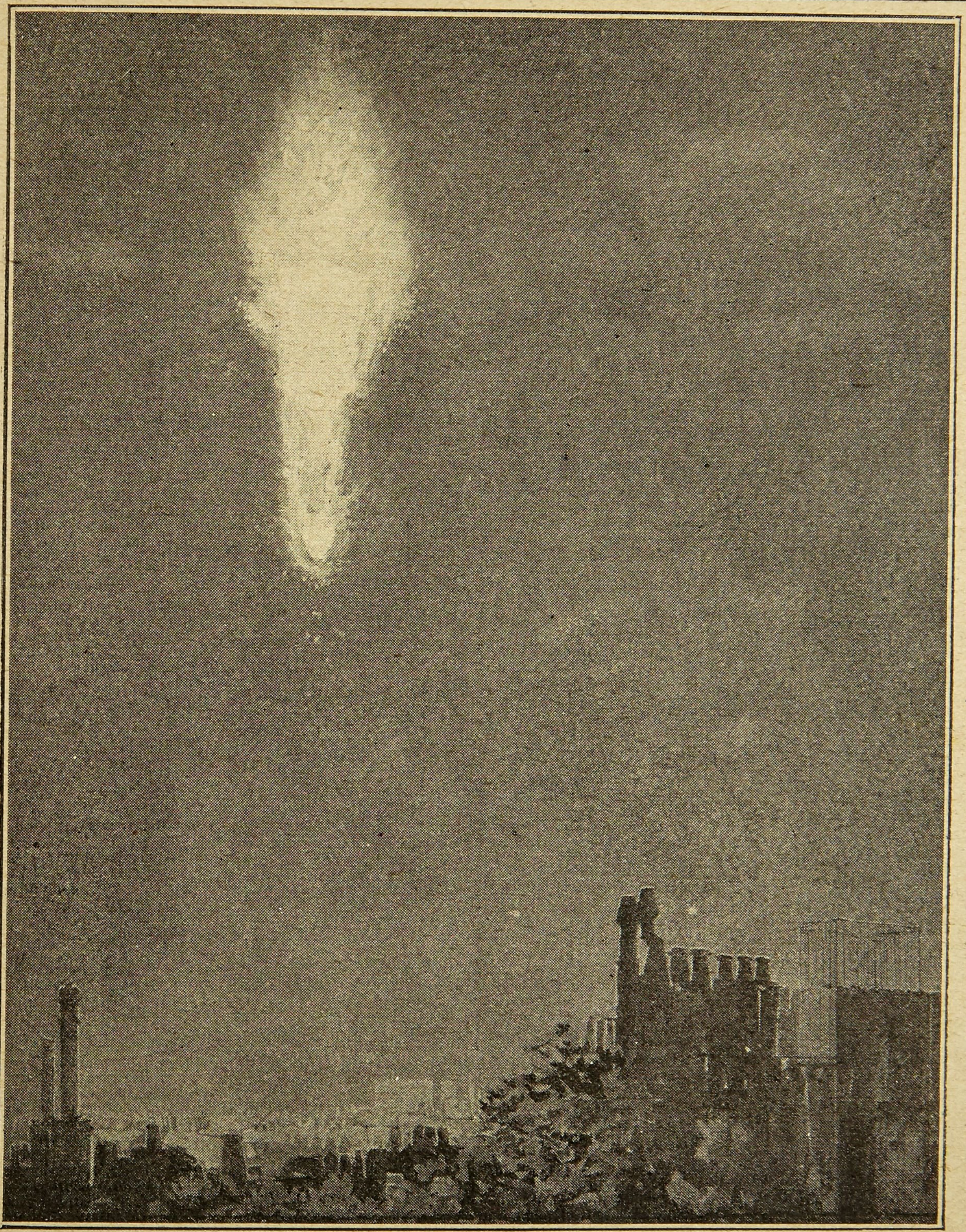
Our success is being obtained at heavy cost. The total military casualties given in the official lists for July and August number 11,764 officers and 175,098 men, including killed, wounded, and missing. The price, however, has not been paid in vain. The steady pressure now being maintained on all the allied fronts is such that the German resources are being taxed to the utmost to resist it. At any moment there may come a crack in the German lines.

Our sea supremacy has been again brought home to the enemy by the capture of Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of German East Africa, which surrendered to the combined attacks of our naval forces and troops operating from Bagamayo and Sadani.

16th September, 1916. No. 109. Vol. 5.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD of Events by Land, Sea and Air. Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON



"FRIGHTFULNESS" CONSUMED BY FIRE.—The vast bulk of the flaming Zeppelin sinking to earth, illuminating the autumn night. Last moments of the doomed airship as seen from a West London square, Sunday, 2.30 a.m., September 3rd.

Why Rumania is our New Ally

By Robert Machray

TO be perfectly frank, Rumania has joined in the colossal conflict from the simplest, sincerest, and most universal of all human motives—self-interest. But while this is true, it is not by any means the whole truth, for in her case self-interest coincides, as it does not always nor even often, with the principles of justice and eternal right. When on Sunday, August 27th, she declared war on Austria-Hungary, and thereby also declared that she took the side of the Allies, she was inspired by the conviction that the time was opportune for her to realise that which she long has desired.

Frank Statement of "Casus Belli"

What Rumania wants is such an extension of her territory as will include the people of her own race, known as the Rumanes, who live in that part of Hungary called Transylvania, and who for many years have groaned under the tyranny and oppression of the Magyars. And she finds a further justification of her action in the well-grounded belief that her definite appearance in the field at the present juncture will tend to hasten the end of the vast and terrible struggle which has shaken the world to its foundations.

In the interesting Note, which was handed to the Austro-Hungarian Minister at Bukarest after the Crown Council had come to its momentous decision, Rumania defines her attitude in the matter with refreshing candour. Towards the close of this remarkable document, which writes the first page of a new epoch in her history, she observes very accurately that the war raises the gravest problems affecting the national development and the very existence of States, and then goes on to say that "Rumania, from a desire to contribute in hastening the end of the conflict, and governed by the necessity of safeguarding her racial interest, sees herself forced to enter into line with those able to assure to her the realisation of the national unity." The expression "sees herself forced," with the regret it implies, comes naturally enough from her past position, first with respect to the alliance which subsisted between her and Germany, Austria, and Italy prior to the war, and secondly with regard to her special relations with the Dual Monarchy.

Before the Note was published it was widely supposed, rather than positively known, that Rumania had entered into some sort of treaty with the Central Powers and Italy, who in 1914 formed the Triple Alliance. This compact, she tells us, was essentially of a conservative and defensive character, its object being to guarantee security to the contracting parties against any attack from outside. When the war broke out both Italy and Rumania, rightly looking on the belligerency of Germany and Austria as distinctly aggressive, declined to endorse it, and refused to begin hostilities against the Entente Powers, but both still remained members—at any rate nominally—of the Triple Alliance, which only passed out of existence when Italy, in 1915, declared war on Austria.

The action of Italy, between whom and Rumania there always has been the greatest sympathy, put a new complexion on affairs, and it was from that time that Rumania began to hold the views which have led her to take the part of the Allies. The Note states in unmistakable language that when the Triple Alliance ceased to be, then the reasons which had determined her adherence to that political group also disappeared. Rumania, in fact, felt that she was no longer safe, and had to reconsider her position.

There was a good deal more than that in the case. For not only had Rumania regarded her agreement with the Triple Alliance as ensuring peace for herself from without, but she had thought of it as a pledge for the improvement of the lot of her kinsfolk, who were the subjects of the Dual Monarchy or, more precisely, of the Magyars of Hungary. The pledge, however, was not redeemed. No amelioration of the unhappy circumstances of the Rumanes of Transylvania occurred; their life was a burden to them. How matters stood cannot be phrased better than in the Note: "For a period of over thifty years the Rumanians of the Dual Monarchy not only never saw a reform introduced of a nature to give them even the semblance of satisfaction, but, on the contrary, they were treated as an inferior race, and condemned to suffer the oppression of a foreign element which forms only a minority in the midst of the diverse nationalities constituting the Austro-Hungarian States."

Austrian Tyranny Over the Rumanes

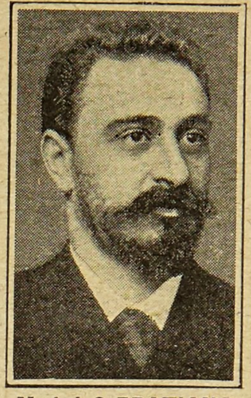
In Hungary, which has a population of upwards of twenty-one millions, that of Austria being about twenty-nine millions, there are over three millions of Rumanian blood. The Magyars number some ten millions, but many so-called Magyars are not of that race at all, and the real figure should be much smaller. In Transylvania, by the census of 1910, at least 55 per cent. of the people are Rumanian, as against 34 per cent. of Szeklers or Hungarians; the remainder is of Saxon origin, and not friendly to the Magyars.

According to the principle of "nationality," which is now so generally accepted, Transylvania ought to be Rumanian, or at least she should be governed by the Rumane majority. In her Note Rumania points out to Germany that her own unification was a recognition of this principle. At one time Transylvania had a Diet or Parliament, as her neighbour Croatia-Slavonia still has, but it was taken away from her by the Magyars. Though she has a franchise, and is technically in full political union with Hungary, her votes do not count, owing to the terrorism of the ruling caste as well as the ignorance in which the

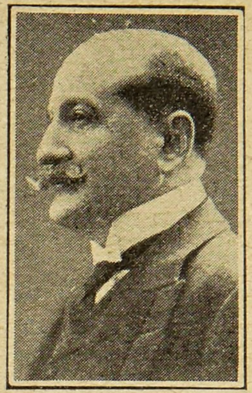
[Continued on page 100

Rumanian Royalties and Representative Men

KING FERDINAND OF RUMANIA, born 1865; succeeded to the throne October 10th, 1914.

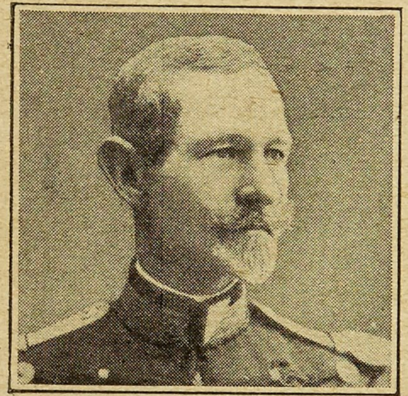


M. J. J. C. BRATIANO, Prime Minister and Minister of War, an ardent supporter of the pro-Ally policy.

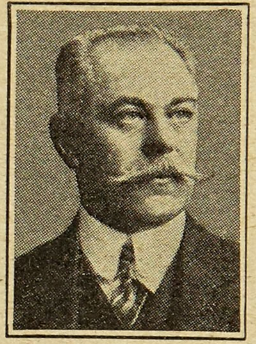


M. TAKE JONESCU, Leader of the Rumanian Opposition, but an enthusiastic pro-Ally statesman.

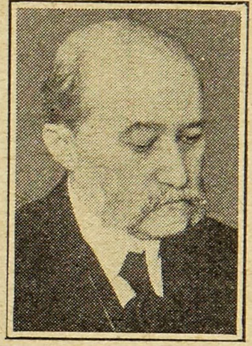
QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA, born 1875; daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.



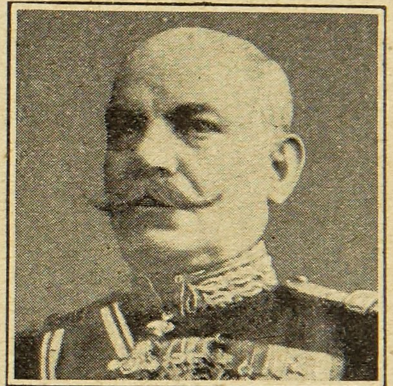
General **AVARESCU,** Commander-in-Chief of the Rumanian Army. He fought in the Russo-Turkish and Balkan Wars.



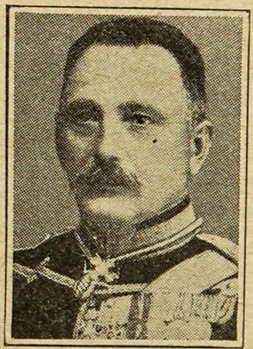
M. N. FILIPESCU, Leader of the Conservative Party and former Minister of War.



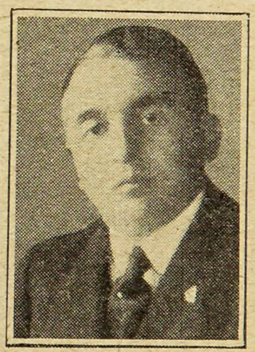
M. EMIL PORUMBARO, Minister for Foreign Affairs in the present Cabinet.



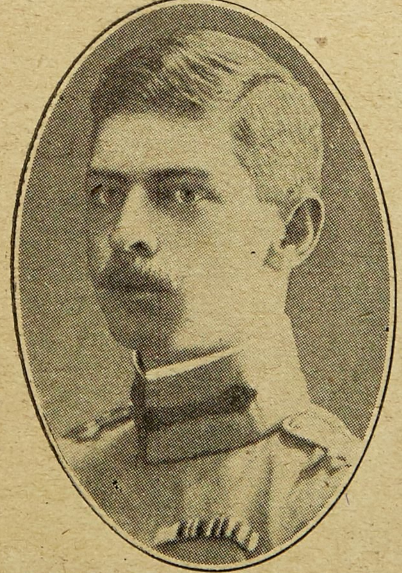
General **CULCER,** a distinguished soldier, who has been appointed to the command of the Fifth Army Corps.



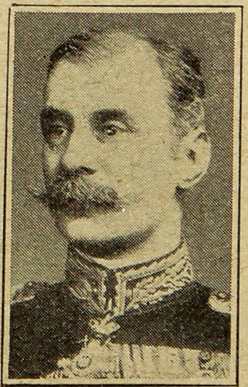
General **T. POPOVICS.** An eminent leader.



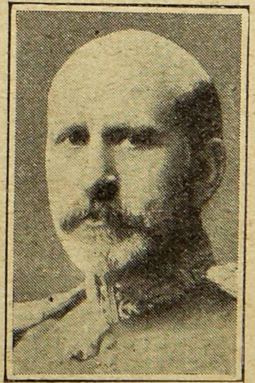
M. B. ANTONESCU, Minister of Justice.



PRINCE CAROL OF RUMANIA, Crown Prince; born at Sinaia, October 3rd, 1893.



General **COANDA,** formerly Inspector of Cavalry and A.D.C. to the late King.



General **PRESAN,** appointed to the command of the Third Army Corps.

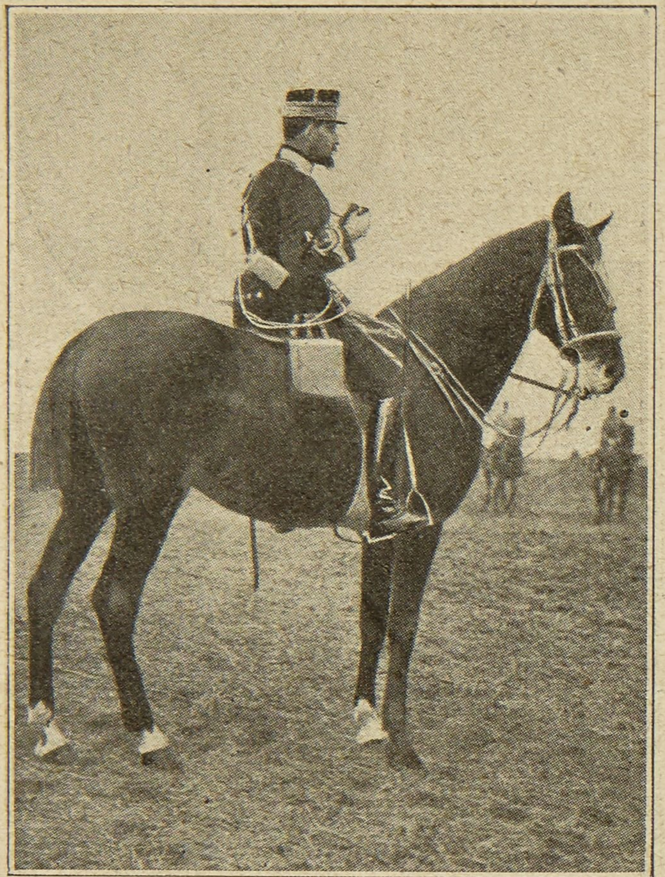
PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF RUMANIA, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Rumania.

WHY RUMANIA IS OUR NEW ALLY

(*Continued from page* 98)

great bulk of her people are kept, 70 per cent. being illiterates. They were scarcely treated as human beings.

It was small wonder, then, that the wrongs of these downtrodden and suffering Rumanes should create the most painful feeling in Rumania, and maintain between her and Austria-Hungary a continual state of animosity, which threatened every moment to disturb most seriously their good relations with one another. Being but a small Power, Rumania for the most part had to submit in silence to the miserable condition of her kin. At the outset of the war she had some hope that the Dual Monarchy would change its policy, but she was disappointed.



King Ferdinand of Rumania, who, though a Hohenzollern, listened to the voice of his people, and threw in his lot with the Allies in the cause of national integrity and the emancipation of the world from the evils of Teutonic aggression.

Two years of war have proved that Austria-Hungary, hostile to all domestic reform that might benefit the peoples she governed, showed herself, to quote from the Note once more, "as prompt to sacrifice them as she was powerless to defend them against external attacks." Thus Rumania breaks her silence, and says what was in her mind, but which for obvious reasons she was unable to give utterance to before. Her day has now come, and with it that of her oppressed nationals in Transylvania, whose frontier passes she has so quickly penetrated to join issue with their oppressors.

Rumania had yet another cause for declaring war on Austria and adhering to the Entente Powers. Properly speaking, she is not one of the Balkan States, but her contiguity to them, and the march of recent events in that region, have brought her well within their orbit. By the Second Balkan War, which was speedily and effectually terminated by her intervention, she gained a small slice of territory from Bulgaria. In her view—though, of course, not in that of Bulgaria—this acquisition rectified her frontier, giving her greater security against aggression, and at the same time repaired the injustice, as she considered it, that had been done to her by the Congress of Berlin. Now Bulgaria was the pet and the protégée at that time of Austria, who had egged her on to fight her former allies. It must be remembered that it was Austria, and not Germany so much, that cast her shadow over the Balkans just then, and embodied the *Drang nach Osten*; and Austria made Rumania feel her intense displeasure with what had been meted out to Bulgaria.

A new situation arose when Austria went to war with Serbia in July, 1914. The Balkans again were thrown into turmoil, and the whole position of affairs in that area became disquieting to Rumania. She was well aware of the ideas respecting Serbia which were held by Austrians and Hungarians alike, and dreaded the revenge they would wreak upon that brave but unfortunate country. Her fears were to be amply justified, but at the outset of the war she asked Austria to say what were her intentions with regard to Serbia, and Rumania now specifically asserts that she imposed neutrality on herself in consequence of the assurances she then received that Austria was not inspired by the spirit of conquest, and had absolutely no territorial gains in view. As all the world knows, these assurances were not realised. In spite of a glorious resistance, which drove back in crushing defeat three invasions of her soil, hapless Serbia, insufficiently aided by the Allies, was overwhelmed in the end, and her land has been apportioned between Austria and Bulgaria. Such is the value of the pledged word of Austria.

The True Example of Italy

No doubt Rumania reflected that there were other Powers whose word was to be trusted, but with Austria triumphant, Bulgaria swollen and exultant, and Serbia blotted out—temporarily, as we all know—from the roll of the nations, she had to take stock of her position very seriously. Earlier she had before her eyes, so that she could not help seeing, the general success, as should be admitted, of the Central Powers in the field last summer and autumn, which committed Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his people to the German programme.

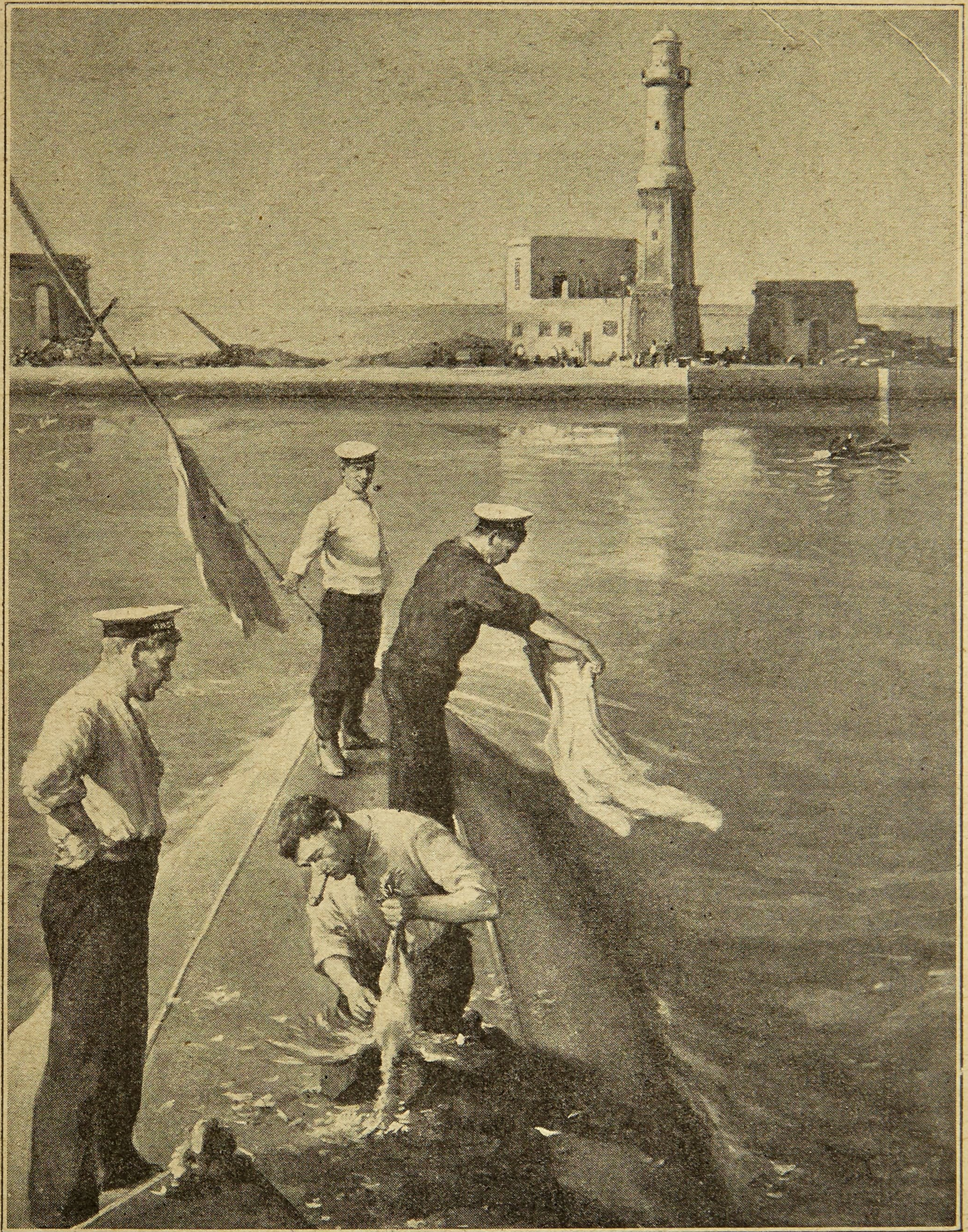
No one was better informed of the tremendous losses of Russia than Rumania. The one bright beam that shone like a beacon for her was the breaking away of Italy from the Triple Alliance. Still earlier, when the war looked less dark for the Allies, as when Russia was victorious in Galicia, she was urged by many, even of her own leaders, to throw in her lot with the Entente Powers. All the while she was courted or threatened, according to the look of things, by the Central Powers, but she bided her time. Her position was extremely delicate, and even critical. She could expect little or no help from Russia, and practically she was surrounded on all sides by the enemies of the Allies.

Rumania and the Winning Card

The great fact remains that, in spite of all temptations, notwithstanding all menaces, she did not stand in with Germany. For one thing, the majority of her people had no love for the Germans, but liked France and Italy; and for another, her King, though he was a Hohenzollern, and had been a Prussian soldier, put the interests of Rumania, his adopted country, before everything—to his everlasting honour be it said. Most of all, her destinies were mainly in the strong grasp of a remarkable man, M. Bratiano, her Prime Minister. Calm and infinitely patient, moving slowly or not at all, he weighed events, and waited. It is easy now to see the influences working on him and where his sympathies lay, but he had to be sure not to make any mistake. It was a matter of life or death to Rumania.

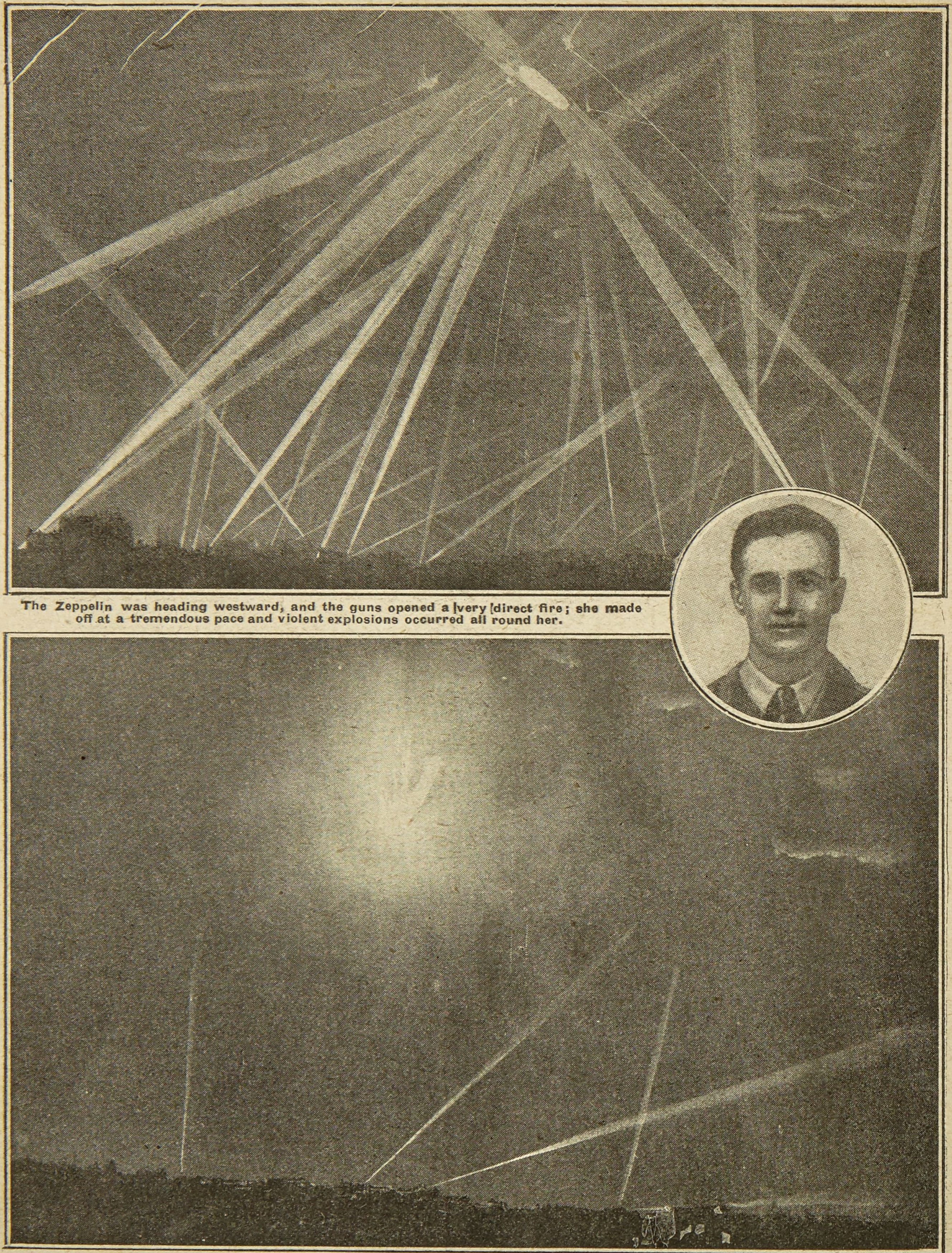
Apart from the impossibility of realising her national ideals through Austria and Germany, Rumania's final decision must have depended largely on the four factors which have caused the red tide of war to turn. These are the failure of the Germans at Verdun, the raising of large British armies ensured by compulsory service, the resurgence of Russia and her great success in Volhynia, Galicia, and Bukovina during the past three months, and the Franco-British offensive on the Somme, all of which have combined to take the initiative from Germany and leave her everywhere on the defensive. The concentration of huge forces of the Allies at Salonika must also have had some effect. M. Bratiano at last was satisfied, and Rumania is in the field with her hundreds of thousands of soldiers, every one of whom knows why she has joined in the war, and is keen to fight the thing through.

Domestic Economy as Practised in 'The Trade'



British sailors are known the whole world over as "handymen," and it would be difficult to imagine a situation in which they would find themselves nonplussed. In ordinary conditions there is nothing to be done for themselves that they cannot do well, and their versatile competency is hardly more wonderful than their unfailing cheerfulness and good temper. Coming up to the surface to anchor in a Mediterranean port, the crew of this submarine occupied themselves with domestic activities, one man plucking a fowl for dinner, while another hung the washing out to dry, both displaying characteristic concentration on the job in hand.

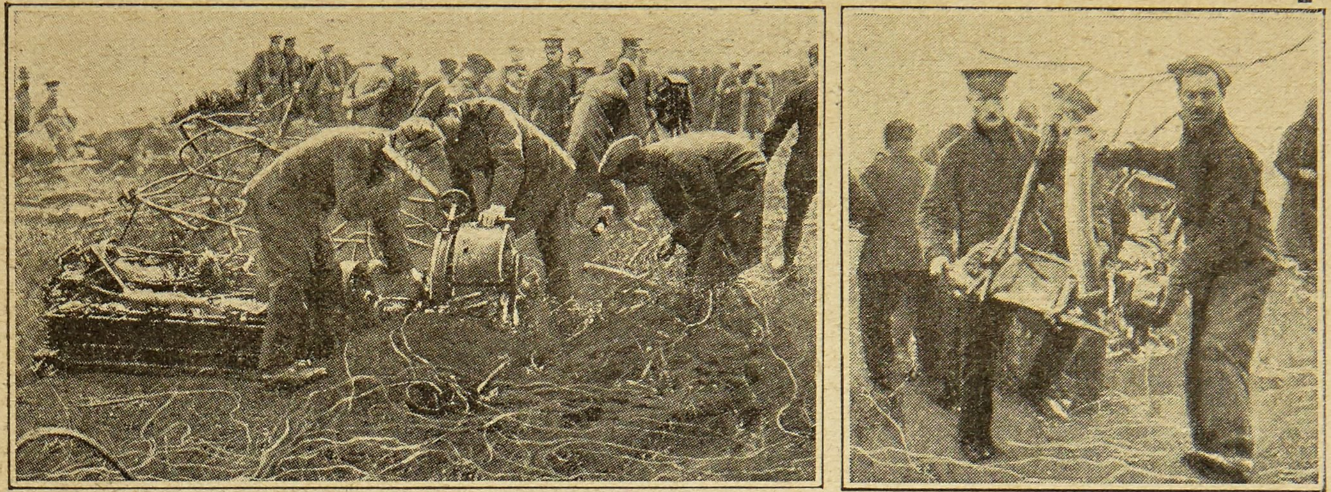
Falling Like Lucifer, Flaming Through the Skies



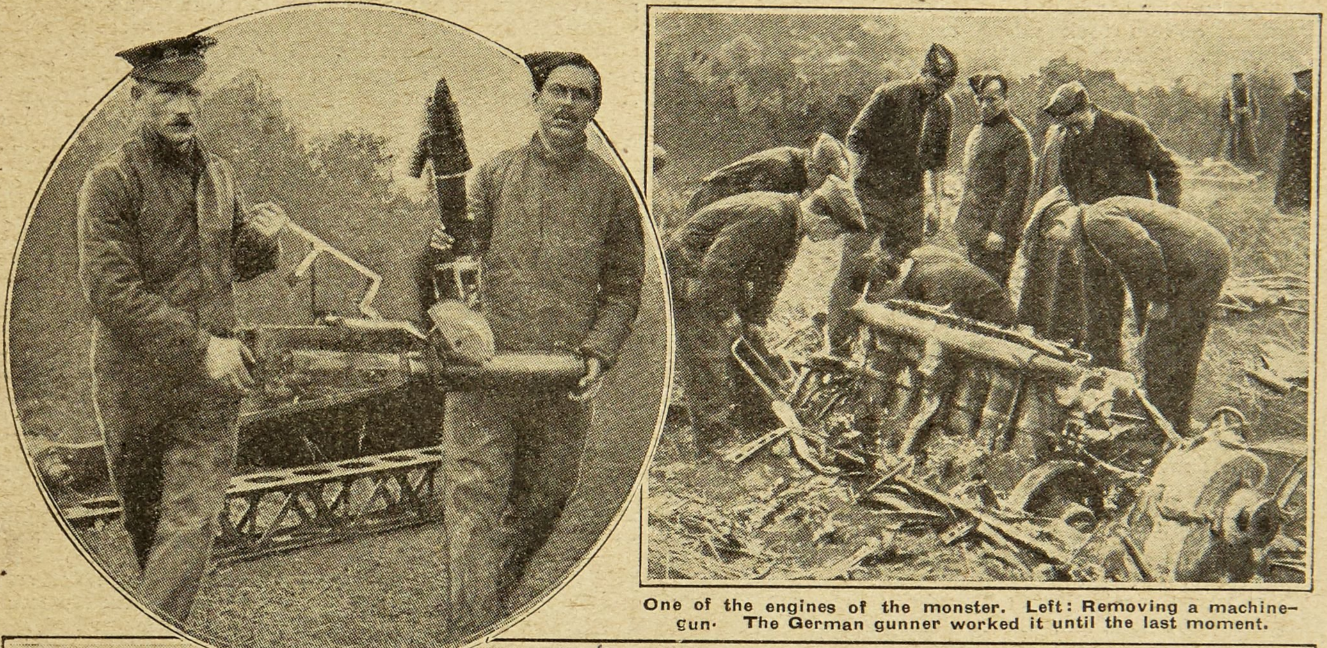
The Zeppelin was heading westward, and the guns opened a very direct fire; she made off at a tremendous pace and violent explosions occurred all round her.

Suddenly one end of her burst into a brilliant blaze, and she dropped like a spent but fiercely-burning rocket. Inset: Lieut. W. Leefe Robinson, Worcester Regt. and R.F.C., awarded the V.C. for bringing the Zeppelin down at Cuffley on Sept. 3rd.

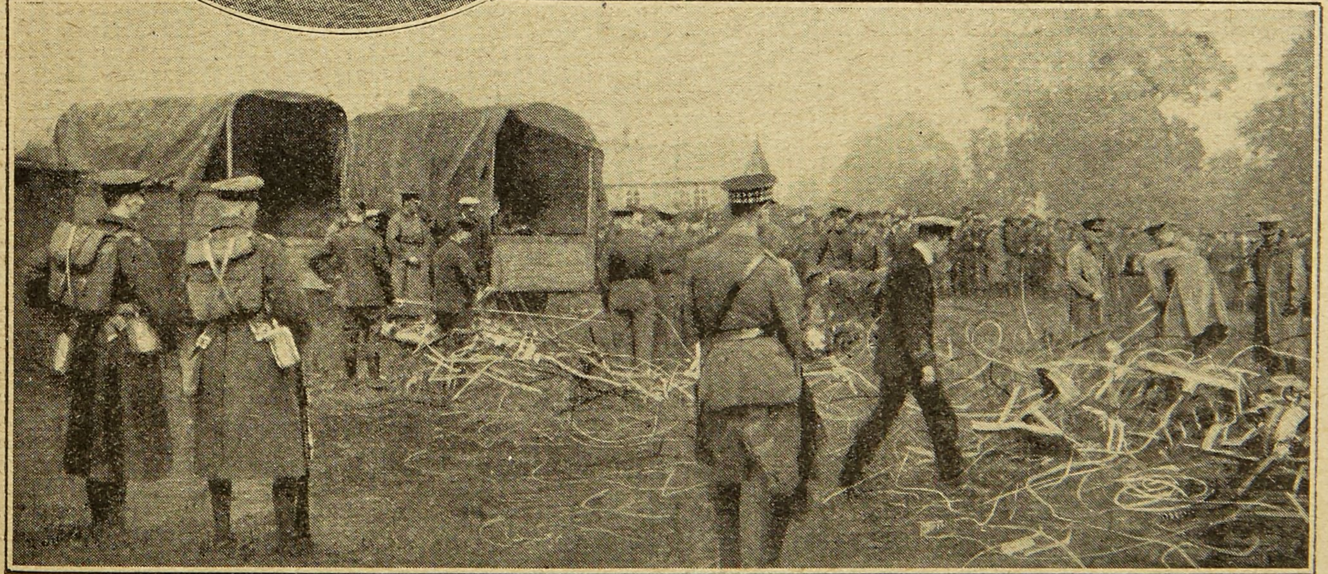
The Shattered Fragments of the Fated Ship



The ruins of the Zeppelin at Cuffley, near Enfield. The whole of the ship fell in one tangled, red-hot mass, except the propeller, which flew off and dropped a couple of hundred yards from the main wreckage. Right: Removing some of the debris



One of the engines of the monster. Left: Removing a machine-gun. The German gunner worked it until the last moment.



Immediate possession was taken of the debris by the military authorities, with a view to the reconstruction of the machine sufficient to inform our experts of novel details. A large amount of wood was used in the construction of the doomed raider.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

MY ADVENTURES ON THE FRINGES OF THE WAR

By James Dunn

Special Correspondent of the " Daily Mail" in Holland

NEARLY two years I lived behind the German lines seeing and hearing much both good and bad of the German military machine. For taking a too keen interest in German military movements beyond the Dutch frontier I spent six weeks awaiting trial in a Dutch gaol—an experience that was good for the liver but bad for the nerves. I have seen thousands of German soldiers marching through one of the five roads near Maastricht, with flowers in their rifles and songs on their lips. They were the last of the reserves massing in Belgium for the second great battle for Ypres, when the gallant Canadians heroically withstood the horrors of the first gas attack and saved Calais for a second time. I have been photographed between German sentries at the little frontier town of Esscher; and two Christmasses ago I drank "donker" beer beneath the decorated fir-tree in a German guard-room which was once a Belgian school.

From the cliffs of Cadzand I have seen German recruits drilling on the sands below Knocke and Heyst, while Prussian officers took riding exercise within sight of Zeebrugge. I have heard the guns of British warships bombarding the Belgian coast, and I have stood at the frontier and watched German deserters making a dash for the neutral zone guarded by double lines of live wires.

Mr. James Dunn

Living next door to the war one experienced the thrills of combat while risking none of its dangers. Like privileged spectators above a blood-stained arena we saw and heard the war in the west, separated sometimes only by a few yards from the battle zone.

But if we had none of the dangers of combat, we had the excitement of war. During the last two years Holland has been the mirror of the world. To Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and The Hague came spies and adventurers from all belligerent and neutral countries, moved either by personal greed or patriotic impulse to get something from the backwash of the war. A police list of hotel guests taken any week showed representatives of all civilised countries—some picking up orders, others trying to win them. Everybody had something or somebody to buy or sell. In an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion, the general principle was: Never let your right-hand neighbour know what your left-hand neighbour does.

'Mid Spies and Adventurers

While other countries sent out single spies, Germany had her agents in battalions. Thousands of Germans are always living in or passing through Holland. In Rotterdam the German language is heard almost as frequently as the Dutch. One of the most charming and accomplished men I met in Holland was a captain in a German infantry regiment who had worked as a commercial traveller for fifteen years in the North of England. A native of Hamburg, he was a true patriot; but he admired much in the British character, and he detested the "Hymn of Hate." He was buying cotton or anything else useful for the German Government, and, before cotton was made contraband, he sent huge quantities across the frontier. He had no delusions about the war, for he knew the strength and weaknesses of both sides. Eighteen months ago he made a statement which I have often recalled: "If the war ends in a year," he said, "we shall have won. If it lasts longer you will win, but not without conscription."

Germany's spy system in Holland is the last word in organisation. There is not a large hotel in the country without its German agent. German agents frequent the principal café at The Hague, and they are ever on the look-out for intelligent young Dutchmen whom they can send to England as spies. Tempted by sums which are princely compared with the meagre salaries that prevail in Holland, Dutch clerks possessing a thorough knowledge of English frequently fall to the bait, and they are sent to a spy school at Antwerp where they are initiated into the mysteries of secret codes and military and naval terms.

No sooner does an Englishman arrive in Holland than he is drawn into the web of the German spy system.

Myself, I have been the object of diligent espionage throughout my stay in the lowlands. My polite and courteous German captain had my career docketed at the German Legation at The Hague, and when I was arrested by the Dutch police I was permitted to obtain a glimpse of a copy of this interesting document, which was both flattering and damnatory. My German acquaintance had done his work well.

A German Christmas in Belgium

People disappear in Holland with the alarming secrecy and swiftness of a sensational novel. One German deserter whom I interviewed was stupid enough to walk into the German Consulate. He has not been heard of since. The Dutch police made inquiries, but they learned nothing. A Belgian traitor sought profit and safety in Holland. He had a good time for two or three weeks, then one night he was missing, and he will betray his country no more. Several Dutchmen in the pay of the Germans took the boat to England. They never returned.

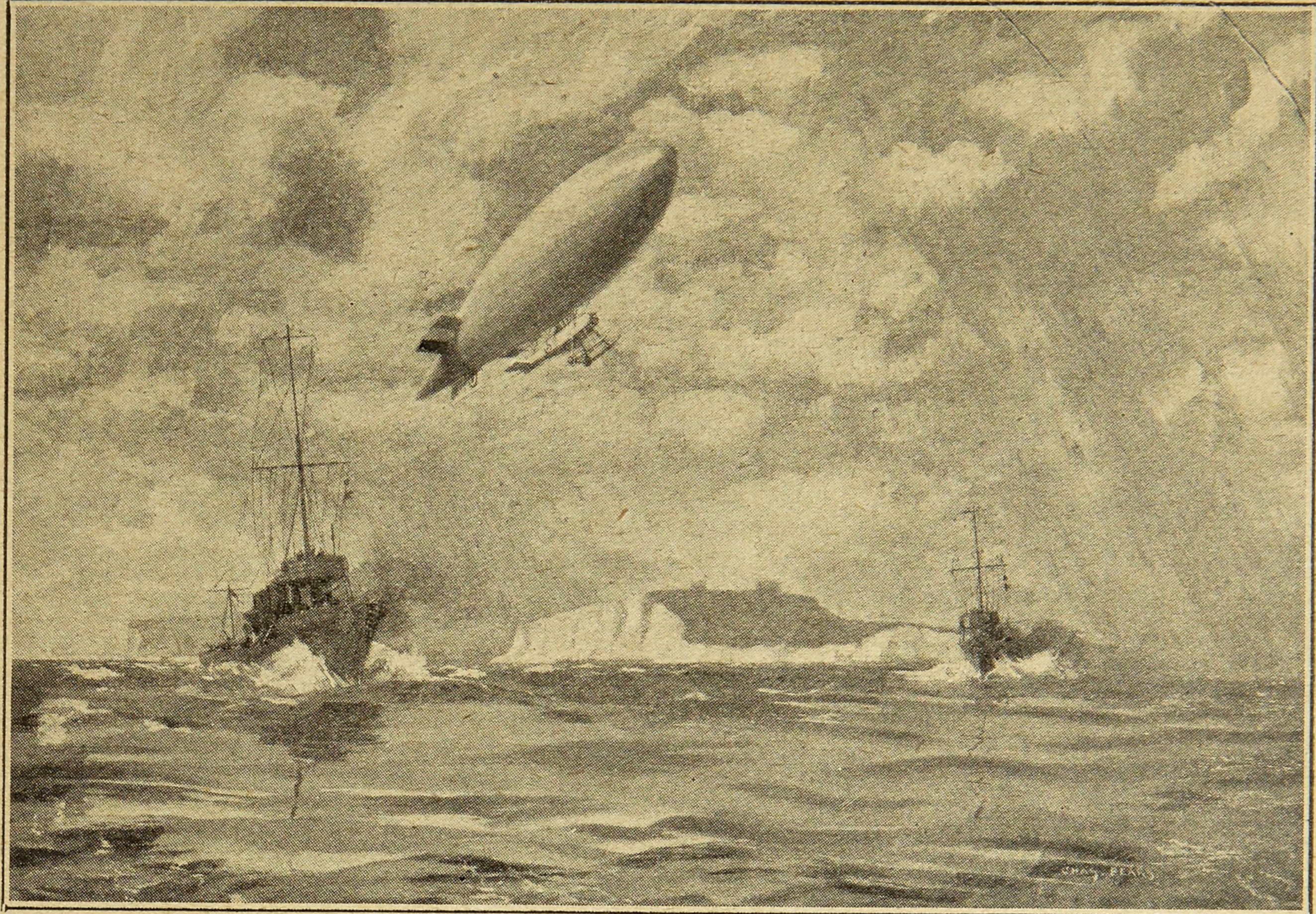
Returning to my own personal experiences, the most exciting hour of my life was the one I spent with members of the German Landsturm during their Christmas festivities in the Belgian village of Esscher. My hosts thought I was an American in the days before the Americans were "strafed" by all good Germans.

The Landsturm guards, being South Germans, were good-natured and hospitable. Some were old enough to be grandfathers. Heavy drinkers and hearty eaters, they were slow and fat, resembling prosperous publicans more than German soldiers. I had taken care to ascertain there were no officers nearer than Antwerp, and I had nothing to fear from the boisterous, beer-drinking, carol-singing Landsturm. They had bought up all the toys in the village and decorated a large fir-tree with the eager delight of little children. We drank beer, ate sausage, and sang the "Tannenbaum," the favourite German Christmas carol which is set to the same tune as our socialistic "Keep the Red Flag Flying." There was no thought or talk of war. Most of the guard were seized with home sickness and men shed sentimental tears. Others were too busy drinking quarts of dark beer to worry about the war. I had a dozen invitations to visit as many German homes, and I ate enough sausage and drank enough beer to make myself thoroughly ill. It was a merry hour, but I was glad to get across the barrier among the friendly Dutch guards.

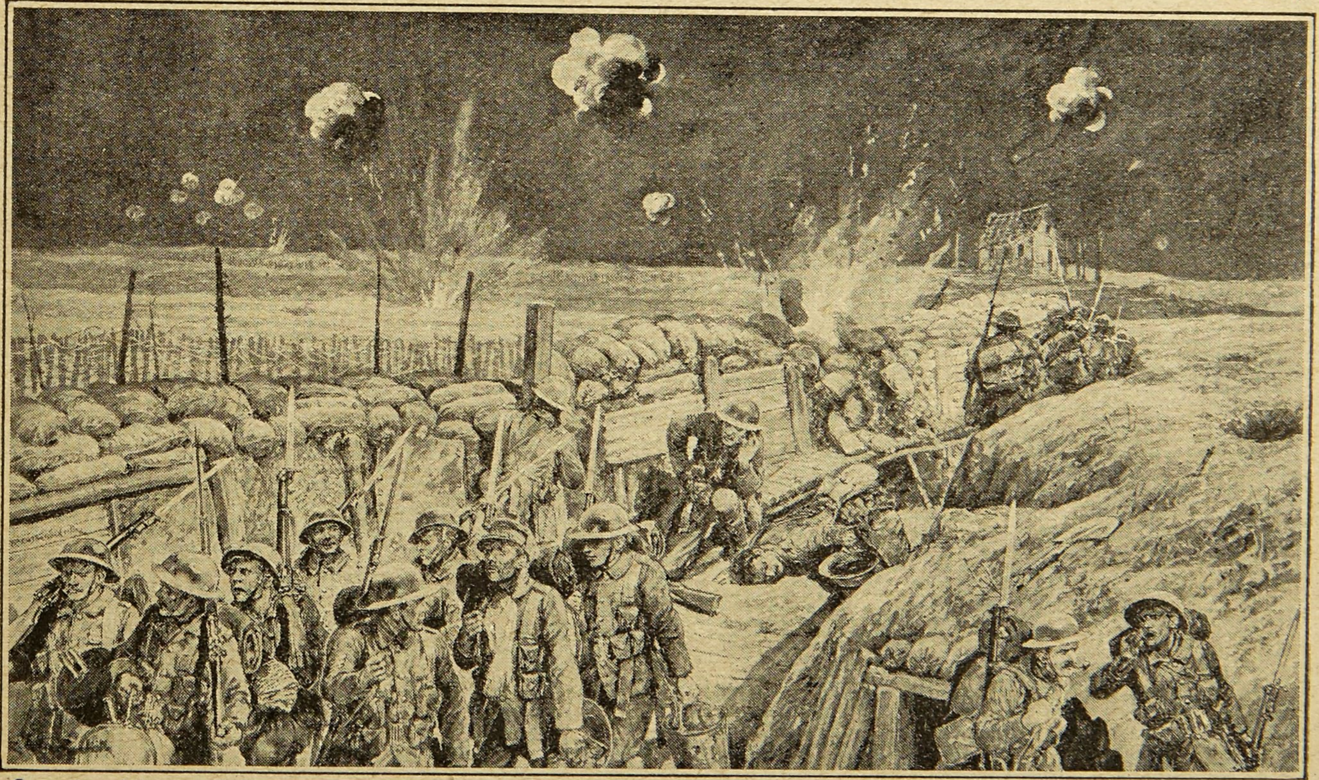
While in Holland I saw scores of German deserters. They were all weary of the war, but they were convinced that Germany could not be beaten. They hated their officers, but believed strongly in their efficiency. Their one idea was to get to America where their family could join them. Although they were deserters they never forgot they were Germans, and several were forgiven on the condition they acted as spies in Holland. It was through one of these deserters that I got into trouble with the Dutch police. In informing against me, however, he risked his own liberty and quickly made himself scarce. I have not seen him since.

Next article: "My German Helmet and its Story"
By Basil Clarke

Elusive Foes Under Water and Under Ground



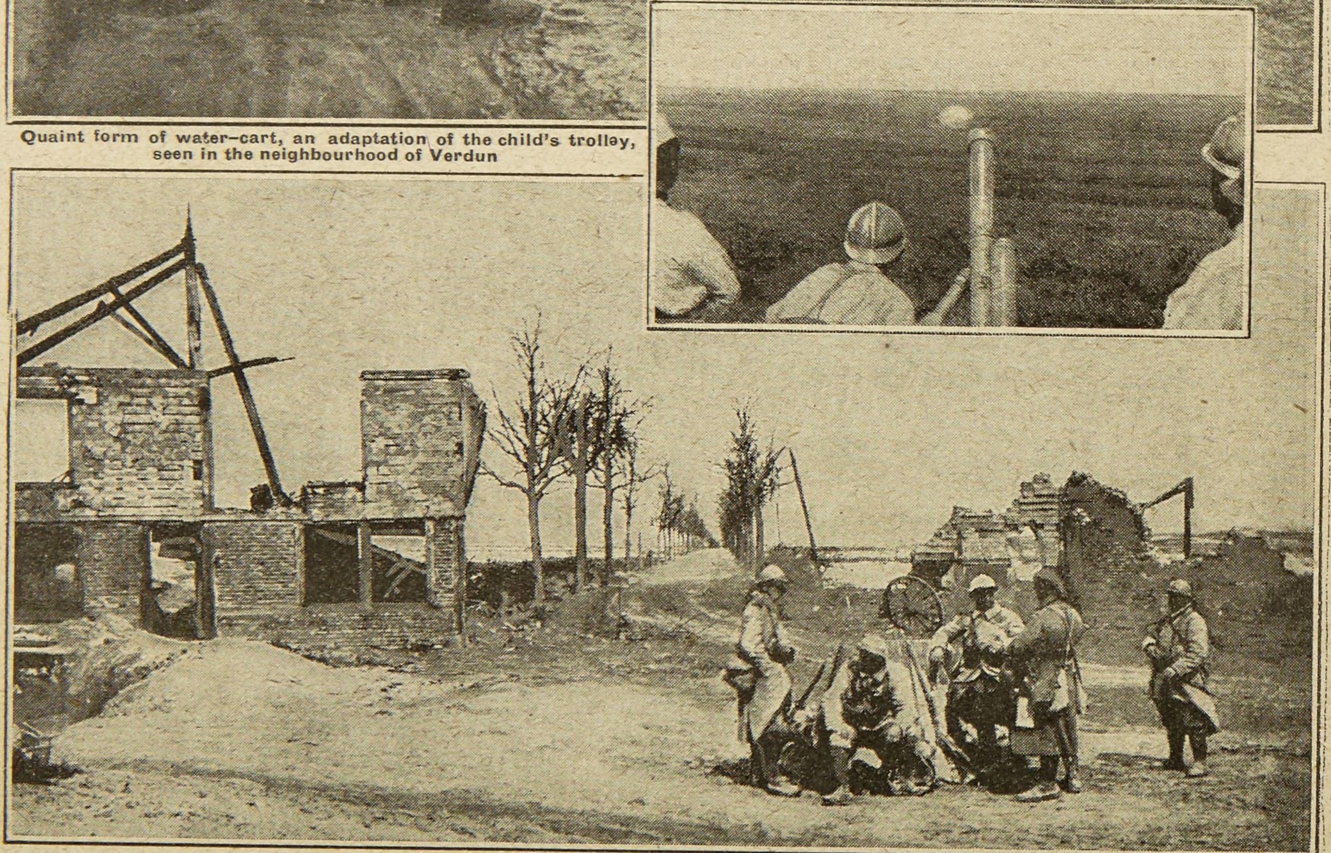
A British airship spotted a German submarine and promptly called up two destroyers. Before the U boat could submerge completely the destroyers let fly at her and came racing up, only to find a stretch of oil on the surface—sufficient evidence of "probable" destruction.



Cessation of the sound of picks undermining a trench is warning that the charges are being put in and that the mine may "go up" at any minute. This drawing shows two British soldiers listening in the ominous silence, while their comrades evacute the trench.

Cogs in Our Ally's Great Machine of Victory

Quaint form of water-cart, an adaptation of the child's trolley, seen in the neighbourhood of Verdun



Soldiers resting among the ruins of the village of Souain. Inset: Watching the explosion of a bomb shot from a compressed air bomb-thrower. French engineers have revived many old devices. Here they have applied the principle of the peashooter.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

The Battle for the Ridge

By Max Pemberton

THE last week of August was one of the most memorable of the war. Not only did Rumania enter into the vineyard, as it were, at the last moment, but strange and exciting rumours came from Athens and Salonika, and were attended by pale-faced handmaidens from Berlin. Loud as the clamour was, and blinding the dust of fact and fable, there yet arose above the turmoil the great story of the Delville Wood, and of the Wilts and Worcesters, who held the trenches south of Thiepval, to the humiliation of the brazen Guard.

This is both a new and an old thing in the news of the common day. The student of the war, who has not been to France, is becoming familiar with that memorable scene, and could draw a map of it with many a Staff officer. He learned long ago that we are fighting for a considerable ridge running from Thiepval on the one hand to Guillemont upon the other. He could tell you that in the main there are great rolling downlands of chalk, with rubble-heaps that once were villages in between. But of the ridge itself he is very sure, pointing out how that it forms the German second line, is a very network of caverns and dug-outs and well-armed shelters, and has been the desire of our eyes since the earliest weeks of Armageddon.

Victory Over the "Invincible"

From its height the Germans looked down upon us for two years, we may suppose with a just contempt. That we would ever penetrate their first line they did not believe; but that we should be able to assault and take their second would have been accounted the boast of madmen. So much they said with confidence, until these months of July and August undeceived them. What they are saying at the moment their prisoners indicate in the written word. What they are doing we know when the Kaiser dismisses the Chief of Staff.

Understanding the ridge, the ordinary student knows many names once famous locally upon and about it. All these erstwhile smiling villages of the plain are marked upon his mental map. He sees Longueval, where the Highlanders piped that the Hun might dance to cold steel; Bazentin the Great and Bazentin the Little; Fricourt and Maurepas, Contalmaison and Bapaume, more clearly than all, perhaps; Ovillers, La Boisselle, and Pozières, which will make the second day of July for ever as memorable as the 23rd—the Alpha and Omega of that great endeavour.

Of such scenes many battle pictures have been given to us. We recall the heroic forty-eight hours which the West Kents endured; the storming of La Boisselle and the storm-swept plateau our troops had to face; the midnight assault upon Pozières by the Australians, and the final capture of that immortal landmark. We read again and again of the Prussian Guard, the 22nd and the 157th Regiments brought down headlong from Ypres to save the ridge. Some at home, not perceiving clearly the meaning of the word "pressure" as a Chief of Staff may employ it, complained of the interludes, and declared that really it all came to very little. These were the club-corner strategists, who know as much of Pozières as they do of the Poles. The wonders of that fighting, the unceasing horror of it, the inexorable purpose unflinchingly pursued, were lost upon a little minority which has neither eyes to see nor ears to hear. But the nation as a whole understood, and, understanding, was grateful.

Diabolical Strife at Devil's Wood

Mingled with the villages of the ridge are the woods. We know them by name as we know the villages, for many of them have by the villages been named. Before the war nothing prettier than these bowers upon a wide hillside existed. Silver birches used to be found in many of them, and all were verdant as we understand the term. Now the most famous is Delville, well named Devil's Wood by the troops who cleared it on August 24th and 25th. It stands high above Guillemont, with a road to that hamlet, and is itself practically a natural park to famous Longueval. Truly have we fought for Delville like devils and deserved our success. The eighteenth day of July carried us to the outskirts; but that was a point already well beyond the German second line, which ran by Contalmaison, Longueval and Guillemont. And before we got there we had to clear other woods, and Trones had said that the West Kents must never be forgotten. Anzacs and London Territorials—all had helped us upon our way to Trones.

Bravo! Worcesters and Wiltshiremen

Such fighting was after the hearts of such men. We see them crossing the chalky upland, heads bent, eyes clear, the bullets raining around them, the crash of shells resounding in their ears, earth flying, trees uprooted, their limbs and the limbs of men blown sky-high together—but the wood is still their mark. They enter it—so poor and wan a thing now, all a litter of branch and bark, and fearful holes and wire a-coil and stumps and human blood. There is no shelter here until they dig themselves in, or take to the tree-trunk, and then breathe and wonder that they live. It is catch who catch can, "and damned be he who first cries 'Enough!'" Snipers abound, and their bullets whistle above or skim the ground below. No wood of the fables could be so full of the sounds and shapes which should affright but do not.

Many soldiers have given us pictures of this Delville Wood, and the readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED are familiar with them. For five weeks, as a correspondent points out, there has been no rest in the dark places of that fearful thicket. Holding the main portion of it, there were, nevertheless, in the middle of August, positions upon the north and the north-east where machine-guns kept us from debouching. August 25th saw the end of these. Not only did we clear them, but we pushed forward upon a five hundred yards' line upon both sides of the Flers Road. A similar gain of the orchards permitted us to hold a curved line to a point a little to the south-east of High Wood; we made another advance upon the high ground to the north-west of Ginchy—and all this in response to a savage onset, for which the Wilts and the Worcesters, by their gallant action south-east of Thiepval upon the previous day, were responsible.

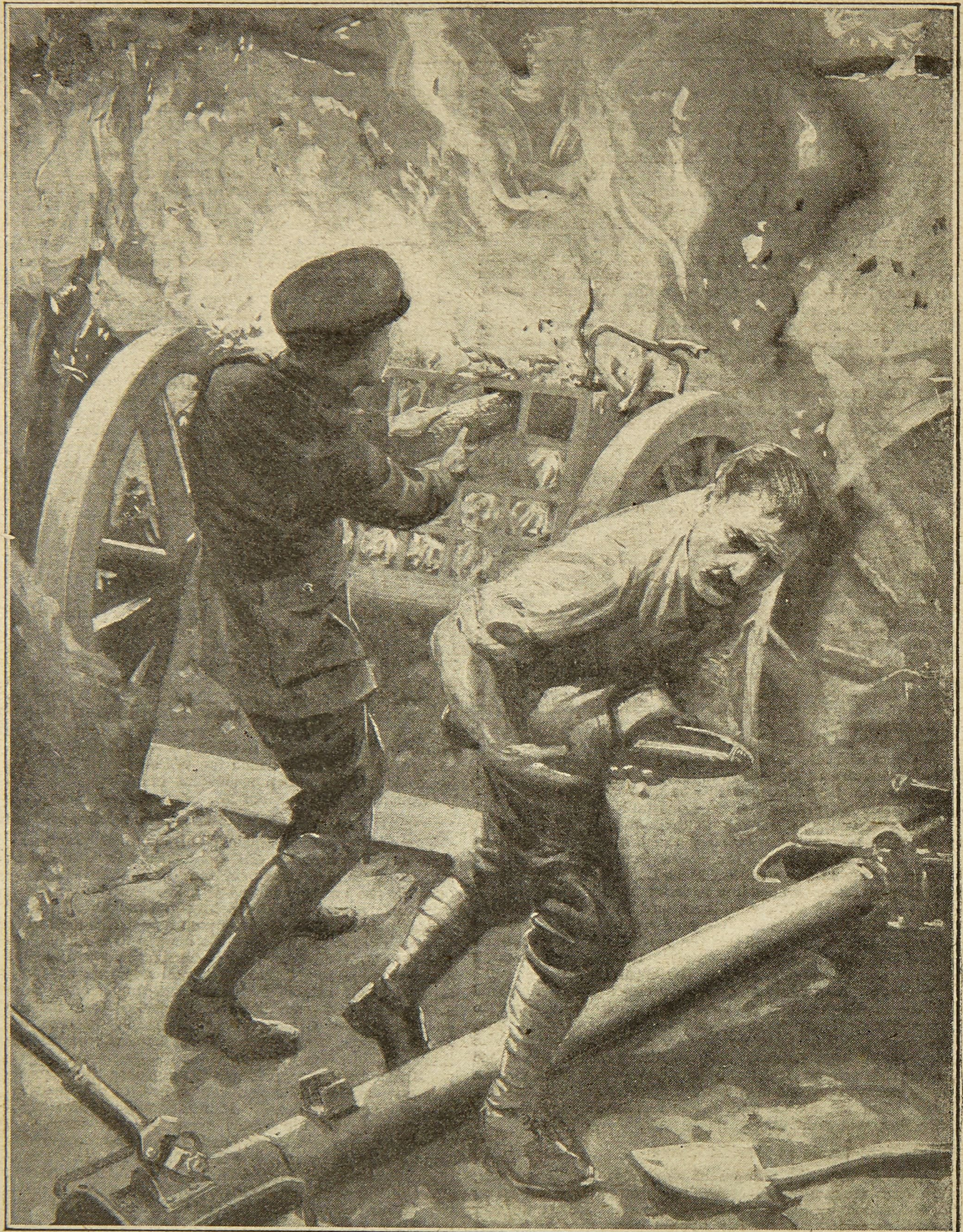
Despair of the German General Staff

Here, truly, was a battle picture for the painters. So close were the trenches that our artillery fired to the peril, but never to the injury, of our own men. Huge shells burst in the enemy's lines but a few paces from our own infantry. A very hail of machine-gun bullets fell upon the gallant fellows who leaped up presently to the final deliverance of Delville Wood, and the answer to the Hun whose "so far and no farther" had become a piteous "morituri" for officers and men alike. We know now that the German General Staff attached the greatest importance to this action, and had gone as far as to declare that the safety of their country was at stake. If that be the case, as we devoutly hope, their further manifestos will be read with interest.

All this, be it repeated, was the response to the previous gallantry of the Wilts and Worcesters, of which so much rightly has been heard. It must make a fine chapter subsequently in the whole story of the ridge. The Wiltshires, as we know, had previously captured the Leipzig Redoubt, and this gallant action was the sequel. It began upon August 24th, with the usual smashing bombardment of the enemy trenches. At the appointed moment the "Moonrakers" sprang from their shelters and charged headlong across No Man's Land, now but a pock-marked wilderness of dirty brown earth. So swift and relentless was this advance that the 28th Regiment of Prussians was still huddled in its trenches when the "Moonrakers" leapt

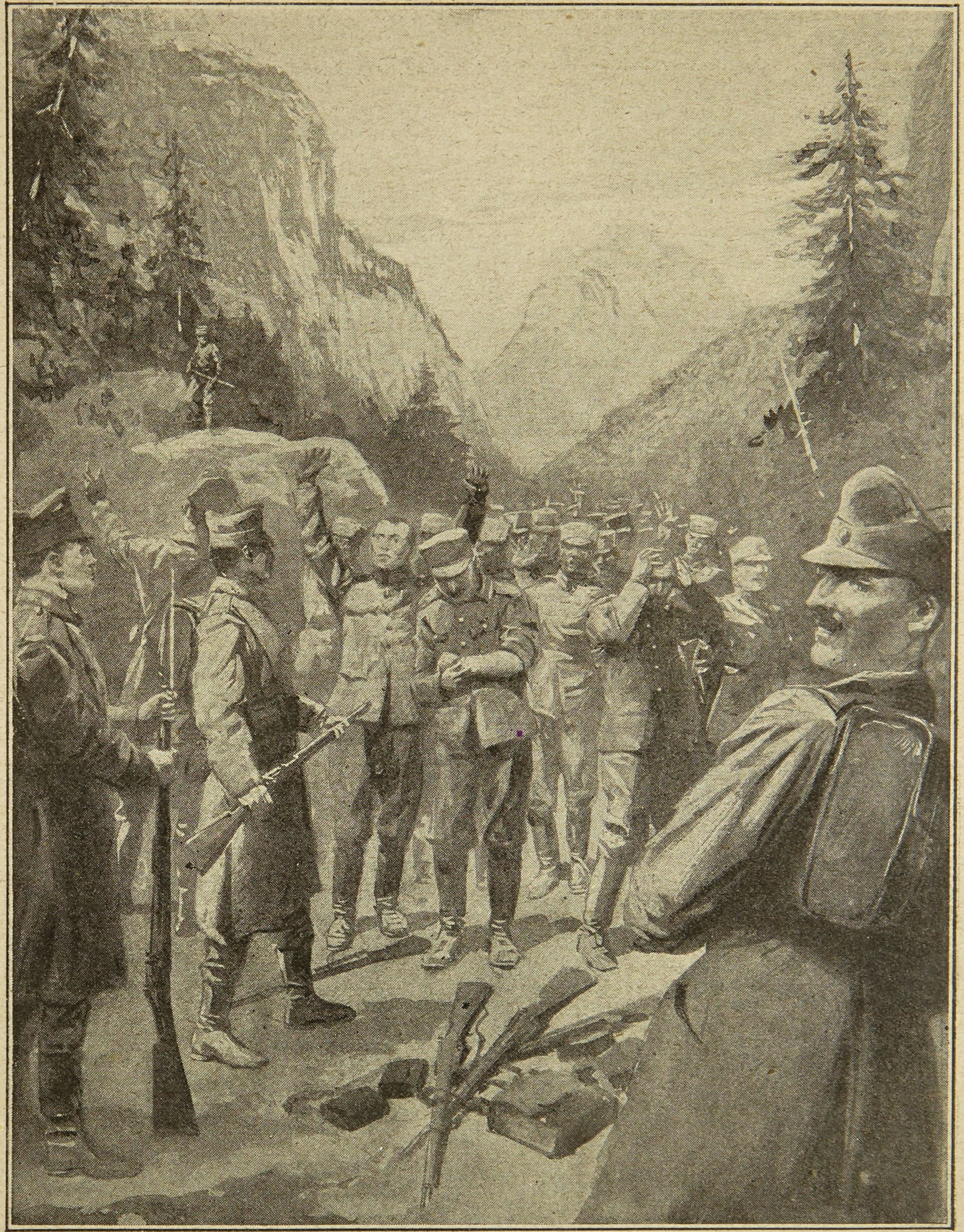
[*Continued on page* 110

Removing Ammunition from a Flaming Gun-Pit



Splendid and unique acts of heroism were performed by Captain Alexander Elliott Cadell and Sergeant Coombes, of "C" Battery, 75th Battery, R.F.A. During a violent bombardment from the German guns one of "C" Battery's gun-pits became ignited. Without considering their personal safety, the gallant officer and sergeant entered the flaming pit and removed the ammunition already glowing red-hot and threatening to explode. For these brilliant examples of bravery Captain Cadell was awarded the Military Cross, while Sergeant Coombes was given the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Rumania's First Haul in the Mountain Passes



The Rumanian armies crossed the Austro-Hungarian frontier during the night of August 27th, and first shots were exchanged in the mountain passes. Some stubborn fighting occurred before the Austrians were compelled to withdraw in several places. The first soldiers of the Dual Monarchy to be taken prisoners by King Ferdinand's troops consisted of some 741 officers and men, and the merit of this performance is due to the Fourth Rumanian Army Corps. The Austrians were sent to the rear amid scenes of great enthusiasm and jubilation on the part of the most recent recruit to the European coalition against the Central Powers.

THE BATTLE FOR THE RIDGE

(Contd. from page 107).

over them. Now began a hide-and-seek of a kind not surpassed upon the Somme. "Kamerad" was there, but his hands were not always up, and he must be hunted from cavern to cavern. Savage cries resounded, and the groans of the dying. The bayonet flashed in dark places, and muzzle met muzzle, so that the very clothes of the antagonists were burned where the bullets passed. Nothing stopped our fellows.

The great Hindenburg Trench, a cutting two hundred and fifty yards long, full of Germans and commanded by a machine-gun post known as the "Koenigstrasse Trench," was taken, as it were, in the stride. Bombing and bayoneting as they went, these magnificent troops proved irresistible. They hunted the Huns from dug-outs so large in some cases that sixty men were housed in them, and in one instance a battalion headquarters. They roved hither and thither, fighting like demons as they went, and so ferocious was their mien that whole squads surrendered without raising a rifle.

Stirring tales of individuals naturally are told, and one story that is quite remarkable. The Wilts and Worcestershires had reached the line of the German trenches, almost obliterated by our artillery, and there, amid a hail of shells, they set to work to dig themselves in. Sticking it with a tenacity that was wonderful, they had reason to send a "runner" back to the rear, and off trots this stolid fellow as though he were late for a football match.

A Modern Messenger of Mars

It was dangerous enough in the open, but he appeared to be quite unaware of the fact. No kind of shell put him off his gait, and presently he delivered his message and set off upon the return journey, through a very inferno, to which he was oblivious. It is not surprising to hear that, amid the din of bursting shell and singing bullet, our runner located himself with difficulty, missed our own trenches altogether, and presently found himself gazing down into an abyss full of crouching men. These were neither Wilts nor Worcestershires, surely! The crop ears, the helmets, the bayonets glistening, the attitude as of beasts about to spring, warned the runner that he had "barged" into a German trench, and that here was the counter-attack all ready to begin. Report says that he stayed not upon the order of his going, but trotted off again, like a patient dog—and, more wonderful to tell, not one of the Huns espied him. Never was there such a journey since a famous personage did some sprinting of the kind in ancient Greece. The runner got back to our own lines safely, and there told the glad news. The counter-attack was about to begin. Our artillery was warned. Away hurtled the great shells into that very trench whose secrets the lonely wayfarer had descried.

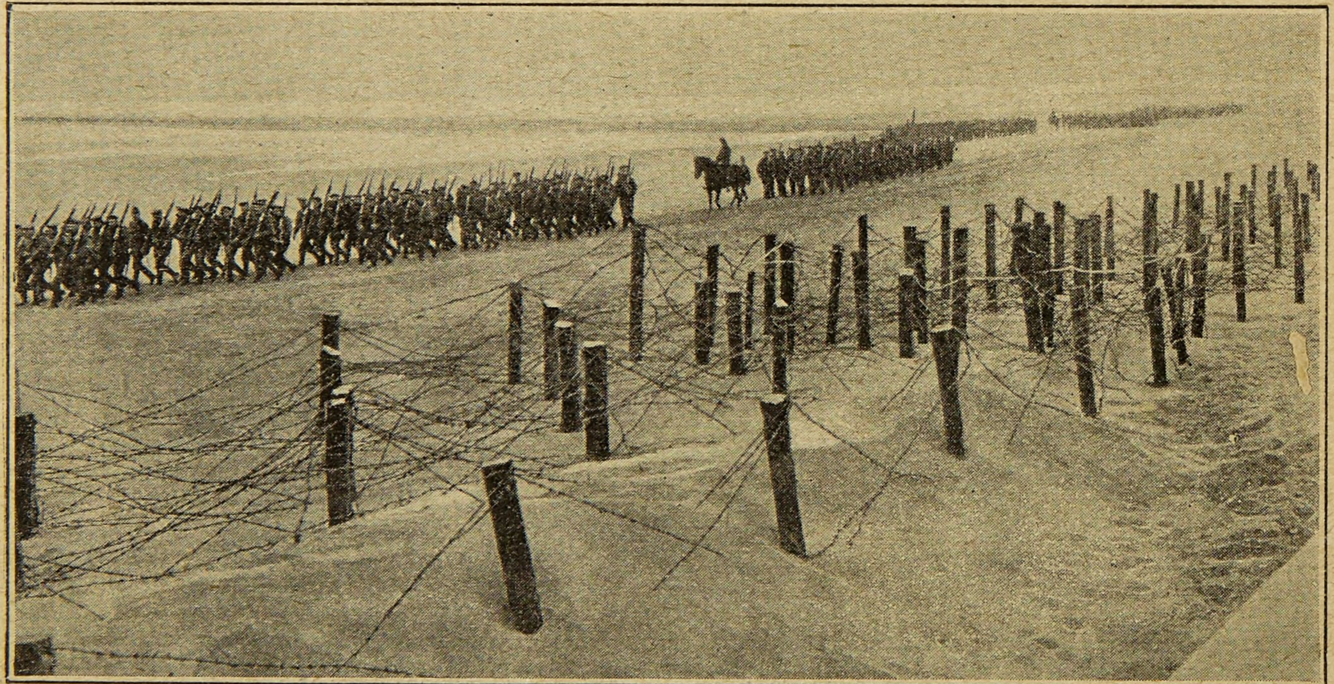
Of the other stories, many, conspicuously gallant, have become familiar to us who read the splendid record of the Somme. One fine fellow, who makes a speciality of killing Hun machine-gunners, appears upon this occasion to have varied the proceedings by bayoneting five Boches after his ammunition was exhausted. An officer's bag was a whole trench full of Huns, whom he so belaboured with the butt-end of his rifle that they surrendered incontinently. Prisoners came in all afternoon in batches. Their equipment, we are told, was new and good, and each carried three bottles of soda-water. They rounded off that fine day's work, which was followed on the morrow by heavy artillery fire, and upon the day after by the counter-attacks of the Prussian Guard, the glory of whose defeat is shared by Wilts and Worcestershires alike.

Torn to Shreds by Curtain Fire

Speaking of this affair, the "Times" says that it must have been the most humiliating the Guard has yet experienced. Launched toward seven-thirty at night, the usual bombardment preceded it. For some hours all the picturesque horror of that avalanche of steel and fire was witnessed above and about the trenches we had won with such gallantry. Monstrous clouds rose up from the earth soaked in human blood. Columns of smoke, snow-white, black, brown, and even pink, drifted away upon the breeze; but not until the débris of earth and men had shot high above them at the instant of impact.

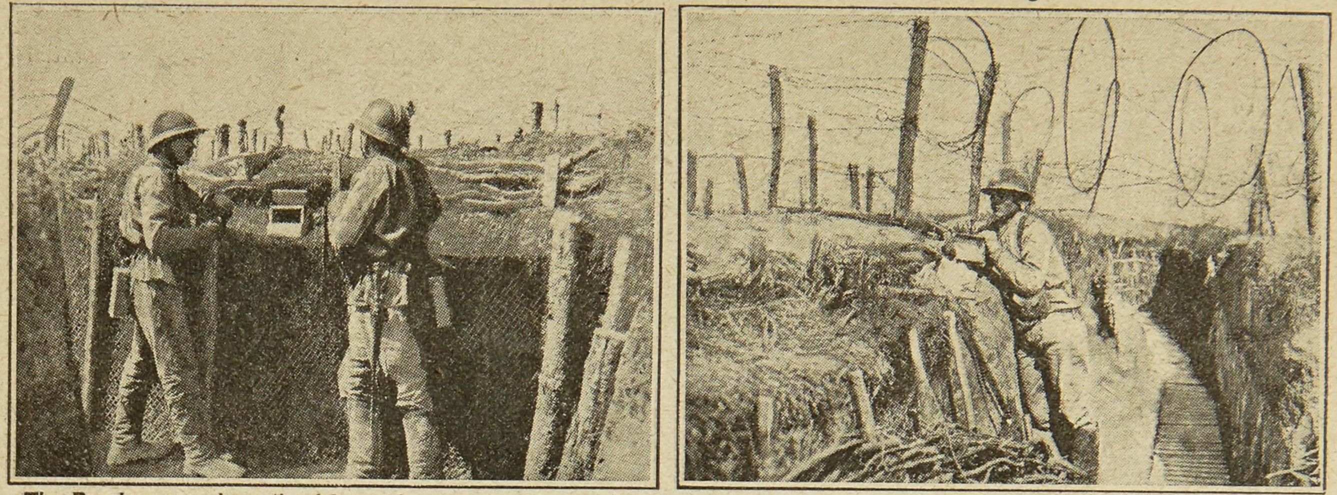
Finally, comes the Guard, debouching from its trenches, hunched and staring, fearful of the holocaust but pressing on. It is devastated in an instant by our curtain fire. The blue-grey wave breaks upon that fearful shore. Again and again it surges, but to be scattered in a spindrift of bodies and limbs torn asunder. The Wilts and Worcesters have saved the day. We are one stage more upon the road to Thiepval.

So the Battle of the Ridge goes on. If the omens are to be read aright, and the policy which Hindenburg has preached becomes now a practice, we may see it wholly won before many weeks are passed. They talk of a shortening of the German line and a great concentration upon the eastern front. We may wish it thus—for then the supreme hour of the war may be at hand.

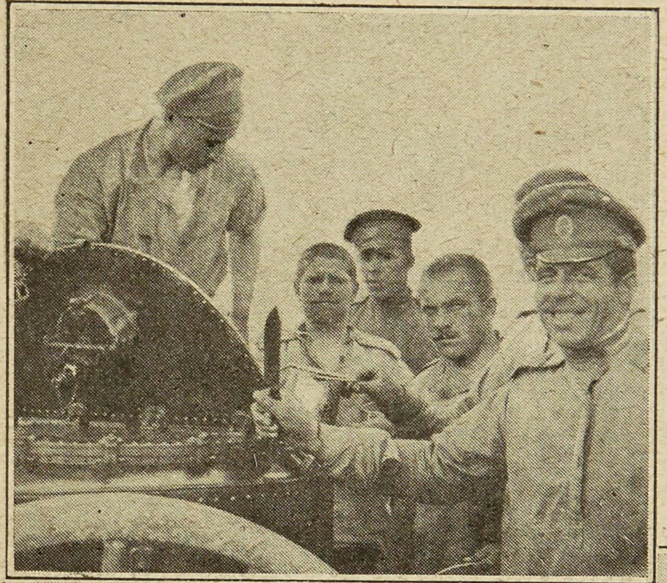


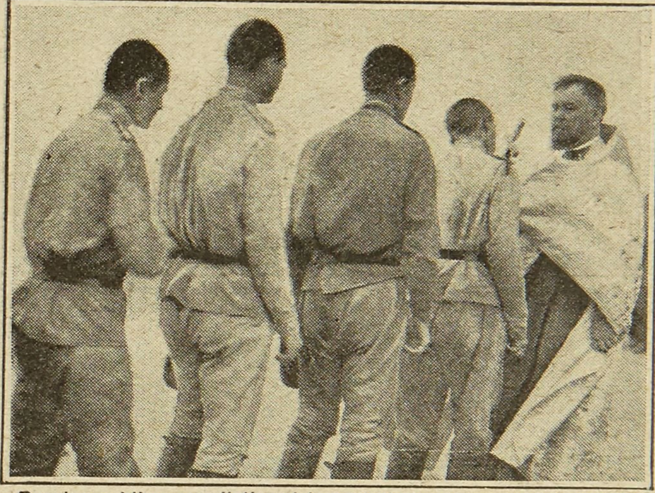
German Marines marching along the Flemish coast. The comparative inaction of the German Fleet released a large number of men for service as Marines on the Belgian coast. In fact, most of the dunes are held by these amphibious fighters, who, though they have escaped conflict in the open sea, are not immune from the fire of British monitors.

Faithful Russia in League with Loyal France



The Russians now have the defence of a considerable length of line in France, and these French official photographs show two of them talking in a trench, and (right) a Russian writing a letter. Their blouse tunics are the only detail of uniform that distinguishes them from their French comrades.





Russian soldiers are distinguished for their piety. In this official photograph they are seen filing up to a priest to kiss an ikon.

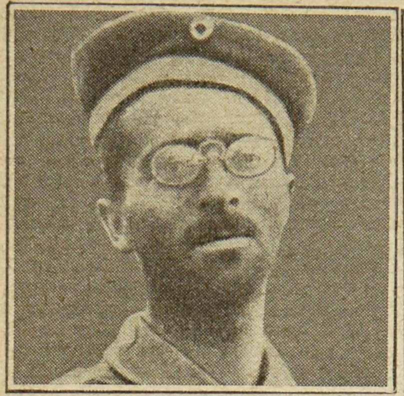
Armies have never been so well served with varied and regular food as in this war. This official photograph shows the busy scene at one of the Russian field-kitchens in Salonika, and (inset) the issue of the midday rations to the soldiers of the Tsar.

One More French Field Retaken From the Foe

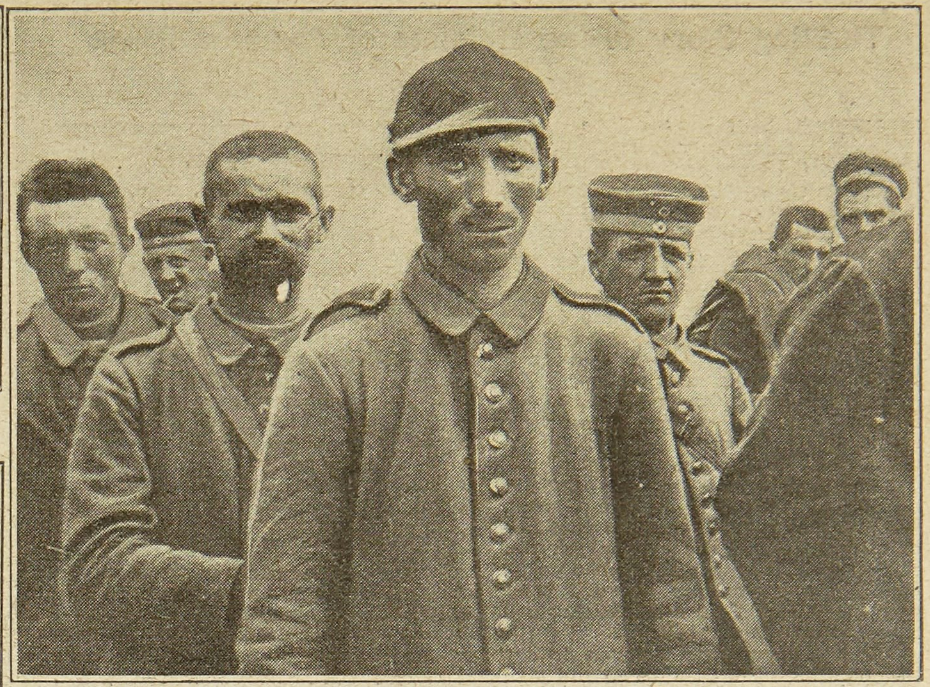
The order to leave the trenches and get at the enemy with naked steel is the one for which the French soldier waits most impatiently. He has proved himself irresistible with the bayonet, his favourite weapon, celebrated in his songs under the the name of "Rosalie."

French troops consolidating recaptured ground. While the strategic importance of a victory is not measured in yards of territory gained, every yard of France recovered has sentimental importance to the French soldiers who have chafed at its occupation by the invader.

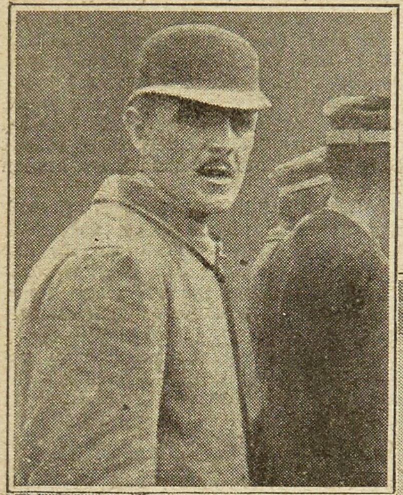
Fruits of Kultur Revealed by the Camera



A German superman — the product of Kultur and militarism.



It would be difficult to find faces affording less evidence of the boasted mentality of the Teutons than those reproduced here of Germans taken prisoners near the Somme.



The German prisoner receiving first-aid from a French Red Cross officer was an object of interest to the French people in the farm behind the lines to which he had been taken. Inset: Another German, wearing a steel helmet, taken prisoner during the allied advance, *TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE**

CAUGHT IN A SEA OF FIRE

Thrilling Story of the Defence of Pozières Ridge

By a Private

I MISSED the beginning of the "big push," being in hospital in Blighty when it commenced, but I managed to get into the captured German trenches soon after Pozières village had been taken. We relieved a crowd of the Sussex men who had been through it all, and they looked as if they required relieving badly.

The first night out it was quite all right, for we had a splendid firework display, watching the Boches "getting it in the neck" from our artillery. But later on we got a warm corner all on our very own, and we had all our work cut out to hold on to the ground the other and luckier chaps had taken.

I was posted in a tree to watch the enemy's movements as well as I could, and I carried a field telephone combination transmitter and receiver with me. For about an hour nothing happened; then I saw a crowd of Germans come over the top of their own trenches and advance towards our lads.

"There's about forty Germans coming this way," I reported through the telephone. The officer at the other end acknowledged the message, and told me to stay where I was for a bit, and report again.

But shortly afterwards I noticed something that I'd missed before, and that was the flame-throwers the foremost Germans were carrying.

I shouted "Hallo! Hallo!" through the telephone, and I could hear the fellow at the other end cursing me for disturbing him. But my news disturbed him still more, and sent him off at the run to report.

Flammenwerfer at Work

"These Fritzes have got Flammenwerfer," was all I said. "Tell the officer I'm coming down out of this."

He did, at the run, but before I got down the old buzzer close to my ear went off again.

"Stop where you are and report," was the order once more; and though I knew I was looking for all sorts of trouble, I stopped. And I was rewarded for it, as it turned out.

Between our chaps and the flame-throwers was an empty trench, which nobody had been able to hold because both German and British guns had the range to an inch, and strafed it impartially. Ours, however, had left it alone for some time, though the Huns occasionally dropped a shell or two across to let us know they hadn't forgotten it altogether.

Well, the German soldiers advanced till they were within ten yards of this trench; then they halted, and I could see them getting ready to squirt. They must have been working under orders, for with appalling suddenness a score of white and yellow jets of fire darted up into the air, to fall plumb into the deserted trench. The smoke that rose was thick and dense, but I managed to get a glimpse of the Germans flat on the ground, and I telephoned all the sights I saw, and all the little things I noticed, to our own lines.

Our captain was at the other end of the wire.

"That's very good news," he said, "By the way"—as cool as if he was giving me a day's leave—"you'd better come down out of that tree and into the trench—it's going to be pretty warm up there in a minute or two."

I knew what was coming—our guns were going to commence firing—and I slithered down and across that fifty yards of open ground like a rabbit. A couple of snipers tried to score inners on me, but they were bad shots.

"Living Torches—Dying Horribly."

I'd scarcely got under cover before the shells came—"millions" of them. As they whistled and screamed I remembered Captain Bairnsfather's picture of the two old soldiers with the shells flying close and thick over their heads, and laughed at the remembrance.

But the sight ahead soon checked that laugh. I got a dim idea of what hell must be like. Our gunners had the range to an inch, and they simply poured shells over. Shrapnel shell burst about thirty yards ahead, and you could hear the leaden balls shrieking as they tore onwards; lyddite tinged the burning liquid a dull yellow, and asphyxiated every man within forty yards.

The Germans broke and ran as the shells struck their Flammenwerfer, but it was impossible to escape. The ground was a sea of fire, with the blazing stuff spurting up in fountains where the shells struck and burst. The Germans were simply living torches, dying horribly. One chap didn't even attempt to run—I believe he was too paralysed with fear. He spun round slowly like a top, his clothes all aflame, till he fell into a pool of fire. Others rolled along the ground, squirming and screaming in mortal agony. I thought that they'd have had a quick death, but, in spite of the guns booming, the shells bursting, and the crackle of rifle fire on both flanks, you could hear those horrible screams.

Strangely enough, though the British soldiers are not at all vindictive as a rule, there wasn't an atom of pity for those Huns. You can't pity anybody who is dying by the same sort of death he was trying to inflict upon yourself.

Two Fokkers Shot Down

When our guns lifted a bit, we saw that, behind the curtain of flame and smoke, a German regiment had been advancing in close order, evidently intending to attack us as soon as the fire was extinct. But the sight had shocked them horribly, and they broke and ran as soon as our machine-guns on the flank opened fire, taking cover in the woods. The machine-guns sprayed them with bullets all the way, and lots of them rolled over, dead and wounded.

We rested all that night without any further attack, but when morning came we were destined to see another spectacle. During the night three of our aeroplanes had come up and landed just behind. Two "Archies" on motor-lorries were also there. They must have known something, for, just before breakfast, two Fokkers came whizzing over towards us—the first I'd seen out at this time. Our aviators were getting ready to go up in high glee, when the "Archies" opened the ball. We all stood watching the shells bursting, betting among ourselves that they wouldn't get a hit. The balls like cotton-wool got higher and higher as the Fokkers spiralled upwards, until at last one machine got a shell right in the centre. It seemed to envelop the 'plane in white smoke, and then she fell out of its middle towards the earth, on a long, steep glide towards her own lines. We judged that the pilot must still have got control, and as his landing was hidden by the crest of the hill, we didn't see whether he made it safely or not.

The other pilot wasn't so lucky. Two shells exploding just beneath him set his machine on fire, and it came hurtling down like a stone. The pilot, strapped to his seat, must have been burned to death; and the observer, desiring and deserving a different end from this, jumped out of his seat at a height of 2,000 yards, and fell straight down. He landed before the machine did, and there wasn't a bit of him left that looked like a human being.

The airmen didn't seem at all affected. They got their 'planes ready, and, after breakfast, mounted up into the air like huge birds, and went sailing off towards Germany—perhaps, for all they knew, to meet with the same fate themselves before noon.

The German gunners must have got wild at the news of the failure of the flame and air attacks, for they treated us to a special dose of shells. They didn't send a few over to test the range at first, as they usually do; they simply dropped them over helter-skelter, and blew big lumps of earth into the air.

A Deed of Heroism

They were tired of trying to finish us with high explosives and gave us a selection of gas shells, mixed with lachrymose—or tear-making—projectiles. It was "On masks!" and the brass shell-case that we use as a gas-warning gong was rattling merrily all the time. The chap who was hitting it with a bayonet hilt was killed in the first onslaught; and as I was next, I took on the job, though I kept well under cover.

We got the order to retire a bit, and either make or find cover where we could. I and about a dozen others found a nice sheltered shell-crater, with only about two feet of water in it, and this we took without opposition.

One of our officers was wounded in the first trench, and a lance-corporal went to get him. "Go back," he shouted, as soon as he saw him, "or I'll put you under arrest."

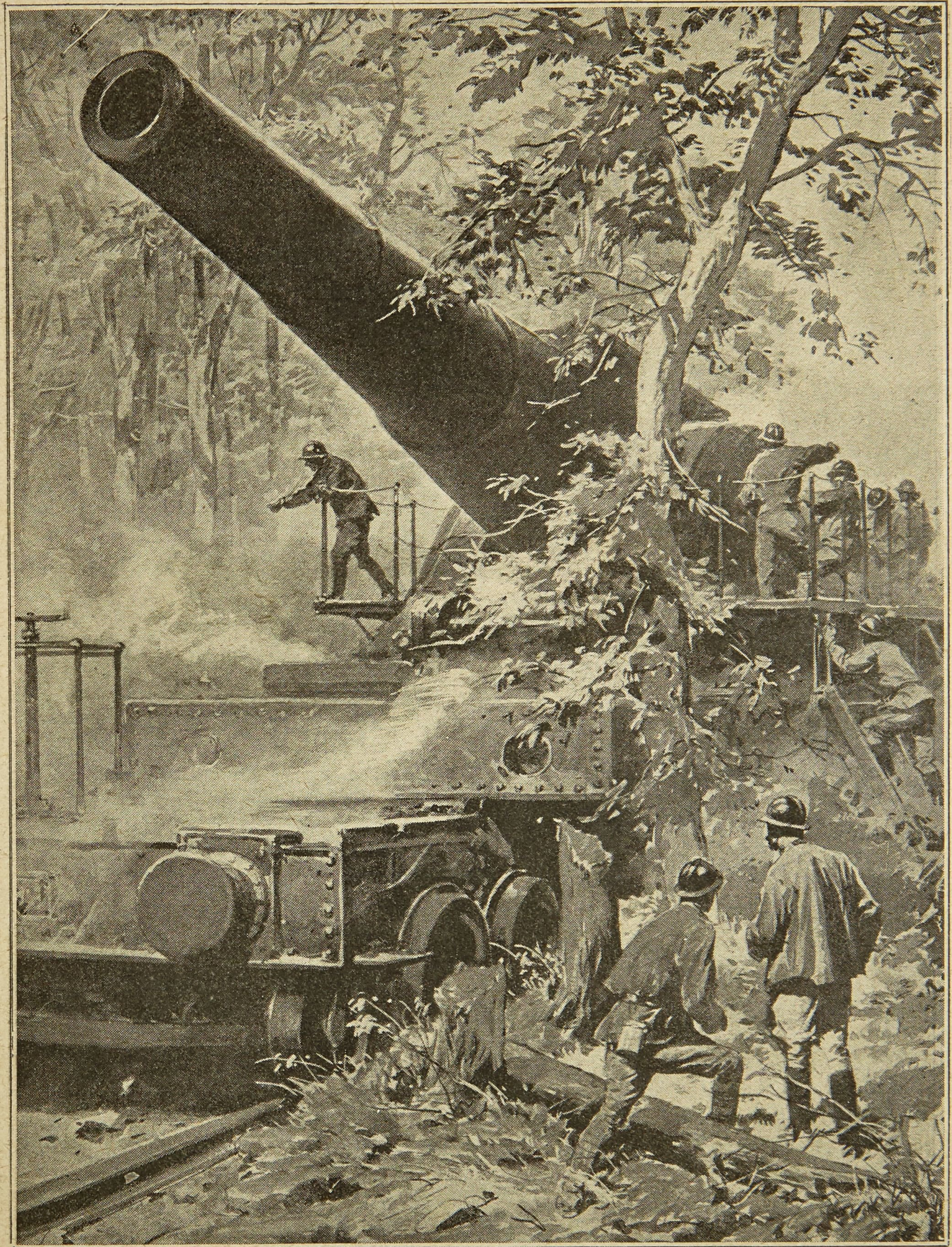
"Sir," said the lance-corporal, "I've come to carry you out, and, by the Lord, I'm going to do it."

He picked him up, and slung him over his shoulder, and carried him back through that fire as coolly as you please. As he reached the trench a shell burst close to him—and me, and I got a smack on the head with a splinter that forced its way through my tin helmet. When we took stock, the lance-corporal was dead—but the captain was saved, and we came across together in the same hospital ship.

---

* These original narratives by soldiers and sailors are only published after censorship by the Press Bureau, and when names of regiments, ships, places, or even the name of the narrator, are not given, readers will understand there are good and sufficient reasons for such omissions.—EDITOR.

A New Effort For Might, Right and Liberty



Stories intended to make our flesh creep come from Germany of 20 in. guns being built for our destruction. They already have a 16·8 in. gun in use. The French have replied with a 16 in. gun, and one of these colossal pieces of ordnance is here shown in action.

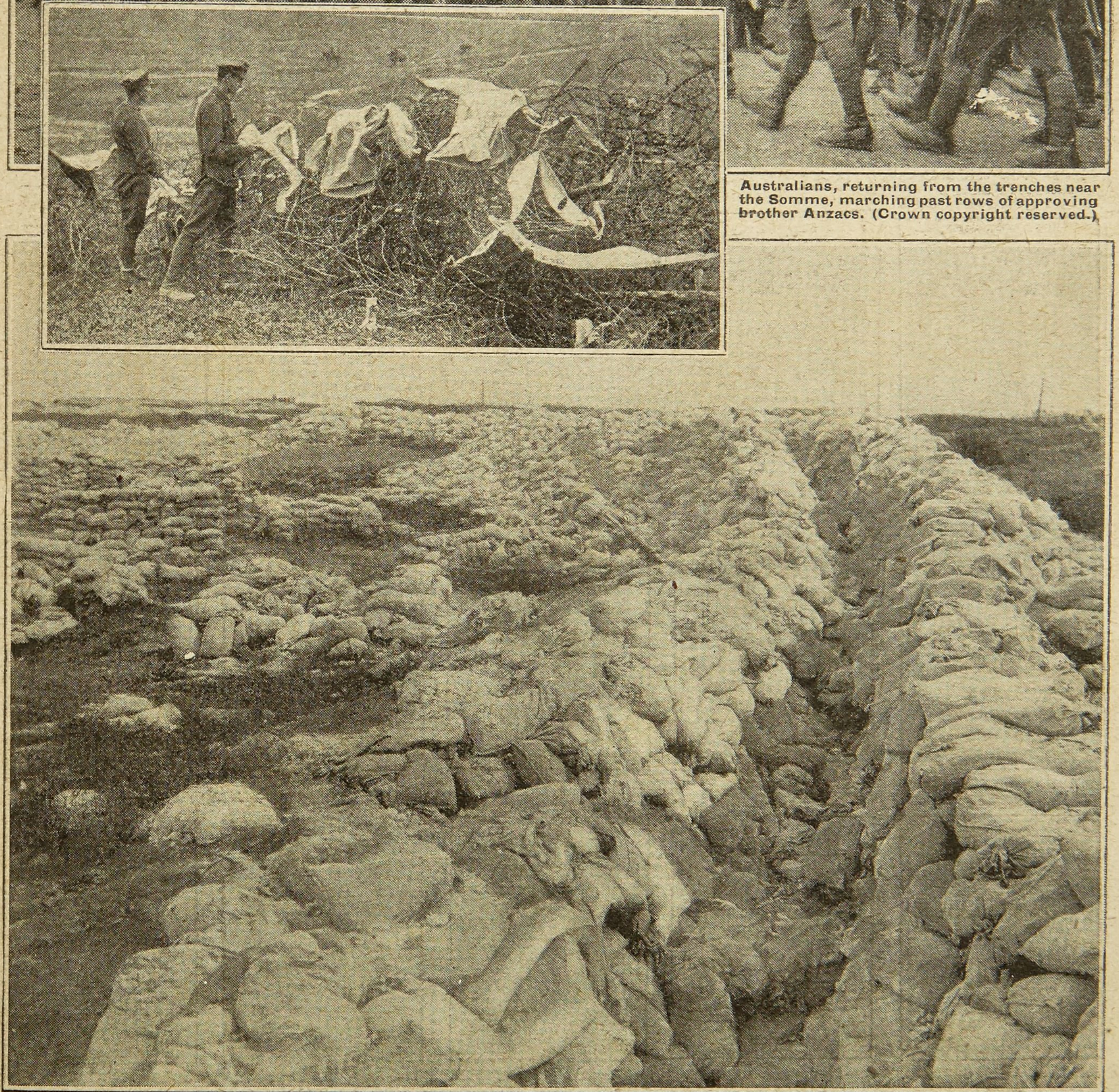
Solid Souvenirs of British Prowess on the Somme

Inspiriting scene within the Australian lines on the western front. A battery galloping up to where a heavy gun already is in action.

Smiling volunteers working with alacrity to take away a heavy gun captured from the Germans. Above: Captured German howitzer on the battlefield not far from Mametz Wood, which was won by the British on July 12th, 1916. (Crown copyright reserved.)

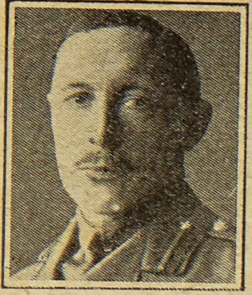
Trenches and Entanglements Now Left Behind

Australians, returning from the trenches near the Somme, marching past rows of approving brother Anzacs. (Crown copyright reserved.)

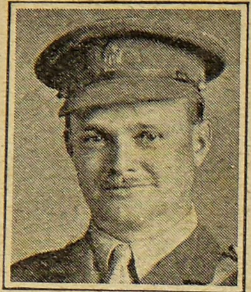


One of the old British trenches near Fricourt left behind in the first few days of the July advance. The photograph gives an idea of the number of sandbags used in trench construction. Inset: Peaceable use for old German barbed-wire entanglements. (Official photographs.)

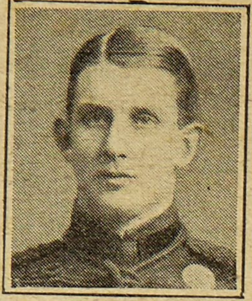
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



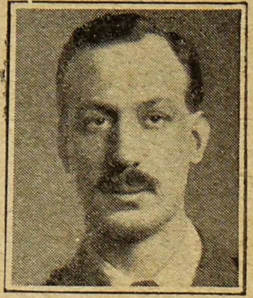
Lieut.-Col. O. S. FLOWER, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.



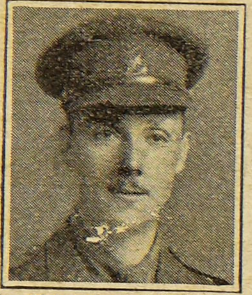
Major W. W. MOORS, Canadian Infantry.



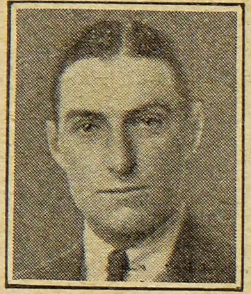
Major G. W. BARCLAY, Rifle Brigade.



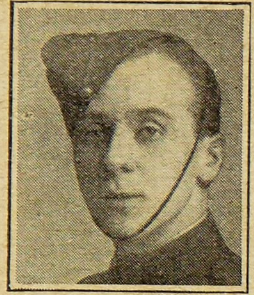
Major C. H. SMITH, Yorks and Lancs.



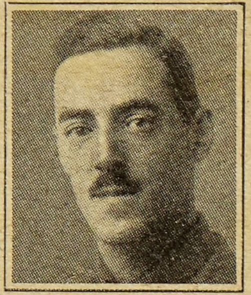
Major G. E. VENNER, Sherwood Foresters.



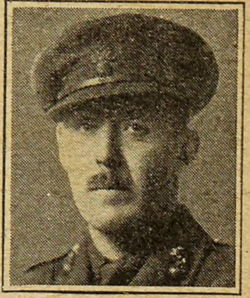
Capt. P. S. B. HALL, The Buffs.



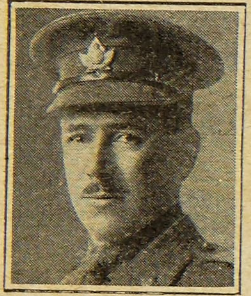
Capt. BASIL HALLAM RADFORD, Royal Flying Corps.



Capt. M. WILLIAMS, R.M.A.



Capt. P. B. K. STEDMAN, London Regt.

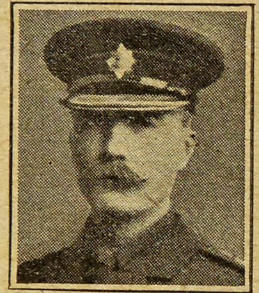


Capt. F. D. FRASER, Canadian Infantry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Oswald Swift Flower joined the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1892, and served in Crete, Malta, China, Burma, and India. He was at the Relief of Tientsin, Peking, and other actions in China; was mentioned in despatches and received a medal with clasp. Rejoining the Army on the outbreak of war, he helped to raise and train new battalions of his old regiment. Lieut.-Colonel Flower was mortally wounded in the Somme offensive. Major Geoffrey William Barclay was a prominent sportsman and Master of the Eton College Hunt. He received the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery at Ypres, during an action in which he was badly wounded. Recovering from his injuries, Major Barclay returned to France and fell in the recent fighting.

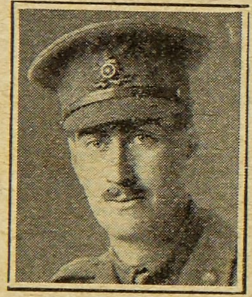
Captain Percy Shene Bernard Hall, the Buffs, attached Hampshire Regiment, was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, where he gained the Military History prize, passing out tenth. He joined his regiment in 1906, and in August, 1914, was gazetted captain. Captain Hall was wounded in the early days of the war, and subsequently held a Staff appointment for some time. Captain the Hon. John B. Campbell, D.S.O., was the son and heir of Lord Stratheden and Campbell. Missing since January, 1915, Captain Campbell's death is now reported. His son, Lieut. Donald Campbell, fell recently on the field of honour.

Captain Basil Hallam Radford was the original "Gilbert the Filbert," perhaps the most popular character created in modern revue. He scored his first notable success in "The Blindness of Virtue." Captain Radford met his death in France through a parachute apparatus failing to open.

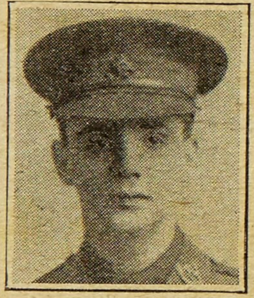


Capt. Hon. J. B. CAMPBELL, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards.

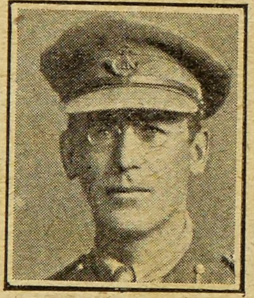
Lt. A. F. Baron de RUTZEN, Yeomanry.



Lieut. A. S. LLOYD, R.F.A.



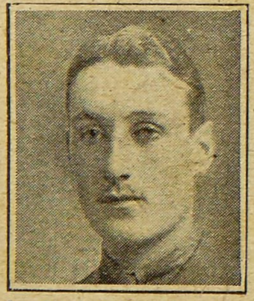
Lieut. W. H. V. NELSON, Sherwood Foresters.



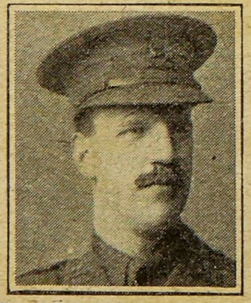
Lieut. R. J. E. TIDDY, Oxon and Bucks L.I.

Lieut. J. A. J. BLAKE, R.F.A.

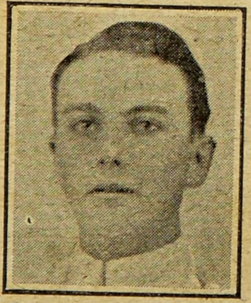
Sec.-Lieut. ERIC GOLDING, D.C.M., Middlesex Regt.



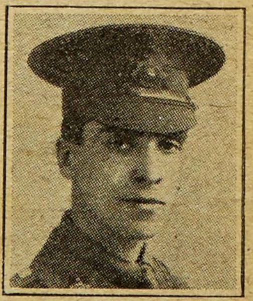
Sec.-Lieut. G. G. LAUDER, King's (Liverpool Regt.).



Sec.-Lieut. A. V. STANFIELD, West Surrey Regt.



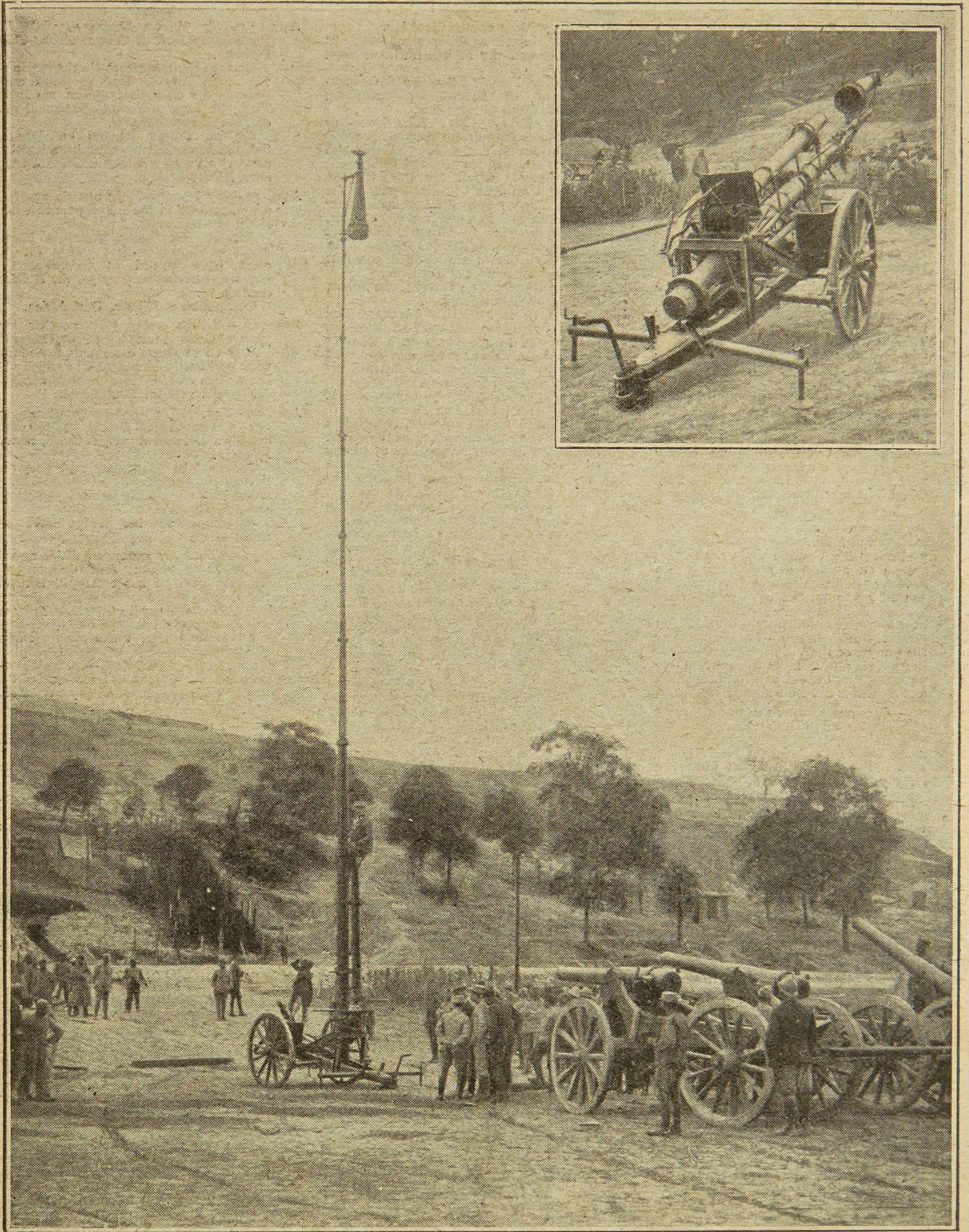
Sec.-Lieut. H. BARROW, Royal Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lieut. FAWCETT HILTON, Lincs Regt.

(Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, and Swaine.)

Giant German Periscope With Telescopic Tube



One of the first trophies taken by the French in their opening attacks of July was a novel field periscope found in the Wood of Assevillers. It was made by Zeiss, of Jena, and had enormously powerful lenses. Normally it was extended to about 50 ft., and at that height its own wheeled carriage supported it; but, if desired, it could be extended to a height of about 85 ft., when it was kept in position by stays and struts. In the inset it is shown packed for travelling, in which condition the French found it. Never having seen anything of the kind before, they thought at first that it was some new piece of artillery.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, August 1st to 31st, 1916

Aug. 1.—The British hold their gains north of Bazentin-le-Petit against the enemy's attempts to drive them out.

French capture a German trench between Estrées and Belloy-en-Santerre. A new German attack at Verdun, west and south of the Thiaumont Work, repulsed.

Russians cross the Koropiec River, just north of the Dniester.

Aug. 2.—**French Gains on the Somme.**—North of the river the French capture a strongly-fortified enemy work between Hem and the Monacu Farm. South of the Somme they occupy an enemy trench in the Estrées region. At Verdun, west and south of the Thiaumont Work, and in the ravine south of Fleury, they carry German trenches, taking 800 prisoners.

Aug 3.—Zeppelin raid on Eastern and South-Eastern Counties; one airship hit.

French Successes at Verdun.—They retake the village of Fleury, and, towards Thiaumont, all the trenches between it and Fleury as far as the south-east of the Thiaumont Work and the approaches of Hill 320.

Casement hanged.

Aug. 4.—After being driven from Fleury and the Work of Thiaumont, the French regain possession of both positions.

Turk Attack on Egypt.—An enemy force, 14,000 strong, attacks our positions near Romani, 23 miles east of the Suez Canal, but fails disastrously.

Aug. 5.—**New British Advance.**—North of Pozières an attack in which the Australians and New Army troops take part, penetrates the German main second-line system on a front of over 2,000 yards. A later despatch states that during August 4-5 we pushed our line north and west of Pozières some 400 to 600 yards over a frontage of about 3,000 yards.

Suez Canal Victory.—Our forces start the pursuit of the Turks at dawn, and by the evening take more than 2,500 unwounded prisoners, four mountain guns, and a number of machine-guns.

Aug. 6.—Germans counter-attack north-west of Pozières, and in one attack, by the use of liquid fire, temporarily force us back along one of the trenches we had captured. Later we recover all but some forty yards of lost ground.

Aug. 7.—Italian success on Isonzo front; 4,000 prisoners announced to have been taken since Aug. 4.

Announced that pursuit of Turks in Egypt pressed for eighteen miles, and the Katia-Elm-Aisha basin cleared of invaders,

In German East Africa Van Deventer's men reported now on the Central Railway at three points, the enemy retreating to the coast.

French troops carry a line of trenches between Hem Wood and the Somme to the east of the Monacu Farm.

Aug. 8.—**Great Italian Gains.**—Officially reported that on the Lower Isonzo the Mt. Sabotino and the Mt. San Michele strongholds are completely in the possession of the Italians.

General Lechitsky reported to have driven the enemy back along the whole line on the south of the Russian front, and to be ten miles from Stanislau.

British right wing moves against Guillemont, our line having been advanced about 400 yards south-west of the town.

Portugal decides, on the invitation of the British Government, to extend her co-operation to Europe.

Aug. 9.—**Fall of Gorizia.**

Zeppelin raid on East Coast; eight persons killed, seventeen injured.

French artillery bombards Doiran.

North-west of Pozières the Australians advance our line 200 yards on a frontage of 600 yards.

Aug. 10.—**Russians occupy Stanislau.**

British again advance north-west of Pozières, and the French north of Hem Wood.

Aug. 11.—The French follow up their bombardment of Doiran by occupying Hill 227, south of the town.

Great British Air Offensive.—Our squadrons bomb airship sheds at Brussels and at Namur, and railway sidings and stations at Mons, Namur, and Busigny.

Aug. 12.—**French attack the third German position** from east of Hardécourt as far as the Somme opposite Buscourt, carry all the trenches to a depth of 1,000 yards, and penetrate into the village of Maurepas.

Enemy retreat in Galicia. Count Bothmer driven out of his fortified positions west and south-west of Tarnopol.

Seaplane attack on Dover; one officer, six men slightly injured.

Aug. 13.—**Important British Advance.**—Our troops progress north-west of Pozières, gaining 300 to 400 yards on a front of over a mile. Enemy trenches captured on the plateau north-west of Bazentin-le-Petit towards Martinpuich.

French progress on the slopes of Hill 109 to the south-east of Maurepas.

Continued Italian advance. Our allies press on east of the Nad Logem (Hill 212), and pierce another strong line of enemy entrenchments.

H.M.S. destroyer Lassoo torpedoed or mined off the Dutch coast.

Aug. 14.—South of the Somme the French extend their positions south-west of Estrées. On the British front west of Pozières the enemy gain a temporary footing in a portion of the trenches captured by us on Aug. 13.

Aug. 15.—Announced that British retake nearly the whole of the remainder of the trenches in which the enemy gained a footing on the 13th.

At Verdun the French force back the German lines close to Fleury.

Russians occupy Jablonica, two miles from the Carpathians crest.

Aug. 16.—Announced that King George has spent a week with his Army in France.

French Advance on Somme Front.—They carry a line of trenches on a length of almost a mile, and at certain points reach the Guillemont-Maurepas road. They occupy all the enemy positions east of the Maurepas-Clery road.

Russians publish the total of their captures from June 4 to Aug. 12: 7,757 officers, 350,845 men, 405 cannon.

Aug. 17.—British line pushed forward both west and south-west of Guillemont.

Reported that the Arab town and military coastal station of Bagamoyo, thirty-six miles north of Dar-es-Salaam, occupied by naval forces.

Aug. 18.—**New Allied Advance.**—The British and French attack all along the front from Pozières to the Somme. Our troops carry strong positions and gain ground towards Ginchy and Guillemont. The French carry a further great part of Maurepas village.

Aug. 19.—**North Sea Naval Fight.**—German High Seas Fleet comes out, but retires in face of British forces in considerable strength. We lose two light cruisers, the Nottingham and the Falmouth, which were torpedoed. One enemy submarine destroyed, another rammed.

Submarine E23 torpedoes and sinks German battleship of the Nassau class.

Thiepval Ridge Captured.—Sir Douglas Haig reports capture of the western outskirts of Guillemont, and the ridge south-east of and overlooking Thiepval, and the northern slopes of the high ground north of Pozières.

Aug. 20.—British gain more ground north of Bazentin-le-Petit.

Activity in Balkans.—Bulgarians reported advancing on Kavalla. On Struma front our cavalry in touch with the enemy.

Aug. 21.—Sir Charles Monro succeeds Sir Beauchamp Duff as Commander-in-Chief in India.

German counter-attacks in the region of the High Wood. Our guns severely damage the enemy's trenches south of Thiepval, causing a conflagration in one of the enemy's batteries.

General Smuts moving on Dar-es-Salaam, supported by warships operating at sea. Deventer defeats a German force near Kidete Station.

Aug. 22.—Sir Douglas Haig reports progress near Pozières, in the Leipzig salient, and south of Guillemont.

Russian and Italian troops in Macedonia.—Announced that troops of our allies have landed at Salonika, the Russians arriving on July 30, the Italians on Aug. 11.

Occupation of Kilossa, East Africa.

Aug. 23.—British troops gain another 200 yards of German trench south of Thiepval.

War Office issues communiqué dealing with position in Macedonia, in which the enemy line east of the Struma is defined.

Zeppelin raid on East Coast.

Aug. 24.—Several Zeppelins carry out raid on East and South-East Coasts, one reaching outskirts of London; eight killed, many injured.

French take Maurepas, and progress beyond the village.

British troops push forward 300 yards towards Thiepval.

Russia reports her troops have retaken Mush.

Aug. 25.—Admiralty announces H.M. armed yacht Zaida sunk; four officers and nineteen men of her crew prisoners of the Turks.

H.M. armed boarding steamer Duke of Albany torpedoed and sunk in North Sea.

Naval aeroplanes bomb airship sheds at Namur.

Prussian Guard's Defeat.—In the Thiepval salient a determined attack by the Prussian Guard repulsed by Wiltshire and Worcestershire troops.

Aug. 26.—British gain 200 yards of German trench north of Bazentin-le-Petit, and make headway north-west of Ginchy.

Russian troops gain fresh ground on the frontier heights near Mt. Kowerla.

Aug. 27.—**Rumania Declares War on Austria-Hungary.**

British troops gain ground north-west of Ginchy.

Aug. 28.—**Italy at War with Germany.**

Bulgarians announced to have reached the Ægean coast at Kavalla.

British long-range guns successfully fire on troops and traffic between Bapaume and Miraumont.

British monitors bombard Bulgarian forces at the mouth of the Struma.

Zeppelin raid on Bukarest.

Aug. 29.—**Rumania in Action.**—Rumanian Army moves in the passes of the Transylvanian Alps. South of Kronstadt Austrian troops compelled to retire by "an encircling movement".

Officially announced that the total prisoners captured by British since July 1 are: 266 officers, and 15,203 other ranks, with 26 guns, 160 machine-guns.

Aug. 30.—Lechitsky's troops, advancing in the Carpathians, capture Mt. Pantyr.

General von Falkenhayn dismissed from post of Chief of General Staff; he is succeeded by Von Hindenburg.

Turkey declares war on Rumania.

Aug. 31.—British launch discharge of gas "over a broad front" near Arras and near Armentières, with good results.

Russian troops march across the Dobrudja Delta; **Rumanian Army twenty** miles into Hungary.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

THE KAISER'S DILEMMA

SIX months ago we commented upon the declared adhesion of Portugal to the Alliance, finding the significance of that historical event to be the public declaration by yet another country that Germany's methods are to be put an end to once for all, and that Germany's will is to be submitted to that of the rest of the world, and not imposed upon it. Now comes the formal adhesion of Rumania to the Alliance of the civilised Powers against the reactionary spirit of Prussian militarism, and the event may well prove to be a cardinal point in the war. Its political and military aspects are discussed in this issue by Mr. Robert Machray and Mr. F. A. McKenzie. Its dramatic, moral aspect may fairly be taken as the topic for the weekly table-talk here, for indeed it is the most important thing that has happened for some time.

THERE must be a good many people who think that the small neutral countries have been judged rather hardly. To be "between the devil and the deep sea" is an uncomfortable situation for anyone, and that has been the situation occupied by Greece, by Rumania, by Holland, and, perhaps, by the Scandinavian countries, too. Because, still uncertain how the war might turn out, they have prudently preserved their neutrality, their conduct has been described in disparaging terms as "sitting on the fence," and the imputation has been conveyed that their policy was dictated only by self-interest, and could not be affected by principle. Yet not much reflection is required to convince sane minds that a chief duty of governments is to spare their people the horror and the ruinous devastation of war, and it seems unjust that they should be given no credit for possessing sense of right and wrong merely because they are successful in their efforts to resist being drawn into active conflict upon one side or the other.

IN the case of Rumania, for example, people have been too ready to impute venality to a King and a nation who were not pledged by treaties or understandings to draw the sword in any of the contingencies that had occurred up to the end of August. King Ferdinand displayed diplomatic skill and preserved his dignity unimpaired. Throughout two difficult years he has been actuated by consideration for his people. Personal arguments did not affect him, perhaps because they were equally divided—he himself being a Hohenzollern, while his wife is an English princess. His reported answer to Germany's latest and last appeal beseemed the king of an independent country. But now that his decision has been made, the moral effect is the greater by reason of the delay. It is another declaration to the Central Powers that the world is determined to make an end of their hellish aims and methods, and this time the declaration is reinforced by power to help to give effect to that determination. Germany sneered at Portugal because she was weak and remote. She does not sneer at Rumania, because Rumania has six hundred thousand bayonets placed where they can be used effectively and at once.

TEN Powers are now arrayed against the Central Empires. We think the day will come when there will be more. But even if that prophecy should not be justified by the event, the confederation is great enough already to make practicable some of the dreams of peace that have been dreamed by visionaries. And meanwhile, apart altogether from her six hundred thousand bayonets, Rumania, by her intervention, has done something that Great Britain has failed to do. She must have convinced the German people that, on the showing of their own Government, their cause is lost. The German Government organised everything with a view to victory. Taking that for granted, they controlled the Press and allowed to be published only what would suit the policy of the ruling military caste, knowing that success would whitewash every doubtful and dirty thing they had done. But in the process they have said things that will prove their own undoing in the event of the failure which they have refused to contemplate, but which we, on our side, have sworn to bring upon them. One of these things was that the small neutral countries would hold their hand until the issue of the war was, humanly speaking, certain, and then would throw in their lot with the evidently winning side. Until five minutes before the expiration of the eleventh hour the German Government insisted upon that point, and proclaimed it to their people in every well-disciplined newspaper in the land. Now it is impaled upon the horns of a dilemma. Either it did not speak the truth, or Germany is not the evidently winning party. The German Government has either lied or failed, and Rumania has brought that point home to the German people.

WE, of course, know that the German Government has both lied and failed. But while we were busily engaged in the war it was no particular concern of ours to prove to the German people that they were being duped and fooled. That was their own look-out. The organisation and preparation that had been going on for forty years were so good that we had quite enough to do to catch up with them in half that number of months, but now that we have done it we are very grateful to Rumania for coming in and thereby rubbing into the German people the doctrine preached to them by their ruling caste for so long. Rumania has joined the winning side. Greece will join it, too, very soon. And what we are waiting with real interest to see is what the German Government will do when the German people realise the truth that has been withheld from them for so long.

"YOU can fool all the people part of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." That is a truth which German dictatorship had not realised, and it will be a matter of supreme interest to watch what happens when an empire so large as Germany discovers how stupendously it has been "fooled" for the last two years. And the Kaiser, interesting heretofore as a versatile and magnetic megalomaniac, has become already an object of acutest interest to the student of psychology as the supreme and typical instance of the popular idol discredited when found to be made of clay. Hell is not deep enough to hide the shame and humiliation of a once eminent personality so exposed and discredited. What can the thoughts be of that man to-day? Until to-day he has been able to believe that his people believed in him. Now he reads detection in every face. His fall is the greater by every lie that went to the building of the pedestal on which he stood. To-day the Kaiser is as dramatically interesting as Satan convicted in heaven. To-morrow his fall will be as far. And for him, as for Satan, there may be pity; but there can be no forgiveness.

C. M.

The War Illustrated
News Notes and Comments

IF by any chance you did not happen to be waked up by the Zeppelins on August 1st and 3rd last, you may like to hear all about what they did from the "Magdeburgische Zeitung," which heard all about it from a neutral, who heard all about it from somebody else, whose name, we imagine, is Annie Nyas. The night of terror of April 25th (not April 1st!) pales entirely in the memory of this witness, in view of the appalling havoc wrought on August 1st and 3rd. The number of insane has increased so much that there is no room in the asylums for sick and wounded from the front. Authorities are not quite agreed about the casualty list, the diffident and cautious putting it at 6,000 injured, while the more confident announce 15,000 killed. Estimates of material damage have also not been agreed; they vary between £37,500,000 (thirty-seven million, five hundred thousand pounds sterling) and 25,000,000 shillings, also a round sum. And in case any more Zeppelins should be coming, every careful head of a family examines the staircase leading to the cellar before going to bed, with the result that landlords, tenants, and porters meet every night on their way to the nether world. Quite a good effort on the part of the correspondent to the neutral who is correspondent to the "Magdeburgische Zeitung."

The Huns at Work

WHEN, two years ago, the Germans devastated and destroyed the choice cities of Belgium, they showed a peculiar skill in that kind of terrorism, and recent reports show that they have by no means lost it. A letter recently received from an English soldier on the western front contains the following:

> About four hundred yards from our lines is a fairly large town. To-day the Germans bombarded the town itself. It's of no military value, but it's packed full of civilian population, and to see the poor old women, mothers with babies in their arms, come streaming away was a most pitiful sight—little children carrying what they could—my heart went out to them. It's only done to cause a panic. There were many killed and wounded. Market-day it was, and the Germans knew it. How men can be so devilish I cannot imagine. One can't realise at home what it is; not so much the shells, but the havoc it causes among the civilian population.

Our correspondent adds:

> It has just come through that everybody is to be clear of the city by 4.30, so I expect they will raze it to the ground to-night, hospital and all blown up. It's not right; it's too terrible for words.

Is German Hate "Feminine"?

SCRATCH a German and you find a Hun. Even before the war our friend the enemy was always rather demonstrative in his likes and dislikes, but chiefly in his dislikes. He would grind his teeth and clench his hands at the slightest provocation, and appear as if ready to break an offender in pieces. The German women, on the other hand, seemed to have taken more to heart Jean Paul's dictum, "The greatest hatred, like the greatest virtue and the worst dogs, is quiet." As to the notion of a Chinese observer, quoted in this page last week, to the effect that what is to-day known as German hate is "feminine," a correspondent calls my attention to a statement by a staff writer of the New York "World" that, when the German anger against the United States was at its height, "the most outspoken American haters were the women."

THE German women may hate England also, but there is growing evidence that, if anything, they hate the war still more. Of course, there are exceptions. Take Frau Marie Diers, in times of peace a popular serial writer. She is for "a short way" with the faint-hearted—or the big-hearted, as the case may be. "Instead," she writes, "of letting the stupid women cry, 'We want our husbands back!' one ought from the beginning to have checked them with a firm hand, so that such nonsense could never raise its head." Frau Diers demands resolute justice, prison, and the ruthless hand for her complaining sisters.

A Death-Song of the Somme

IN the whole course of profane history, Cromwell's Ironsides are perhaps the only troops uncredited with levity in the face of death. War breeds a contempt of death that is expressed in words as well as in brave deeds; not only war, but all times of human stress and trial. Is not the levity of the "Decameron" associated with a visitation of the plague in Florence? Not to accumulate too many instances, there is the case of the poem, "Hurrah for the Next that Dies!" composed by a young officer in India during a cholera epidemic. On the British front in France and Flanders the levity is expressed in music-hall refrains and parodies that leave "Tipperary" far behind. On the Somme it is impossible to say how many of our best and bravest have gone to their death singing this grisly and irreverent parody of an old-time music-hall song, the tune of which was later used for a Salvation Army hymn:

The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
  For you, but not for me.
For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling,
  They've got the goods for me.
O Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling?
  O Grave, thy victoree?
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
  For you, but not for me.

Before condemning this strange, facetious Song of Death, try to understand its why and wherefore, and what depth of real feeling the words serve to hide.

A Trench Sonnet

IT is but fitting that there should be some set-off to the foregoing. We find it in the June issue of "The Gasper," the "unofficial organ" of the Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers:

SONNETS OF THE REGIMENT.

No. 1.—"Ubique—quo fas et gloria ducunt."
(Everywhere—where duty and glory lead.)

It is enough, where Right and Glory lead,
  Ask not the hidden path beyond to see,
  Nor doubt, the journey o'er, but there shall be
Where Right has guided, Peace by Right decreed.
Lead on then, on, and make thine only meed,
  The joy of fetters worn that thou might'st free,
  Of captive bonds endured for liberty,
Of blood thou shedd'st that others might not bleed.

O Right! O Glory! though the way be long,
  That leads to where thy temples stand sublime,
  To where man's highest destiny is cast,
We ask no more than this, that we be strong,
  Strong in the strength that serves, not for a time,
  But dares to venture all, and to the last.

This fine sonnet, to which the Roll of Honour has lent permanent significance, is signed "Bow-wow"!

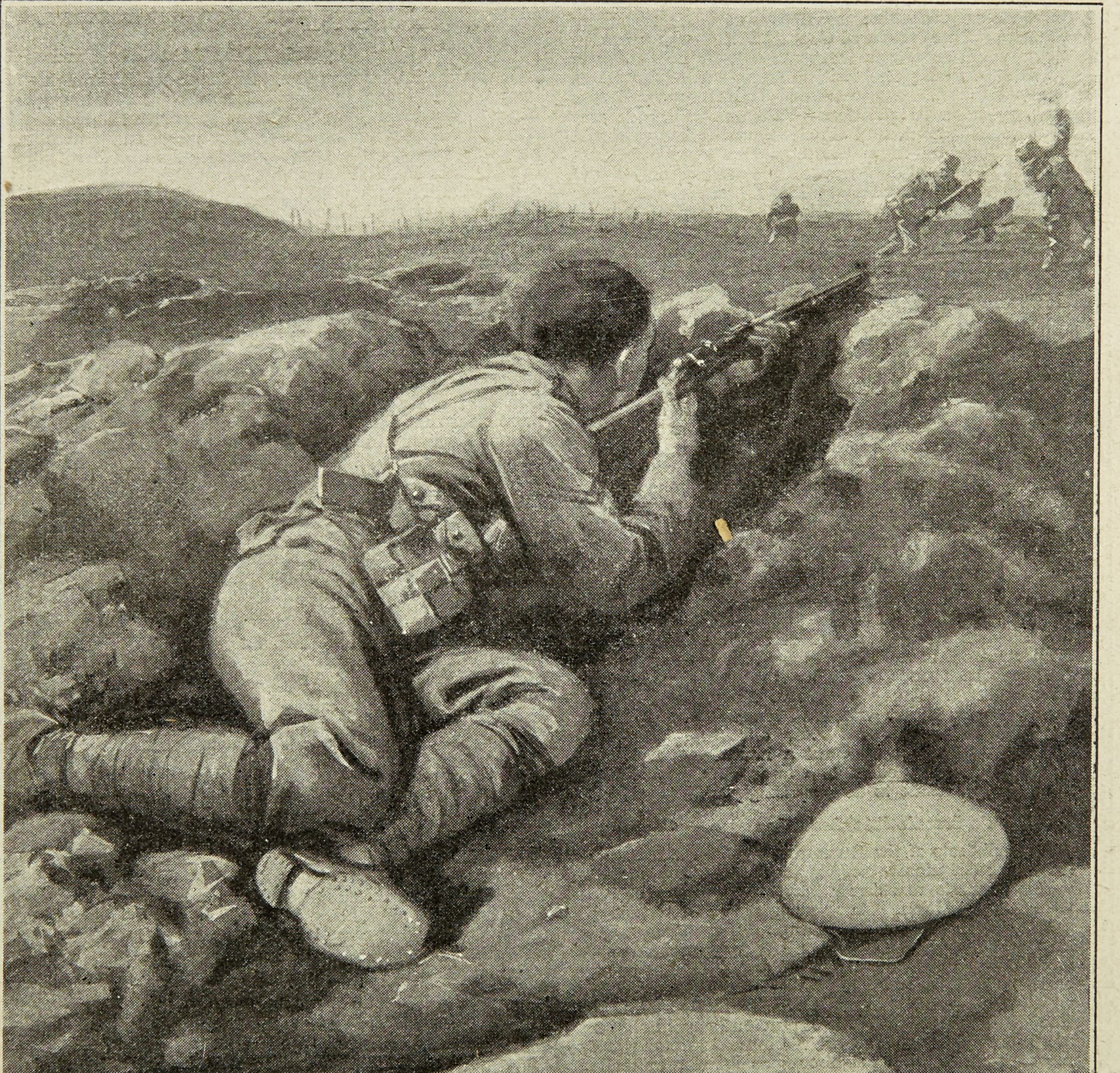
Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
48 Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, September 23rd, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Best Official Photos from Fields of Victory

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 5 Lynx Eye and Steady Hand: Sniper Surprises Party of German Raiders **No. 110**

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE appointment of Von Hindenburg to the supreme German command has been followed by a desperate German offensive on the various fronts. In place of shortening his line, as was expected in some quarters, the veteran enemy leader has tried, at great cost, to break through the band of iron that is tightening around him, and to strike hard at one of our vital points. He has not succeeded.

The German counter-offensives on the Somme and elsewhere have not only failed but have been promptly followed up by fresh advances on our side. The second anniversary of the victory of the Marne—that vital victory for which the Allies were indebted largely to the supreme genius of General Foch—was preceded by a very important further Anglo-French triumph on the Somme. The British army has advanced at one point close on two miles. It has captured four strongly-defended positions—Falfemont Farm, Leuze Wood, Guillemont, and Ginchy; and it has captured several hundred more prisoners and some machine-guns. The British advance was made under the most arduous conditions. The Germans held their lines in great strength. Hindenburg himself was on the Somme to inspire the armies by his presence. The Germans tried vainly time after time to counter-attack us. It was a battle of giants.

Germany's Heavy Death-Roll

Great as the British success has been, the advance of the French south of the Somme has been even more significant. Our progress is hampered to some extent by the fact that the Germans still retain one or two points like Thiepval which narrow our line. The French, under General Foch, have been more uniformly successful. They are consequently able to go forward on a broader front, and their advance is being made with a precision and assurance which spell the coming end of the present German western line. Anyone who wishes to appreciate the amazing advances made by our ally against German entrenchments should compare the record of the Champagne offensive a year ago with the present forward movement. General Foch has brought the co-operation of infantry, artillery, and aircraft to a point of perfection hitherto undreamed of. He has studied the art of saving his men with such success that the French have inflicted over double the casualties on the enemy that they themselves have suffered. Every success of France is a victory for us; every improvement in French methods quickly becomes an improvement for our armies. British and French are working out a new thing in war, a thing which many considered impossible. They have done, and continue to do surprisingly well.

Rumania's Irresistible Ambition

The full facts of the Rumanian situation are not yet known at the moment of writing this review, and the various reports reaching England need to be received with some caution. Much surprise was felt here at the comparatively easy triumph of the Rumanians in the Transylvanian passes. They captured pass after pass, and advanced into the mountainous enemy country with a celerity which exceeded anything which their most optimistic friends had anticipated. The Rumanians, as I have previously pointed out, are intensely ambitious of Western dominion; they regard their Balkan neighbours as inferior and alien peoples; and they would gladly leave the crushing of Bulgaria to the Russians from the north and General Sarrail's armies in the south, while they push on into Hungary.

The directing brains of the German General Staff, who are up to a certain point profound psychologists, know this Rumanian tendency, and have apparently exploited it. The Rumanian armies have scored great triumphs westwards. In Transylvania they have taken possession of the strategic railway from Czik Szereda to Brasso; further south around Orsovo they have been doing well. While the Rumanians were thus striking westwards the Russian armies, working in co-operation with them, were progressing through the Dobrudja, a barren and dreary land, a combination of ridges, estuaries, and steppes on the Rumanian borders of the Black Sea.

Bulgarians Attack in Force

It was the intention of the Russians to strike through here on to Bulgaria; but before they could bring their forces down, the Bulgarians struck, and struck hard into Rumanian territory. According to German accounts, which, while possibly exaggerated, evidently contain considerable elements of truth, they first captured Turtukai on the Danube, taking over 20,000 prisoners, and from there they went on and captured the very important town of Silistria. It is clearly the purpose of the Bulgarians to occupy in strength the line of heights of the Dobrudja, to attempt to prevent the passage southwards of the Russian armies, and to use their hold on the southern banks of the Danube as a menace to Bucharest, the Rumanian capital, itself.

This shrewd Bulgarian move, while exposing the Bulgarian armies in turn to the danger of flank attacks westwards, may yet in the end compel some modification of the Rumanian plan. It becomes more and more clear that Bulgaria must be effectively dealt with as a preliminary for using the Balkans as a base for westward attack. The easy passage through Transylvania of the Rumanian armies, encouraging as it was to Rumanian pride, and satisfactory from a military point of view in shortening the Rumanian defensive front, was yet not vital to this stage of the operations. On the other hand, a Bulgarian-Turkish advance over the Danube towards Bucharest might well affect the whole aspect of the campaign in the coming months in the Near East.

The Danube and Salonika

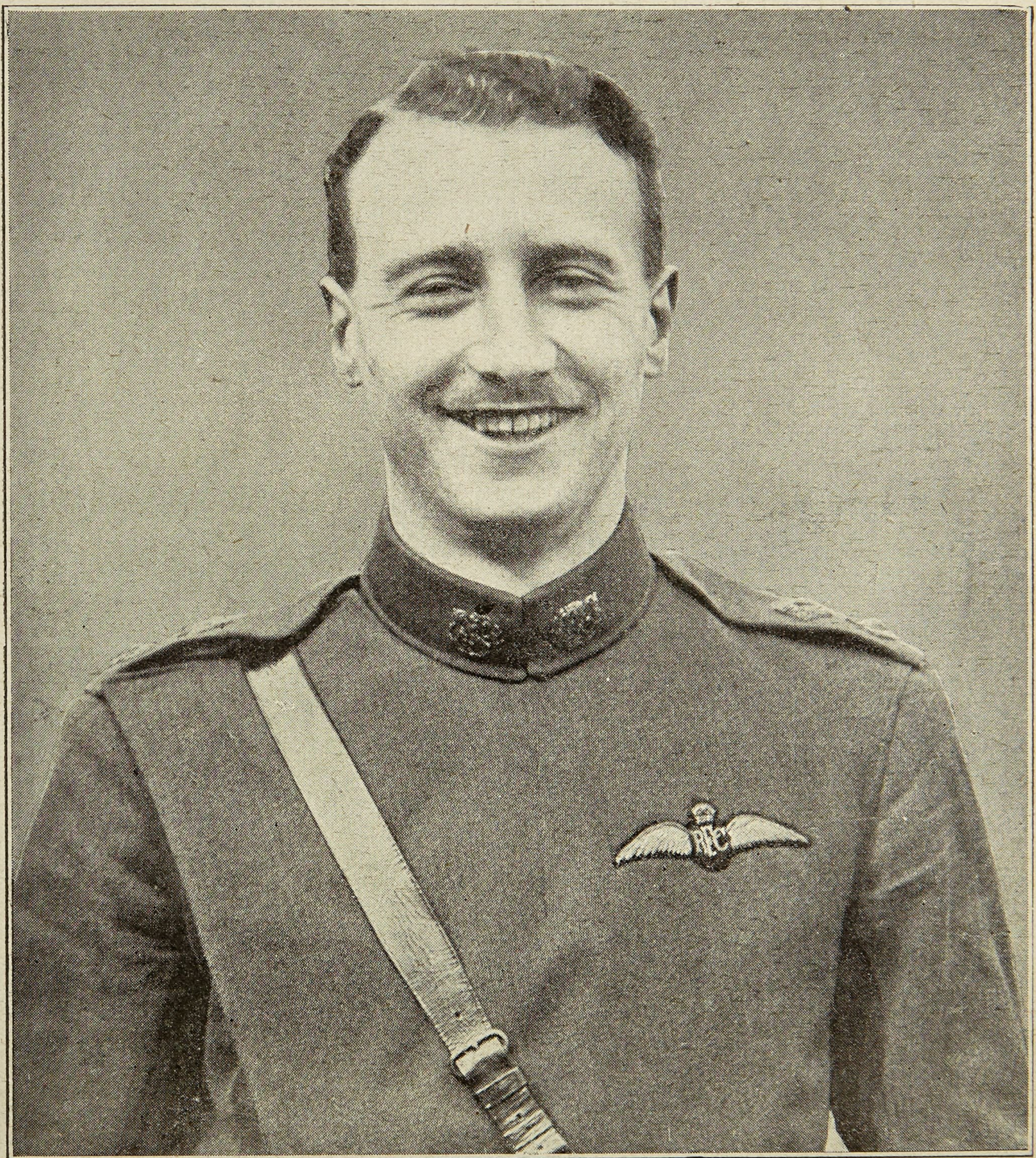
The Danube, however, stands as a great barrier between the Bulgarians at Silistria and Turtukai and the Rumanian capital, and it would require probably greater forces than the Bulgars and Turks could amass to make any notable progress towards Bucharest.

What are the allied armies in Salonika doing at this moment? Where is the vigorous offensive that was expected to have started six or seven weeks ago? Already the best time of the year has been lost. Everything pointed to an active, irresistible campaign, in which blow after blow should be relentlessly delivered against the Bulgarian positions in the south, in which the Serbian armies should help to regain their own land, and the strong allied forces should make right up the valleys of the Varda and the Struma for Uskub and for Sofia itself. All that we hear so far is that "strong British detachments" have crossed the Struma, driven the enemy out of several villages, and repulsed strong counter-attacks with heavy loss. This was on September 10th, a few days after the Bulgars had been dispersed near the mouth of the Struma by the fire of a British cruiser. It is, of course, impossible with the partial news available here to pass judgment on what is happening around Salonika. Military results of supreme importance may be achieved there by the mere demonstration of force and without actual battle.

23rd September, 1916. No. 110. Vol. 5.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



"I ONLY DID MY JOB."—This was the simple statement of Lieut. William Leefe Robinson, V.C., who destroyed the German airship over Cuffley in the early morning of September 3rd. No personality of the war has so captured popular imagination as this youthful Zeppelin "strafer." Lieut. Robinson, with his handsome features, boyish laugh, modest courage, and infallible skill approximates to the ideal hero of the air. His victory was no whim of fortune, but a triumph merited by continued efforts, for he had long willed the destruction of "frightfulness," and had bravely attempted it in other Zeppelin raids over England.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

MY GERMAN HELMET AND ITS STORY

By Basil Clarke

Correspondent of the "Daily Mail"

HANGING on a wall of my home in London is a German helmet—one of those black, shining "pickelhauben," with fierce German eagles on its front, and a spike of glittering brass on the peak of it. Printed inside on its leather lining are blue letters and numbers, which show that its wearer was a member of the Kaiser's famous "Jaeger," or Huntsmen's, Corps—big, dashing fellows whom in peace time I have seen swaggering about their German towns in their gorgeous uniforms of Lincoln green with copper buttons, so polished that they shine like rows of miniature setting suns down their wearers' portly fronts. Great havoc they play with the hearts of the "Gretchens," these Kaiserlische Jaegers in their Lincoln green. And this fellow, the wearer of my helmet, had been a fine hefty "Kerl" in his day. He clung hard to life before he yielded up that helmet—and his soul with it. This is the story of my helmet.

Day-Dreams at a Furnes Estaminet

I was sitting in a little estaminet, or inn, in the old-fashioned town of Furnes, in the remnant of Flanders which the Germans in spite of their flying start failed to capture. It was towards the close of a December day in 1914, and I was tired with roaming about the clay and mud of Flanders' roads and fields, and the deep, loose sand of the foreshore and the dunes behind. I lay back in my wooden armchair and rested my feet on the spindles of another chair, for the place was nearly empty. And though the guns were still dinning away down at Nieuport, a few miles along the road, I fell asleep. I was wakened by my feet suddenly dropping to the ground and my head going forward, as if I had been pitched over a horse's head. As I pulled together my scattered wits and picked up my glass of bock, which had been upset, a hand was put on my shoulder and a voice said in French, "Oh, monsieur, a thousand pardons! A thousand pardons! I had not seen that monsieur's feet rested on the spindle of the chair. A thousand pardons!"

It was a Belgian soldier, and he had pulled away my footrest, unknowingly. His apology was so profuse and he seemed so hurt about this trifle that I could not help laughing. There was no harm at all, I assured him; and really, I was glad to have been wakened up, I added, for I should not have fallen asleep—I ought to be getting back to Dunkirk.

But he would not let me go. He insisted on replacing my bock with a fresh one, and seemed so eager to make reparation for his mishap that it would have been discourteous not to let him.

A Little Affair at Dead of Night

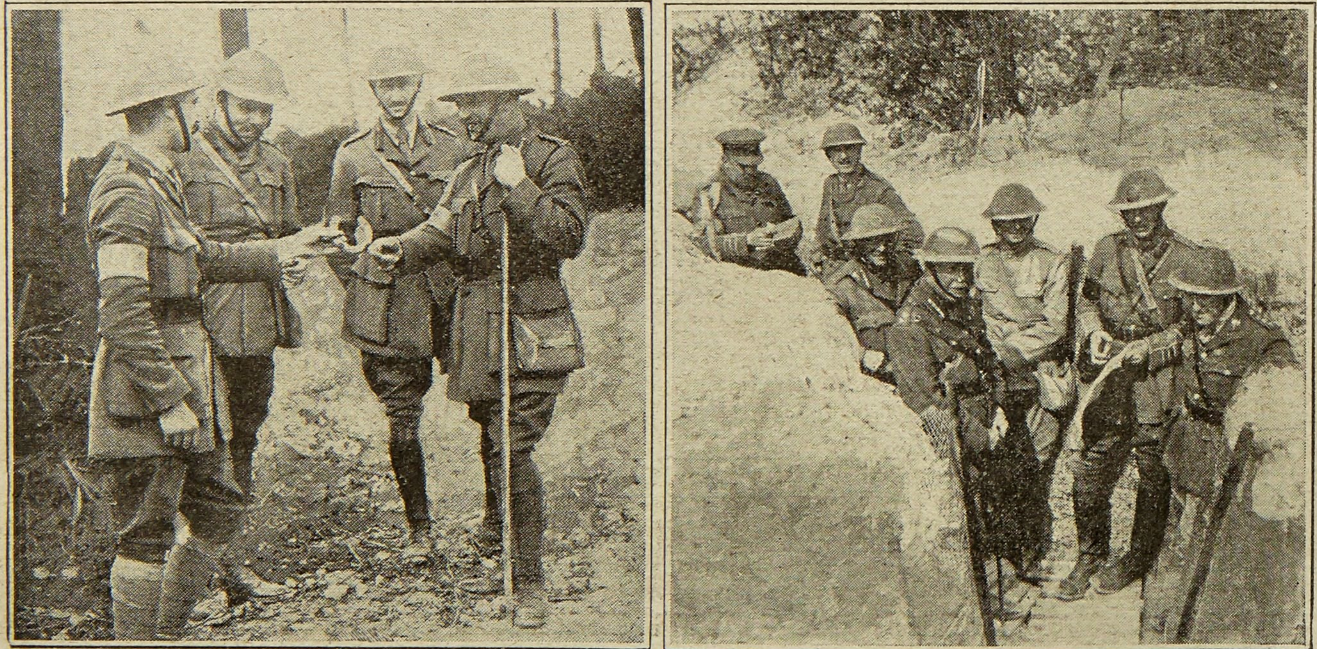
We began talking, and then I noted that under his big blue topcoat he carried a German helmet. He showed it to me, and told me he had picked it up that afternoon, after an interesting little encounter among the sand-dunes with a German patrol.

Had monsieur a German helmet? he went on. No, I had not. Would I like one? I should indeed. Then he would get me one. The one he carried was for his sister, but the very next one he got should be for me.

I put this kindly offer down to Belgian politeness, and thanked him warmly, though I expected him soon to forget all about it. But as I rose to go he stopped me a moment. Would monsieur be coming into the estaminet to-morrow, perhaps? I said it was quite possible, and asked him why. He said, "Because, monsieur, I may get you the helmet during to-night." Then he looked at me as though wondering whether he had said too much. He seemed to think that perhaps he had done so, for his next question was a nervous: "Would monsieur mind very much if he asked to see my papers?" I showed him a passport from the British Foreign Office, duly stamped and viséd by the police of Furnes and Dunkirk, and also my "Daily Mail" authorisation card. Evidently relieved, he told me a little more. "There is perhaps to be a little affair in the sand-dunes to-night," he said. "The troops employed are to be French Colonials (French African troops), but I am to act as guide because I know the ground and the district. I will get you a helmet for sure, monsieur."

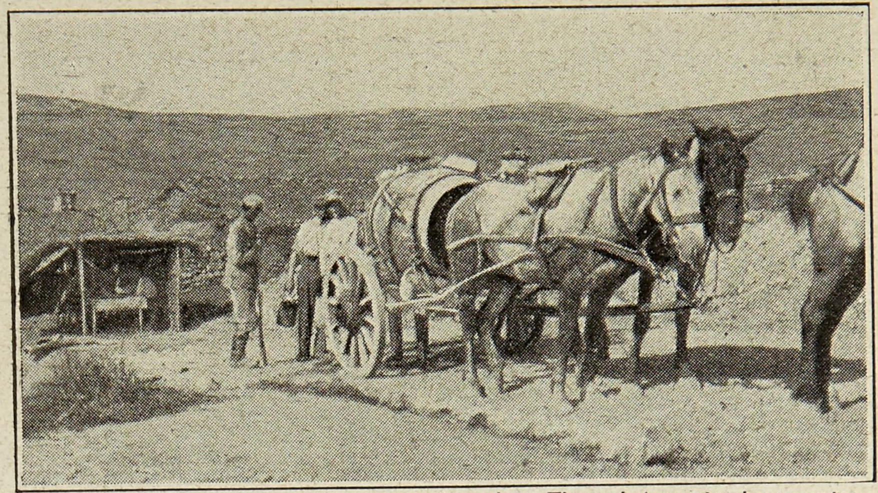
That night, three hours after sundown, at a point on the sand-dunes not many miles from Furnes, a queer little assembly took place, silently and with zealous caution. So

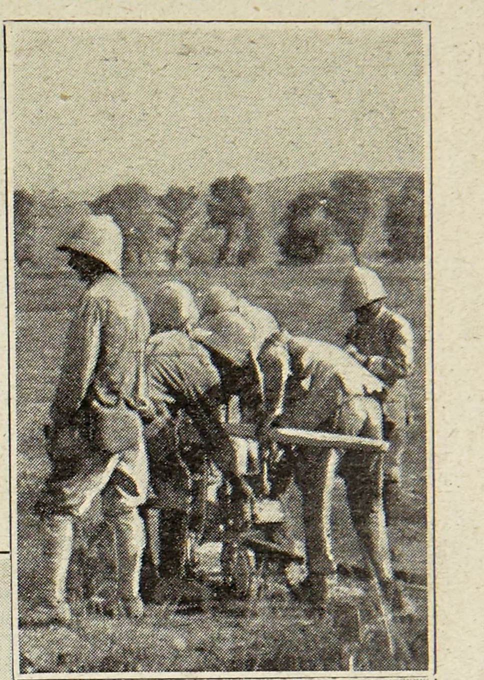
[*Continued on page* 124



BRITISH GENERALS IN FRONT.—British officers have no notion of being anywhere but in front, and these two generals with some of their Staff were well within "decisive" range of the enemy field-artillery. Left: A Staff officer found a horse-shoe and presented it to his general, who appreciated the point. (Official photographs.)

War as Maker of Roads in Roadless Wastes





Water for man and beast is the first need of armies. These photographs show a water-cart used by the French in Macedonia, and (right) French Colonials filling water-cans.

Machine-gunners returning from the firing-line, looking not unlike "the guns" on a Yorkshire moor. (French official.)

Destructive war still has its constructive side. Before the arrival of the Allies Macedonia was very poor in roads, and road-making was their constant occupation. French troops are shown here making up and (right) watering and rolling a road on the Macedonian front.

MY GERMAN HELMET: ITS STORY

(Contd. from page 122)

dark was it that one could see no more than outlines of objects that stood out against the skyline; and as these objects were tall figures, in loose flowing robes with turban headgear, you needed only the addition of a few camels and a pyramid in the dim background to have some scene from the deserts of Africa instead of the sand-dunes of Flanders. Upon a few quiet words of command from the French officer in charge, the little company—no more than fifty strong—crouched their shoulders and paced noiselessly along. The murmuring of the sea on the left covered any slight jingling their accoutrements made. Once the party stopped and lay flat on the sand-dunes as a slight paling of the sky suggested that the moon was about to break through the blankets of inky cloud that sped across it. But the moon was soon completely smothered again by clouds; the sky darkened till all was black. A mile or more along the sand-dunes the little column walked, and then another quiet word from the officer stopped them. They discarded noiselessly some of their draping garments, and it seemed as though all their arms were taken off, too, and stacked in little heaps on the sand. Then they advanced again—but this time not in upright, marching order, but on hands and knees.

And had you looked more closely in the darkness, you would have seen that not quite all arms had been left behind. Each man had produced a formidable weapon from within the folds of his big scarlet sash, and now carried it ready for use—between his teeth. For the attack was to be made with the weapon dearest to the French Colonial troops, the knife—the long, sinister, curve-bladed knife with carved horn handle, inseparable from all the children of the desert.

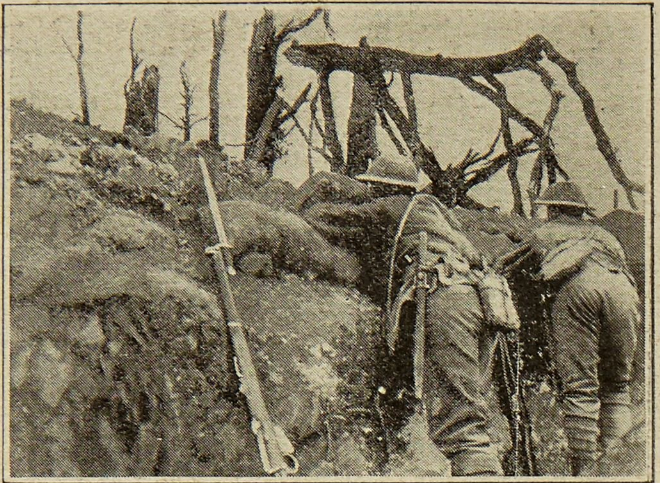
On the column moved till a figure came towards them, wriggling like a snake through the sand and the wire grass. This was the advance scout, whom the officer had sent on in front to make doubly sure that the last stage of the advance was done in exact knowledge of the Germans' whereabouts. This scout reported that the Germans were still snug and unsuspecting in their trench on the dunes, and he also gave some indication of the positions of the sentries watching it.

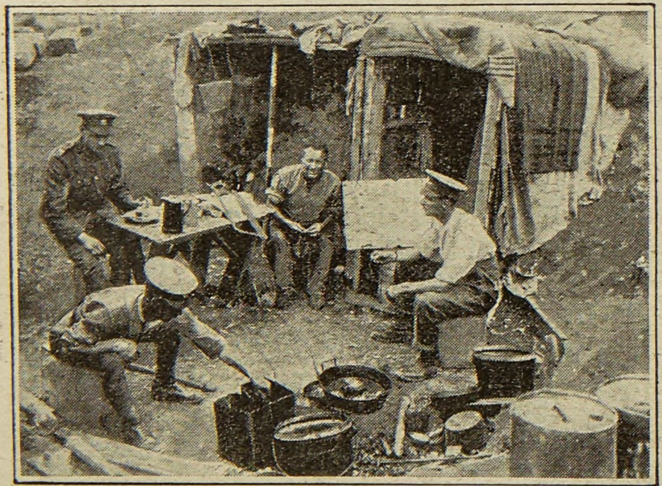
The order to advance again was given, not by word of mouth but by a touch passed silently in the darkness from man to man. Away went the men in ones and twos wriggling on their faces through the sand and the wire grass.

The Silent Work of Nemesis

That little battle on the sand-dunes was almost shotless. There was a startled shout and a shot from a sentry that sent a ringing note across the seashore; then another shot from another sentry. That was all the shooting. Then followed shouts of alarm, then shouts of fear, and then the agonised shrieks of men faced with death at the knife point; then the grim gurgle of men to whom that death had come.

All these noises came from Germans. I was assured later that not a single sound escaped the mouths of those grim soldiers of French Africa. They had been ordered to make a silent attack, and even to the end, even till their fingers gripped the throats of their foes and finally relaxed when the body fell inert from their clutch, or from their knife-thrust, not a sound of anger or even of triumph escaped their swarthy lips.


Within a hundred yards of Thiepval village. Two British soldiers watching the enemy's movements with an ardour and intelligence admirably suggested by the photograph.


The cooks sample their own stew. Scene in the camp kitchen after the regiment has dined from the rough, but wholesome, fare on the military menu.

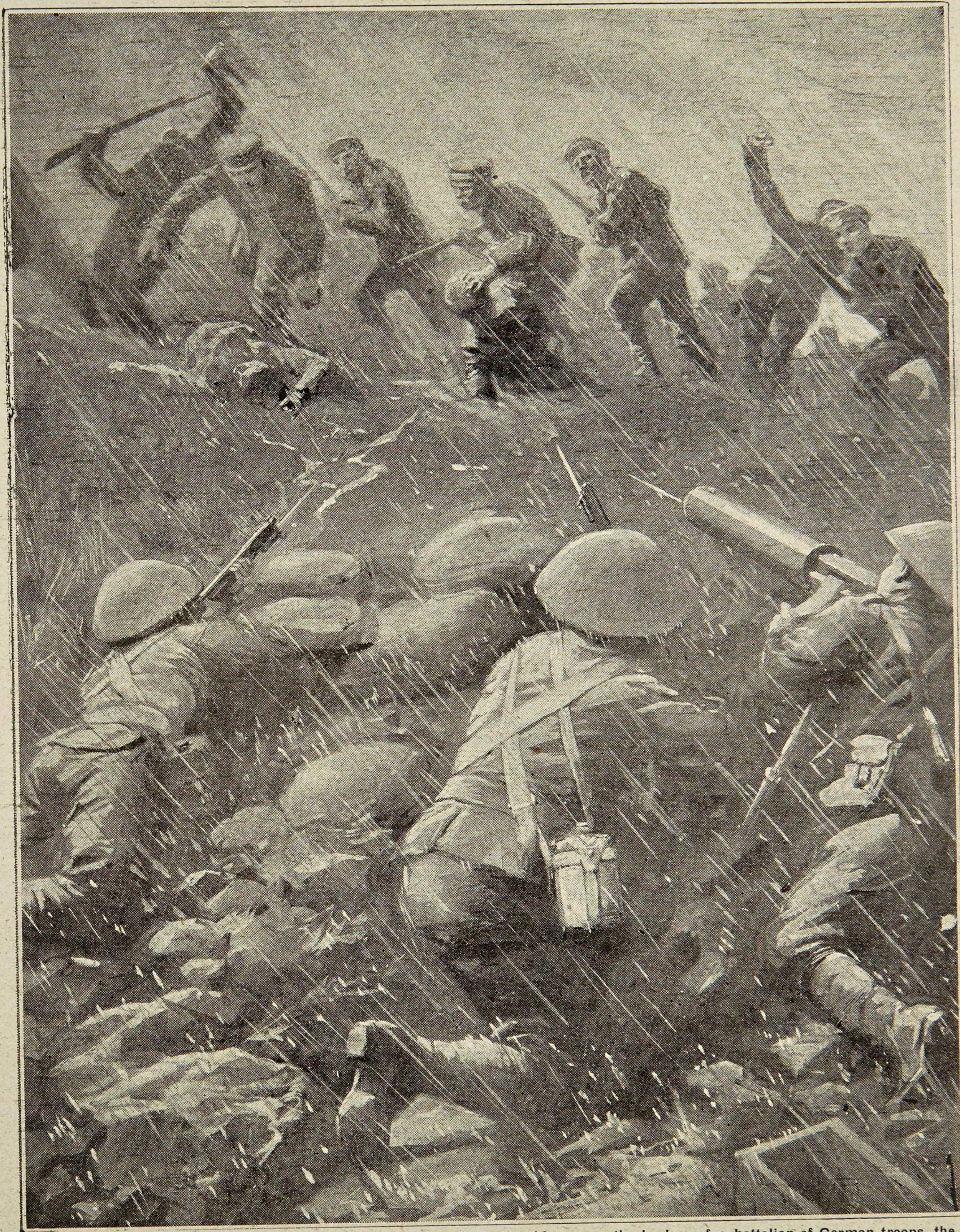
Soon the whole German position was alive. In wildest alarm, and fearing a general attack, the Germans in the neighbouring trenches were blazing away into the darkness. But they were blazing away harmlessly at foes who were not there. For the damage had been done. The dusky Africans had left not a man alive in the end trench. The last man to die was the wearer of my helmet. He did not die there. He had leapt out of the trench in one bound, and had sought to escape over the sand-dunes in the darkness. I did not hear the story of his end till next day, when my Belgian came along to the estaminet in Furnes village bringing a German helmet under his blue topcoat.

The Grim Duel on the Dune

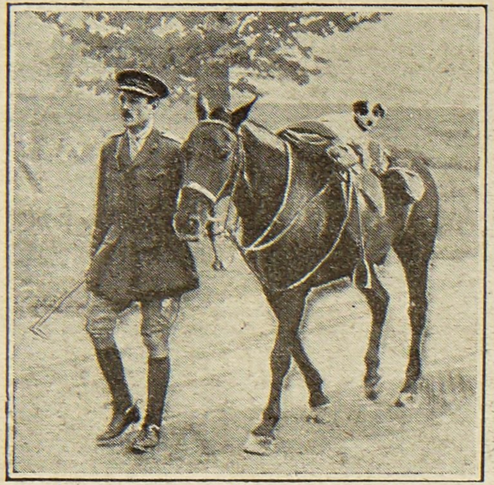
"Yes, monsieur, it was like this," he said, stirring his coffee reflectively. "The French officer had told me to take no part in the fight, but merely to content myself with seeing that his men took the right track along the dunes. And while his men were crawling the last fifty metres to the trench, I was waiting by a sand-dune, under safe cover, in case the Germans were not taken by surprise and managed to blaze away with their mitrailleuse. And as I waited, listening to the queer noises of the fight, a great big fellow passed me within a metre. I could have pushed him over had I only been able to see him in time. As it was he floundered past me, gasping and puffing as his big boots sank inches deep into the loose sand. I knew even by his breathing and by the tap of his bayonet against his leg that he was a German, for our men had no bayonets. I gave a shout of surprise and went after him. He half turned as he ran, but did not stop, and I heard him pull his bayonet from its scabbard. He disappeared round a sand-dune, a big sand hump like a camel's, and I knew instinctively that he had stopped running and was waiting for me. I pulled out my revolver and buried it under my topcoat as I cocked it, so that he should not hear the click. He was still waiting; I felt sure of it. So, instead of creeping after him round the sand-dune, I climbed quietly to the top of it, monsieur. On their sea side the dunes are whiter. Against the faint grey background made in the darkness by this whiter sand I could see my German, crouching and waiting. 'Prisonnier!' I shouted. He looked up, and for answer came bounding up the dune at me. I fired once, and missed, I thought, and then again, and he was on my back—oh, a monster Boche, monsieur!—heavy and grunting like a pig. I thought I was a dead man. I am small and light, as you see. I thought soon to feel his wretched bayonet through my spine. Euh! But he lay quiet. I pushed him off and leapt to my feet. He did not move. He was dying. He died. I had shot him twice, monsieur!

"Here is his helmet for you!"

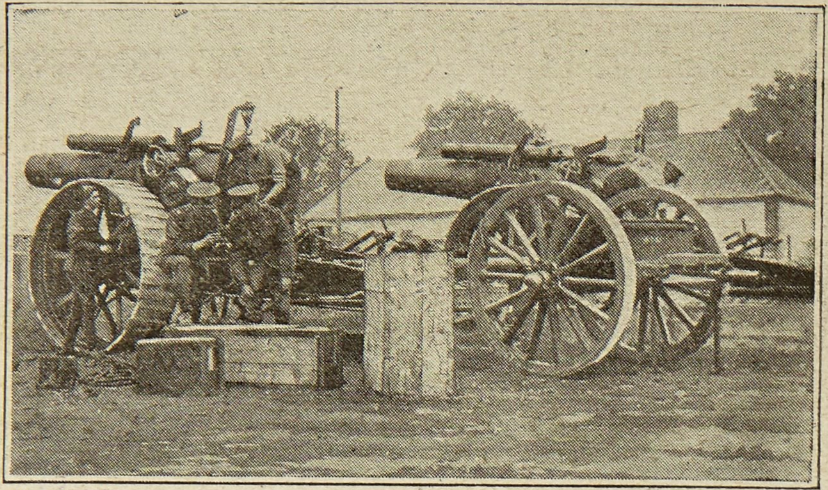
Fate of the Prussian Guard at Falfemont Farm


In 1914 the suicidal charge in massed formation of the Prussian Guard near Ypres amazed all who witnessed it. They repeated the scene on September 4th, 1916, in the frenzied fighting round Guillemont. From the neighbourhood of Leuze Wood, through waterspouts of rain, appeared in close, perfect formation, arm touching arm, the leaders of a battalion of German troops, the Prussian Guard. They advanced steadily, scarcely touched by shell fire, till they reached the range of our rifles and machine-guns. There they vanished, and succeeding waves of devoted men vanished also, obliterated by the appalling fire that met them.

Engines That are Hammering at the Foe

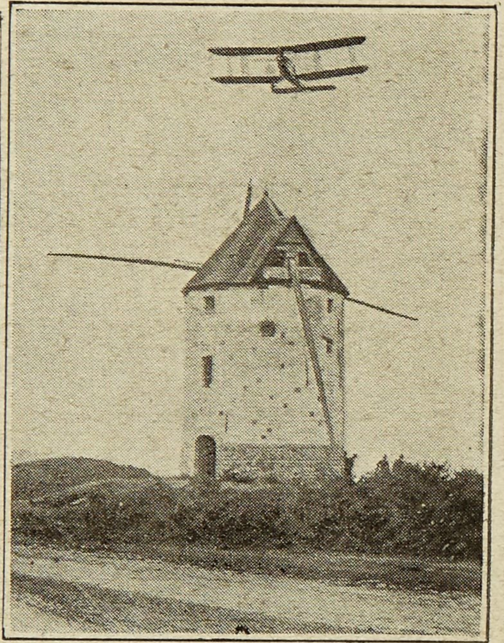


"Wipers" in the saddle. An officer's mascot dog on its way back to the billets.

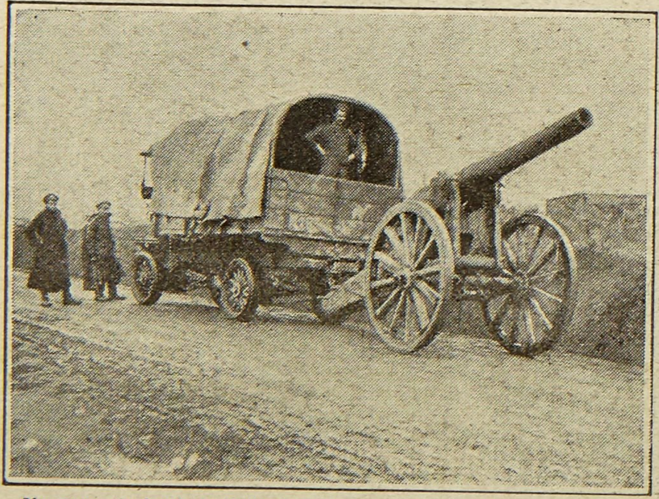


Keeping them spick and span. Two big guns on the British front in the course of being cleaned and lubricated.

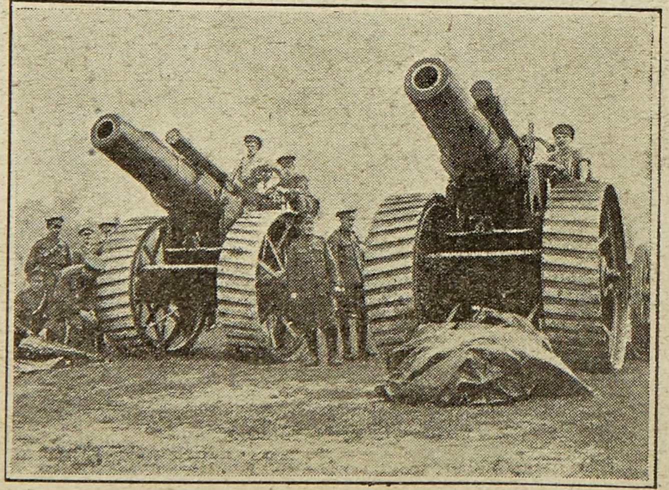
Death lurks alongside the staff of life. Anti-aircraft machine-gun amid the corn, ready for German aeroplanes.



Off on a reconnaissance. An aeroplane, just ascended, making for the enemy's lines.

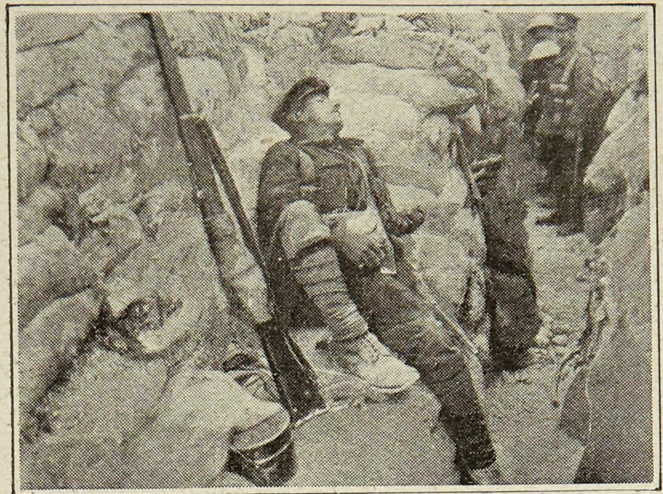


No more to bark in Wilhelm's cause. Captured German field-gun being towed to the base.

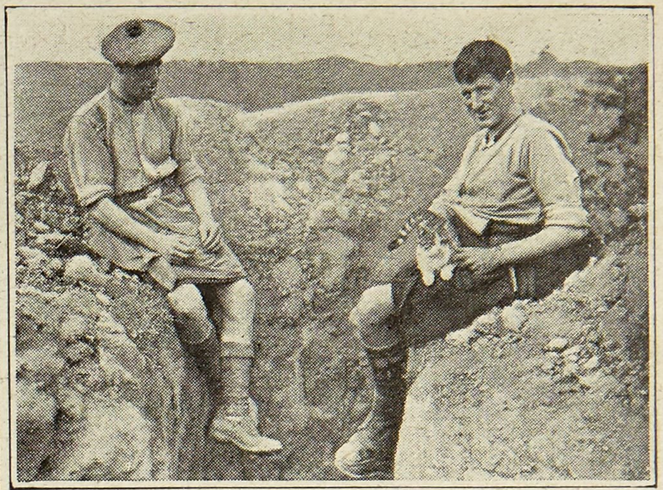


And there are more to follow! Two of the great British guns which are pushing the enemy back.

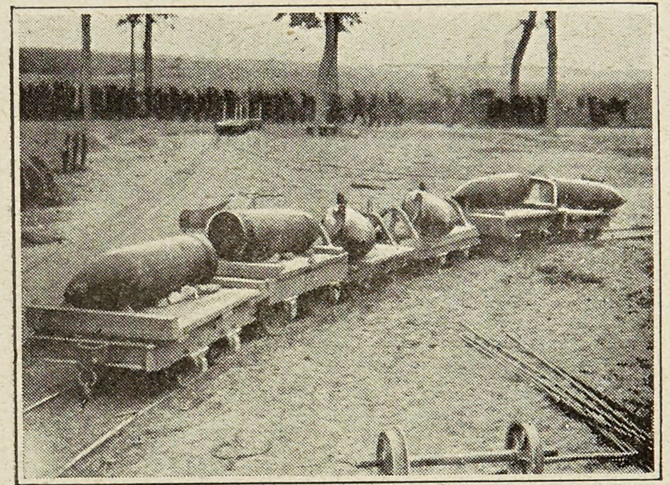
With the Heroes of Martinpuich and Thiepval



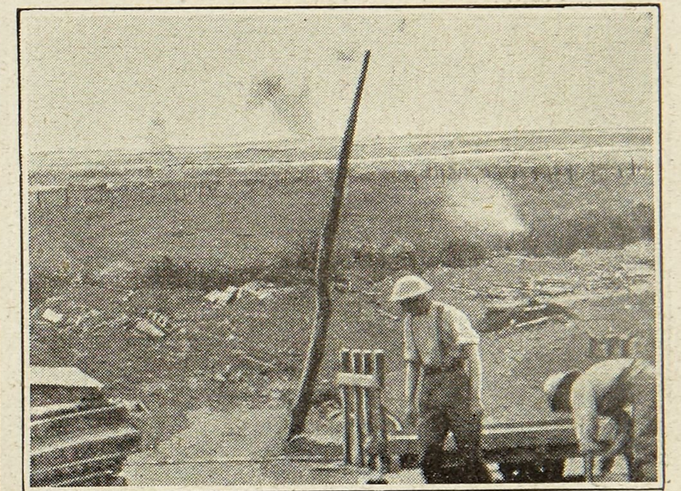
Sound asleep within a hundred yards of Thiepval. A British soldier resting after hours of hard fighting.



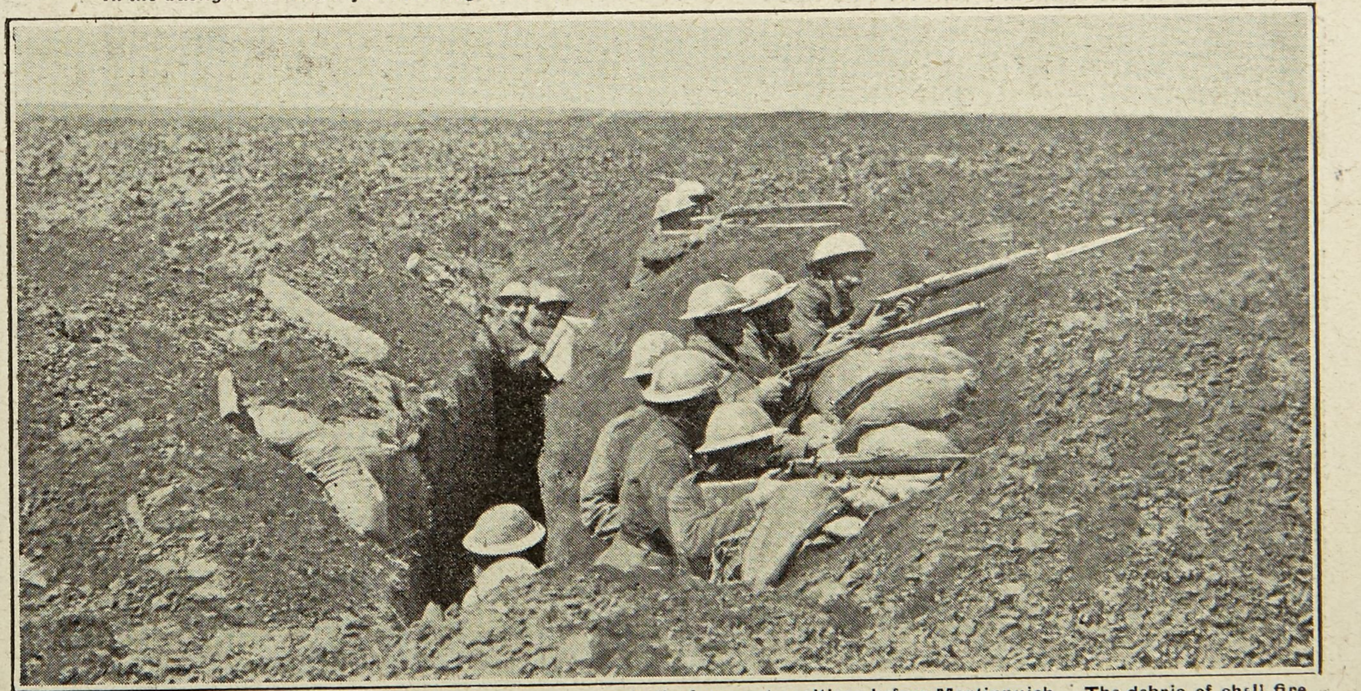
Two Gordons seated on a trench parapet with a mascot cat. Cats are said to show a curious indifference to shell fire.



Trollies laden with 15 In. shells waiting to be sent to the battery. In the background infantry are moving forward.



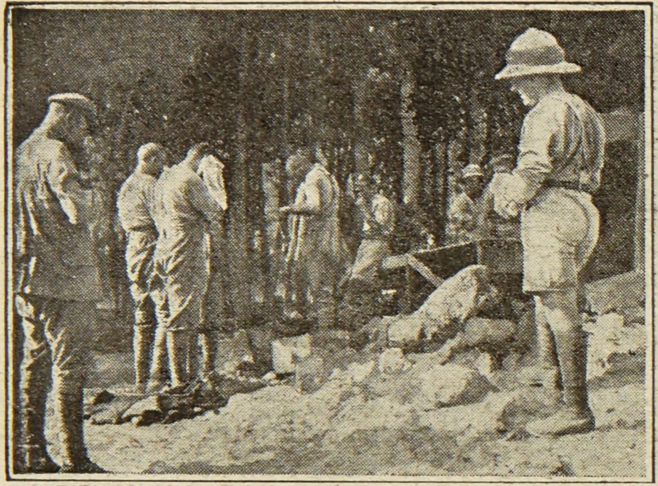
Shells bursting near Thiepval. The white ridges in the distance are the long lines of opposing trenches.



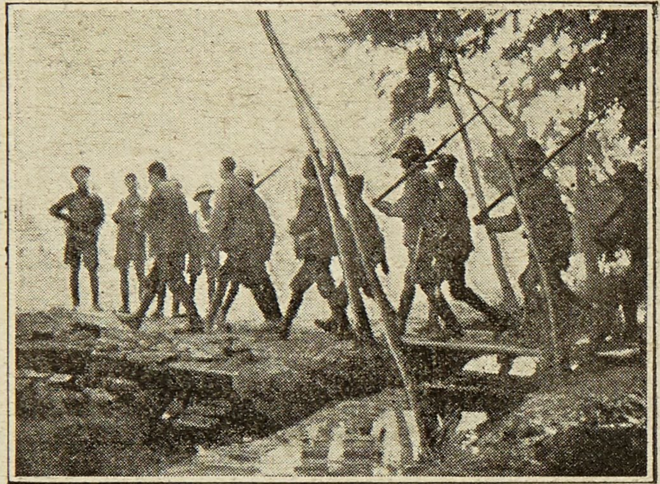
Hidden deep in a waste of rubble, a handful of Britons are seen in the foremost positions before Martinpuich. The debris of shell fire all round them, these hardy Scots are scarcely distinguishable from their environment, but any moment they may arise from their hiding-place to charge down on the enemy.

Tracking the Fugitive Foe in Africa and Egypt

Native labourers included in General Northey's command laying a roadway of tree-trunks along which the advancing column was to pass. After the fall of Dar-es-Salaam, General Northey's column pursued the enemy towards Mahenge.



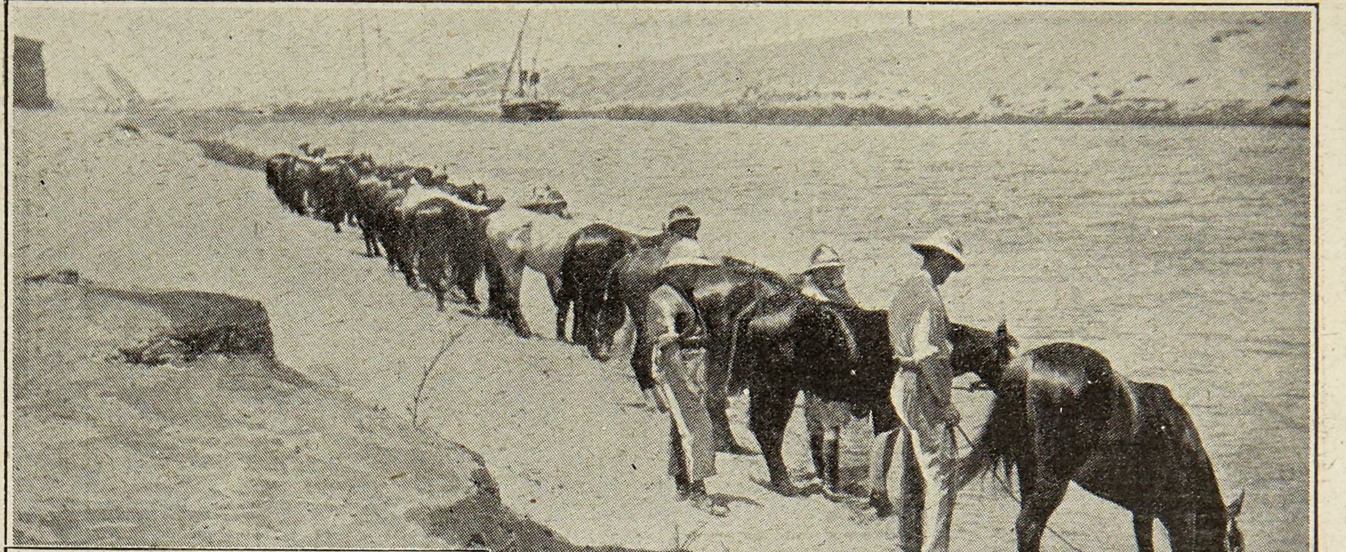
Stalwart German prisoners captured among Turkish units during the recent attack against the Suez Canal.



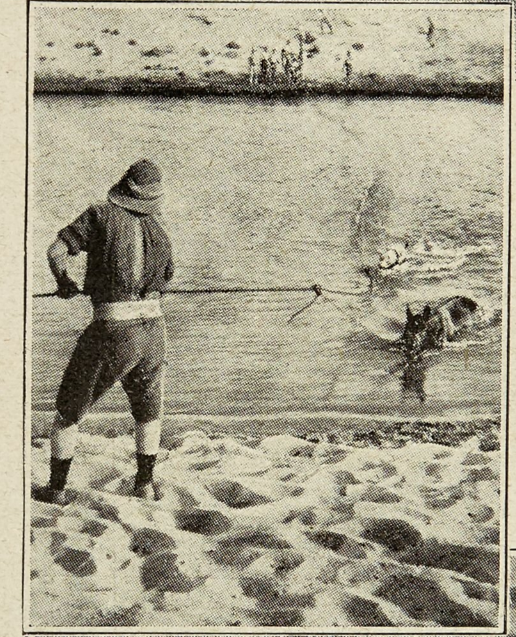
Bringing in German prisoners who misled the Turks. Of twenty-two captured, seven were wearing Iron Crosses.

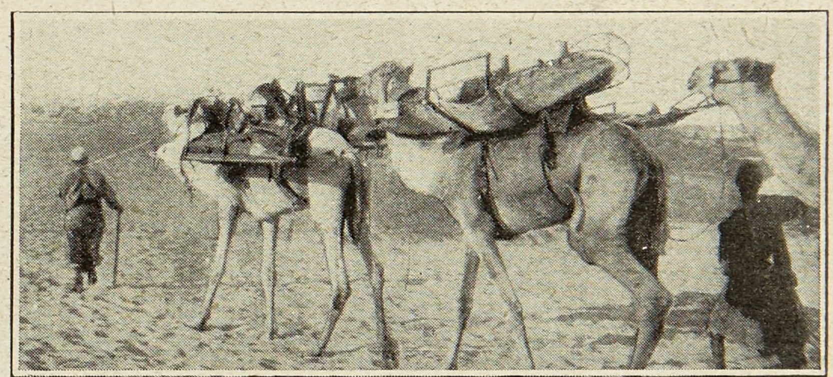
With General Northey's artillery harassing the fugitive foe. A field-gun has just discharged a shell. German East Africa, the enemy's best and last colony, may now be said to be practically conquered, the capital falling on September 4th, 1916.

To Romani and Back with Ottoman Prisoners



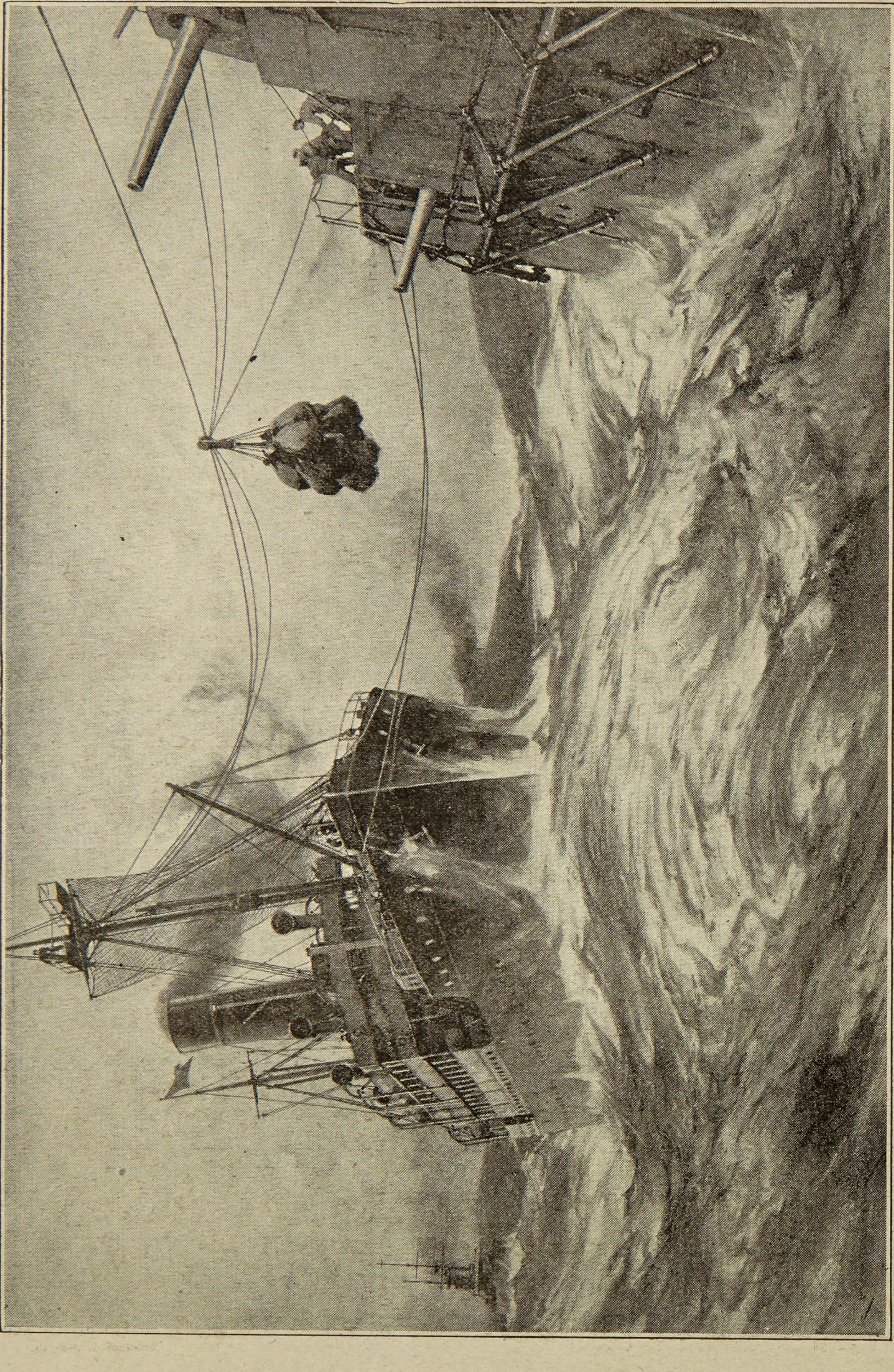
Men of the Herts Yeomanry watering their horses by a fresh-water canal near the Nile. The Herts were the first Yeomanry to leave England in September, 1914.





Conveying wounded on camel-back in Egypt. Inset: Men of the Herts Yeomanry swimming their horses across the Suez Canal.

Some of the Turks taken prisoners at Romani marching through Cairo. The latest attempt of the Turks to conquer Egypt was shattered by Sir Archibald Murray's army on August 4th, 1916, when the Turks were routed and over 3,000 taken prisoners.



COALING SHIP DURING A GALE.—Methods of coaling ship are many and various, but it is not generally known that a modern battleship need not put into port in order to replenish her bunkers. A collier is towed astern, and sacks of coal are hoisted to a platform at the masthead and sent by cable to the warship steaming as fast as twelve knots an hour, during which period of time sixty tons of coal can be transferred. From the masthead to the deck of the collier a large net is suspended to protect the colliers from falling fragments.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

The Taking of Guillemont

by Max Pemberton

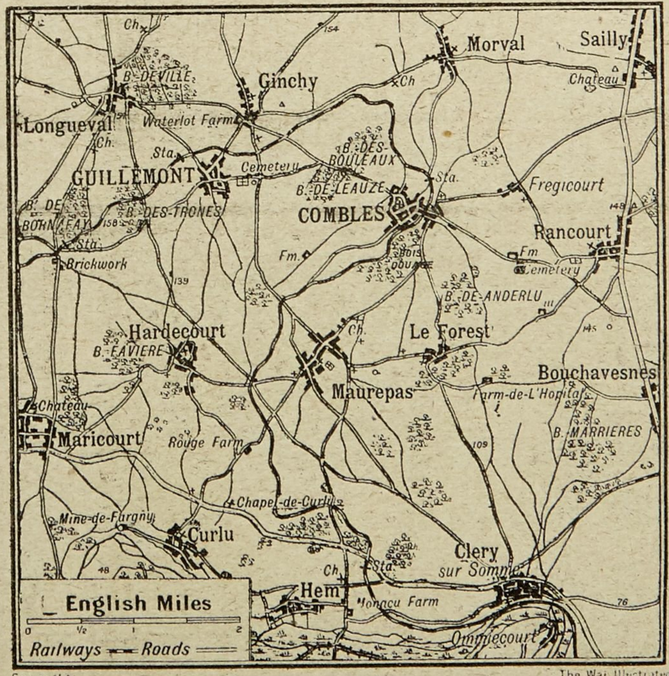
SINCE the famous days of Ypres we have had no such news as that which came to us from the Somme on the mornings of September 4th and 5th. That a bloody battle had been fought round and about Guillemont we learned from the communiqués of the Sunday, but the whole meaning of it, the value of its achievements and the extent of our gains could not be revealed until some days had elapsed.

The week ending Saturday, September 2nd, had left us in possession of the famous Delville Wood, but that stubborn fortress of Guillemont still barred our way upon the right to the complete possession of the ridge, and the Germans were yet in possession of Mouquet Farm, which is near by Thiepval on the left. The taking of both these objectives was reserved, if possible, for the Sunday morning, and never, surely, has the ambition of a General Staff been achieved with greater resolution upon the part of the troops to whom it was entrusted.

A Night of Horror

We, who read of it afar, can perceive but dimly through the smoke and flame of battle the frenzied scenes which the day subsequently was to witness. Perchance our imaginations lead us to the silence of the earlier hours, when the sleeping troops were not yet awakened, and but fitful murmurings presaged the tempest about to break. We see the men in trench and dug-out, snatching a brief rest, the observers vigilant, the gunners ready. It is a night of summer, for a spell the heavy rain has ceased. There are dreams of Blighty among the sleepers, perchance, and many a vision of the white cliffs and the homes beyond. Then comes midnight and the booming of the guns. The sounds will not cease until Guillemont is won and the Australians have driven every Hun from the deep dug-outs which lie beneath the rubble of Mouquet Farm.

This, says a correspondent, was a fearful night enough. It is difficult to describe the clamour of great guns to those unfamiliar with their terrible and wonderful variety, but the thunder about Guillemont upon that Sunday morning appears hardly to have been surpassed even at Verdun. Every kind of "brick," as a sailor would say, was hurled upon the wreckage of Guillemont. There were 15 in., 12 in., 8 in., and 6 in. shells, and this "mixed bouquet," as Mr. Beach Thomas has called it, was thrown upon one "little nest" for over an hour. Nor was the intensity of the firing less remarkable elsewhere upon that six-mile front. Fire truly seemed to rain from heaven upon the German trenches. The night was vivid with the crimson flashes, the star-shells burst from above, the ground heaved as though the very ridge was smitten from the bowels of the earth below.



Copyright The War Illustrated

WHERE THE ADVANCE STILL PROCEEDS.—Guillemont was captured on September 3rd; Ginchy followed on the 9th, and still our troops are moving forward.

Anzacs at Mouquet Farm

Thus did we prepare for the dawn of Sunday. Day hardly had come when our brave fellows left their trenches. It was "five-twelve," to be precise, when Australians and British working together reached the first line of the German redoubt. Supports followed as the day cleared and the sodden ground was revealed, and a man could walk without risking his neck. We were not out of the trenches before Guillemont until nine, and by that time the best part of the work at Mouquet Farm had been done by the Anzacs. Fighting more after their own hearts had not been discovered by these gallant fellows since the war began.

Mouquet Farm is no longer a farm at all, but the name serves. Originally one of those picturesque chateau-like buildings, a quadrangle of barns and granaries and ancient habitations, it is now but a heap of rubble above vast cellars, with a few scarred and broken poplars to mark its site. Toward this ruin the Australians dashed as hounds that are unleashed. Machine-guns swept the ground that they crossed; the heavy German artillery was still busy; but nothing daunted them. They fought from hole to hole and ridge to ridge. Now rushing forward with heads bent and rifles ready, at the next moment they would be lying prone upon the earth, seeking to discover the whereabouts of the machine-gunners who were killing their comrades or the snipers whose bullets whistled about their ears. Foot by foot they covered the ground, and themselves reached the shelters which had housed the Boche at dawn. Fearful and wonderful were the caves they discovered, worthy of Dante and his inferno the subsequent fights which ensured possession.

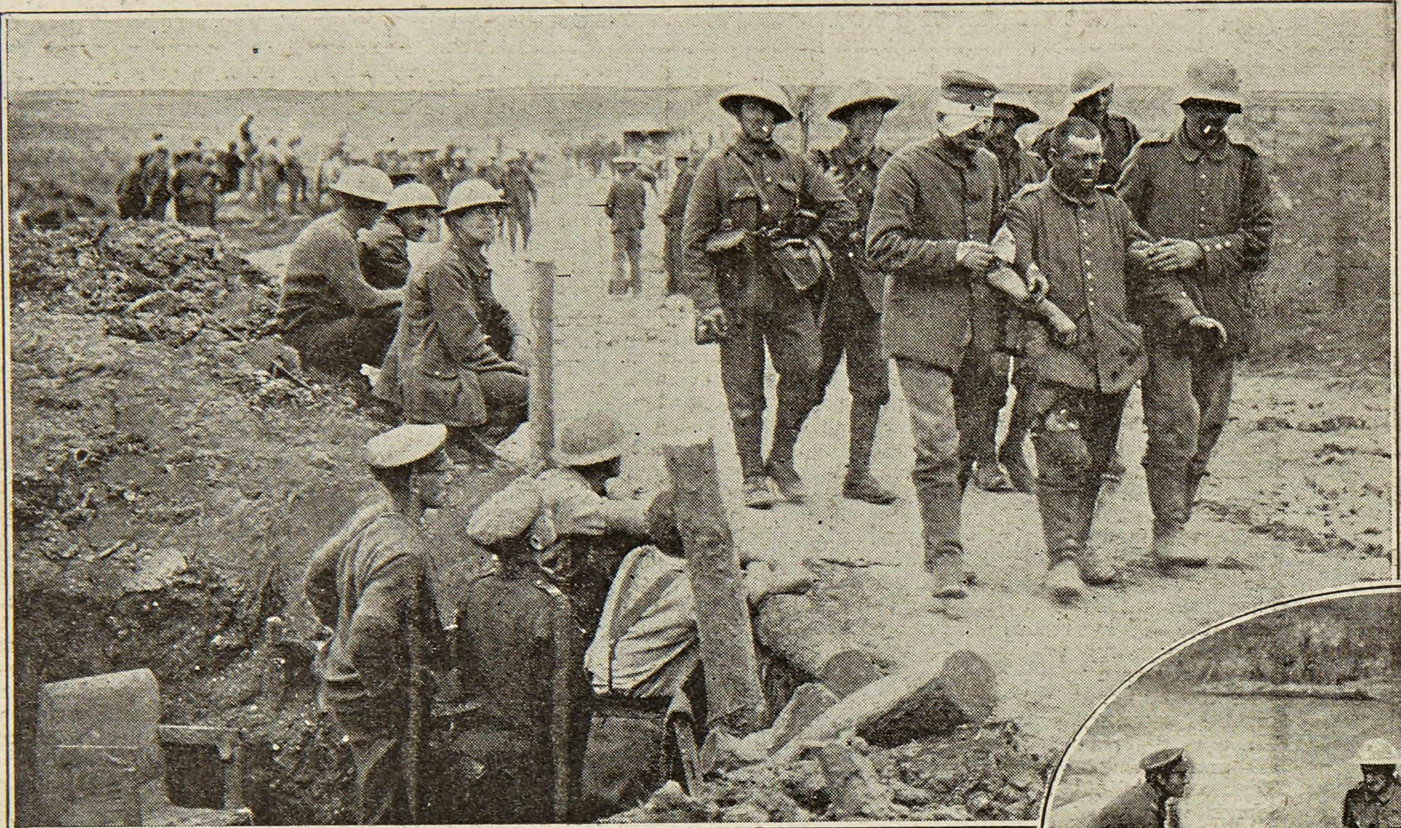
Exploring the Cellars

The stories told of this advance are always stirring and not infrequently dramatic. When the dreaded machine-guns at length were knocked out, the Anzacs found themselves roaming as they pleased over the ruins of the once-dreaded farm. Below them in the vast cellars were unknown terrors. Our brave fellows broke up into little companies and descended into the depths, ignorant of what awaited them there. No child of the fables going into the bears' castle faced the ordeal with a greater curiosity. Yet for the moment it seemed that their doubts were groundless, True, they discovered great caverns which yesterday had housed whole battalions of Huns. Postcards and pictures from Germany were upon those dripping walls, tables were spread with the relics of the feast of yesterday, pots and pans and all the paraphernalia of sojourn greeted the eyes of the explorers.

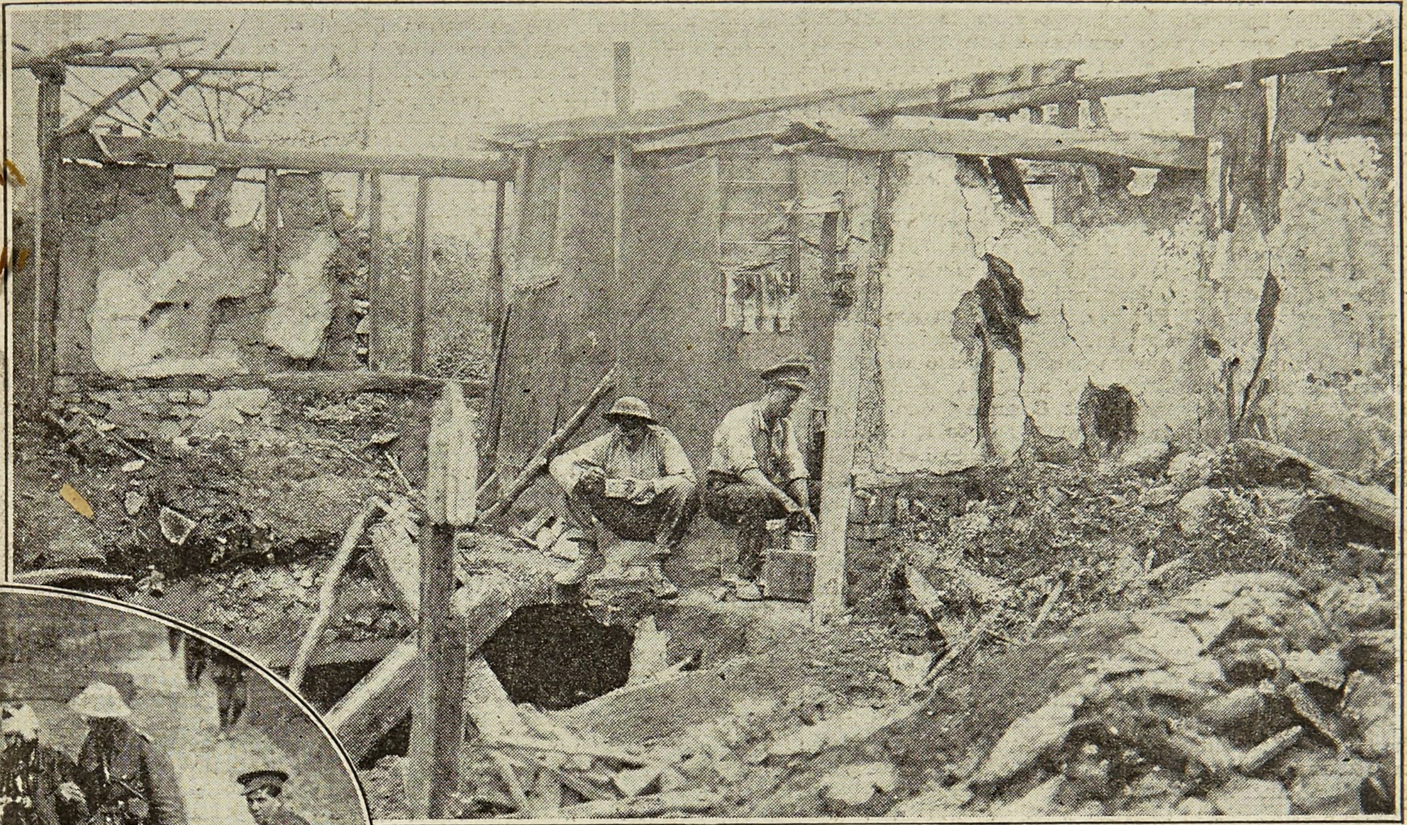
Of Huns, however, one particularly jovial party saw nothing. In their joy our good fellows sat down to drink the coffee prepared for the delectation of the Boches. They made merry, and were at their ease, when, lo and behold! from a dark entry at the other end of the cave the bulky forms of many Germans appeared without warning, and a German officer ordered them in stentorian tones to surrender. "Surrender yourselves and be d——d!" roared the leader of the Australians, and instantly there befell a set-to which the palmiest days of mediæval bludgeoning could not have surpassed. Dark it was and

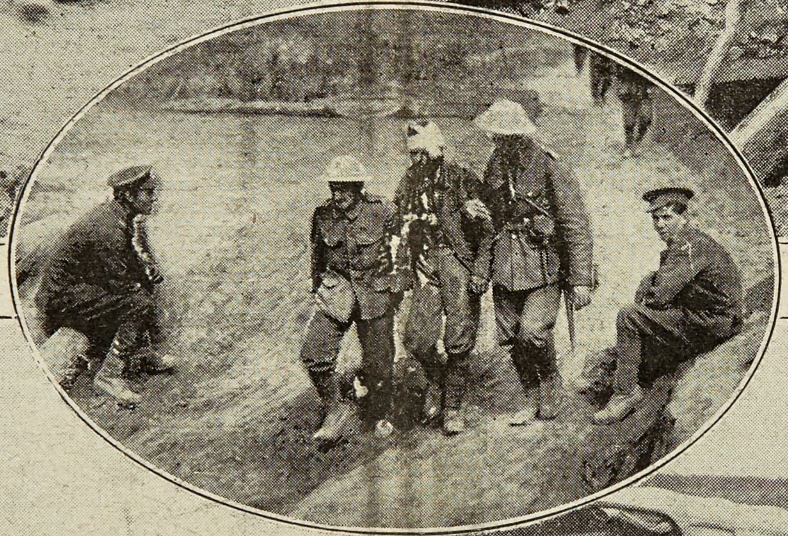
[*Continued on page* 134

The Epic Story of the Somme: Official Photographs from Spreading Fields of Victory

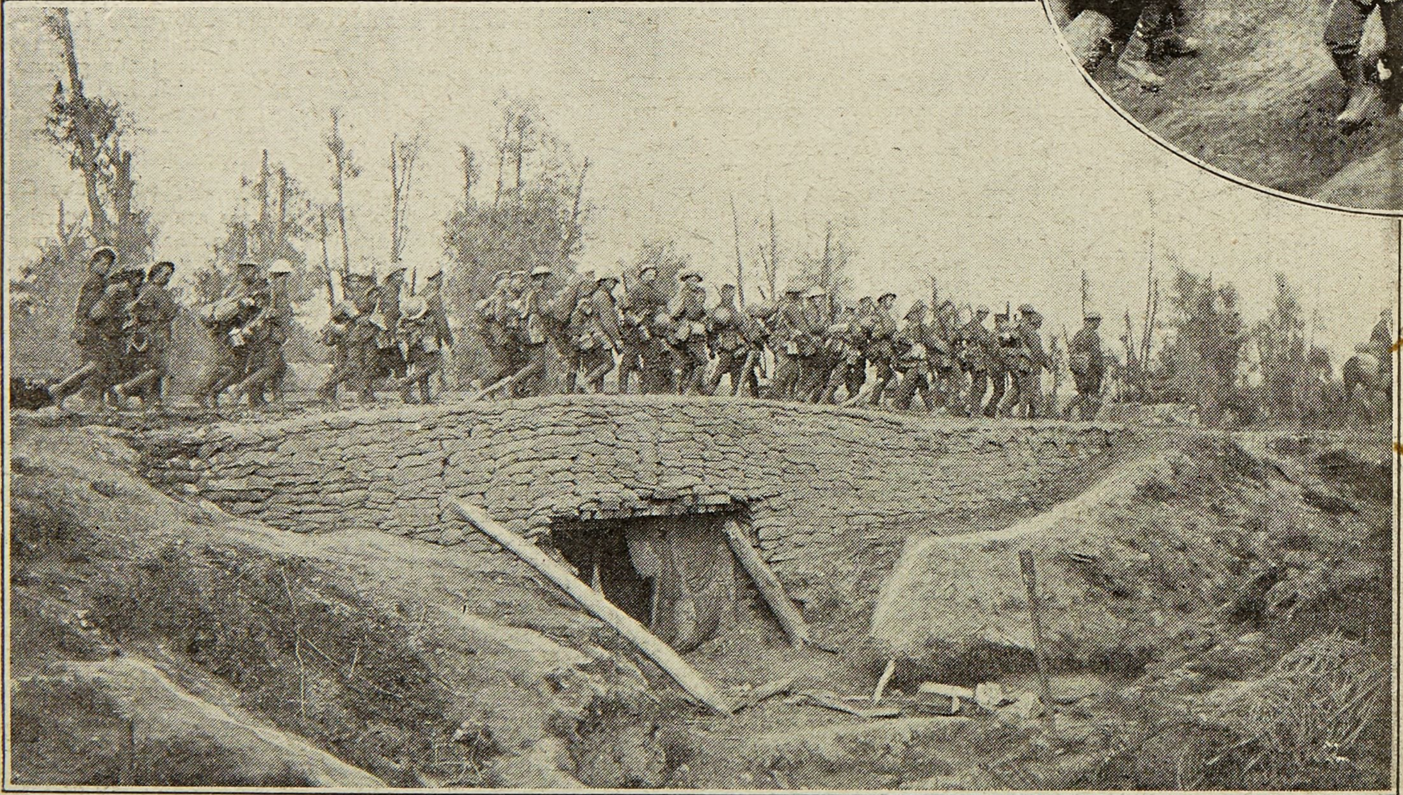


Wounded German prisoners on their way to the base under guard. Here and there groups of British soldiers scrutinise the captives with pardonable satisfaction.

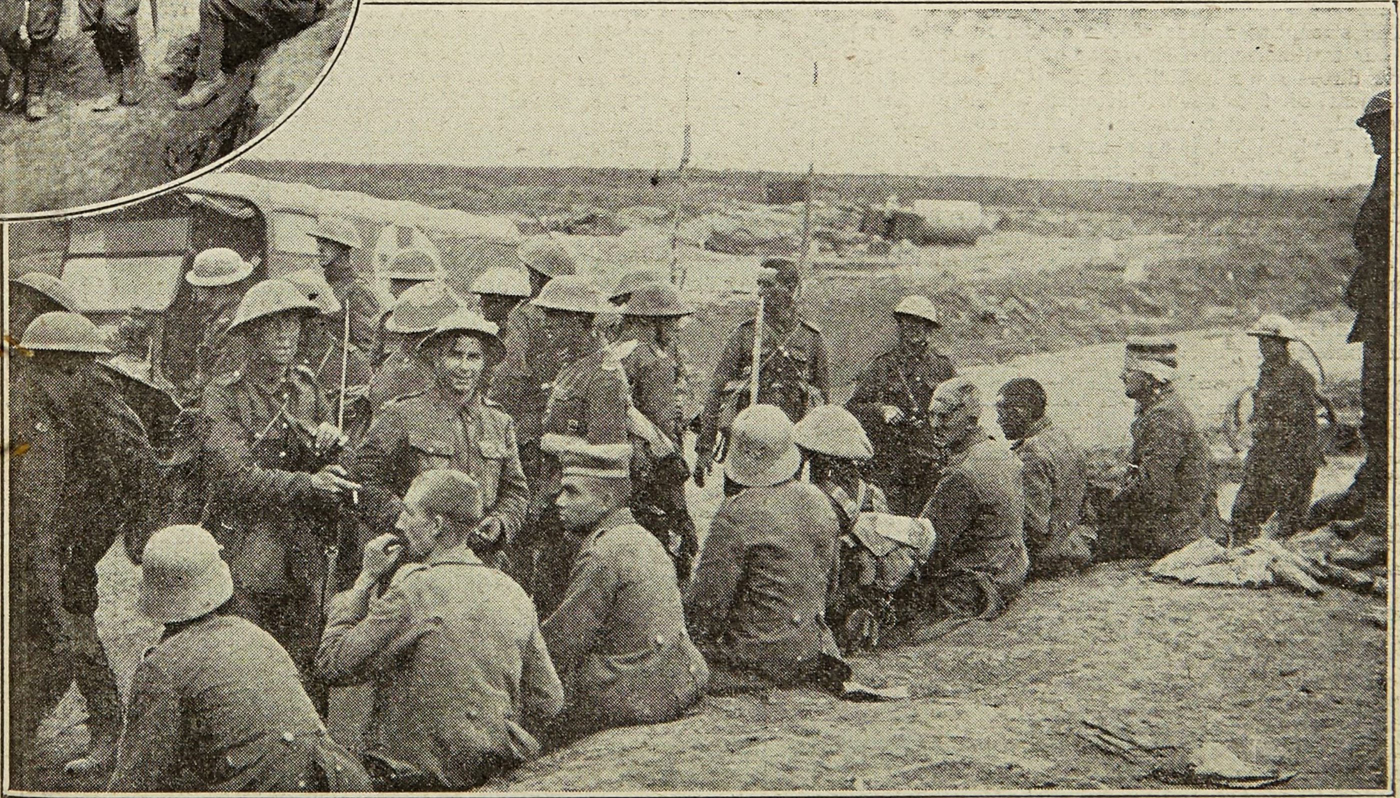




A little grey and somewhat dilapidated home in the west where two British soldiers are cooking a meal. Inset: After Guillemont. A wounded hero of the fight trudging philosophically to the ambulance.



Tramp! tramp! tramp! Steel helms at frivolous angles, smiles on their lips, an officer riding ahead, these strong-willed, fearless children of a Spartan age are going forward to fight for a great ideal.



German prisoners awaiting the ambulance. Brave men bear no malice, and after the fight, it is cigarettes to the wounded, vanquished foe; and men who were ruthless an hour ago, are now not without a sense of pity.

THE TAKING OF GUILLEMONT

(*Continued from page 131*).

gloomy, but not so dark that the dull eyes of the Germans could not be perceived nor the glitter of their bayonets. Any kind of weapon, we are told, served for that tragic moment. Bayonets flashed and bombs were bursting. Where neither bayonets nor bombs were to hand, then that more ancient form of warfare which applies a fist to a bloody nose and is given to the order of the boot came into the scheme of things. The wild turmoil, the fierce shouting, the orgy of fire and smoke and death lasted many minutes, but when it came to an end "the dog it was that died." The surviving Germans surrendered in a body, and were among the earliest to be sent back to the prisoners' camps in the rear of our lines.

These fellows appear to have been not unwilling to talk. Interesting was their intimation that the Kaiser had promised them that there should be no winter fighting. Our bombardment they described as terrible. Men of the 1st Prussian Guard Reserve, they had in the matter of food fared like fighting cocks. They confessed that they had come recently from Russia, where conditions were by no means so strenuous, and yet, withal, they could repeat the old boasts that Germany had already won the war. Upon this they were left to reflect away back from the firing-line—smiling men who thanked the God of the Huns that he had delivered them into the hands of the enemy.

The Prussian Guard

This was a fine beginning to the third day of September. But as good things were to happen away to our right, both upon that day and the days immediately succeeding. Guillemont had been an objective for many weeks past. It may be that we regarded it as a fortress as strong as Thiepval and Combles, which have yet to fall. The news of its occupation received upon Sunday evening discovered smiling faces in London, and a cheery spirit which could make light of Zeppelins. For Guillemont was rushed with a courage and a brilliancy for which words are inadequate. The Irish regiments, notably, behaved with the greatest dash and gallantry, and took no small share in the success of the day. This operation synchronised with a fierce attack upon Ginchy, where the 73rd, 74th, and 164th Prussian Regiments were engaged and a small unit of the Guard.

The strenuous nature of the operation is to be judged by our testimony to the vigour of the German bombardment directly we had driven the Germans out and the fierceness of the counter-attacks which instantly were launched. In this operation we acted conjointly with the French, and, indeed, it was in the nature of a joint attack. Guillemont itself, destroyed for many weeks as it has been, appears nevertheless to have been a veritable hive of machine-gunners and of hidden snipers. Our men's advance was over a rugged rise, pock-marked and torn and scarred, a wilderness of desolation swept remorselessly by the gunners on the height, but negotiated successfully none the less. Step by step, the men running from hole to hole and ridge to ridge, we gained the rubble of the village and hunted the gunners out.

On from Guillemont

Many fell before that hour of triumph; scores of the brave lads tumbled into the watery pits never to rise again; the ambulances were busy, and there were sad scenes in the lines behind. They meant nothing to the powder-blackened figures which dashed into the débris of Guillemont, flung their bombs as they went, and called to their comrades to come on. It was butt and bayonet here—a rooting in the deep places, dives into death-pits, the groans of the dying, and the horrid figures of the dead. But Guillemont we meant to have, and Guillemont we took. Batch by batch, we ferreted out the hidden Germans and sent them to the rear. The dull pall of battle hung above the place, but could not veil the meaning of the victory. The last stronghold upon the ridge's height had fallen, and never would Guillemont be the obstacle again.

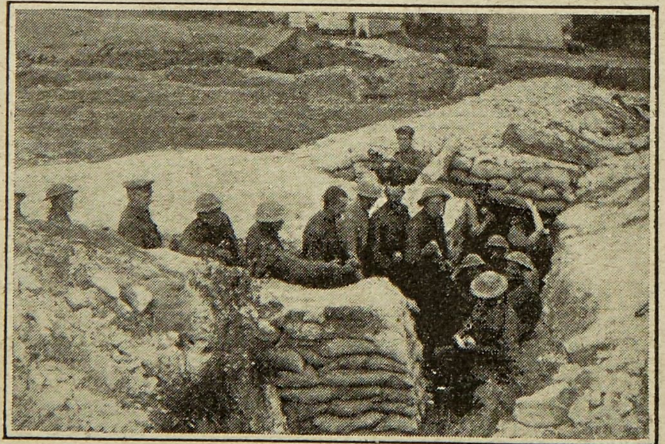
The great object attained, it might have been thought that the earlier days of the week would have brought a lull. We had taken Guillemont and driven our teeth well into Ginchy, but these achievements were no point d'appui for the General Staff. Monday was to bring a brilliant affair about Wedge Wood and Falfemont Farm. These lie south and east of Guillemont itself. There is the shallow valley of the River Ancre, and thrust out into it a spur of higher ground at the far end whereon stands Leuze Wood, named Lousy Wood by our men. The valley is reached from Guillemont by what is known as the Sunken Road, a natural communication trench of the greatest value. Wedge Wood lies down at the heart of the ravine, and upon the slope on the opposite side is Falfemont Farm itself, where the brunt of the fighting fell. We had pushed beyond Guillemont into the Sunken Road on Sunday, and on Monday the German guns were shelling it heavily. Nothing very much was done during the morning of the day, but about three on the Monday afternoon the hillside about Falfemont suddenly became alive with British troops, and it was to be perceived that they were sweeping onward toward Leuze and the farm.

Wedge Wood and Leuze Wood

Wonderful to tell, the Boches did not immediately discover them. They went freely for awhile, disappeared from view and reappeared, entered Wedge Wood and gathered there. Anon, there arose the curious grunt of the machine-guns and, here and there, black and prone figures were to be discerned upon the slope of the ravine. From the copse itself, despite the sudden attack, a batch of German prisoners appeared and were hurried to the rear. Then came the reappearance of our fellows upon the far side. Steadily and without haste they carried on, while upon the southern slope the farm was rushed and held. Like Mouquet, it was no farm at all—just a mass of ruin with a few wan stumps to say that trees had stood about an ancient homestead. Now it was swept remorselessly by the gunners up in Leuze Wood—the bullets rained upon it; the dust of its ruins was tossed high to become a loom of cloud above the carnage.

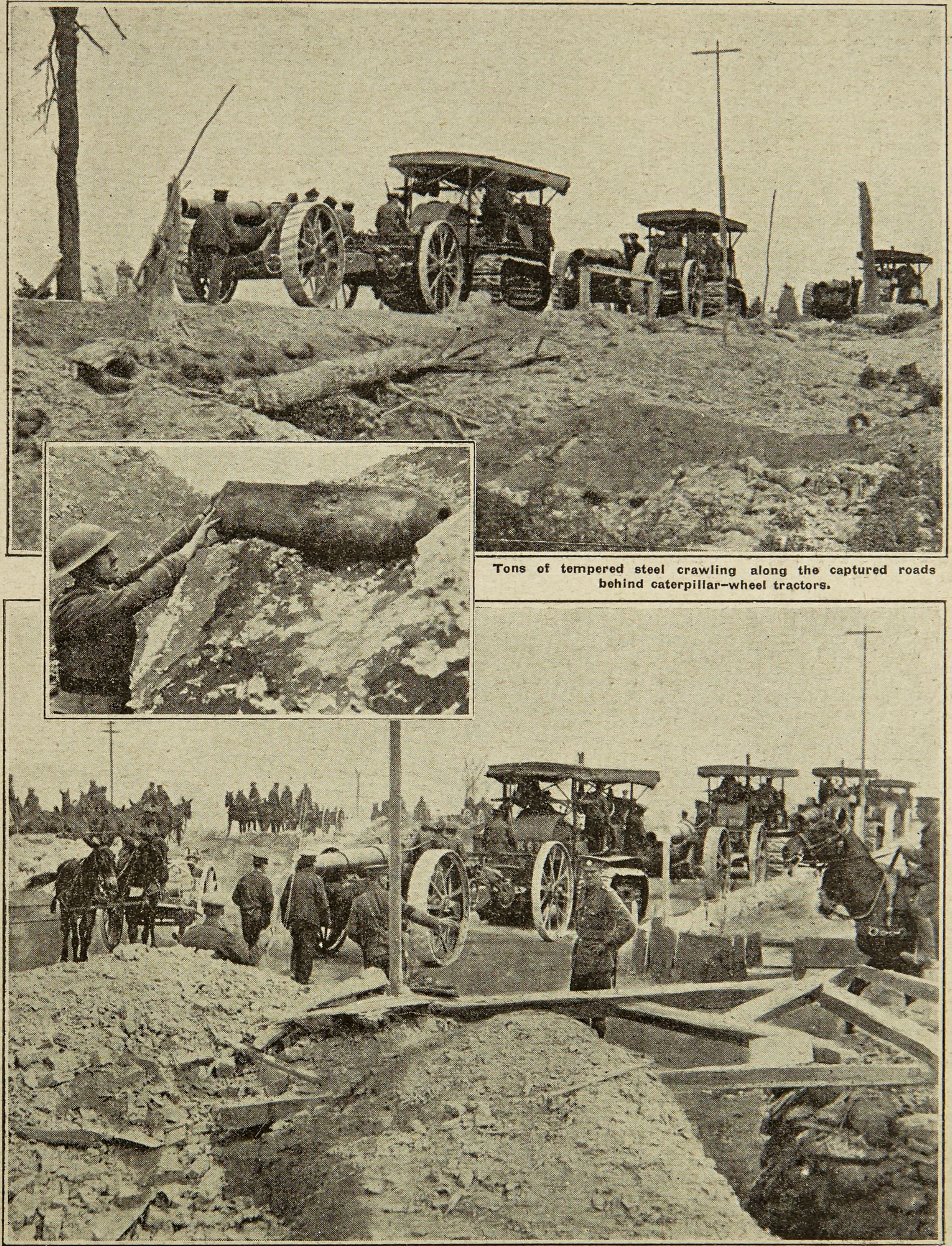
Beneath this veil our men held on for the line of trenches beyond the farm. There was stiff work against the collar here; a very storm of bullets, but as yet no counter-attack. That came later, when we had entered the trenches and were masters of them. Hardly had our men got a foothold amid the wrack of the German debacle when blue-grey figures appeared on the slope above, and the cry of "The Guard!" went up. None but these could turn that critical hour. Linked arm-in-arm, clearly seen in the intervals of rain, they made for the lost trenches as though upon parade at Potsdam. Instantly our gunners turned upon them. There were gaps in their ranks. Many fell from the linked arms of their comrades and tumbled headlong. The splendid line withered away. At one moment it was staggering down to Falfemont, the next it had vanished as though the earth had opened and swallowed it up.

The mad thing was done again later in the day. But our immediate objects were then achieved, and the Boches went down as corn before the sickle. We had Leuze Wood by Tuesday, and the French, our neighbours, were masters of Clery, and actually threatening the great road from Chaulnes to Rye. A new and wonderful thrust added its page to the story of the "great push."



A POPULAR SPOT.—Men going down to an underground canteen in the British trenches in France. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

Great Guns! Sure Shield of Advancing Infantry



Tons of tempered steel crawling along the captured roads behind caterpillar-wheel tractors.

These terrific engines of war are advancing to new positions, mule-drawn ammunition waggons in their wake. Inset: One of the faulty German shells, several of which have fallen in various parts of the British lines. (Official photographs.)

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

ROUND THE LEIPZIG REDOUBT

BY SERGEANT W. CRONIN, OF THE ROYAL WARWICKS

IT was during the closing-in struggle around Thiepval where the fight about which I want to tell you took place. As you will have read in the papers, the Germans had entrenched themselves pretty strongly in that village, and artillery fire failed to shift them.

So, after the guns had given them hell for a few days, they turned the job over to the infantry, our battalion among the rest. And we welcomed it, I can tell you, for we had lost a good many men in the advance from the beginning, and we had been in one or two tight corners where the Germans had sprayed us with liquid fire.

The Order to Charge

There was a whole maze of trenches to the south of the redoubt which were still in the enemy's hands, and as they were only about eighty or ninety yards away they used to give us plenty of grenades in our trenches from their "Minnies," and, although of course we returned it with interest, we felt more than a bit sore about it, and wondered if ever we should get a chance to go over the top again, or whether we were going to settle down into simply holding on to what ground we had already taken.

One or two raids, carried out at night, didn't do much to ease our feelings, so when our colonel came and told us we had been selected to clear out the rabbit-warrens, we gave a cheer that must have put Fritz on his guard.

We started in right willingly, as I said, with bomb and bayonet, when the words "Over you go, and do your damnedest" came to us; and for a time all was plain sailing. We hacked and thrust our way through the Huns guarding the outer lines, and were kidding ourselves that we were having a nice easy job when we received our first check.

It was just at a corner where four trenches ran to a meeting-place, and here the Huns had mounted half a dozen machine-guns. My platoon had got a bit in advance of the rest of the brigade, and we soon realised that unless we got under cover pretty quickly we should get enough cover to last us till Judgment Day. So we simply dropped into one of the trenches we had cleared, and made up our minds to hold on until the Lewis guns could come up. We were doing fancy shooting, of course, and our company captain did the finest bit of rifle practice I've ever seen.

"Give me your rifle, sergeant," he said, as he climbed on the fire-step, "and get me another one with the magazine full. I want something to get my hand in—I'm a bit out of practice."

Good Rifle Practice

He took aim at a gunner of one of the German machine-guns, and bowled him over first shot. Then he switched on to the next, and scored another bull's-eye. Of course the Germans immediately put up other men to take the place of the killed gunners, but they didn't get much chance to whack at our captain. As soon as they appeared at the firing handle, he just "popped," and they fell back.

The arrival of the "Lucys"—that's our name for the Lewis guns—helped us a great deal, and we sprang over that parapet like hounds, with these guns spraying bullets just ahead of us. There was a great race to be first, and the prize fell to a friend of mine, a sergeant in another platoon.

He reached the German parados, running like a hare, and snapped his magazine off at the men around a solitary machine-gun, firing from the hip. Then he unhooked the few remaining bombs slung at his belt, and let them have it right and left. He was closing in all the time, and, try as they would, the Huns didn't seem able to hit him. Then he got among them with the bayonet, quite unsupported, and he finished off the last couple left to work it.

German reinforcements immediately began to pour towards him, but he knelt down behind the gun, and, resting his rifle-barrel on its jacket, coolly pressed a clip of cartridges into his magazine. This he followed with another, and then, without the slightest sign of being flustered, released the whole ten rounds at the Germans. We gave him a cheer—we were lying in a shallow shell-hole, up to our waists in rain-water—and turned our rifles on to the Germans as well.

Steel and Butt

A dozen bombers raced off towards him, and ten of them reached him. Then they slung their bombs over into the advancing Huns with such good effect that they stopped in their onward rush, and before they could recover we were among them ourselves, fighting, as usual, with the steel and the butt.

You've no idea how handy the heavy butt of a rifle can be sometimes. It's as handy a weapon as you could ask for, especially if you can manage to get room to swing it. A few hard German heads have cracked under mine since I went out to France, but never so many at once as during that little skirmish.

Well, we cleared that little lot off in less than ten minutes, and then started looking for trouble along the trenches. With my platoon—or what was left of it—I jumped over a low parados, and almost dropped on a sentry, standing at the mouth of a dug-out. He must have been a bit surprised, for he just turned and yelled "Englander!" to his comrades below.

A bomber at my elbow gave him the last of an exceedingly fine selection of bombs, and when the smoke had cleared away that sentry had gone to—well, wherever dead Fritzes go! His rifle, however, was quite undamaged, and the bomber grabbed it, saw-bayonet and all. The magazine, too, was full, and as the Germans popped up out of that dug-out the bomber picked 'em off one at a time. We all stood ready for them coming up, too, with the red steel waiting. They came up at last in a big swarm, armed with bombs, and we had the very devil of a struggle. Bayonets flashed in and out, bombs dropped from dead hands to the ground, and exploded under the feet of British and German impartially.

I got a sliver of steel in my leg, but didn't take much heed of it, telling myself that there was no bone broken. Besides, the scrap was too glorious to miss, and I couldn't simply drop out. It was great! The scrap ended when the last German went down with my bayonet sticking in him, and as he fell he whacked a bomb at me, which just whizzed past me, and burst over the other side of the parapet, hurting nobody.

We went down that dug-out to see if there was anybody skulking, but the regiment was the wrong sort for that. Give the devil his due, those Huns were excellent fighters. None of the "Hands up! Kamerad!" about them.

We went on again, and by-and-by got our second check. Again it was a point where several trenches met, and the German machine-guns had been fetched to one place. Here, instead of each gun working on its own, they were side by side, and the stream of lead they shot forth was simply appalling. It actually made the air dark where it passed, and you could almost have sworn you saw the bullets. There was nothing for it but "Dig in, dig in for your lives," and the way the soil flew was a masterpiece. Lots of the poor lads were shot down while they dug, and when at last we were safely under cover, we rigged the field telephone, and reported.

The End of the Scrap

Four times the gunners in the rear asked us if they could strafe the Huns with their heavy guns, but, as we were lying within fifty yards, our colonel decided that it would be too dangerous to us. A slight error in range, and instead of the Huns getting the bombardment "in the neck," the Warwicks would have caught it, and we didn't want that.

"Come back a bit, then," said the gunners, when we explained this. But we couldn't see that; we had fought too hard for the ground we held to give up, and besides, if we had retired even to the next trench, the Germans would have taken possession of it, and we should have been playing that game all day.

At last, however, we got fresh supplies of bombs, and half a battalion of another regiment. They brought a score of "Lucys" with them, too, and it was our turn to sprinkle the Fritzes with bullets. We gave it to 'em for a time, and then simply hopped over and went for them. They must have run temporarily short of ammunition or something, for their fire suddenly slackened, and gave us the opportunity we were waiting for.

In the German Dug-Outs

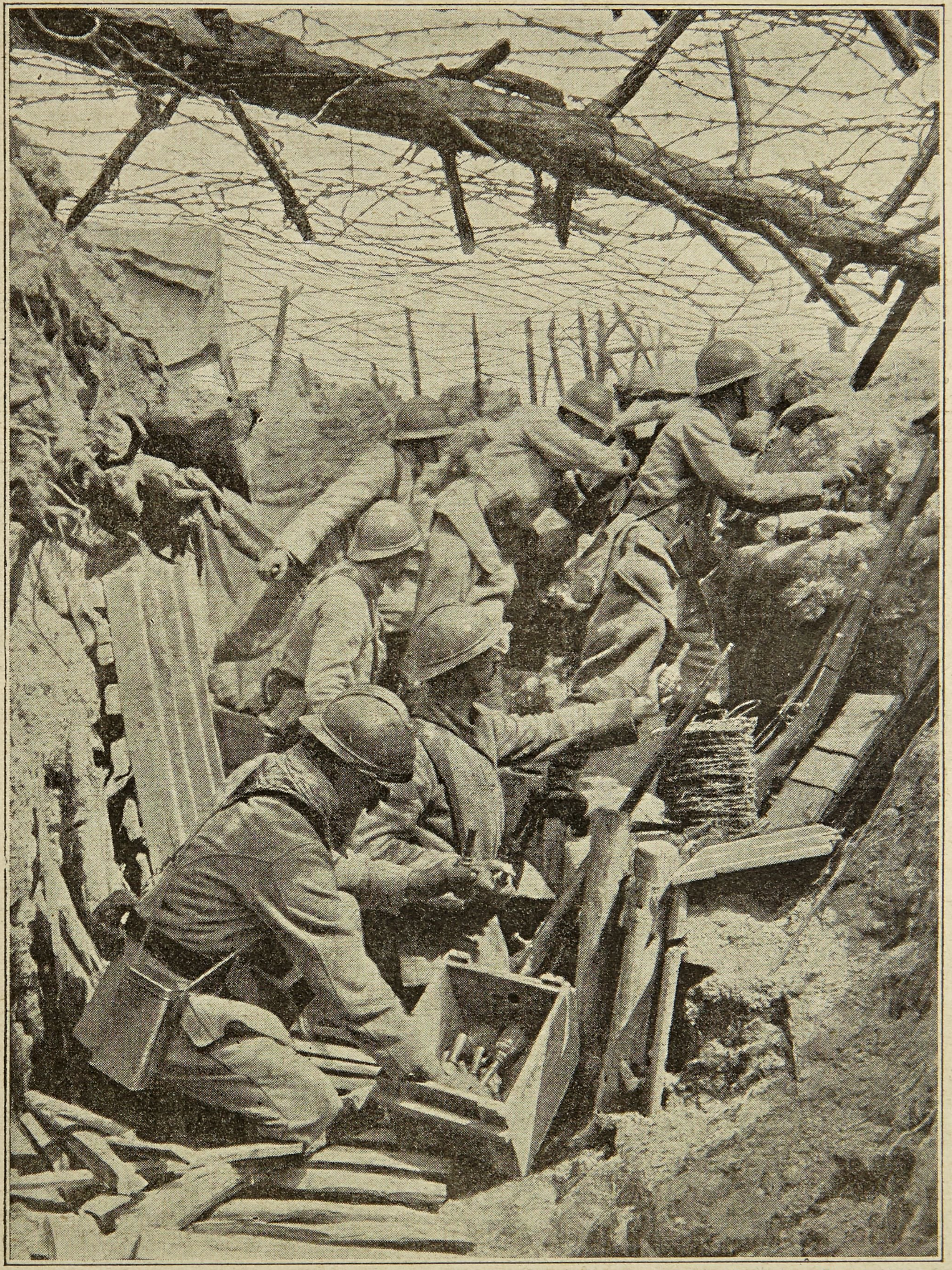
We let out a yell that could have been heard in Blighty, and went for them bald-headed.

Our guns suddenly opened fire at the same moment, and started a barrage behind the German trenches, so that they were cut off. It was either fight or surrender, and they chose to fight. I thought I was in for a glorious time, when, to my horror, I heard a dull thud behind me.

It was a "dud" as it happened, but the shock lifted me over the parapet a second too soon, and I got a bayonet through my shoulder and a crack on the head that cut the light of day off like the electrics when you put down the switch.

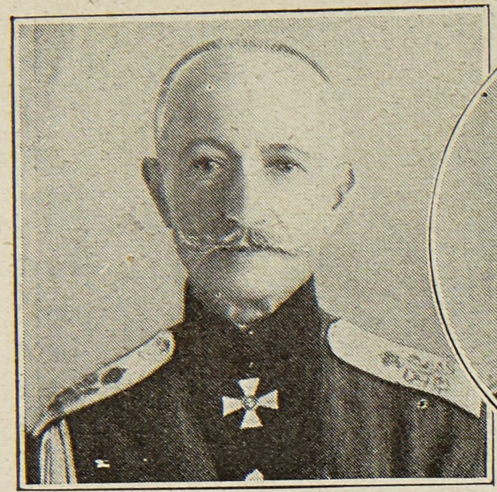
I didn't see the trench cleared, and when I came round our chaps were in possession, drinking hot coffee that they had captured in the German dug-outs, and sharing it with the prisoners. I had to wait till nightfall, and then the R.A.M.C. picked me up—and here I am, with more grudges against the Germans than I quite know what to do with. Wait till I get among 'em again—I hope I'll get a chance to pay some of them off.

Bombs Before Bayonets: The Last Fifteen Yards



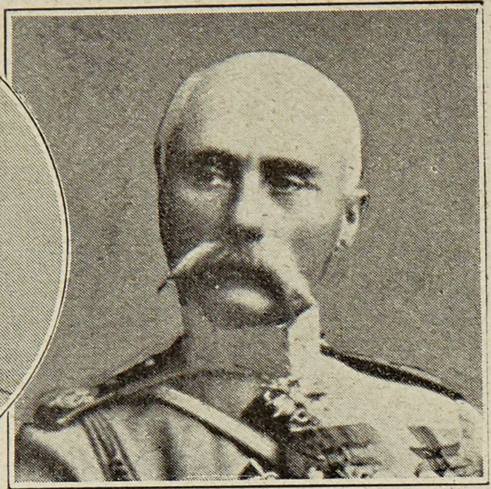
The official phrase "some progress was made by bombing" covers stories of some of the fiercest fighting that occurs. These Frenchmen were bombing the German trenches near Maurepas from a range of fifteen yards, and the bayonet charge was imminent.

Russian Leaders and Men in the Hour of Victory

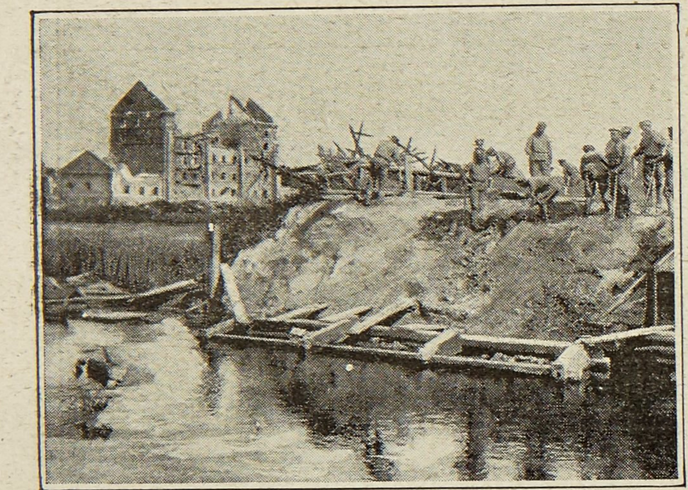


General Brussiloff. A new portrait of the victorious Russian leader.

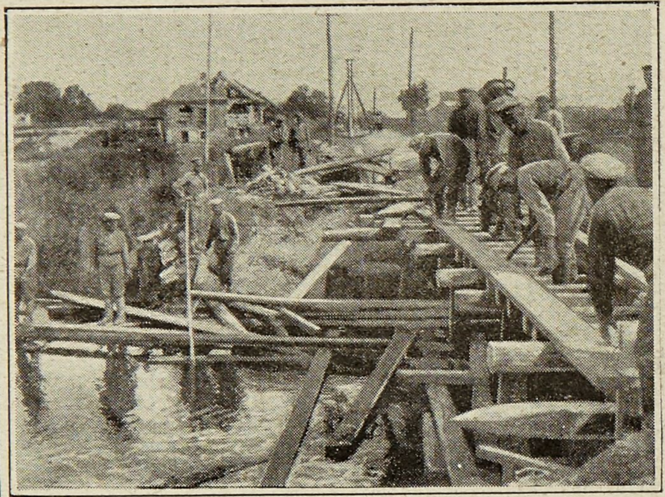
General Sakharoff, co-operating with Brussiloff in the great Russian push.



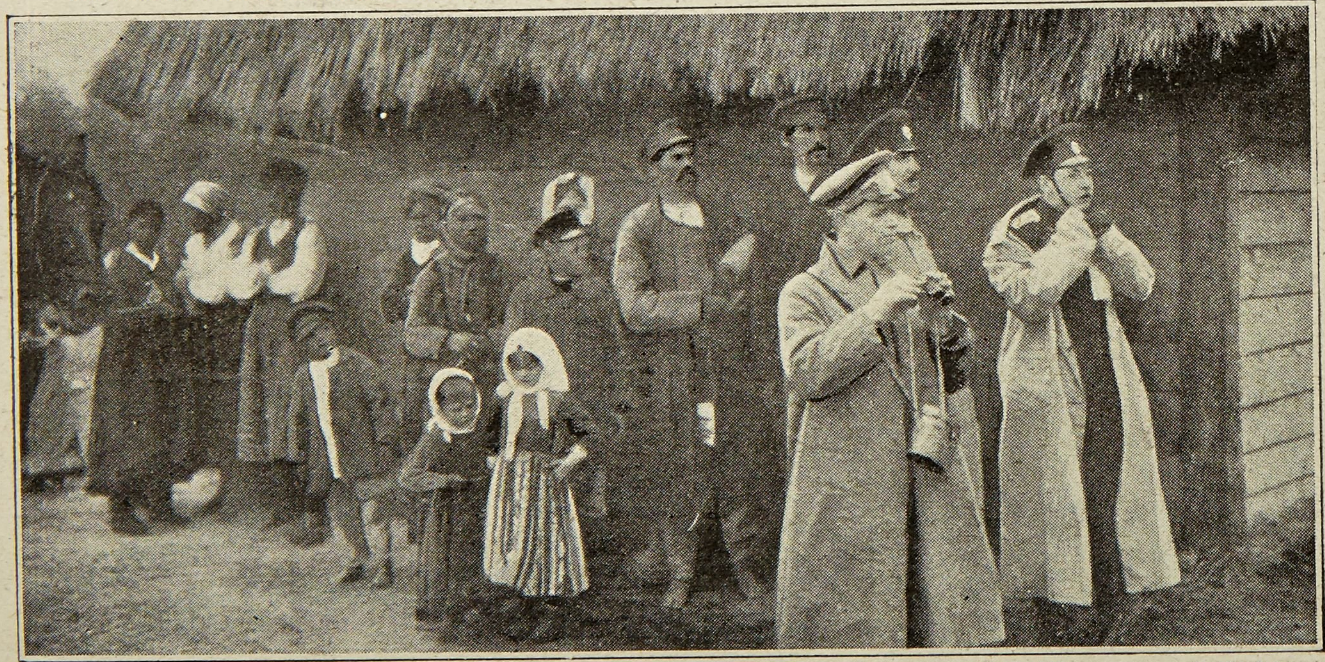
General Lechitsky, forming the trio of Russia's successful leaders at the moment.



Russians digging along the River Dubno after having driven the Austrians from the houses and gardens in this vicinity.

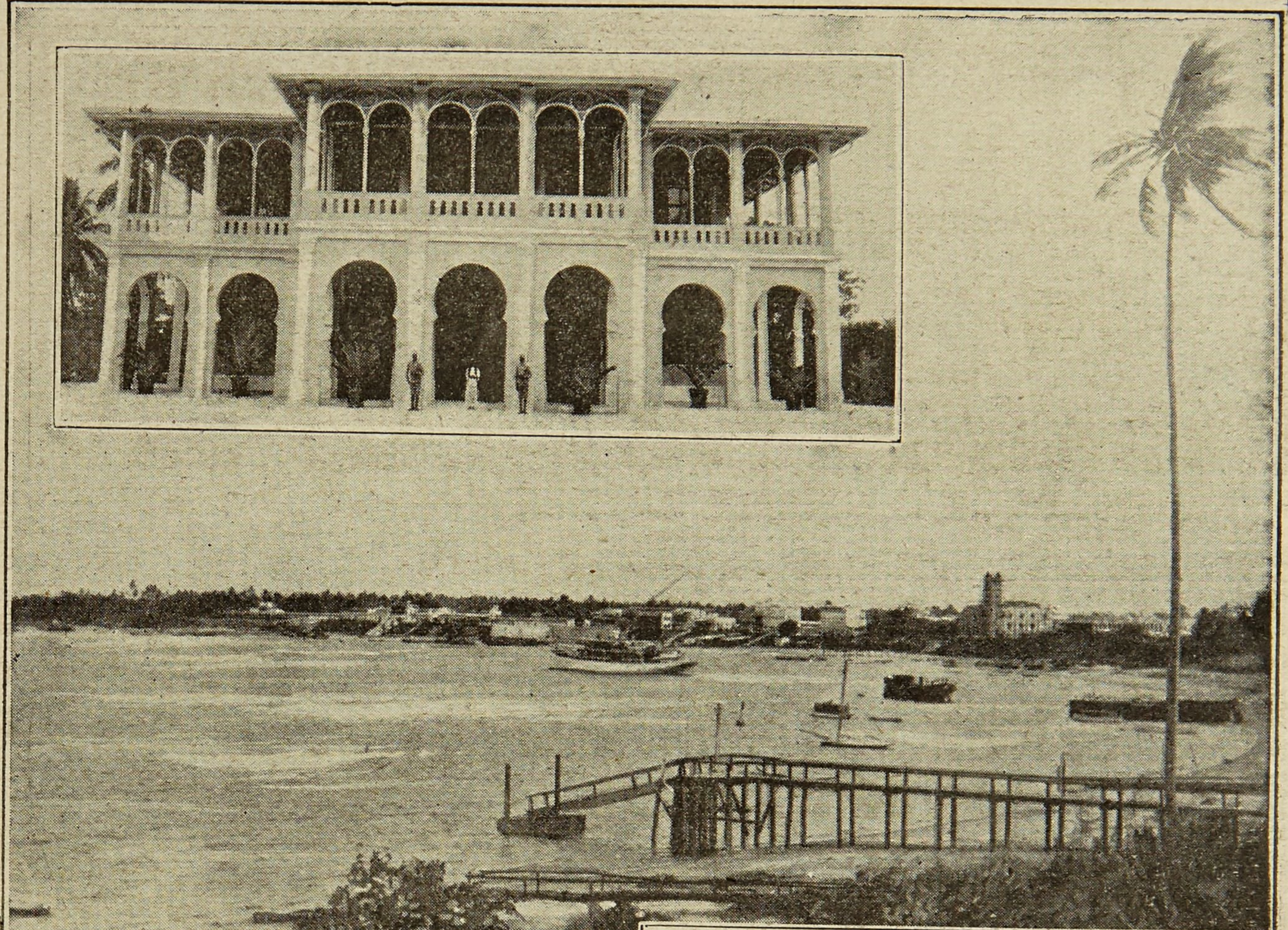


A few planks, some energy, and skill sufficed to restore a bridge destroyed by the Austrians in retreat.

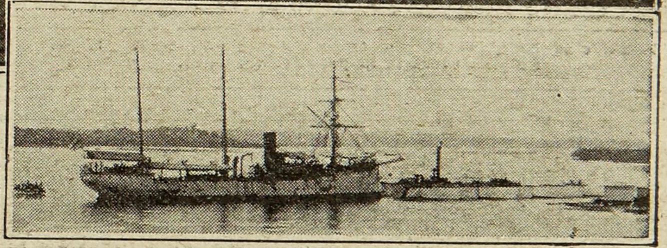


Russian officers and some fugitive peasants watching the progress of an east front battle. Three little children are seen in the foreground, two of whom, standing hand-in-hand, are not concerned as to the problems of Empires.

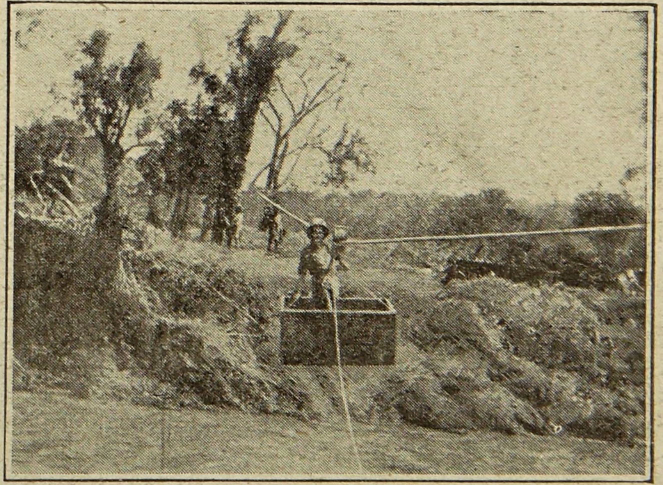
German 'Harbour of Peace' in British Possession



Dar-es-Salaam (a name signifying the Harbour of Peace), the capital of the German colony in East Africa, which surrendered to the British forces on September 4th, 1916. Inset: The palatial residence of the German ex-Governor.



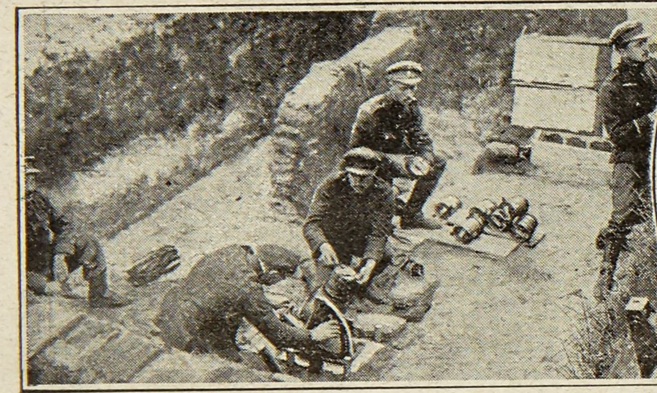
German gunboat lying off Dar-es-Salaam. The Germans selected Dar-es-Salaam as the site for their capital in East Africa because of its good harbour facilities.



Picturesque glimpses in our new territory. King's African Rifles at an outpost in German East Africa. Right: A primitive but effective way of crossing a river in flood by means of a box worked across by rope and pulley.

More Belgian Troops to Swell the Rising Tide

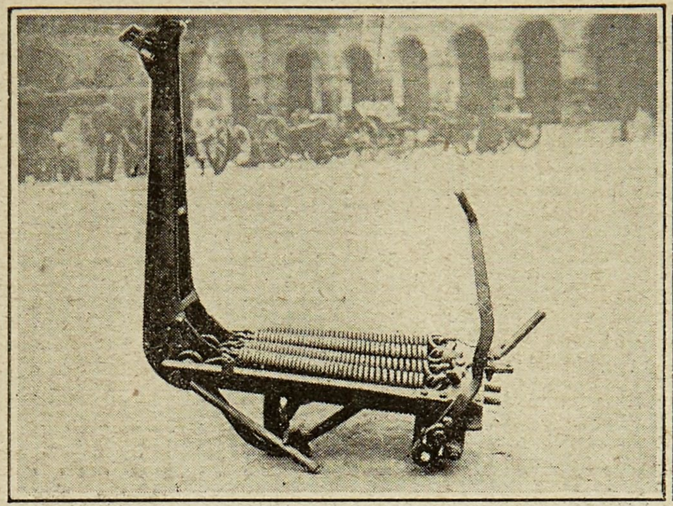
Belgian recruits on a route march "Somewhere in France." Our gallant ally was never more hopeful of recovering her Fatherland than she is to-day.



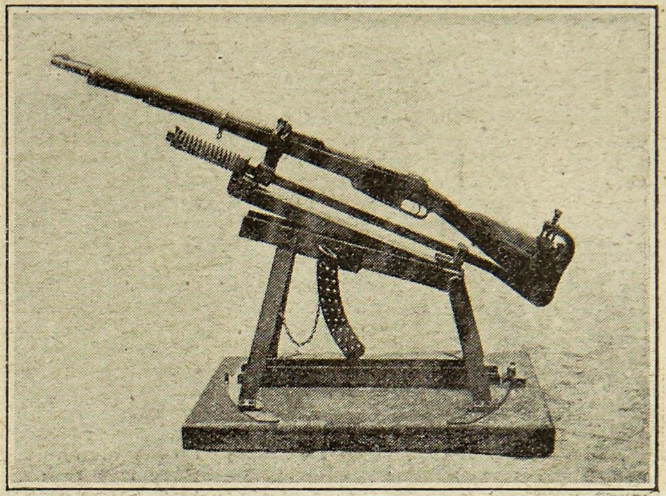
Khaki-clad Belgian soldiers testing trench-mortars. Right: Belgian recruits in practice trenches.

Regiment of the new Belgian Army assembling at a training centre for a route march. Young, strong, and eager representatives of a valiant race, these new Belgian troops will soon be contributing their share to the relentless push.

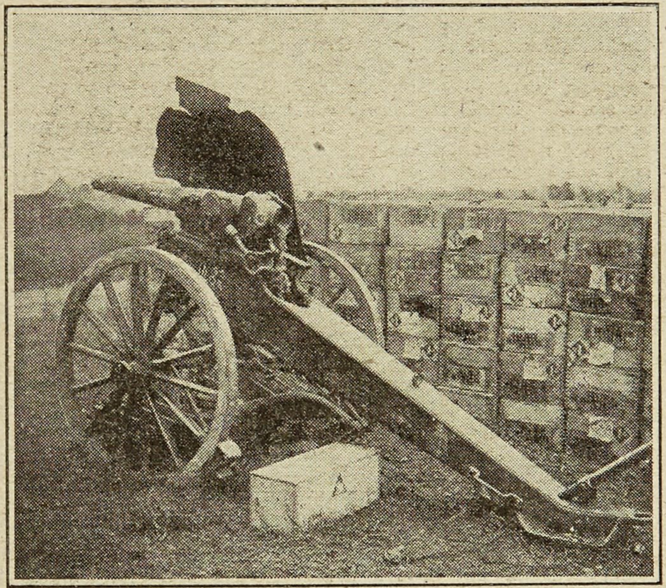
What the Germans Can Least Afford to Lose



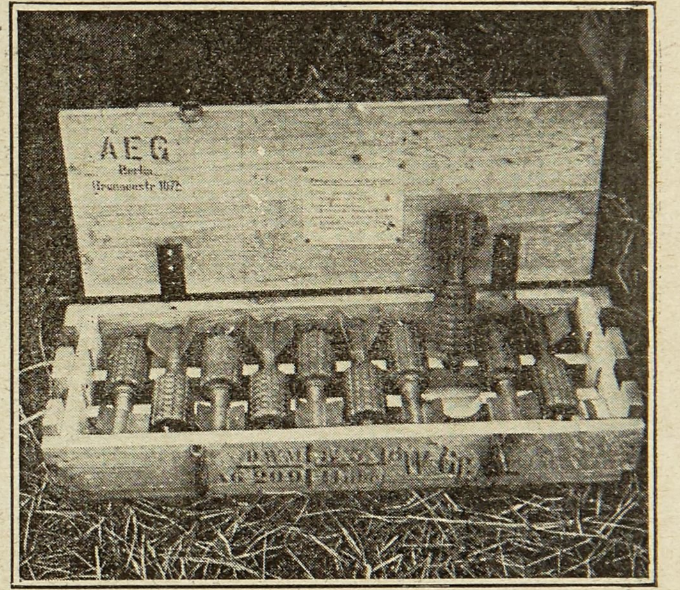
Type of German machine for casting three grenades at once, captured on the Somme, now at the shrine of Napoleon in Paris.



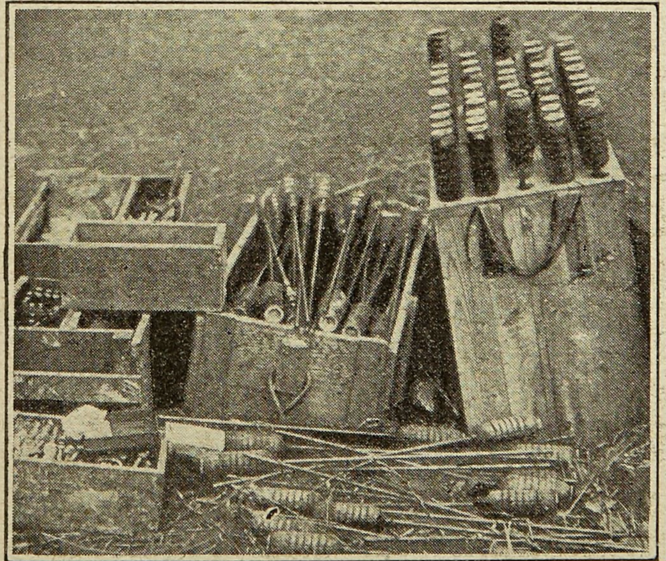
Rifle rest and grenade thrower combined, an example of enemy ingenuity left in the German trenches.



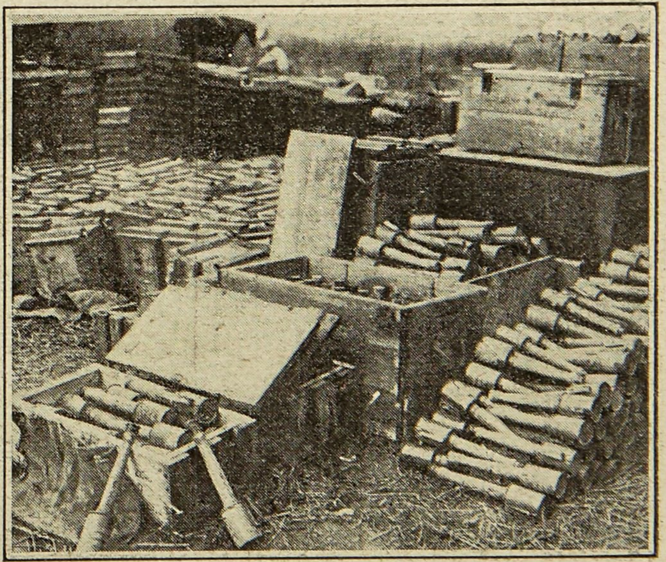
Captured German gun. A direct hit on the shield completely wrecked its value as a projector of shells.



Small bombs with wings, known to the Poilu as "pigeons," a brand-new "box of tricks" left in the German trenches.



More munitions which formed part of the booty of the French advance on the Somme.



Huge piles of hand-grenades which, no doubt, will be returned over the parapet to their owners as the war progresses.

"DOING THEIR BIT"

THE BANK GIRL

By a Lady Correspondence Clerk

WHEN war broke out I was engaged in the millinery business. I have now been nearly two years a bank clerk.

In those great heroic days of August, 1914, I was stirred, like so many women, by a feeling of "divine discontent." I, who had never thought of anything in particular except the designing or trimming of a hat, took stock of myself and my position and came to the conclusion that while the man I loved was risking his life in France, to keep on at mere millinery was very like "shirking." To make hats while the Empire was in danger—well, it did seem futile!

Entering Into Commerce

And so I determined to do something useful. There was nursing, of course—every woman I suppose, thinks of that first—but after some consideration I decided, the sentimental appeal apart, that I shouldn't be doing the most useful work of which I was capable if I were a nurse. One day I read that the banks were losing thousands of their clerks, and that women were required to take their places.

I had had some business training—I knew typewriting and shorthand, and I held the Society of Arts certificate for bookkeeping—I had passed through the ordinary commercial course before I took to the work of a milliner; and after attending a few night classes to rub up my knowledge, I got in touch with a bank through a little influence. It was a branch of one of the big joint-stock banks.

They took me on at once, rather to my surprise, and I was struck at my first interview with the manager by the honourable and considerate way in which I was treated. After the usual testimonials as to character, etc., had been gone through, I was asked whether I was entirely dependent on what I earned. I replied that I was. The manager then asked me if I lived at home with my people. I told him, no.

Good Salary

I have since discovered the reason of these questions. The girl who lives in a comfortable home and regards her salary as a sort of pin-money is treated differently in the matter of wages from the girl who, like the ordinary bank clerk, is dependent on what she earns. I found that though I was only doing junior work at first, I was getting more wages than some of the senior girls who lived in comfortable homes.

Naturally, the work was strange and unfamiliar to me at first. It consisted mostly of doing the ordinary stenographer's work of a not very responsible kind and the adding up of pass-books. The hours were long, too. People who come into a bank to cash a cheque imagine that the hours are from ten to four, but we clerks have to arrive soon after nine and do not leave as a rule until nearly seven.

I am not a violent feminist—I do not believe, I mean, that a woman can compete successfully in every department of life with a man—and so I feel no shame in confessing that the male clerks are better than us women clerks. I have seen a return made to one of the joint-stock banks from very elaborate statistics which shows that it takes three women to do the work of two men in a bank. I think the proportion, so far from being discreditable to our sex, is rather a compliment. Of course, we get paid in proportion; but I should mention that no lady clerk gets less than a pound a week, and that the average weekly wage is from twenty-five to thirty shillings. It should be recollected in this connection that none of the lady clerks are what are called "guaranteed," like the male clerks—that is, they have not been required to deposit a large sum of money with the bank as a guarantee against their doing anything wrong.

There are some girls who work just as well as men, but they are exceptions, and I have to admit that the lady clerks do not show to the best advantage when there is a rush of work. They are apt to lose their heads. But they do try, and every allowance is made them.

Ledger and Correspondence

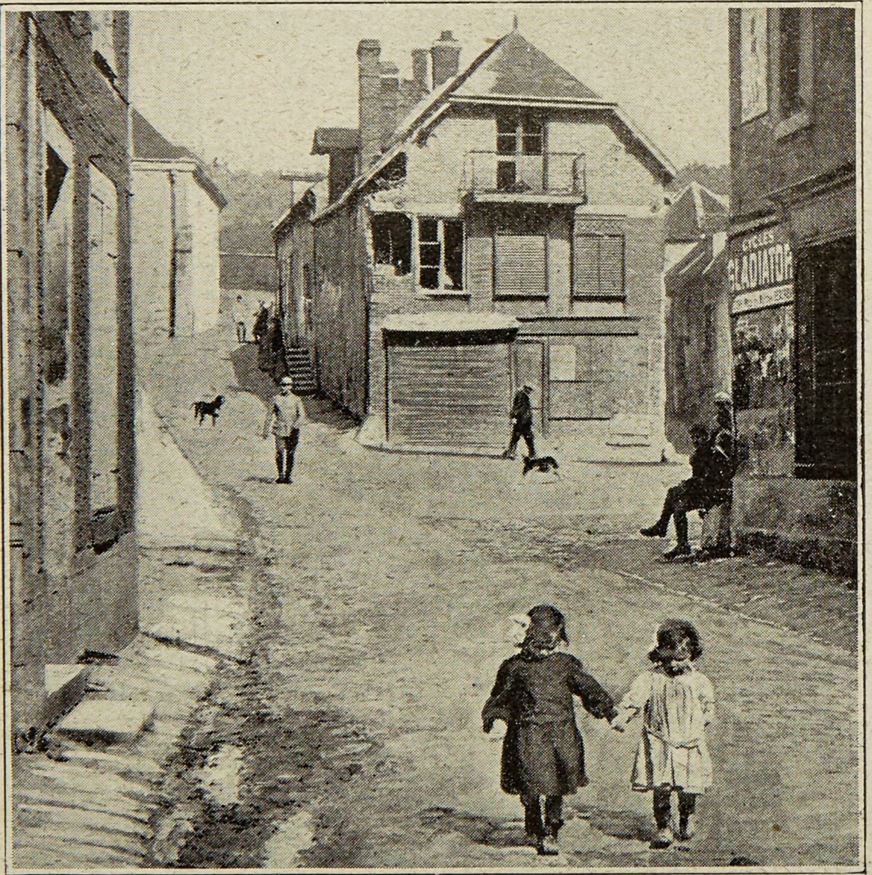
After working some months in a junior capacity, I became a ledger clerk. Since the introduction of women into banks the ledgers are now worked by a man and a woman. They sit side by side, and are mutually responsible for the accuracy of all their entries. This is the limit, I believe—I can speak, of course, only of my own bank—of the purely banking work done by the lady clerks. They do not act as cashiers, or pay out or receive money across the counters. This part of the work is done by the men.

I did not remain a ledger clerk long, but by great good luck was transferred to the correspondence department. The manager required somebody to superintend this department, and his choice fell upon me. When I say superintend the department, I am perhaps exalting my position too much, for no bank that I know of employs any lady as a departmental manager. Strictly speaking, my position was that of assistant-superintendent under one of the senior male clerks; but for all practical purposes I was, and am, the manager of the correspondence department.

Better than Millinery

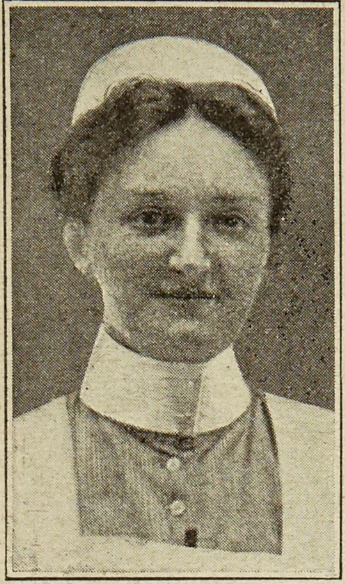
The girl clerks are all drawn from the better classes. I have had to deal in my department with hundreds of applications from girls wanting to get work in the bank. For the most part they are governesses and lady companions, and, if they only knew it, it is their utterly unbusinesslike letters which ruin any chance they might have of getting the post they covet. When the letters are businesslike, the applicant often gets refused because she is too showily dressed. In the banking world there is no scope for frills and furbelows, and the more plainly a woman is dressed, and the more workmanlike her appearance, the better her chance. Ex-school-teachers, I should imagine, predominate as lady bank clerks. I know one teacher from a commercial college who, with no experience of banking at all, was started off at a salary of two pounds a week.

I am still in the correspondence department at the bank, and I shall remain there until the war is over—provided Someone comes back safe and sound. Meanwhile, I do feel that I am being of some use, and that my present employment is better than the millinery.

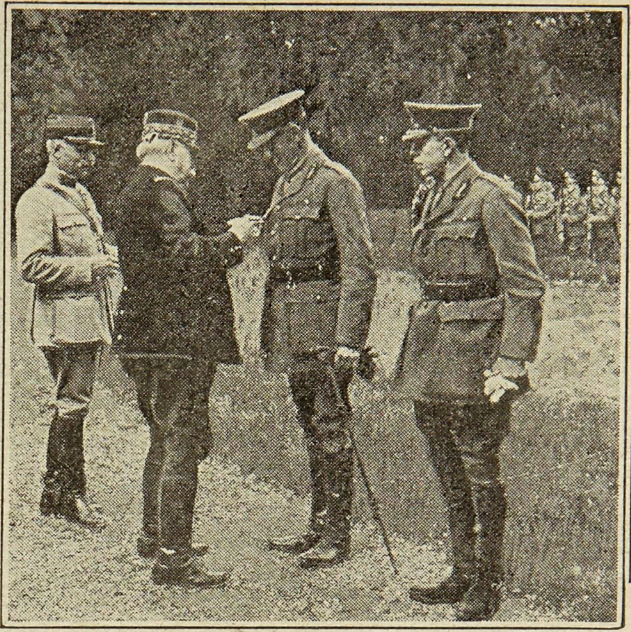


The innocents at home in spite of the fact that the Huns were within a few hundred yards on the opposite bank of the Aisne. Corner of a French village in occupation of the military and a few imperturbable civilians.

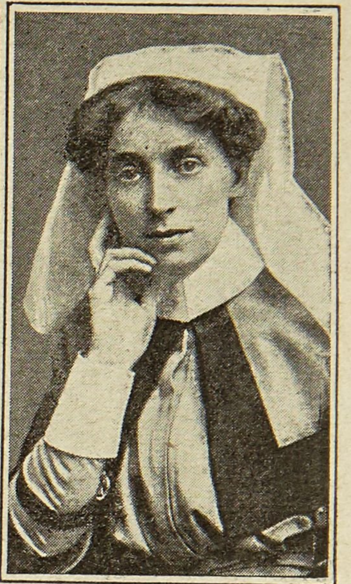
For Manly Heroism and Womanly Devotion



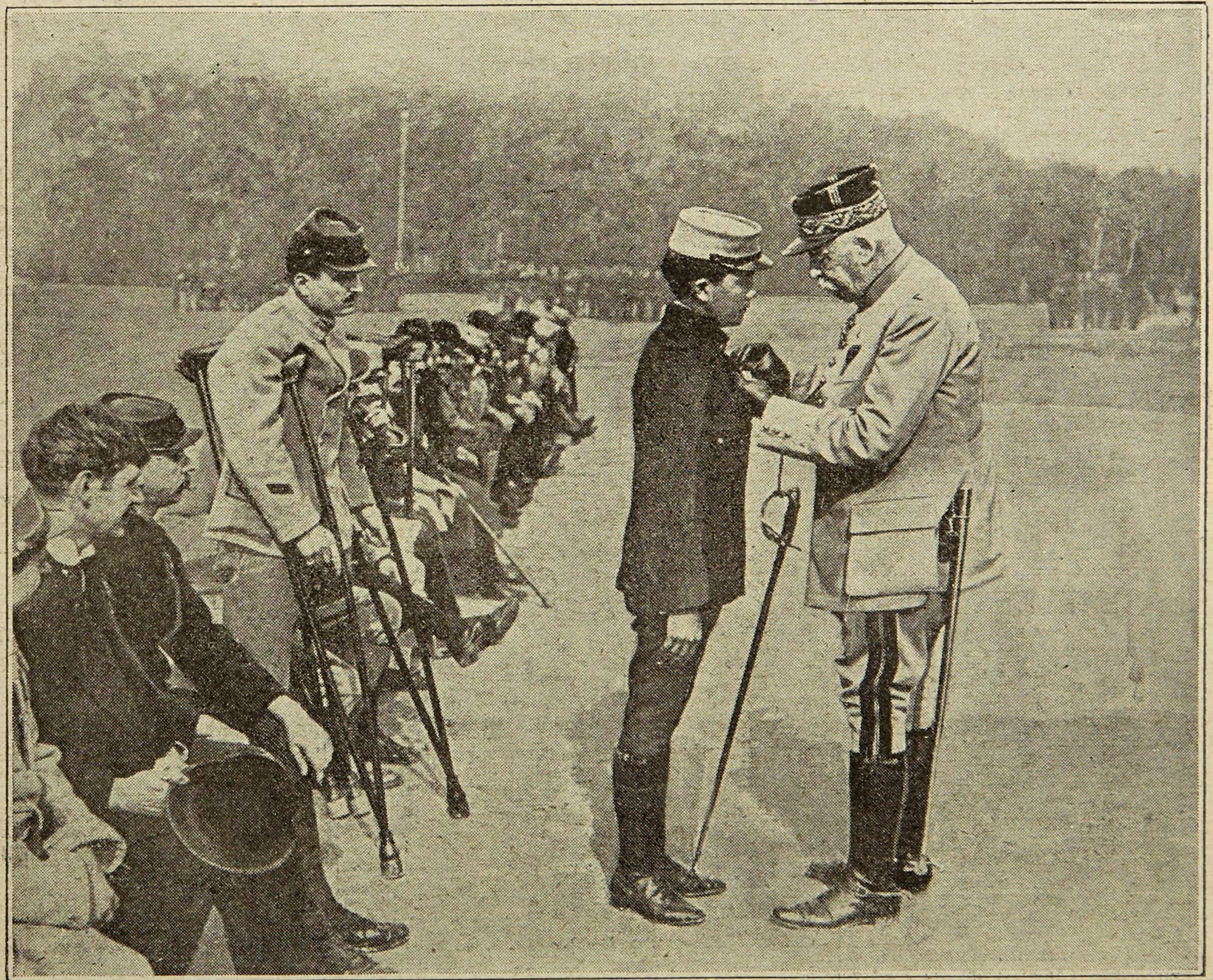
Nurse Norah Easeby, among the first women to receive the Military Medal for bravery in the field. Nurse Easeby was wounded in the course of her valiant work.



General Joffre, notwithstanding his arduous duties as Generalissimo, still finds time to decorate gallant officers of the British Army who took part in the Somme Battles.

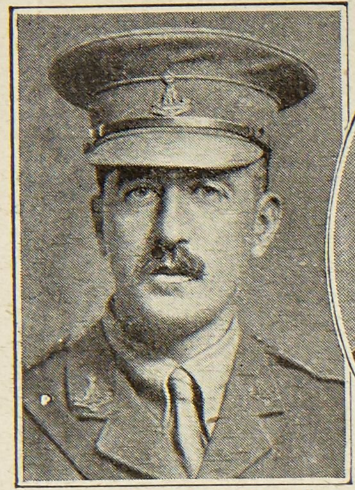


Nurse Beatrice Alice Allsop, who was also decorated by the King for bravery in the field. The Military Cross is now being conferred on women for exceptional bravery.

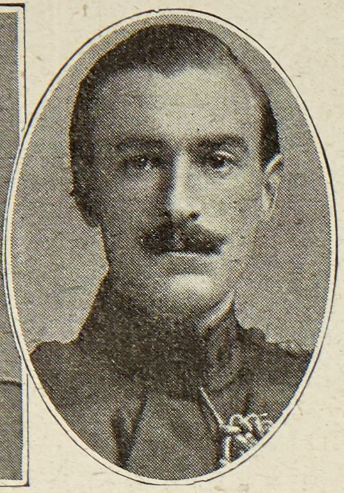


Honour for a brave Colonial soldier. At an investiture of heroes held in the Garrison of Vincennes, Ve Thank Mong, an Annamite volunteer, received the War Cross and Medaille Militaire, which is accompanied with a pension. (French official photograph.)

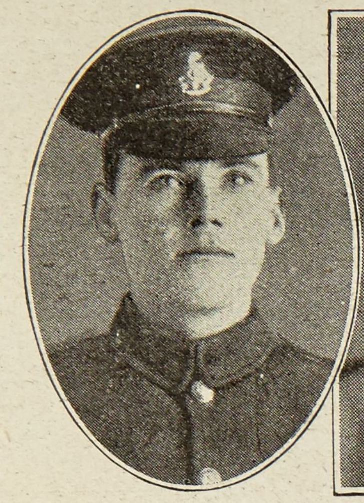
For Valour: More Heroes of the Victoria Cross



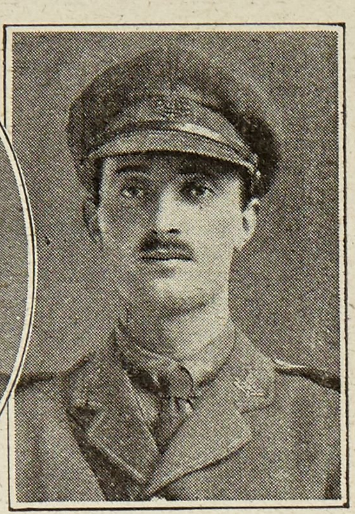
Major S. W. LOUDOUN-SHAND, Yorkshire Regt. Helped his men over the parapet, and when wounded sat in the trench and cheered them on till he died.



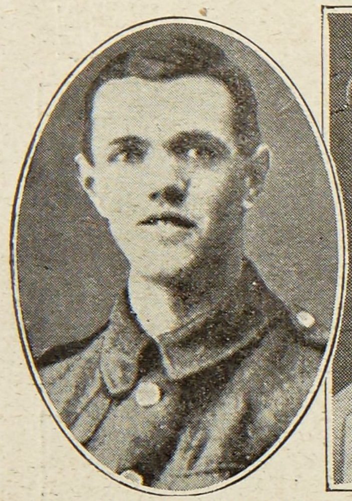
Capt. A. C. de WIART, Dragoon Guards. By dauntless courage and inspiring example forced an attack home and thereby averted a serious reverse.



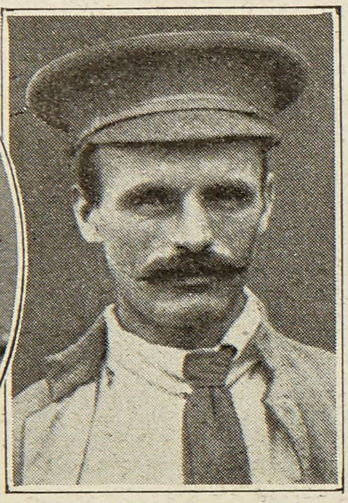
Coy.-Sergt.-Major N. V. CARTER, Royal Sussex Regt. He reached and bombed the enemy second line, and carried several injured men to safety before falling mortally wounded.



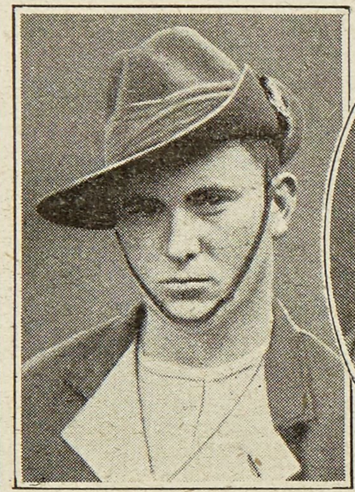
Sec.-Lieut. D. S. BELL, Yorkshire Regt. Rushed across the open under intense fire and destroyed an enfilading machine-gun and personnel thus saving many lives.



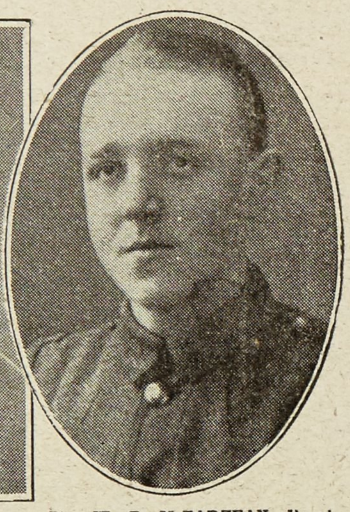
Pte. T. W. H. VEALE, Devonshire Regt. Went out five times to bring in a wounded officer. When an enemy patrol appeared he went back for a Lewis gun and covered rescue party.



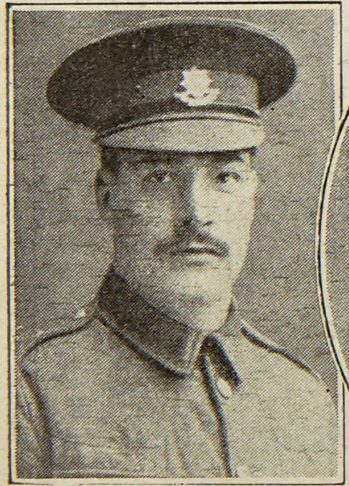
Pte. M. O'MEARA, Australian Infantry. During four days repeatedly brought in wounded men under intense fire, and carried ammunition through a heavy barrage.



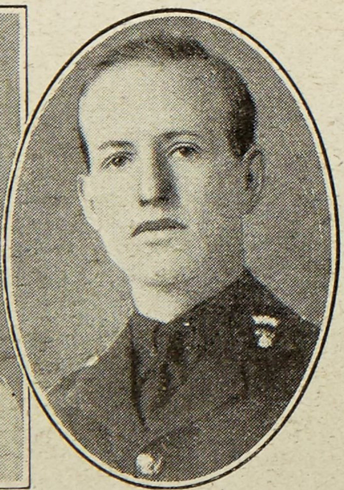
Pte. W. JACKSON, Australian Infantry. Brought one comrade in, and was carrying another when his arm was blown off ; he got assistance and went back for the man.



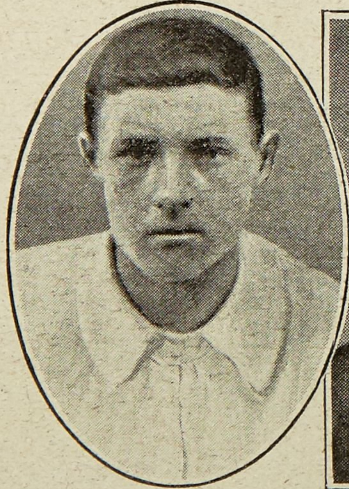
Pte. W. F. McFADZEAN, Royal Irish Rifles. A box of bombs slipped in a trench ; with heroic courage, he threw himself on them, " giving his life for his comrades."



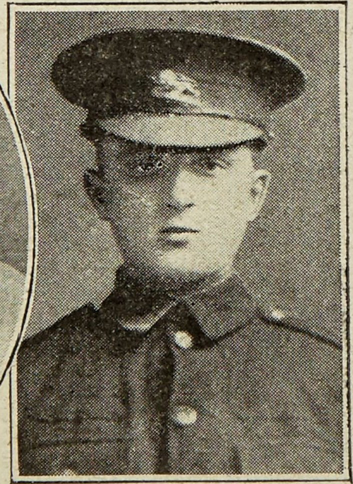
Pte. T. G. TURRALL, Worcestershire Regt. Cut off on a bombing raid, he remained with a wounded officer under continuous fire, and finally brought him into our lines.



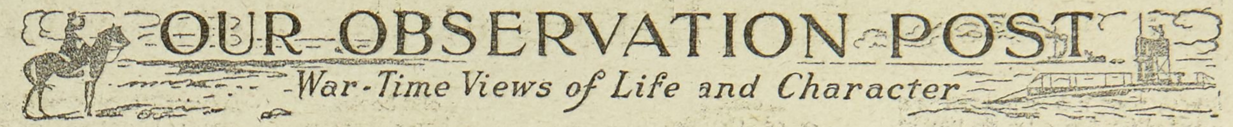
Lieut. G. St. G. S. CATHER, Royal Irish Fusiliers. Searched for eight hours under direct fire, and brought in four wounded men before falling himself on the field of honour.



Pte. W. SHORT, Yorkshire Regt. Foremost in a bombing raid, his leg was shattered, and he lay in the trench adjusting detonators for his comrades till he died.



Pte. J. MILLER, Royal Lancaster Regt. Carrying a message he was shot. He held the wound, delivered the message, staggered back with the answer, and fell dead.



OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

AN HISTORIC DOCUMENT

UNLESS it is " snowed under " by other—future—documents relating to the action of the country in the war, or unless by his future different conduct of the destinies of the country to whose throne he has been called he justifies the erasure of the indictment from the records, the address presented to King Constantine by the people of Greece will remain in the memory of every man as one of the most astonishing documents in the history of monarchical government.

EVEN to-day the tradition lingers that kings are men apart, to whose presence naked truth cannot gain admittance. There was never more than a measure of truth in the idea, but that measure is a principal justification urged by the opponents of the monarchical system of government. Constitutional monarchy has travelled very far in the hundred years that have nearly come to an end since Queen Victoria acceded to the throne of Great Britain. Even then, in 1837, her Ministers, or some of them, spoke pretty plain truth to her, emphasising it with many a vigorous " Dammee," which we heartily regret has passed out of the currency of polite language. But in spite of the fact that the democratic principle had gathered such immense increase of power during the course of her reign, it is probably the fact that plain truth gained access to her Majesty's ears less easily in 1897 than in 1837. There are several reasons why that may have been so. She had become an institution, in a way that none of her predecessors on the throne had ever done. Her sex had something to do with it. And so on. But generally, and on the whole, Queen Victoria gave the dynasty a security which it was very far from possessing when she first sat in the seat of her fruity uncles, and in her personal relations she was a much more formidable individual than either the explosively stupid William or the objectionably immoral George who preceded her.

SINCE Queen Victoria died, constitutional monarchy has certainly become a much more fettered thing ; and one reason why defeat in this war is absolutely inevitable for the Central Empires is that their rulers, all of them, have declined to believe that the days of Royal aloofness are gone, and that constitutional monarchy is really incompatible with absolutism, and have succeeded in keeping out of their presence any presumptuous person who would venture to show them naked truth. The world has progressed beyond the stage when absolutism was good for it, and it will not tolerate tyranny any more.

SPECIOUSLY though it is presented, Pan-Germanism means tyranny, of a selfish ruthlessness unprecedented in all history. All men and things German are at least a century behind the times ; even German organisation, which makes no allowance for the human factor in the great equation. That fact is the guarantee civilisation has that the Central Empires are doomed inevitably to defeat soon or late. Meanwhile, the tragedy of the war has been drawn out by the refusal of Bulgaria's ruler to read aright the plain signs of the times, and it has been complicated, and perhaps protracted again, by the reluctance of the King of the Hellenes to hear or to believe the plain truth. When Venizelos told it to him he sent Venizelos away. Now Venizelos has spoken it again, in open agora, has obtained the assent of the entire people of Greece to his considered statement, and has sent written declaration of it to the king in the name of and on behalf of all the people.

" YOU are the victim of persons who, to re-establish their system of corrupt government, have not hesitated to exploit the respect which the nation owes to the Crown and the love it bears for you. . . . You are the victim of your military advisers, who, taking a narrow military view and anxious to establish the system of absolutism which would make them in effect masters of the country, have convinced you that Germany would emerge victorious from the European War. . . . You are the victim of your natural and human weakness. Accustomed to admire everything German, astounded by this unparalleled military preparation as by every other German organisation, not only have you believed in a German victory, but you have desired it. You hoped that after a German victory you would be able to concentrate in your own hands the whole power of government and sweep aside our system of liberty." No forked tongue spoke that. But what innuendoes are there !

THEN follows a statement of the consequence of these blunders. Instead of ending for ever the nation's quarrel of a thousand years with its national enemies, the people find Bulgars invading their territory, seizing their munitions of war, on which they had spent hundreds of millions of money, despising, scorning and chastising them while their friends look on in pitying contempt. The statement need not be summarised further. It is concise, unimpassioned, and accurate. And it concludes with the ringing declaration that " the nation does not approve what has been done, whatever they may say who surround you."

YET the nation is still in mood to appeal. " Appeal to your love of the Fatherland to break with the evil influences which exploit the love of the people for you, and which are dragging you, and with you your Royal House and Greece and the nation to a national catastrophe." But, yet again, the note of menace is there : " Remove far from you, and keep far from you henceforth, all those persons who illegally bit by bit have usurped all political power." " You will see by to-day's demonstration that the Liberal party is not the enemy of the Crown, nor the enemy of the Royal House, nor the enemy of yourself. It is only the respectful guardian of free institutions, and will suffer no one to injure them."

ISSUES greater than the fate of King Constantine's dynasty are involved in the answer that his Majesty may make to this address from his subjects, and, as all the world knows, there are already several arguments engaging his attention which will influence his decision—an allied army at Salonika and an allied fleet in the Piræus. We will not speculate about it. But apart from the effect it may have upon the conduct and duration of the war, this declaration is an historic and a most dramatic document. When did a monarch last receive such an address from his subjects ? What is its significance in the future history of monarchy ? Here are questions which many kings will do well to ponder, for the obstinate recalcitrance of some of them has put all human institutions into the melting-pot, and human prescience cannot surely say what the social system that shall emerge from it will be.

C. M.

The War Illustrated

News Notes and Comments

THE war has produced many quaint changes in public life and in the governance of the belligerent countries. One of the oddest outcomes of the war is to discover the State setting up as Press photographer! In July, 1914, who could have imagined that in eighteen months the British Government, through various agencies, would be selling photographs of the war, and collecting copyright fees for the use of these from newspapers throughout the country? Yet "Crown copyright" and "Official photograph" are now familiar labels on hundreds of war photographs appearing in the Press, to say nothing of the still more remarkable fact that the Government has entered the cinema market as "producer" of the great Somme battle-film. In the earlier stages of the war, private enterprise, working under the severest restrictions from the authorities, succeeded in securing for the public a wonderful series of photographs of actualities from the various fronts; but now the main task of maintaining this camera record of events has been taken over by the respective Governments, and is evidently well organised, if one may judge by the large supply of interesting photographs recently made available through the agencies co-operating with the Press Bureau.

Official Pictorial Documents

IN some issues of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED the majority of the photographs have come from official sources. The French, Italian, and Belgian, as well as the Canadian Governments have been for some time furnishing official photographs for publication. No periodical has published more of these official pictures than THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and it is our intention in the future to give preference in our pages to all the most noteworthy scenes that are obtainable from these sources, as the documentary importance of the official photograph is unquestionable, and bound volumes of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED containing these pictorial records issued by the different Governments will have an enhanced value. There are hundreds of these official photographs in the twenty-six parts (79 to 104) which constitute Volume IV. of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and if any reader has not yet had those twenty-six parts bound up into the handsome volume which they make when secured within the publishers' registered binding cases, he will be well advised to lose no time in doing so. The price of the binding cases, despite the great rise in all materials, is still maintained at 1s. 6d., and the cost of binding the loose parts together is small indeed when compared with the value of the finished work.

Romance and Reality

IT would be interesting to have a list of the localities in the various war centres that have been immortalised by poets and romance writers. Paris, perhaps, is too large a subject. Take the Belgian capital to begin with. Byron and Brussels are inseparable in verse. Rossetti, Wordsworth, and Longfellow have left their impress on the memories of Antwerp and Bruges. Rheims is enshrined in Southey's "Joan of Arc." Turning to fiction, Scott, in "Quentin Durward," has an unforgettable account of his hero's adventurous journey from Tours to Burgundy, with impressions of Namur, Péronne, and Liège. Familiar as a household word, too, is the Brussels of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond" and Charlotte Brontë's "Villette." These are only suggestions. Perhaps some of our readers will favour us with similar recollections of their leisure hours in bookland.

APROPOS of books—and pictures—one would like to know how many rare volumes not of Teutonic origin are in German hands. The only complete copy of one of the Shakespearean "source-books," "The Hundred Merry Tales," is at Göttingen. Shakespearean treasures in the possession of the enemy must be numerous. Whether the British exhibits at the 1914 Printing Fair at Leipzig were saved is, I believe, not definitely known. Nor have we any reliable account of the literary and artistic spoliation of Brussels and Louvain. The priceless MSS. in the Burgundian Library at Brussels included the "Imitatio Christi" of Thomas à Kempis. If the long-lost portrait of Sir Philip Sidney by Veronese is ever found, it will probably be found, as Symonds suggested, "buried in some German collection." These are comparatively small matters, but they might be remembered when the time arrives for the making of a Treaty of Peace.

A Word for Jack

SUGGESTIONS for distinguishing marks of honour for men who have done honour to their country and themselves in the war have been so numerous that we are not eager to add to them. Nevertheless there is one which we think is well deserved, and would give peculiar pleasure to the splendid service concerned. The three white stripes that edge the collars of British sailors commemorate three great victories won under Nelson—the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. Would it not be a graceful expression of the Empire's thanks to the British Navy of to-day, and a proud possession of the British Navy of to-morrow and all time, if a fourth white stripe were added to the collar now to commemorate the Battle off Jutland, the greatest sea-fight in all history, and, beyond question, one of the decisive victories of the war?

"Sainte France"

FRANCE, splendid in a thousand ways, rich in pastorale and tradition, prolific in great minds, gracious in form and countenance, is never more appealing than when she sings of herself. France is supreme among nations in the expression of patriotism. Is there a finer interpretation of national spirit than the Marseillaise? No other anthem is so inspiring and no other individual effort has helped so much in the consolidation of a great country. There is neither sentiment nor braggadocio in our ally's songs of "la Patrie," but always a wondrous dignity consistent with the ideal they represent. Perhaps the most notable recent poem written to France is the work of Viele-Griffin, entitled "Sainte France." The poet, though born in Norfolk, Virginia, and an American citizen, is the most original of French writers. He sees the beloved land of his origin as a daughter of the gods; beautiful in all humours, particularly in her present one of defiant heroism, wearing a crown of mourning for her fallen sons. Viele-Griffin concludes a great stanza with the lines:

> Toi, qui proclames, d'age en age, d'un sourire
> Que l'on est immortel, alors qu'on sait mourir.
> (Thou who proclaim'st from age to age, with a smile
> Those only are immortal who know how to die.)

A Memory of Gallipoli

OLIVER HOGUE, in his new book, "Trooper Bluegum at the Dardanelles," recalls this saying of an Anzac trooper as he passed the graves of fallen comrades at the evacuation of Gallipoli: "Tread softly, boys; don't let them hear us deserting them."

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

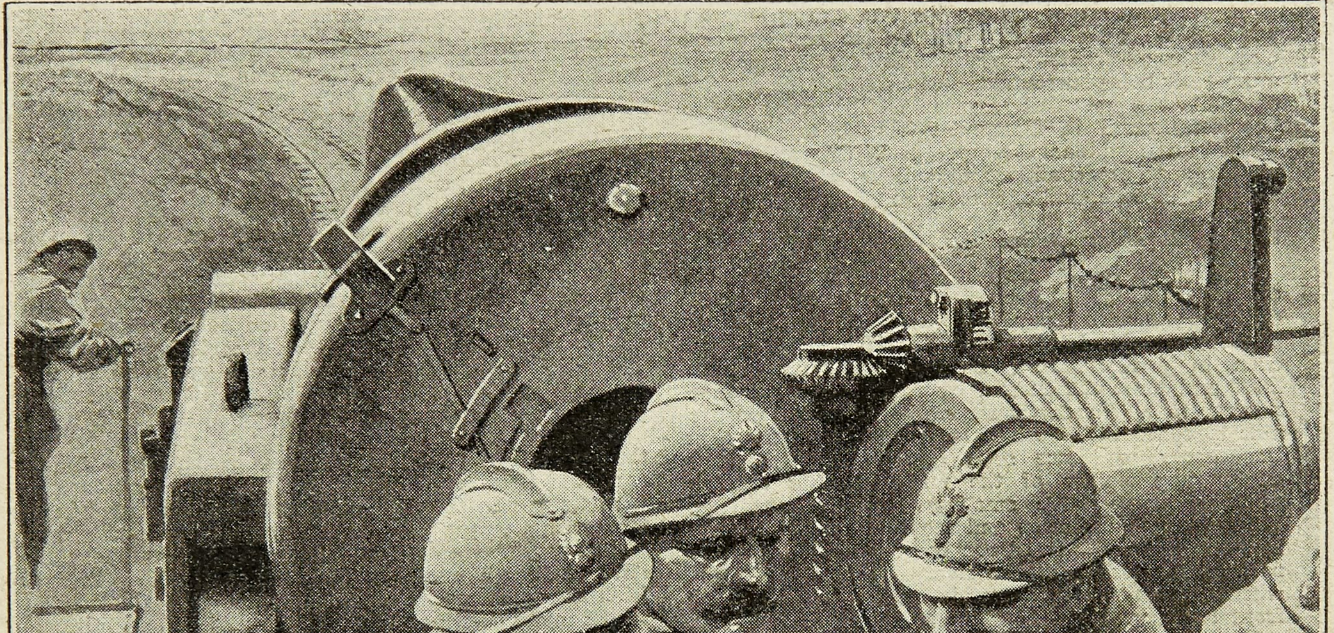
The War Illustrated, September 30th, 1916.

Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The War as Seen in Official Photographs

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly



Vol. 5

A Great Push: Loading a Giant French Weapon on the Somme Front

No. 111

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE news from the western front is so good that it is difficult to do full justice to it without seeming extravagance. In the two days' fighting on the Somme, September 15th-16th, we captured three important villages, Courcelette, Martinpuich, and Flers. We took over 4,000 prisoners, a number of guns, and scores of machine-guns. We occupied considerable country beyond the fiercely contested High Wood. More than half of the high-road between Albert and Bapaume is in our hands, and the great line of ridges commanding the country around is ours.

At the moment of writing the two strong German positions on either flank—Thiepval to our left and Combles to our right—are still holding out, but they are rapidly being surrounded and cut off. The capture of Combles is now daily expected. Thiepval and the position beyond it, Beaumont Hamel, undoubtedly present a formidable front. But the authorities on the spot are confident that their seizure is only a matter of time, and of short time at that.

Britain Superior in Gun-Power

At every point in this great battle we are proving our superiority. The enemy's counter-attacks are driven back with heavy loss. Their concentration of forces is powerless to retard us. We have the advantage even in artillery, long Germany's strongest arm. Here and there the enemy, by desperate endeavours, manage to stay our men for a few days, but we are able to concentrate such strength at these parts that the enemy resistance soon gives way. One very encouraging feature of the mid-September fighting was the comparative smallness of our casualties. We are employing more and more at the Somme the methods which General Foch has demonstrated to be so successful south of the river—isolation and overwhelming artillery preparation, rather than general frontal attack.

One novel and important feature of the recent Somme fighting has been the employment of a new and tremendously powerful form of armoured car, a kind of caterpillar of steel, impervious to bombs and machine-gun bullets, which crawls along, levelling everything it meets, from houses to trenches, clearing the way for an infantry advance, picking out and destroying the enemy's machine-guns and leaving a clear swathe through which the infantry can pour up. Apparently we have at last discovered a satisfactory method of employing armour in modern war. The armoured cars used at the beginning were a failure. They were of moderate service in the skirmishes and reconnaissance, where the enemy had no artillery, but were of no use for general work. The idea of body armour for the individual soldier is a delusion and a snare. I think that most practical soldiers who have experimented, as I myself have done, with armour in the trenches, will agree with me. But the new " fortress on wheels "—to use Mr. Perry Robinson's name for it—is quite another thing, and its introduction may materially shorten the present stage of trench fighting.

Foch's Triumphs and Hindenburg's Troubles

Our own victories on the Somme have been splendidly rivalled by the triumphs of General Foch's army. Village after village continues to fall into the hands of our ally with mathematical precision. The French mark their line and take it. Such a village is to be taken—and it is taken. The process of advance is of necessity slow in its first stages, but it is sure, and we are rapidly approaching a time when the German General Staff will have very seriously to consider the whole question of the western front. When the French advance on the Somme has progressed a bit more it will begin to threaten the communications of the German army in Champagne. Hindenburg is already evidently in serious difficulties in attempting to obtain the necessary supports for his armies. Every day that the Germans continue their attempt to hold their present long western line is a further day in which they are playing into our hands. Safety and common-sense dictate that they should retire to their shorter, and in some ways stronger, line well to the rear. National pride prevents their making this admission of defeat.

The Strength of Bulgaria

While the news from the west is very good indeed, the tidings from the Balkans are not quite so favourable. There is no doubt but that the Bulgarians are proving themselves a more serious factor than some people expected. The allied armies at Salonika began their long-delayed offensive in the second week in September, and have scored some considerable early successes, driving back the Bulgarian outposts and advancing upon Monastir, a strongly-held enemy town of great natural military possibilities commanding many roads, and of considerable strategic importance. The capture of Monastir would be a great triumph in every way for the Salonika forces. It will be surprising if the enemy do not put up a big defence there.

The activity in the south has not, however, caused the Bulgarians to weaken their lines to the east. The combined German, Bulgarian, and Turkish forces which were thrown in the Dobrudja, not only succeeded in taking up a strong position right across that territory and barring the Russo-Rumanian advance, but have compelled our allies to retire considerably to a fresh series of positions northwards. The Germans report that a decisive victory has been scored, and that close on 30,000 troops have been captured. After making all allowances for enemy exaggerations, it is clear that they have made a substantial—although we hope only a temporary—gain in this field.

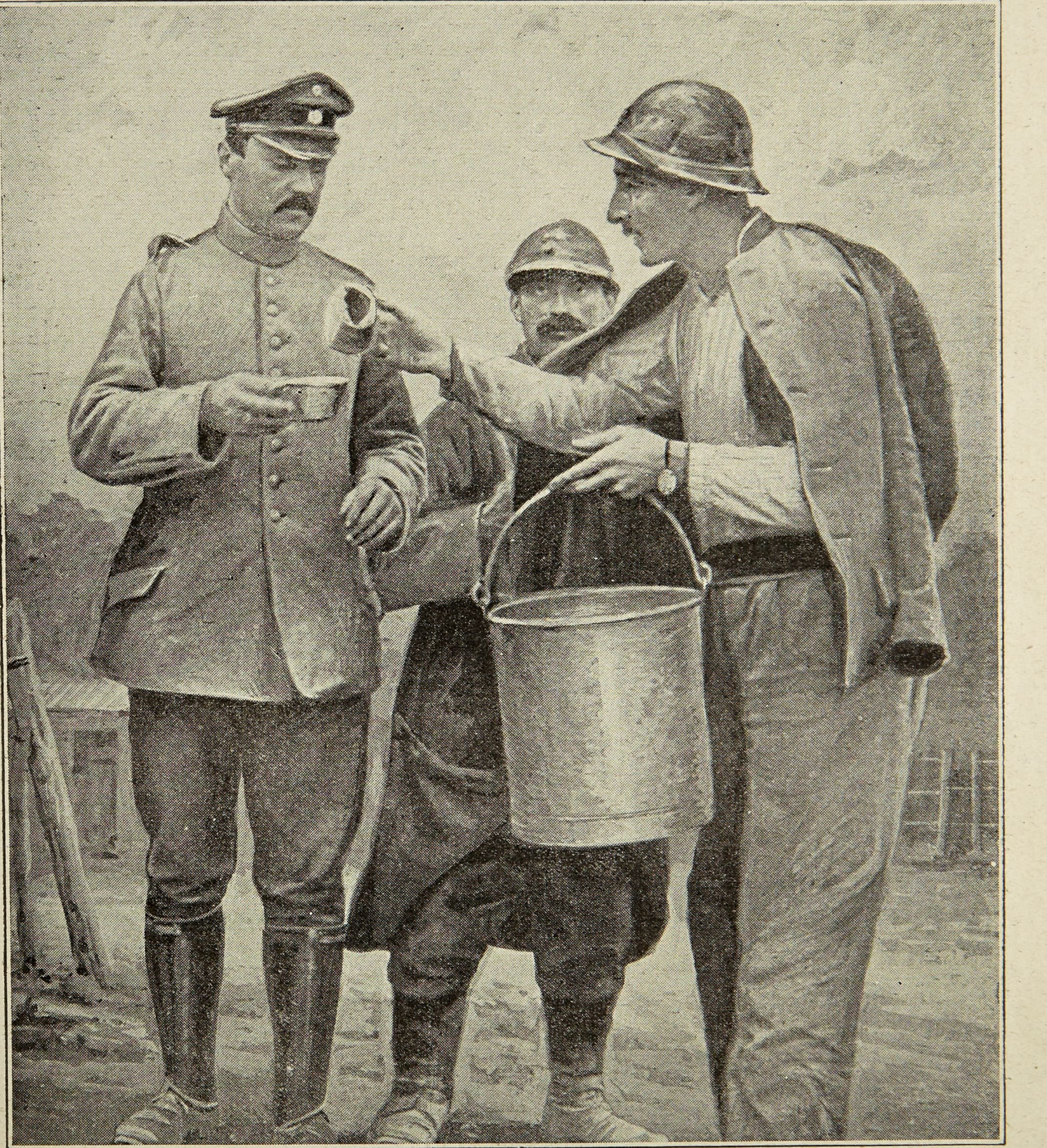
Effect of Winter on the Advance

It is generally anticipated that the next two or three weeks will see the culmination of the autumn campaign on all the allied fronts. The Italians, who are now within striking distance of Trieste, are engaged at the moment in a tremendous bombardment of the whole line of enemy positions, the kind of bombardment which usually precedes a big forward movement. The Russian armies on the banks of the Zlota Lipa and on the banks of the Narajowka are approaching the vital hours of their long and costly struggle with the entrenched enemy there. The latest reports from the Russians tell of great enemy losses in killed and wounded and several thousand prisoners captured. The movements of the French armies on the Somme and at Verdun point to yet greater fighting in store. There is every reason why the allied armies on all fronts should use their great strength to the utmost now before winter comes. Winter makes advance more difficult. When the country-side is covered with mud, and when men have to fight up to their knees or up to their middles in boggy lands, the toll from sickness adds appreciably to the losses from enemy weapons. Winter increases the power of the defensive and lessens the power of the offensive. It does not, however, make the offensive impossible, particularly in the west. The greatest German attempt to reach Calais was made in October and November two years ago.

30th September, 1916. No. 111. Vol. 5.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



HUNGER CONQUERS ARROGANCE.—A German officer taken prisoner near the Somme was courteously offered food by some French soldiers but scornfully spurned the kindness, rather to the amusement of his captors. Before long, however, hunger got the better of his arrogance, and he ungraciously accepted the food and water.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

AN UNAUTHORISED VISIT TO THE FRONT

By Our Own War Correspondent

ONE evening in November, 1914, I found myself in Calais, attempting to get through to the Belgian lines at Furnes. The First Battle of Ypres was at its height. Every German prisoner was telling how the German armies would, within the next week or two, sweep over the British defences, occupy Calais, and from there invade England.

Calais itself showed every evidence of war. The wounded were pouring in by rail and road. Parties of refugees continued to arrive, miserable, bedraggled crowds of limping and sodden women and children—as pitiful objects as I have ever seen. Many things were unobtainable. For example, you could not buy a cigarette or a cigar in the town, nor, if I remember right, a match. It was impossible to obtain a bed, for every hotel was crowded. I counted myself lucky to be allowed to lie that night on the long seat of a café. Unfortunately, the seat was very narrow; I am not particularly thin; and two or three times I barely saved myself from tumbling on to the floor.

The railway was still open to Dunkirk. In the train early next morning I made friends with a railway guard proceeding to the front. In the old days he had been the chef-de-train of a famous international express; now he was helping to convey goods to the front lines. Long before Dunkirk was reached we had sworn friendship. "Don't you worry," he said to me, "I will get you through somehow."

At Dunkirk there came a check. Guards were waiting at the railway station, and I found myself taken off under military escort to the French headquarters. Here a very interesting half-hour followed. Staff officer handed me over to Staff officer, each higher than the last. Finally I found myself in the presence of a very jolly and energetic French colonel. He started with a great show of indignation. "What do you mean by coming here?" he asked. "Do you know that this place has been declared in a state of siege? No stranger is allowed in." I apologised and pleaded ignorance. "Regard the notices!" thundered the officer as he showed me the proclamation of a state of siege on the walls. "You must go! You must leave here!" "But, my colonel," I interposed, "you would not send me off without giving me time to eat? I started from Calais very early. I am very hungry. May I not stay here for a meal?" "You can stay here for thirty-six hours," he responded, greatly to my surprise, "but not a moment longer." And then he looked at me more kindly. "But why do you come here? This is not the place for you. All you have here is some fighting at sea or a Zeppelin dropping bombs on us. You want to go to Furnes."

A Friendly Guard on the Furnes Train

I told him that Furnes was where I was trying to reach. Would he give me a note to help me through? "Jamais! jamais! jamais!" he replied with the utmost emphasis. But the end of the interview was that my military escort was removed and I was allowed to walk through the streets alone.

As I went out of the headquarters I found my railway guard waiting for me. You could buy Belgian cigars in Dunkirk, although you could not in Calais. We discovered a restaurant where we ate solidly and grossly, as hungry men do, sausages and cabbage, a mysterious soup, and the like, and then we smoked the cheap Belgian cigars one after the other. "Never have I had such a meal since the war broke out," said the guard. "Now, my friend, come with me and we will go to Furnes."

We entered the railway station through a window. Three times we nearly ran into a sentry, but at the end we found ourselves in the van of a long goods train. "Regardez donc," said the guard, "you speak no French. You say nothing. Leave it to me." He shut the door and left me alone.

Half an hour later the big train rumbled slowly out of Dunkirk eastward to Furnes.

That night we dropped off the train two miles from our destination, and made our way along the track. At Furnes Station, of course, we would have been arrested at once. It was raining heavily and pitch dark. We walked warily to evade wires and watched carefully for sentries. At one point we passed close to a French camp, and the wood fires burning outside the *tentes abris*, despite the rain, made a military picture worthy of Détaille.

It was not a pleasant walk. I was carrying a heavy pack, and was very glad when at last we got into Furnes. But here our troubles were by no means over. The quaint old Belgian town was crowded with troops and with wounded. Not a light was shown, for we were within range of the German guns, and a very easy mark for the German aeroplanes. Stumbling through the muddy streets, I went to house after house trying to find shelter.

There was an English hospital. After trying many other places, I asked the lady in charge there if I could rest in the outer corner of one of her tents. She was adamant. A general warning had gone out against correspondents during the past few days. They were to be arrested on sight. Lord Kitchener had sent a special delegate to the Belgian headquarters begging that stern measures should be taken against them. The lady naturally enough could not risk offending the authorities by letting me come in out of the rain.

Hospitality at the Eleventh Hour

Then, while I was making up my mind to spend the night in the muddy streets in the rain, the gates of Paradise opened. Some one told me of a Belgian house near by, the home of a Belgian diplomat. I knocked at the door, expecting nothing. Two dear old ladies opened it. They welcomed me in. They fussed over me. They made me change my soaked clothes, finding some old garments of their own men folk for me, and that night I lay in a comfortable bed after a warm meal. Even the roaring of the guns outside and the sounds of the troops marching all night long under my window did not disturb me.

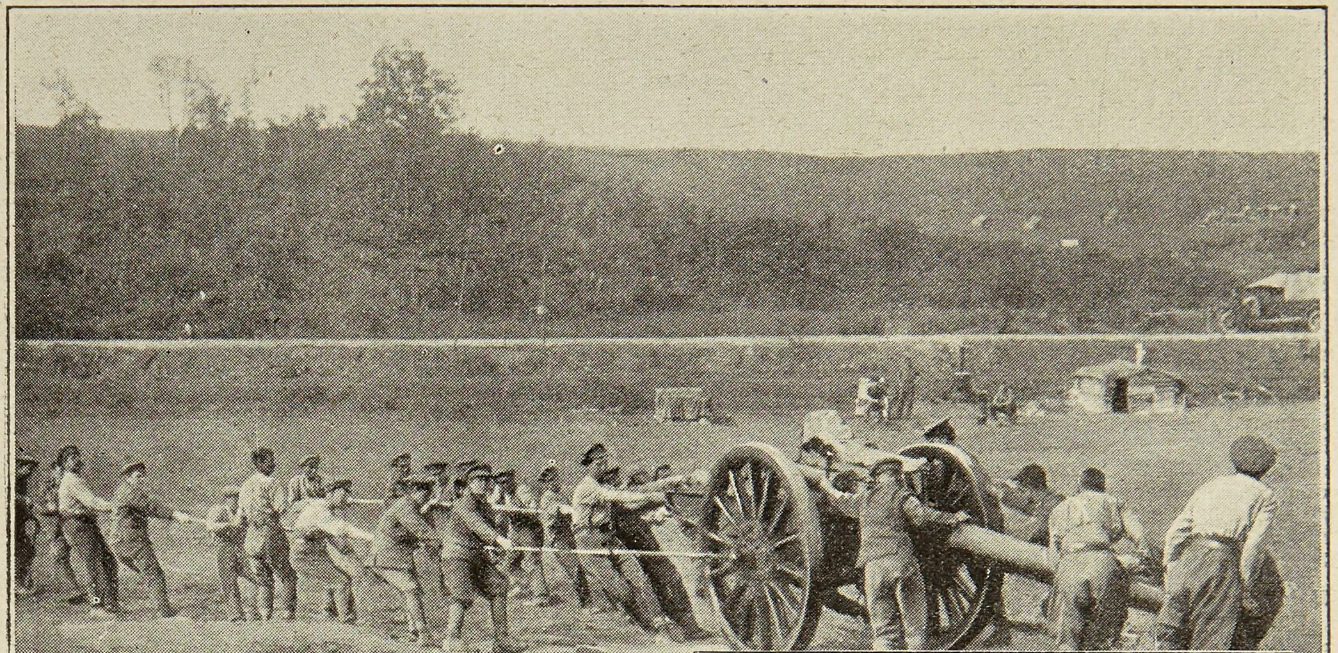
Next morning I was up early. Everything around spoke of war. Soldiers were everywhere—horse, foot, and artillery. The thunder of the guns was ever in the air. Biplanes at intervals whirred overhead. Armoured motor-cars, mounted with formidable machine-guns, rushed in and out. There was a constant procession of well-found motor-ambulances, among which the ambulances of the British Red Cross were splendidly to the front. Regiments were marching in, tired out, the men having done their forty-eight hours' work—twenty-four hours in the trenches and twenty-four hours in reserve; and others were marching out to take their places. My admiration for the Belgian troops, whom I had seen at work earlier in the fighting around Termonde, grew as I came to know them more. It would be easy enough to criticise their professional military faults, but it would not be easy to do full justice to their temper and courage. They had not the high spirits of the French; I might almost describe them as grief-stricken men. War had meant for them the loss of all. Nearly every soldier was consumed with anxiety concerning the fate of his women folk and of those near to him. They had fought till they were sick of slaughter. Yet, how they fought—doggedly, passionately, stubbornly!

I looked round. Furnes had received comparatively little damage, but the neighbouring district was one great ruin. There was no longer a Dixmude, except heaps of stones. Roulers, yesterday a great centre of the linen trade, was now chiefly marked by a high line of German corpses which lay outside it. Blankenberghe had been levelled flat for two miles along the front, in order to give the German guns free play. Nieuport was broken and seared, and pitted everywhere with shell fire. The people had mostly fled. Trade, commerce, farming had been wiped out. This was war!

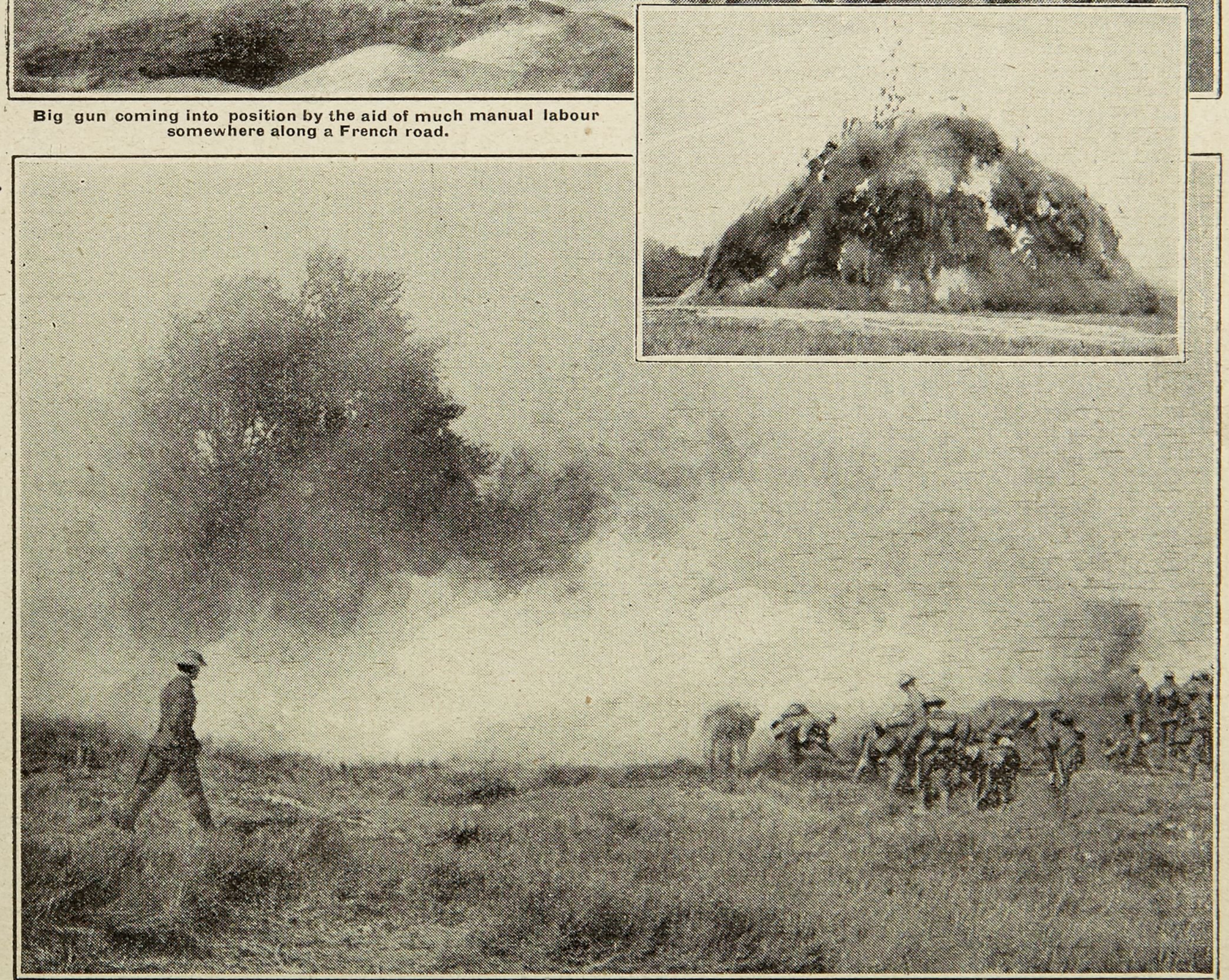
[*Continued on page* 148

Hauling, Digging and Mining Along the Somme

British Official Photographs



Big gun coming into position by the aid of much manual labour somewhere along a French road.



Every possible ruse of war is resorted to in order to screen fighting men. Behind a broad smoke-stack some British soldiers are digging in full range of the enemy guns. Inset: Mine explosion. The earth heaves, a mass of smoking debris, shattered boulders and roots are flung into space, and a yawning mine-crater results.

AN UNAUTHORISED VISIT

(Continued from page 146)

I dared not tax too much the hospitality of my Belgian friends, and so I went to find some food for myself. In shop after shop I could discover nothing but a few bottles of olive oil and vinegar, and some tins of tomato paste. Wine there was in abundance, and a fair supply of somewhat thin beer.

In one shop I lighted on some jars of beef extract. I grabbed at them eagerly, and the lady of the shop laughed at me. "Ah, monsieur! They are only sample jars. There is nothing in them."

In another shop I was fortunate enough to find a couple of tins of sardines. Further on I discovered a soldier willing to sell part of his ration of that hard black sausage which, rightly or wrongly, I have always associated with horse-flesh. The sausage was at least solid and satisfying, and so my food problem was solved.

That morning, walking between Furnes and Nieuport, along the banks of the St. George's Canal, I dropped into the midst of a pretty little fight. Some heavy German guns had been worrying us during the night and all the morning, unpleasant monsters, each with its different bark, and each bark more ugly than the others. However, the shells were not falling among us, and so there was nothing to be worried about. Suddenly there came a tremendous roar from seawards, followed by another, and another. It seemed as though the heavens were being torn with shells shrieking over our heads.

Between British and German Fire

Some British monitors out at sea had located a German battery. We had noticed early in the morning a British aeroplane overhead; it had evidently found the range. The guns were at work!

The incident was typical of modern war. Here I was standing between the German batteries inland and the British monitors out at sea. They were fighting each other, and their shells were passing overhead. Yet I could see neither the monitors nor the German batteries. I could not even see the smoke of their bursting explosives. Nothing but the terrific noise overhead told me what was happening. After a little time the German fire died down, and in twenty minutes the German batteries were wholly silenced.

Coming back into Furnes later in the day I ran foul of another German battery. A gun opened fire from a wholly unexpected quarter, quite close. A shell came tearing along, seemingly straight at me, tearing with a rasping, irregular noise, showing that the rifling of the gun was worn out. It dropped in a field just by. Four others followed it, not one of them exploding. It was very fortunate for me that they did not, or this story would probably not have been written.

I could not understand how the German guns should be so close, and I gazed across the fields expecting to see an advance of German infantry. The mystery was not explained until a few days later. Some German soldiers had concealed themselves in a farmyard amid some hay stacks. They had remained hidden when the Belgian troops took up their positions around Nieuport, and practically from the inside of our line they at intervals bombarded us. It was days before they were located. They were brave men, but I am glad that their shells were bad.

One of the most thought-provoking sights in Furnes at this time was the large parties of grave-diggers setting out morning, noon, and night for the different points of the line. One task that the soldier hates is grave-digging, and fatigue-parties for it are always made as small as possible. One afternoon, however, I saw no less than fifteen hundred men sent out at once in different companies for Dixmude. "There are 37,000 German dead lying outside that town," one Belgian officer told me. "They are in rows, in stacks, in heaps. We must bury them or there will be an epidemic."

Like "Reds" of the Revolution Days

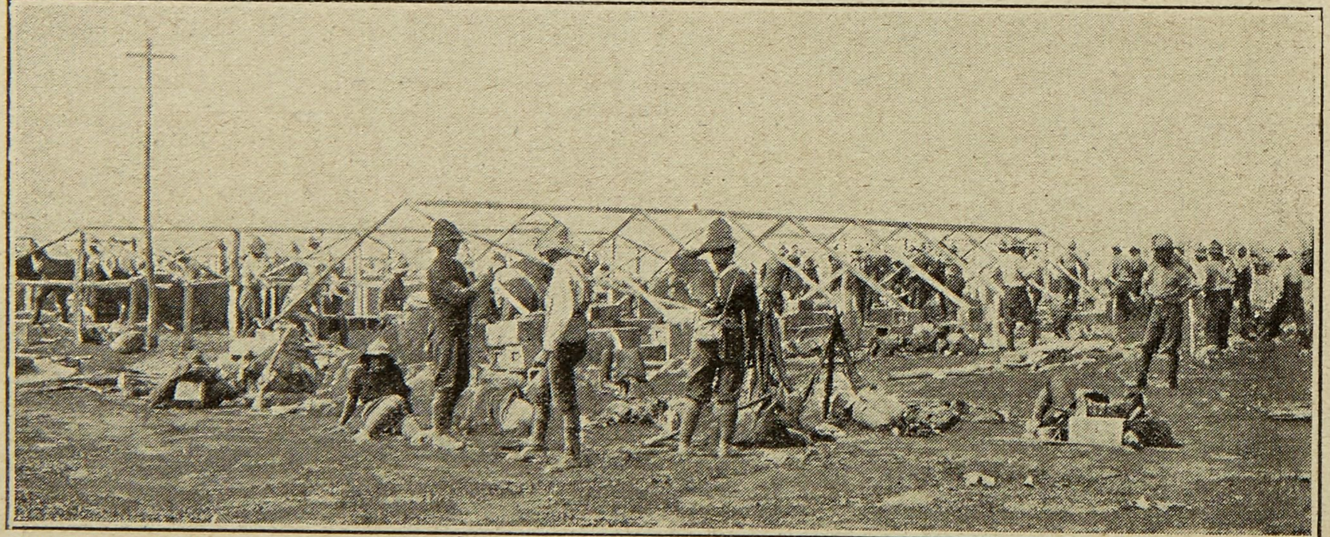
The next sight that stands out in my memory was the arrival of the French cavalry, the Chasseurs d'Afrique. We were very hardly pressed. The Germans were flinging great bodies of men against all our front lines, hoping to break through the Belgian ranks. But the Belgians stood firm, although companies were cut to the strength of platoons, and every shelter was filled with wounded men. Then the French came to our help—splendid cavalry, every man looking like a D'Artagnan, and grim, black-faced, eager young artillerymen. I saw a battery one day sweeping around to one of the hottest points in the line. The gunners were singing the "Marseillaise" as they hurried forward. I realised then how the Reds o' the Midi must have sung that song as they marched in the days of the great Revolution towards Paris.

How was I to get back home? Again some friendly railway men helped me out. One evening I made my way quietly to a railway clearing-house, where a great Red Cross train lay waiting.

Hour after hour the motor-ambulances brought up their pitiful loads of wounded from the fighting-line near by. These were tragic and grief-stricken hours, even for the spectator. In those sombre shadows one saw much that was unspeakably pitiful, much that was indescribably brave.

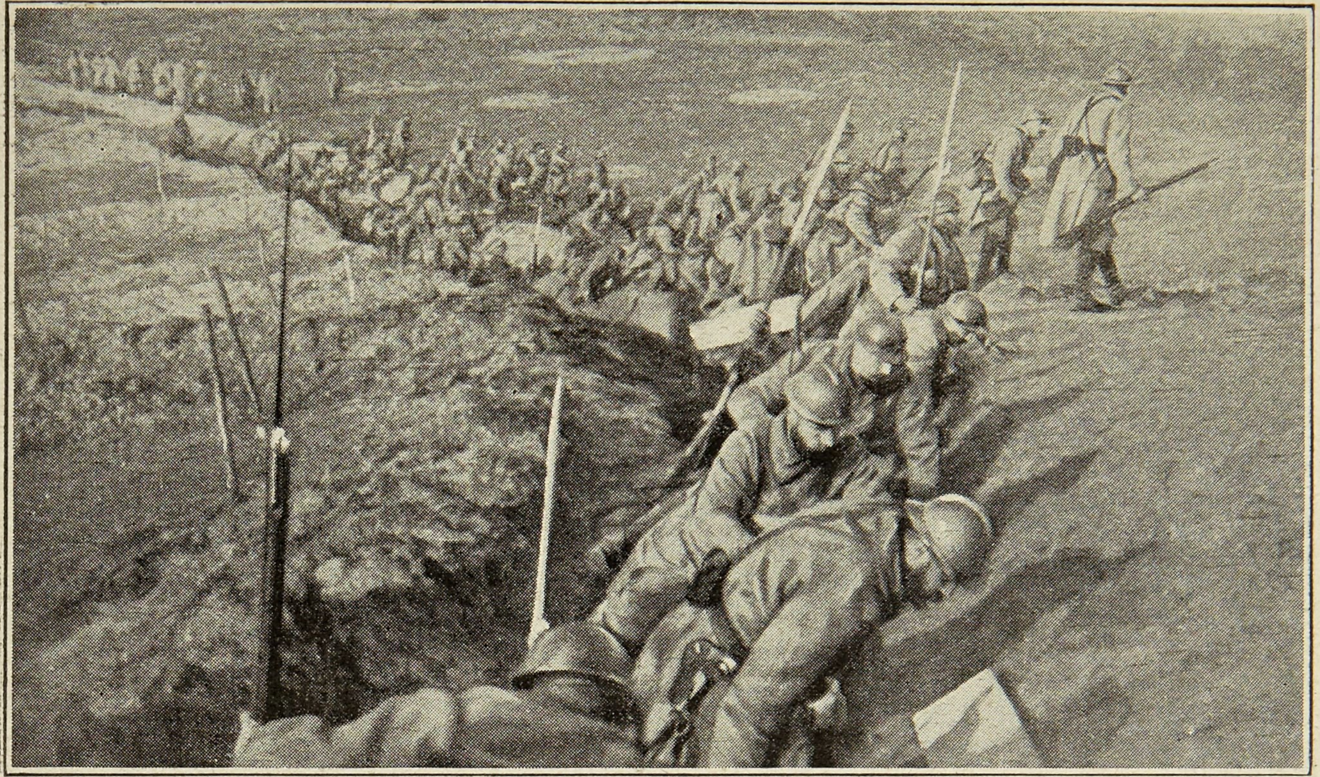
That night I travelled down with the wounded and the dying to Calais again. Our train was one of many going towards the coast filled with men who had given themselves as sacrifices in the great fight that saved Calais and the French coast for France, and saved England from German invasion.

F. A. McKENZIE

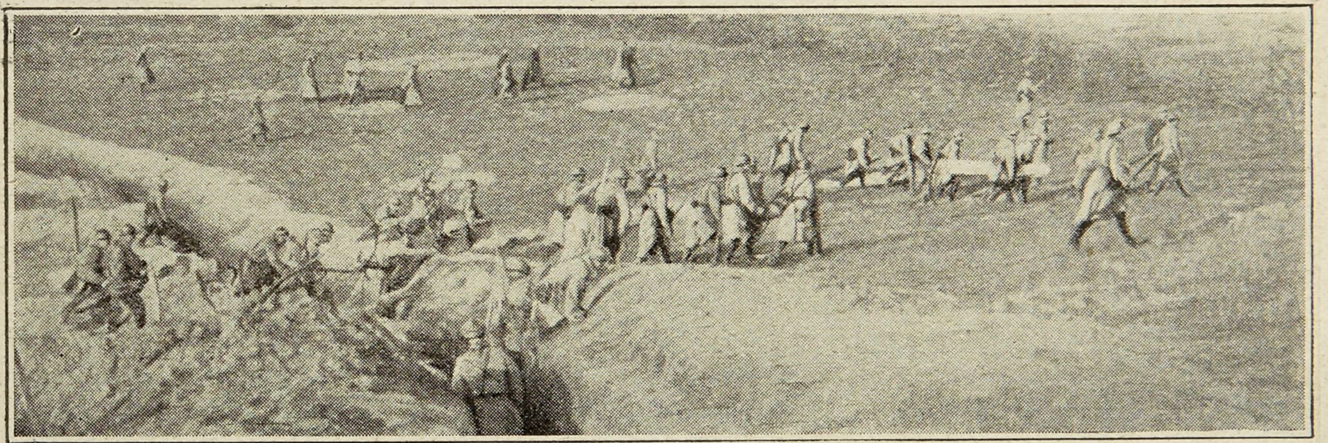


Building huts for the new-comers to France. Constructional work somewhere behind the lines in view of the coming winter campaign. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

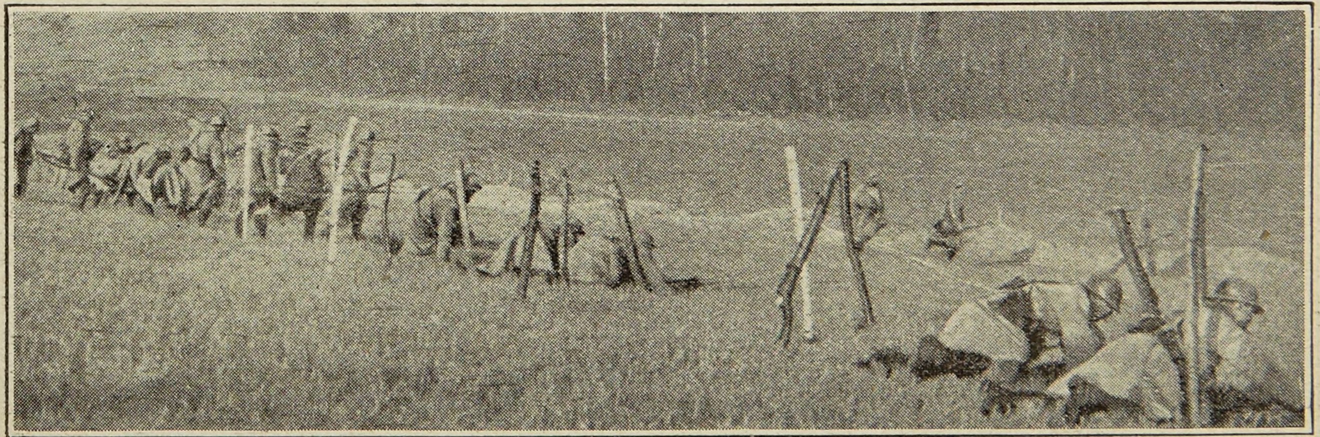
An Irresistible Wave all Blue and Steel



By word of mouth the signal for the advance is given. Along the trench line it passes, and quick as lightning steel helmets and blue uniforms rise above the parapet and make deliberately for the enemy lines, a rolling cloud of discipline and strength.



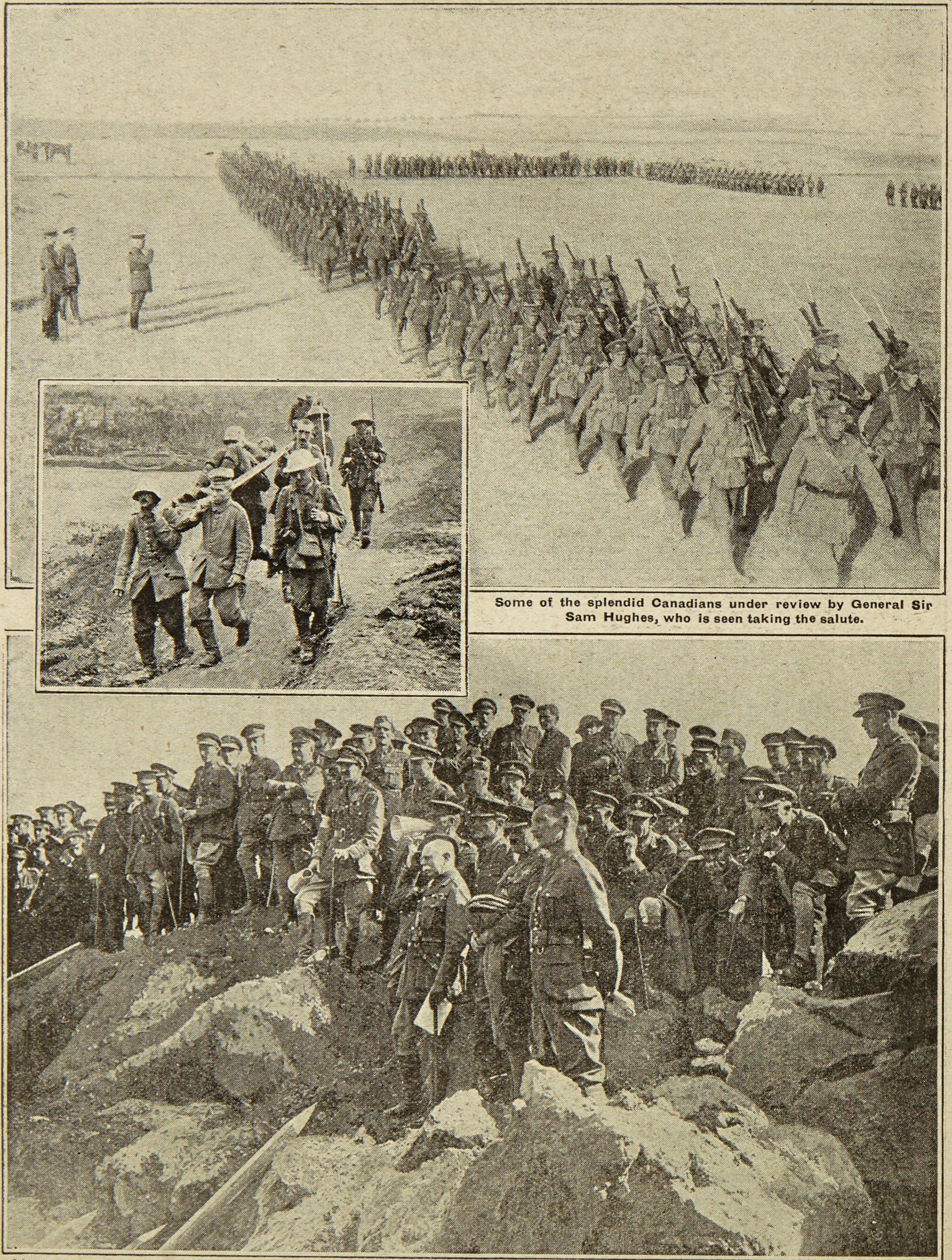
It is still customary to imagine that soldiers rush headlong at the enemy trenches, but their heavy equipment alone makes the "lightning charge" possible only in rare circumstances. A slow, ordered advance in the face of danger exacts the greater courage.



Sometimes the most elaborate artillery bombardment may leave a stretch of barbed-wire intact. Then the advancing infantry clip the obstruction with special scissors, generally in the face of terrible enemy fire. The above photographs are from the area of Maurepas.

Sir Sam Hughes Inspects Maple Leaf Veterans

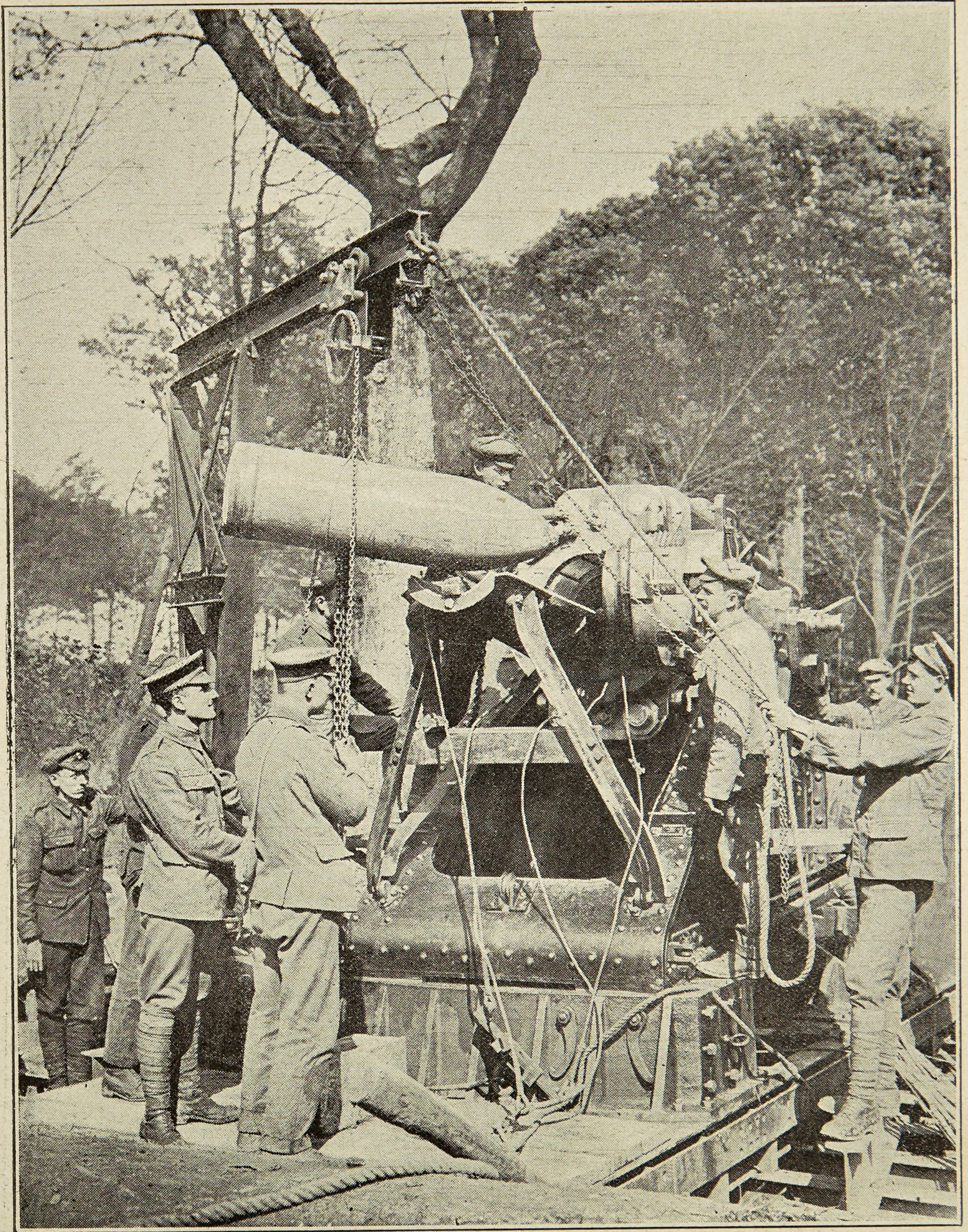
Canadian and British Official Photographs



Some of the splendid Canadians under review by General Sir Sam Hughes, who is seen taking the salute.

Lieut.-General Sir Herbert Plumer and officers standing on the lip of a mine-crater. The charge was exploded for instructional purposes. Inset: German prisoners carrying a wounded British soldier from the battlefield.

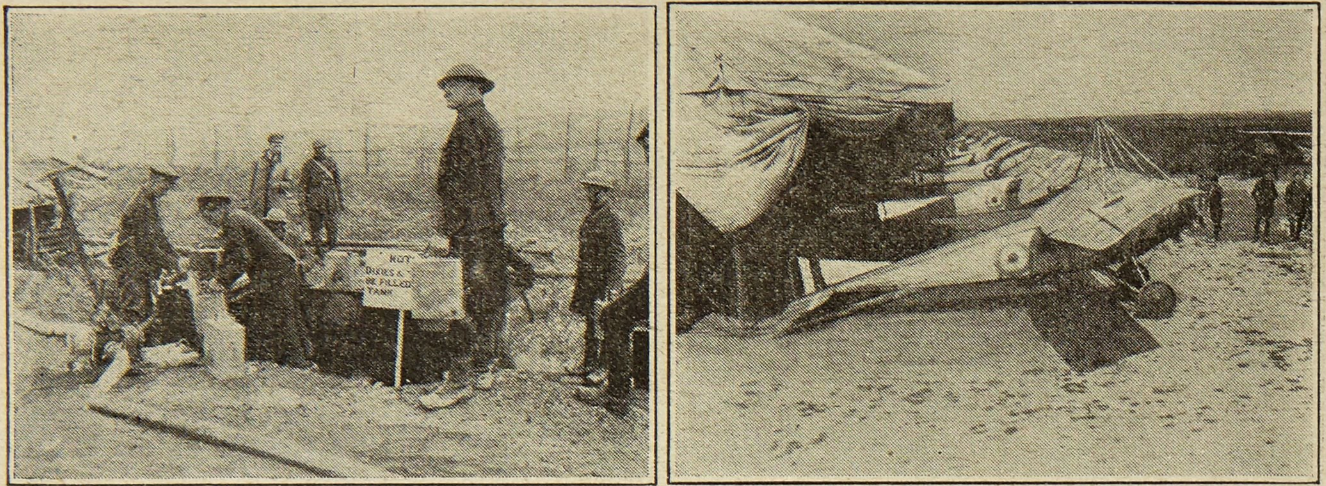
Once More Into the Breech! Official Photograph



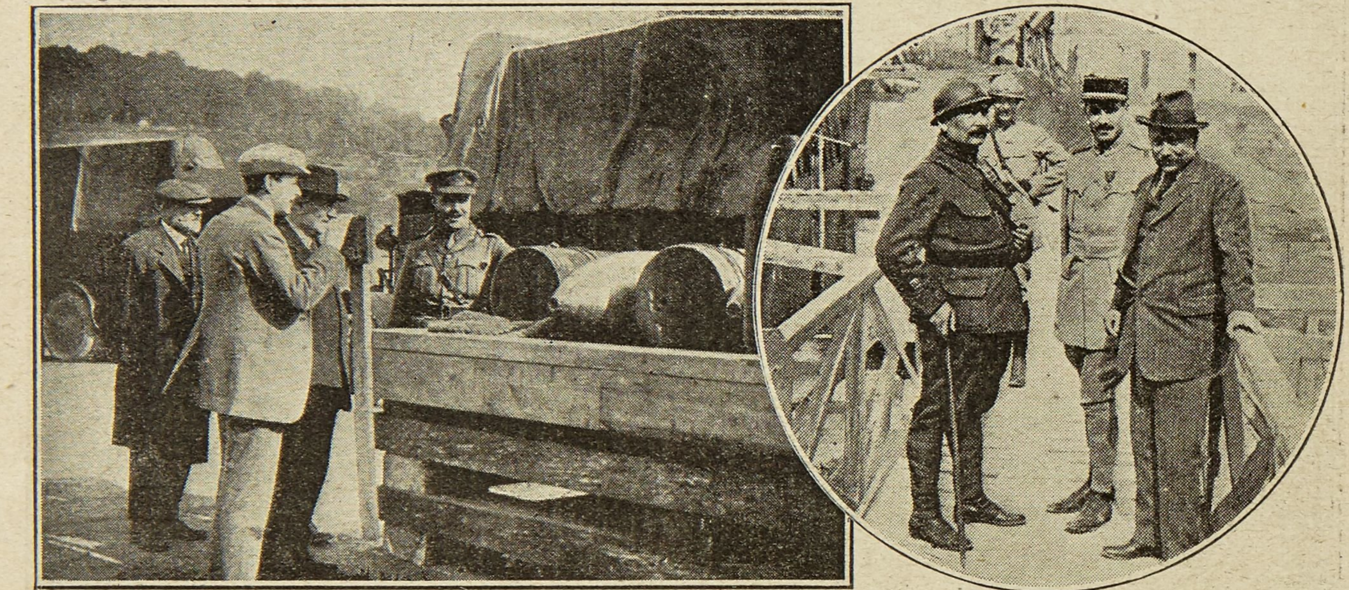
The amount of accessory machinery essential in working a great howitzer is not the least remarkable thing about these monster weapons. A powerful pulley contrivance is run up alongside the gun, and several men are engaged hoisting the shell into the breech. The weapon is well-screened behind a wood; the shell, being sent almost straight up into the air, and falling perpendicularly, is calculated to shatter the strongest fortifications and reach the deepest dug-outs.

Premier and Prophet in the Arena of War

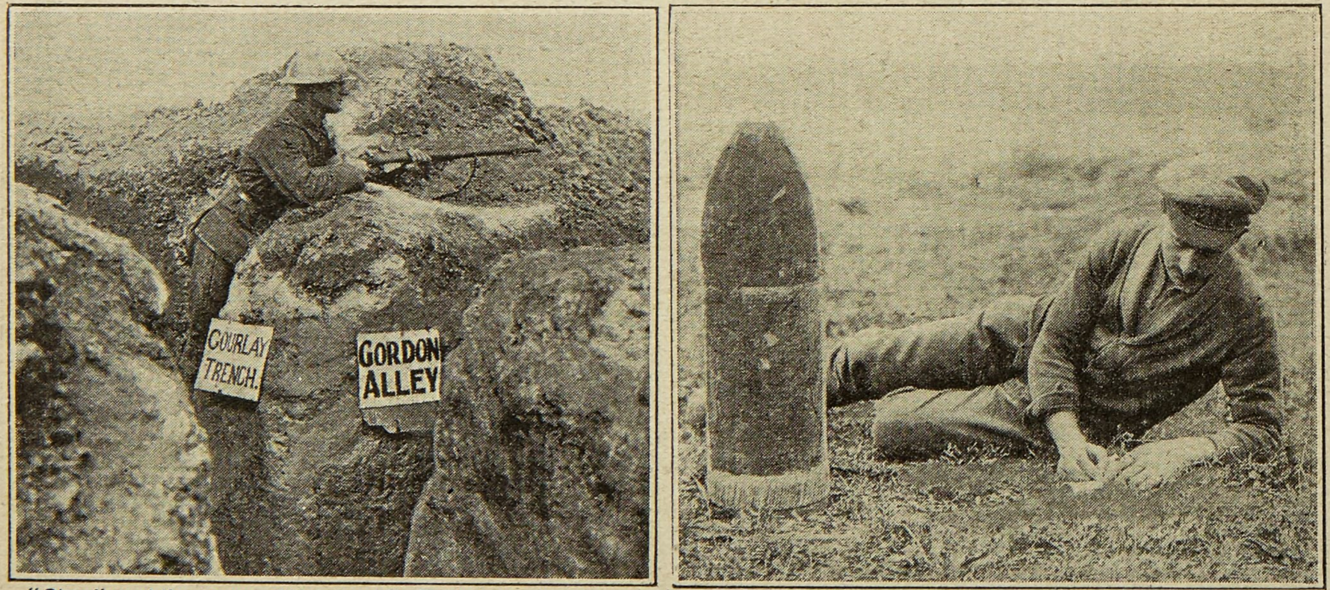
British and French Official Photographs



A visit to the tap. The arrangements for a good water supply to the troops are perfectly wonderful. Right: Scene at an aerodrome. Experts agree that, while Germany has produced a few airmen like Immelmann, the British and French aviators are their superior.



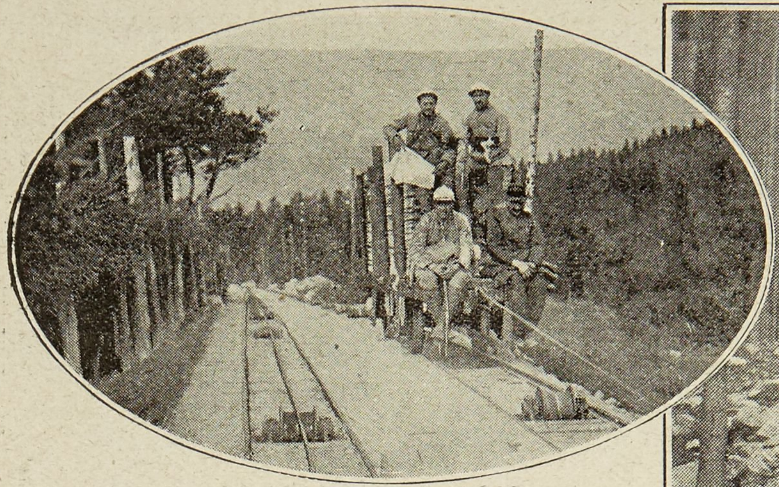
Mr. Asquith paid many visits to the front. On this occasion he was much interested in some great howitzer shells. Right: Mr. H. G. Wells at Soissons. The author of "The War of the Worlds" and other almost prophetic stories, which also revealed great scientific knowledge, has been privileged to see a great deal of the warfare on the French and Italian fronts.



"Standing at the corner of the street." British sentry at the junction of two trenches carried in the course of the great advance. Right: The letter home. The great shell by the writer's side was a German "dud" that fortunately had failed to explode.

Preparations for Winter War Amid the Vosges

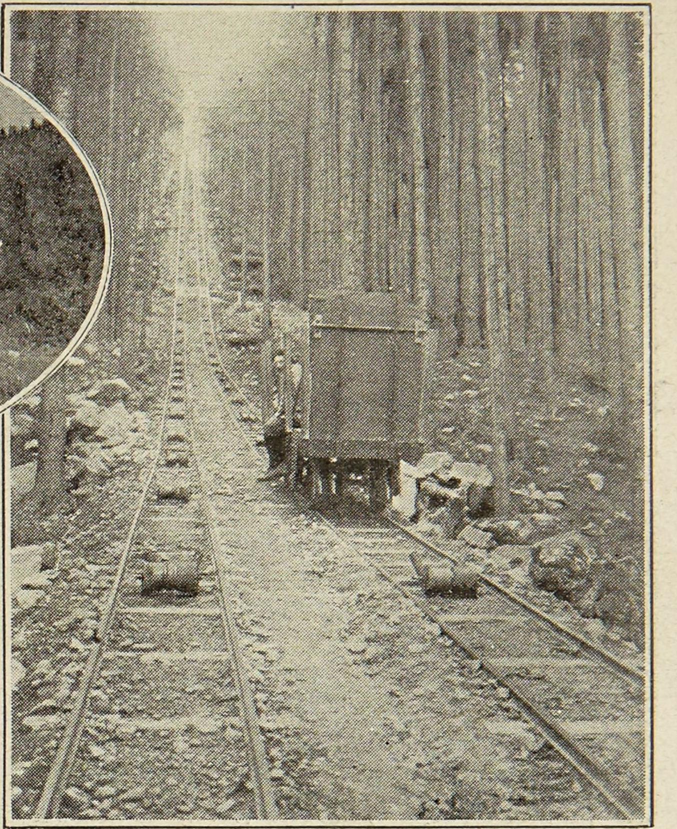
French Official Photographs



Light railway for the transport of munitions and stores in the Vosges sector.

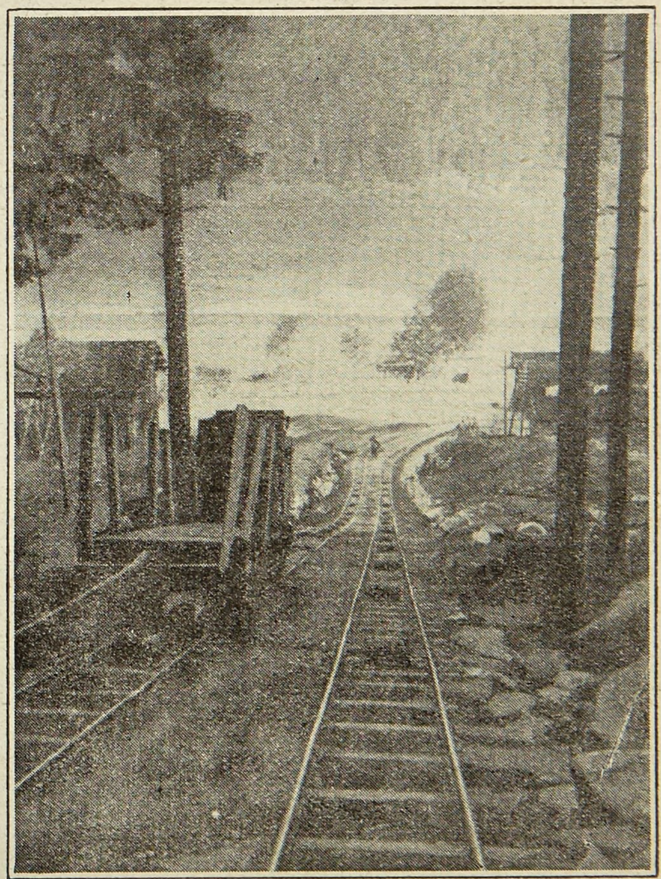
THE coldest part of the long French line is the Vosges. These heights form really the only natural barrier between France and Germany, and here the Chasseurs Alpins can look down towards the Rhine, which it is intended shall definitely mark the boundary between two irreconcilable nationalities.

Though the Vosges sector is the strongest natural gate to France, much deadly fighting has taken place here, and active preparations have been going on for the coming winter campaign. In the Vosges conditions of fighting are not unlike those obtaining along the Trentino front. Mountain railways abound, and where topographical obstructions make rail communication impossible, munitions and guns are sent through space from point to point attached to a cable.



Through an avenue of pines the truck is drawn up to the crest of the hill by a cable.

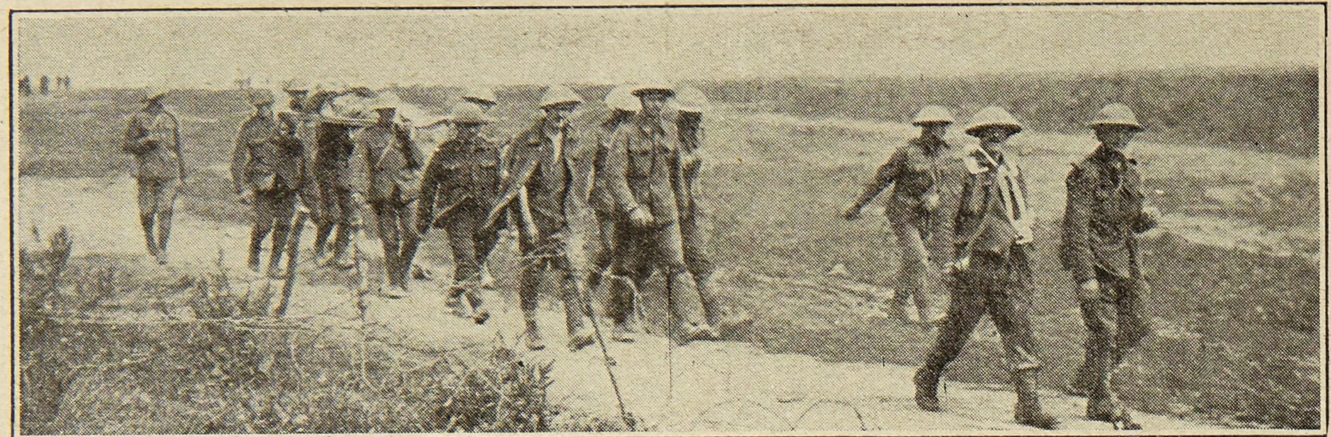
So thick is the growth of pine wood that in parts of the line the daylight scarcely penetrates.



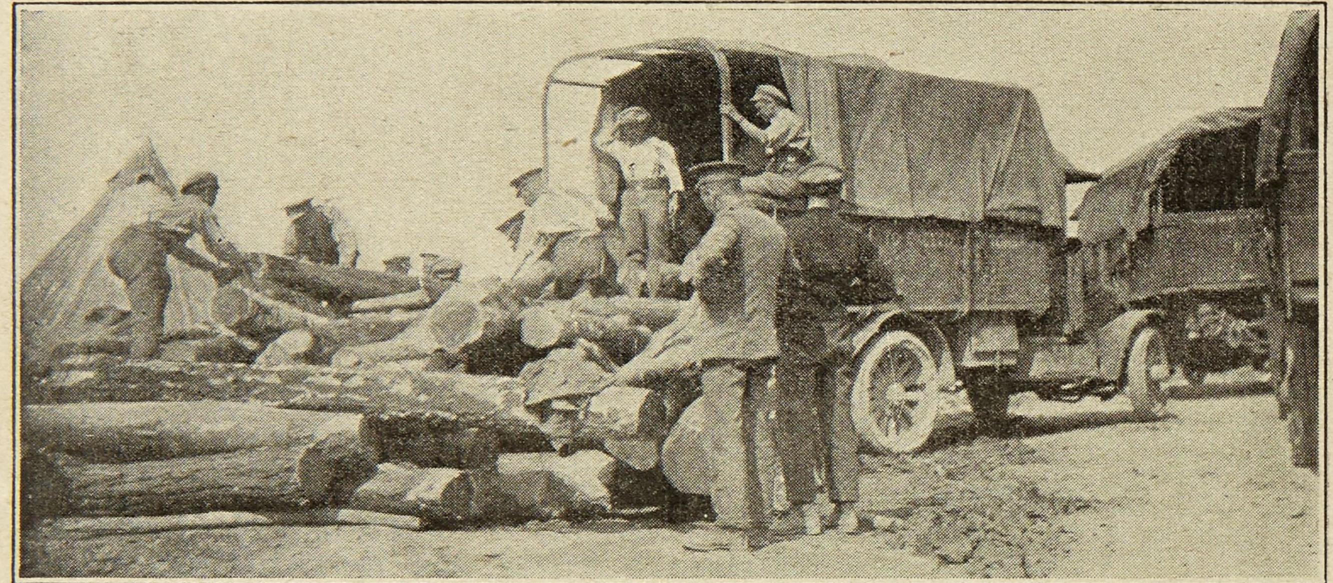
Pictorial effect along a rail track through a Vosges forest. Leaving the dark forest, the eye perceives a vista of lambent beauty.

Gold Stripes from Guillemont & Guns for Ginchy

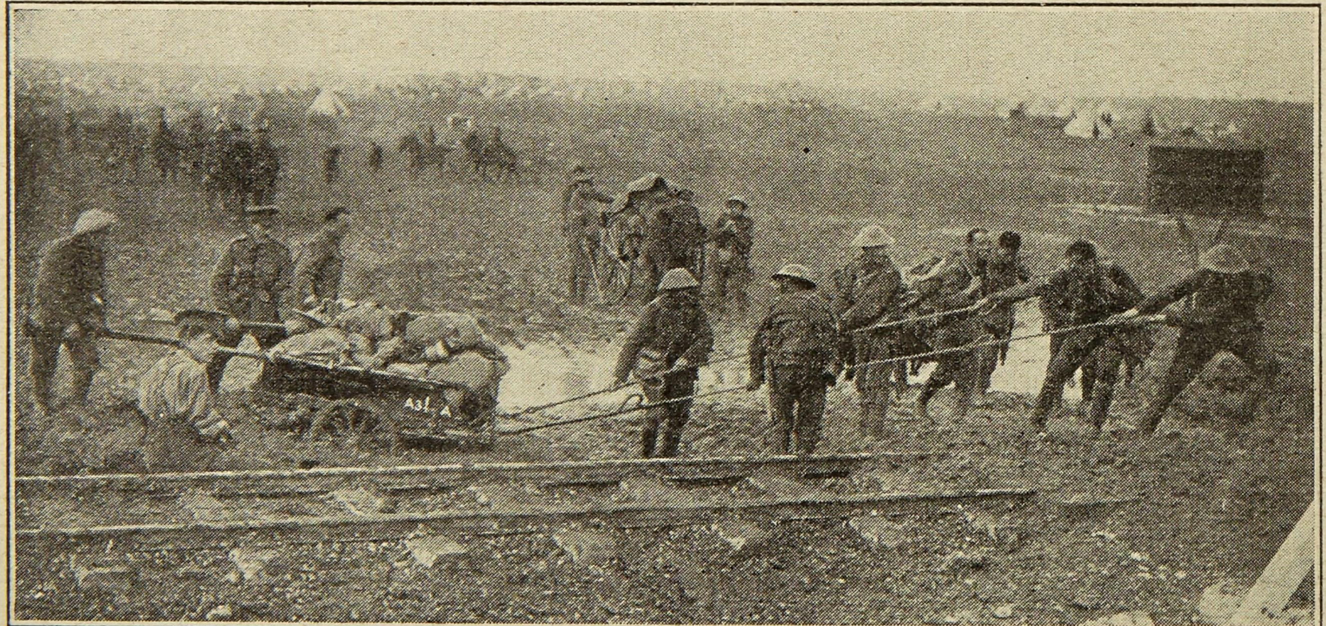
Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved



Wounded coming in through barbed-wire after the taking of Guillemont. This village, which had for a long time been an obstacle to our advance, was carried on September 3rd, after desperate fighting with troops that included the Prussian Guard.



Unloading timber to be used as props. Inconceivable quantities of timber are used for trench construction, and all over France and England battalions of lumbermen are employed felling trees, principally firs, and despatching them to the front.



Some idea of the extent to which the ground is churned up by the operation of large bodies of troops may be gathered from this photograph showing men over their knees in mud hauling a heavily-laden cart which is submerged above its axles.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

The Capture of Ginchy

by Max Pemberton

LONDON has been hearing its good news at the week-end latterly. We had the taking of Guillemont for our Sunday dish upon the third day of September and the fall of Ginchy for the tenth. This great and wonderful battle marks almost the last stage of the fight for the ridge.

As the "Times" correspondent wisely says, it is difficult to overestimate the importance to the enemy of this deprivation of his last hold upon the high ground which runs roughly from Thiepval to Ginchy village. From it he could look down upon our positions, shell us at his pleasure, and possess those "eyes of war" which are sometimes the deciding factor. These eyes he had as long as he held the plateau above and to the east of Ginchy. Now he has lost them and we, in our turn, have advanced upon a front of 6,000 yards to a depth varying from three hundred to three thousand yards.

Well Done, Munsters, Connaughts, Dublins!

It is a bald statement enough, and yet it embraces some of the fiercest fighting upon the western front. Not since the critical days of Verdun have such deeds been recorded or such a display of stubborn bravery been witnessed. We knew last week that the Irishmen had distinguished themselves beyond compare in the famous dash for Guillemont, and now we add the glorious work at Ginchy to their scroll. "Well done, Munsters!" cried a general, as they came lurching back from the hell of battle, begrimed, black, and sweating. The words are echoed here with a gratitude which is very real.

"Well done, Munsters, Connaughts, and Dublins!" There were Sein Feiners among you, but they went for "Jerry" in a way he will never forget; and upon their right Scotsmen and Welsh, the Rifles, the Warwicks, the Gloucesters, the Surreys, and the Cornishmen did work as memorable. Well done, indeed; so well done that, "familiar in our mouths as household words" this day these names shall be remembered.

The fall of Ginchy was the inevitable sequel to the gallant storming of Guillemont on September 4th. How we took that dust-heap was told last week, and having taken it, got "Lousy Wood" to the south-east of it, and pushed on in the Sunken Road, which runs down the Ancre ravine from West Wood to Leuze. The new positions thus gained were held only by the unshakable tenacity of our infantry and the splendid work of our artillery. Unable in many places to dig themselves in, the men were forced to take shelter in any shell-hole they could find, and there to do what they could with a trench tool to make themselves secure.

King Sol Brightens the Blasted Field

The Hun in his turn, driven by panic, rested neither by day nor night. Star-shells burst over the pock-marked ground, tear-shells were fired to the number of ten thousand upon one occasion, and the very air we breathed reeked with the acrid fumes of the gas which should have destroyed us but did not. Through it all we held on, and began to consolidate our new positions. Ginchy was our immediate objective. Ginchy we meant to have, as we shall have Combles and Thiepval, perhaps before these lines appear.

The weather has been better about No Man's Land these latter days, and the sun has shone gloriously upon that scene of desolation and death. This week I talked to a famous novelist who had just returned from Fricourt. His brief journey had greatly impressed him. "Who in England," he asked me, "really has any notion of that mighty business of war, which is really all the business that is known rolled into one? Enter into it and you seemed plunged into a vortex of confusion such as the world has never known. Every highway seethes with apparent disorder. Waggons press on waggons; multitudes of men move leisurely upon no apparent destination; here, upon a wide plain, are thousands and thousands of tents—scattered bodies of troops, yet all having their movements planned as surely as the hours of the day they are living. Bakeries are here, and clothiers' shops and garages and saddlers and forges, all behind that distant line where the snowflakes of the shrapnel are floating upon the still air and the big shells burst in a loom of smoke that shows the vivid flames of the deadly high explosives. Through such a whirlpool of men and things you go on toward that front where is playing the greatest tragedy the world has ever seen; forward to the long slope at the top of which stand Guillemont and Ginchy, the place of the skulls, of the dead, who have died for their country."

Nothing Daunted These Men of Britain

We lay all about Guillemont and Ginchy on the afternoon of Saturday, September 9th, and in his terror the Boche rained tear-shells upon us. We gave him more than we got, and all that afternoon there was a repetition of a bombardment which many pens have tried vainly to describe. Not "whizz-bangs" this time, but monster shells, grinding to very powder such ruins of houses as were left, and lighting the whole horizon with flashes of fire which even the sun could not obscure. Through this, in our trenches from Leuze Wood across the north of Guillemont almost to Devil's Wood, the Irishmen and their English comrades were crouching with that fierce expectancy that C.O.'s find it so difficult to restrain. Young "subs" were there looking at their wrist-watches, like coaches on the banks of the Cam when the boats are about to start. Would the moment never come? Thunderously the firing goes on. The great shells whir above their heads, the air is suffocating, and the enemy replies with what effect he can, but our mastery of the air has robbed him of his "eyes," and, looking up, you see the circling British aeroplane but nothing of the Fokker, which is away back over the German lines. So Fritz shoots blindly, and his barrage does not daunt nor his curtain fire restrain when the critical hour is at hand.

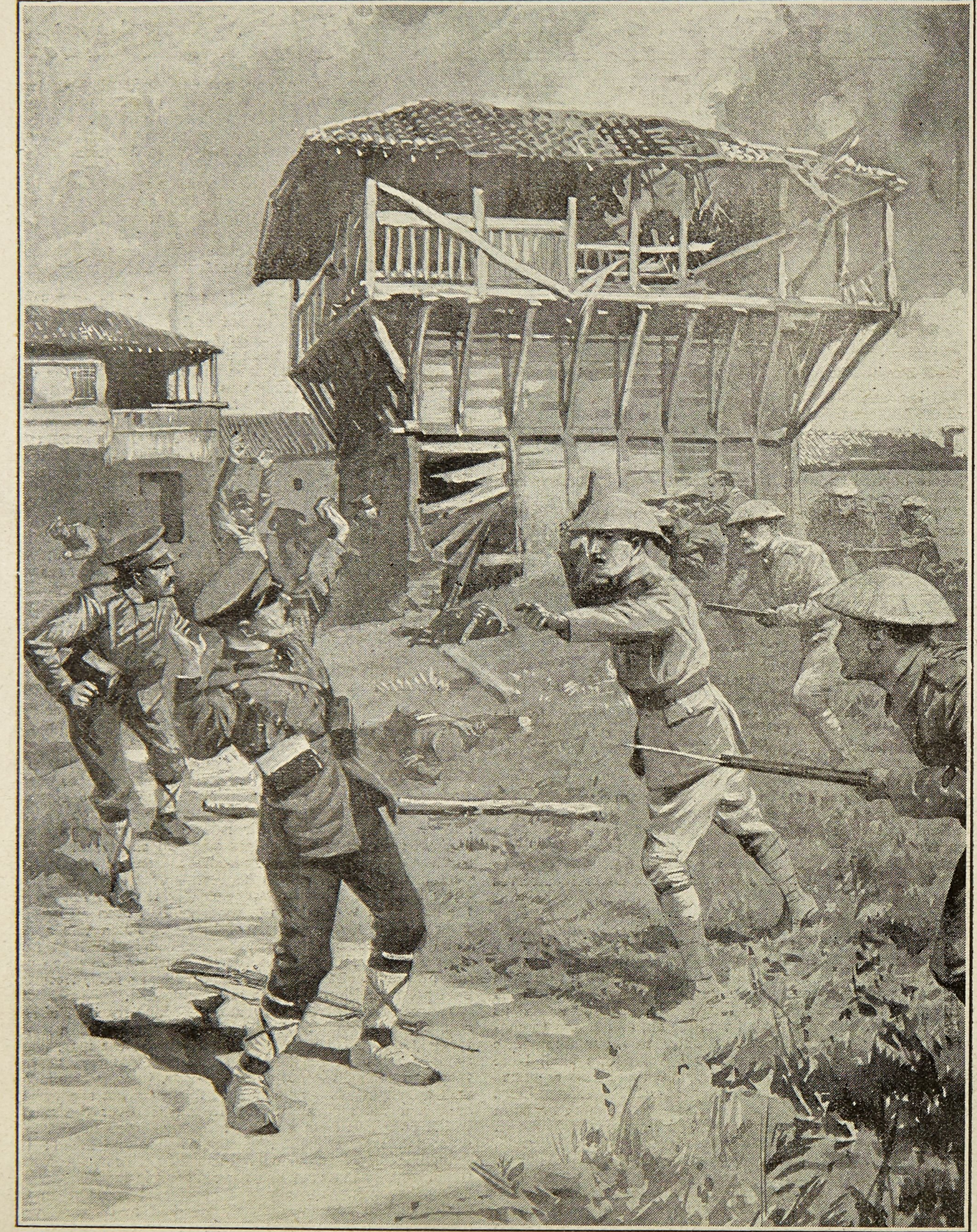
Through Rubble and Flaming Barrage

It is five o'clock exactly, and the Irishmen are up and over the parapet. On their western flank they have a good eight hundred yards to travel, and the journey is accomplished inside eight minutes. Remember that the intervening ground was a slope, pock-marked like a solitaire board and swept by machine-guns from three sectors ahead. The men had their rifles slung, many of them smoked cigarettes; their pipes sounded shrill and stirring as they ran. Terrific as our bombardment of the German positions had been, it was impossible that it should ferret out all the rat-holes, and particularly it could not search the depths of vast cellars below what had been an historic farmhouse in the very heart of Ginchy. From this a hail of bullets swept down upon the Irish, who had outdistanced their English comrades on the right, where the going was more difficult. It was hell across a dreary field, trees but bare poles, and houses but a powder of dust.

We read that nothing could stop the Munsters, the Dublins, and the Connaughts. Three amongst them had momentarily deserted from their rest trenches at the rear, left a note to apologise for their absence, and declared that as they had missed the fun at Guillemont, they had no intention of missing that at Ginchy. Such a spirit everywhere animated the regiments. On they went over the rubble which once had been a village. Many staggered and fell; some cunningly crawled upon their hands and knees; the dying implored those who lived to get on with it. Amongst the hidden Germans, at last, the old hunt in the "Twopenny Tubes" began. There was that fearful redoubt in the centre of the hamlet, strongly fortified and armed with machine-guns upon three fronts. They circumvented it cleverly, coming down from the north and south upon it and heaving bombs for all they were worth. Closing at

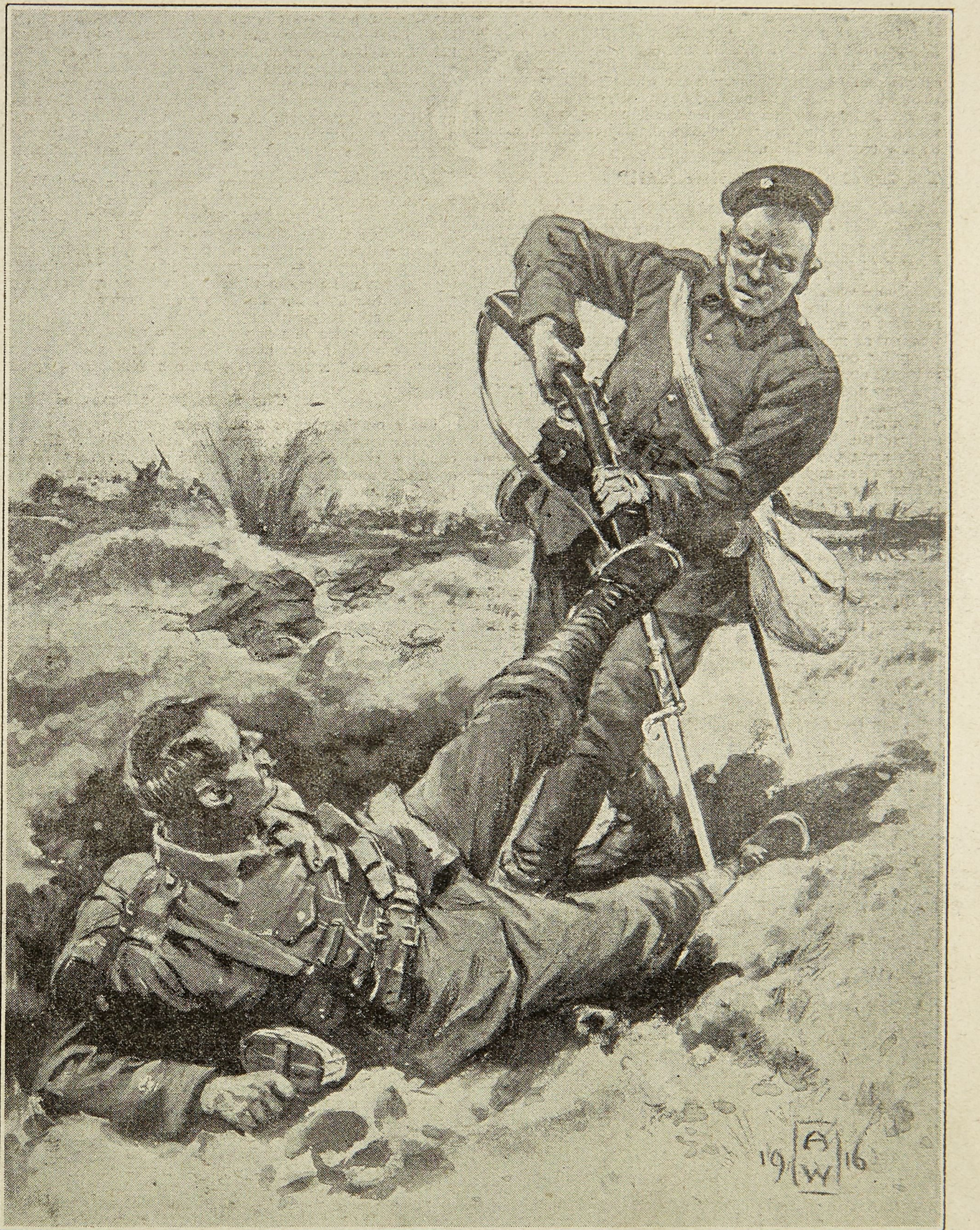
[*Continued on page* 158

Brush with the Bulgarians on the Greek Border



As a preliminary to the great allied offensive from Salonika, several raids were directed against the Bulgarian positions on the Lower Struma, which consist of a series of villages fortified like blockhouses. Though the enemy counter-attacked, his ranks were decimated by the accurate fire of the British machine-guns, one of which is alleged to have accounted for three hundred lives. Four villages were occupied and, after some stubborn hand-to-hand fighting, the garrison of each, consisting of two hundred men, was captured. The immediate purpose being effected, the British troops were withdrawn to their own lines.

Murderous Bayonet Attack on Wounded Sergeant



A British sergeant-major wounded in a charge was laid in a shell-hole by his advancing comrades. Presently a German appeared and lunged at him with a bayonet. The sergeant parried three thrusts with his foot and then, struggling to his feet, caught hold of the bayonet with his one uninjured hand. At last he succeeded in grasping the rifle and, closing in, seized the German by the throat. The men fell to the ground together, and for several minutes they wrestled desperately. With a last effort the sergeant got the better of the German soldier and throttled him. The British soldier received ten flesh wounds in this encounter.

THE CAPTURE OF GINCHY

(Continued from page 155.)

last, Kilkenny became but a discredited memory. Here was fighting after an Irishman's own heart. Butt and bayonet—the bomb when it could be used—the fist if nothing else served, it is not surprising to hear the boast that the devil himself would not have stopped the Fusiliers. Not only did Pat get the redoubt at the farm, but carried on so far to the east beyond Ginchy that at one moment his ardour really seemed to imperil the whole " diplomacy " of the event. The Munsters might have been on the high-road to Berlin by the dash they made after Ginchy itself was taken. There never was a greater devilry of daring shown by any troops in the world.

The Cry of "Kamerad! Kamerad!!"

All this was good enough, but we found a greater stubbornness on their right flank, and not a little difficulty. Sad to tell, a couple of scientifically constructed " arc trenches " upon the south-eastern slope of the village played the devil with our men. Forced to take shelter in small holes, we could make little progress against the hail of bullets which here greeted us. These trenches had not fallen at the moment of writing, and it looks as though we must lose a number of men before this unexpected obstacle is swept away by our gunners. Happily, there was nothing but success to report elsewhere.

A gap upon the left flank, leaving the Irishmen " in the air," was fortunately discovered by a young officer of saps, who quickly collected rifles and spades and dug himself in against the looked-for counter-attack. We used 9·2 in. shells upon the chief redoubt and smashed it to powder. The crevices and craters which shielded the Boches were entered one by one; parties roaming here and there, flinging their bombs and flashing their bayonets. And through it all there were Huns upon their knees crying " Kamerad!" imploring mercy, clinging to the very necks of the men whose bayonets had just threatened their hearts.

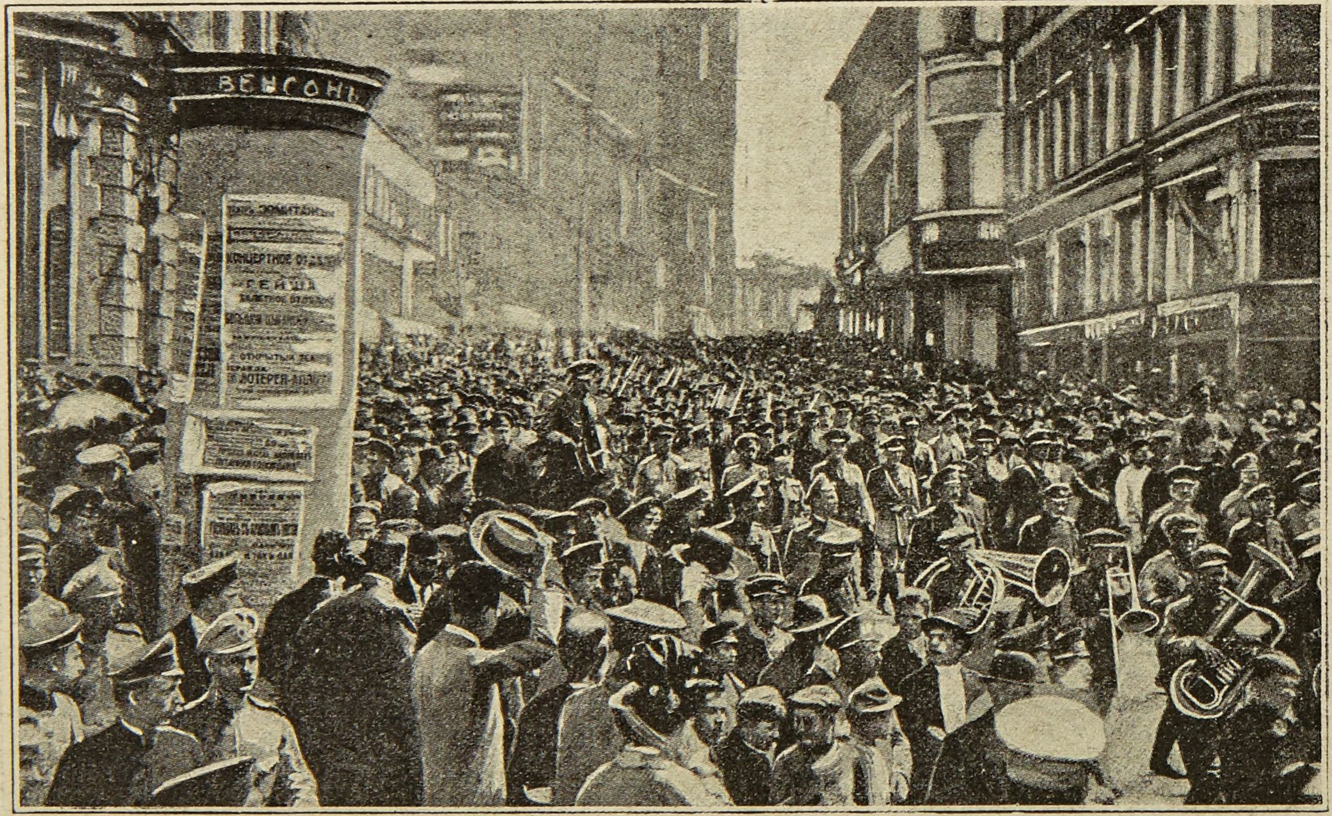
Such was the affair at Ginchy. The synchronised advance from " Lousy Wood " was slower but not less successful. Here a strange thing was witnessed. A number of Germans—some say two hundred—had thrown down their arms and were about to surrender en bloc when their officer turned a machine-gun upon them and shot down the lot. Such treatment naturally did not hinder the splendid work done by the English and Scottish troops I have named. With the Irish they had taken three hundred prisoners in the twenty-four hours, and five officers among them. Of these, one hundred and ninety-one came from Ginchy and Leuze Wood, fifty from the neighbourhood of High Wood, and sixty-two from the old ground to the north-east of the Windmill. The regiments from which they were taken were the 19th Bavarians, the 185th and 28th Reserve, the 5th Bavarians, and the famous 211th Pomeranians, the latter from the vicinity of High Wood. As these are some of the finest fighting regiments still at the disposal of old Hindenburg, the quality of our victory is very evident.

Of individual achievements many stories are told, and not a few to stir the blood. One sergeant entered a German dug-out alone and found forty-six dead men and five living within. He made easy prisoners of the latter. Another, though wounded badly in the thigh, took on four German officers, all armed, and made prisoners of the bunch. Disarming them, he made them find a litter and carry him back to the field hospital, where he arrived in state, a cigarette still between his lips. Another story of a young officer having tea in a dug-out with a couple of comrades. Shells crashed about him, and when some fellows in a " better hole " asked him to have a drink, he prudently declined.

The Gallant Gentlemen of Ginchy

Later on there came a summons from a superior officer, and the man, perforce, must leave his shelter. His work done, a telephone message came to him that his two comrades were dead. A 5·9 in. shell had struck his dug-out just a minute after he had left it.

Such stories will come to us by the hundred by-and-by. At the moment we are content to know that Ginchy has been taken by the bravery of some " very gallant gentlemen "; that a terrible battle has been fought and won, and that the smashing of the German third line can now be but a matter of days. We lift our hats to the men who did it. We mourn our splendid dead who ever after shall make the name of Ginchy famous.



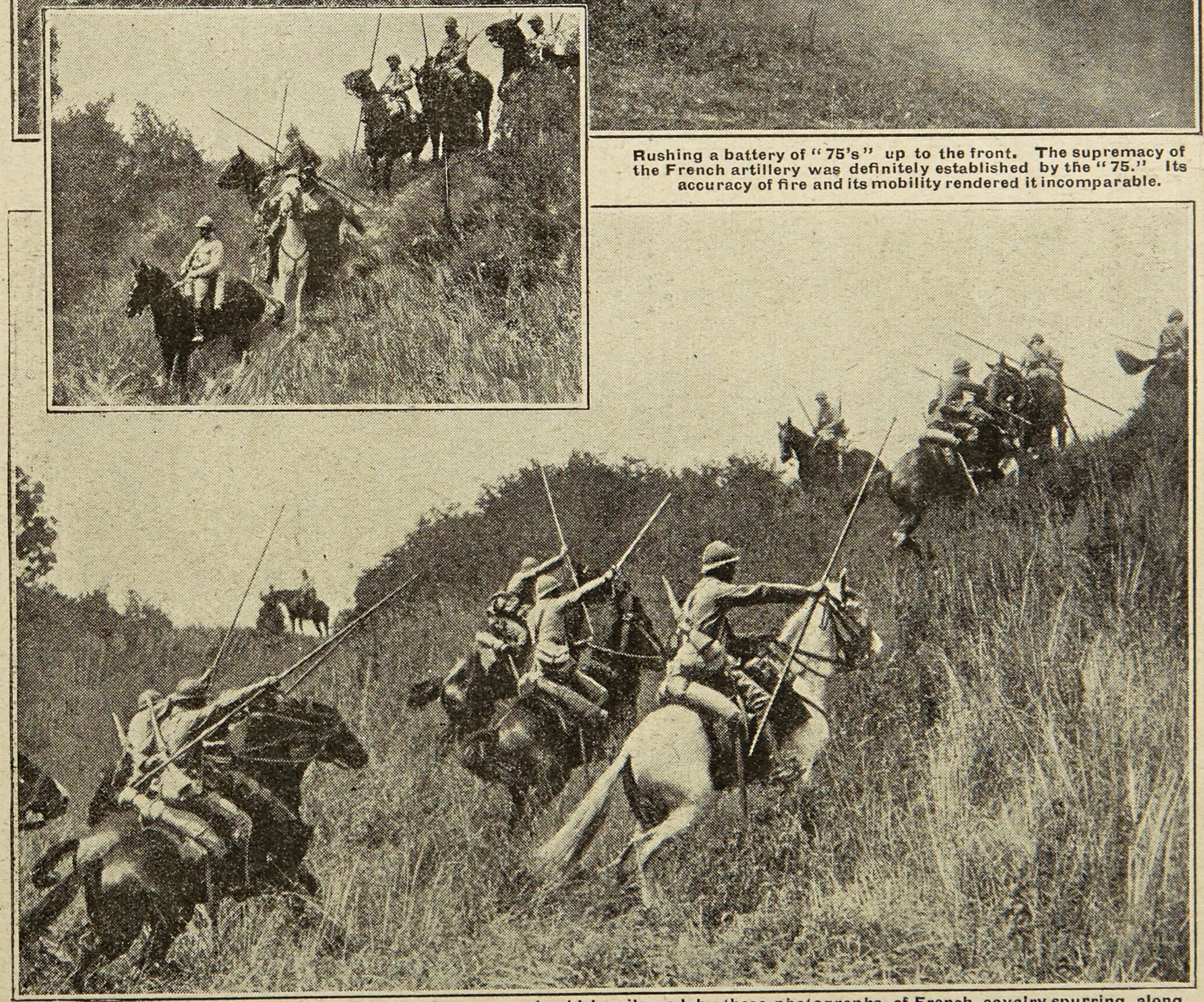
MOSCOW'S WELCOME TO THE BRITISH ARMY.

A contingent of troops representing the British Army was despatched to Russia, and when they marched through the streets of Moscow crowds turned out and gave them an ovation.

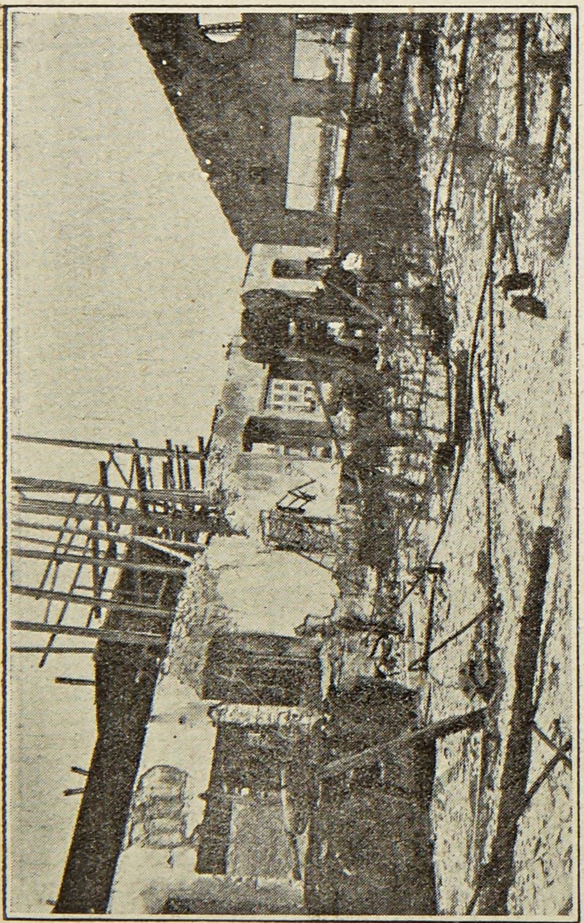
Chivalry of France Spurring Ever Forward

French Official Photographs

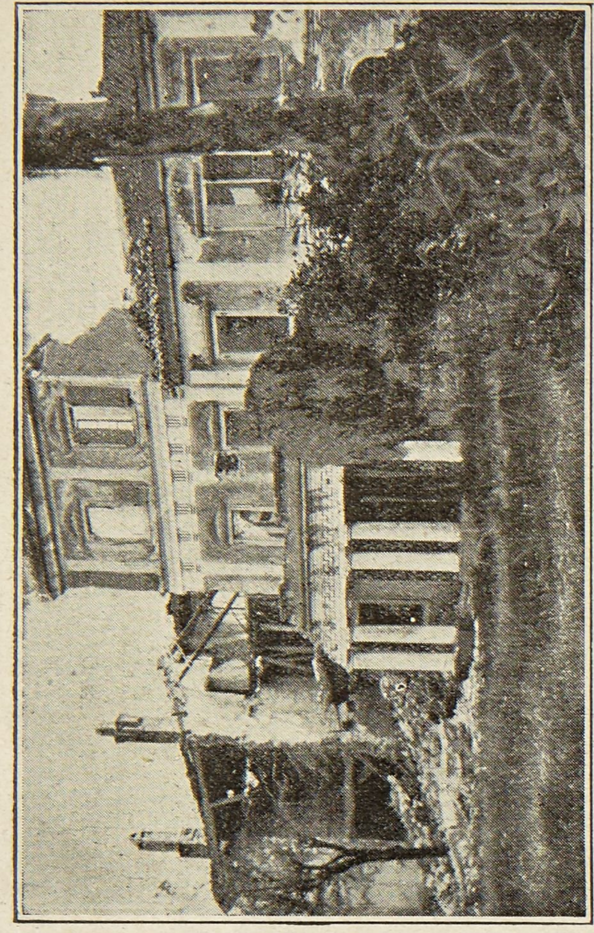
Rushing a battery of "75's" up to the front. The supremacy of the French artillery was definitely established by the "75." Its accuracy of fire and its mobility rendered it incomparable.



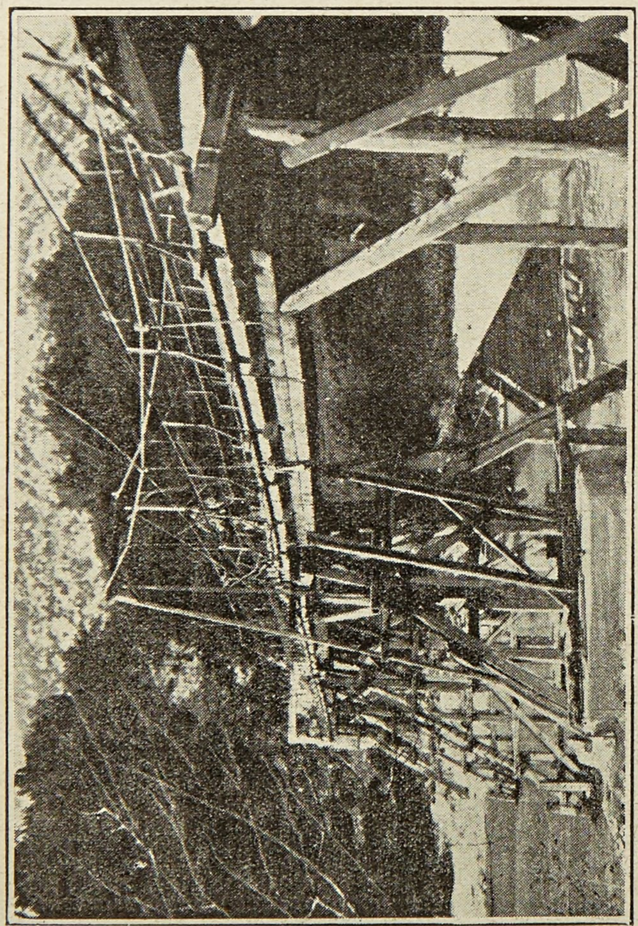
People who complain that modern war is not picturesque should be silenced by these photographs of French cavalry spurring along the Somme. All the glamour of old romance gathers round these helmeted, lance-armed knights of modern chivalry.



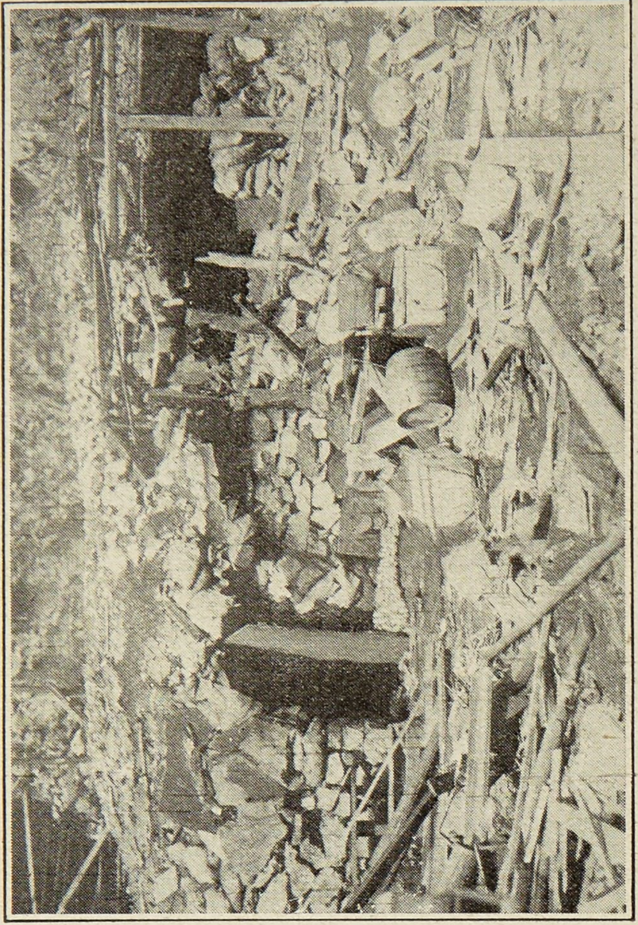
Gorizia proved the power of Italian artillery. No other fortress involved in the war was more favourably situated, but Italian guns reduced it. They swept away a large military building, the debris of which is seen in this official illustration.



Many picturesque landmarks on the Italian front have met with the same fate as the Cloth Hall at Ypres. Mars rules with ruthless sceptre and respects nothing. Art, tradition, sentiment, all are wiped out on the plea of military necessity.



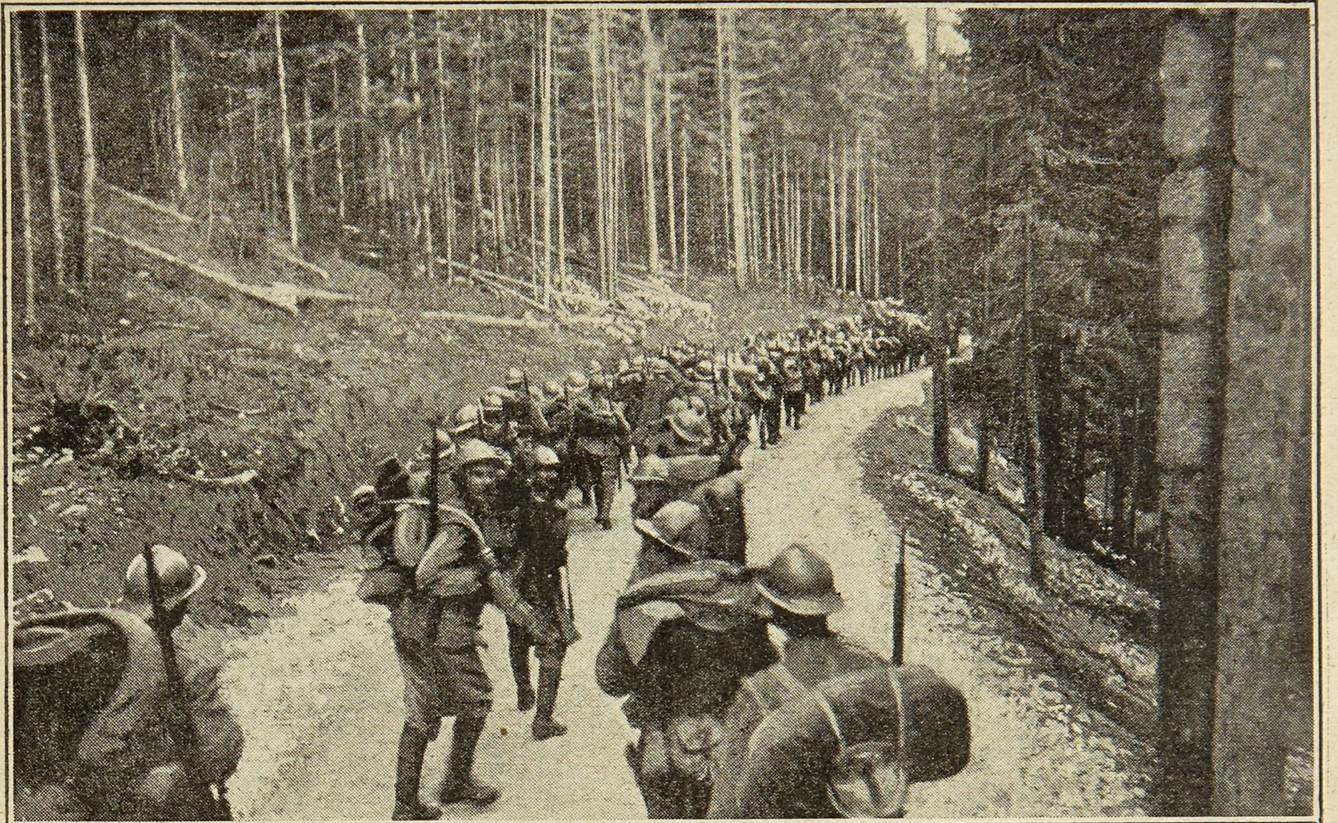
IN THE TRACK OF ITALIAN PROGRESS.—A creditable bridge erected, no doubt, in the course of a few hours, under enemy fire. One side of Monte Sabotino, which height figured prominently in the taking of Gorizia, rises sheer from the bridge-head.



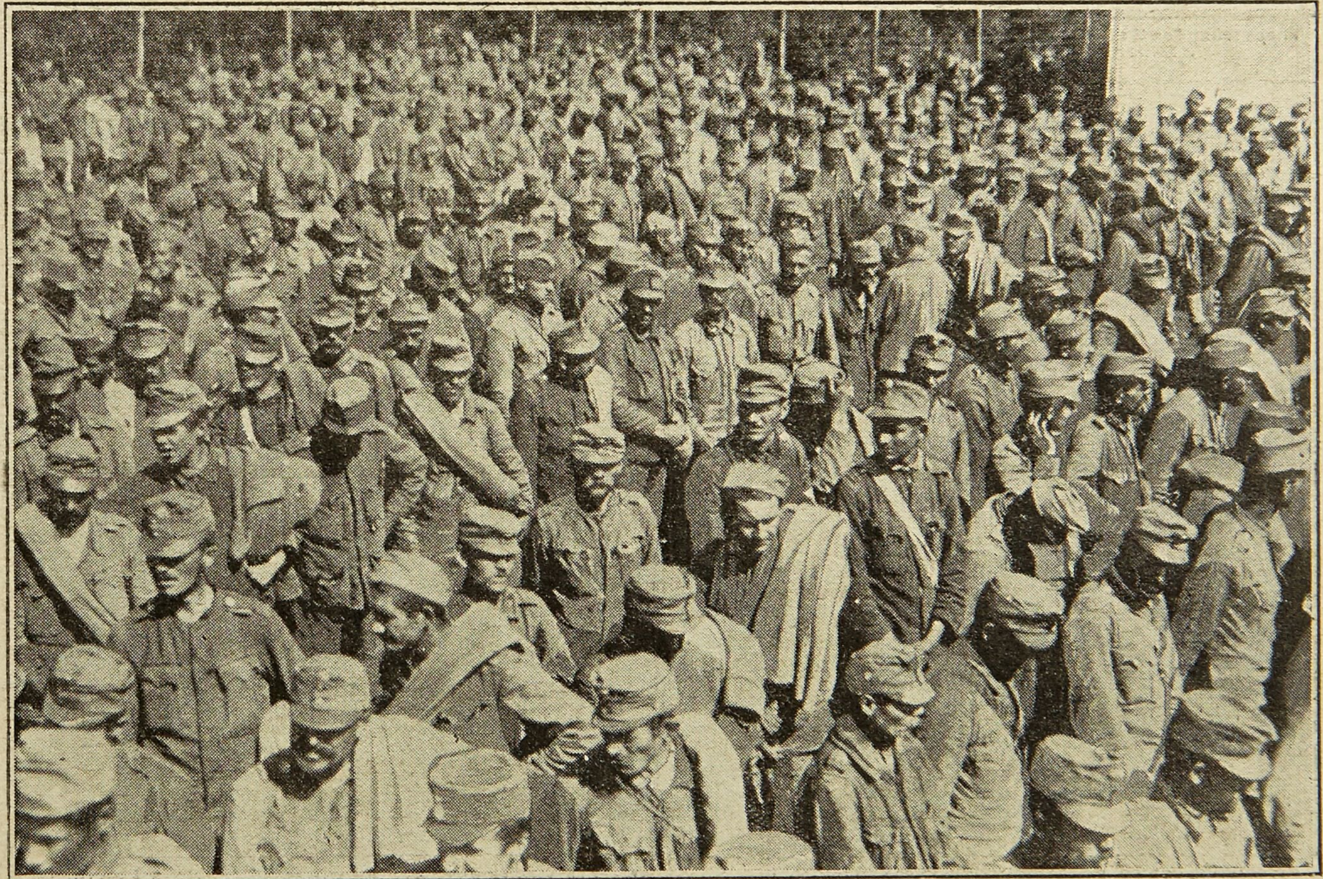
Like the German dug-outs on the Somme, the Austrian "funk-holes" on Monte San Michele were reduced to debris. This fine impression, together with the other three photographs on this page, was secured by the Italian Official Photographer on the Isonzo front.

Italy's Via Victrix Through the Valley of Pines

Italian Official Photographs



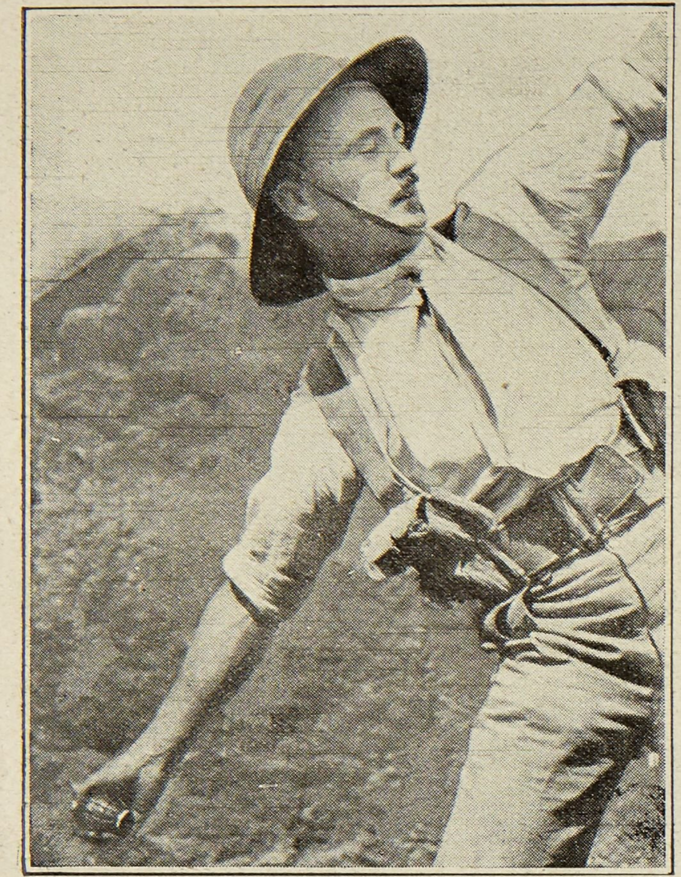
Italian infantry advancing through the glorious Val d'Assa. The whole route is one vast pine forest, and here as on other fronts many of these trees have been utilised in trench construction, etc.



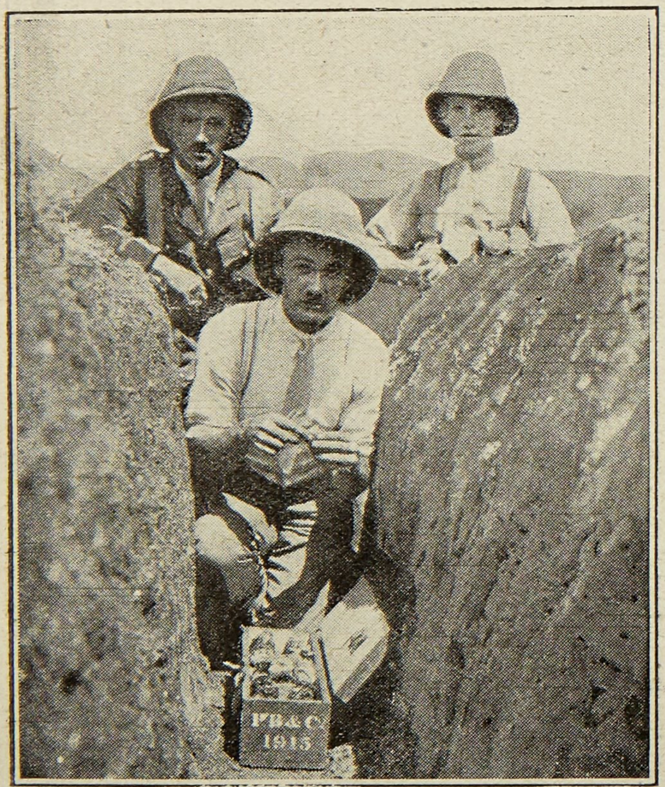
Men who survived the Italian bombardment of Gorizia, but, cut off by our ally, were taken prisoners. Eight thousand of them—strong, healthy Austrians, indicating that the Dual Monarchy still has abundance of good infantry if it is without capable leaders.

With a British Bombing Party in the Balkans

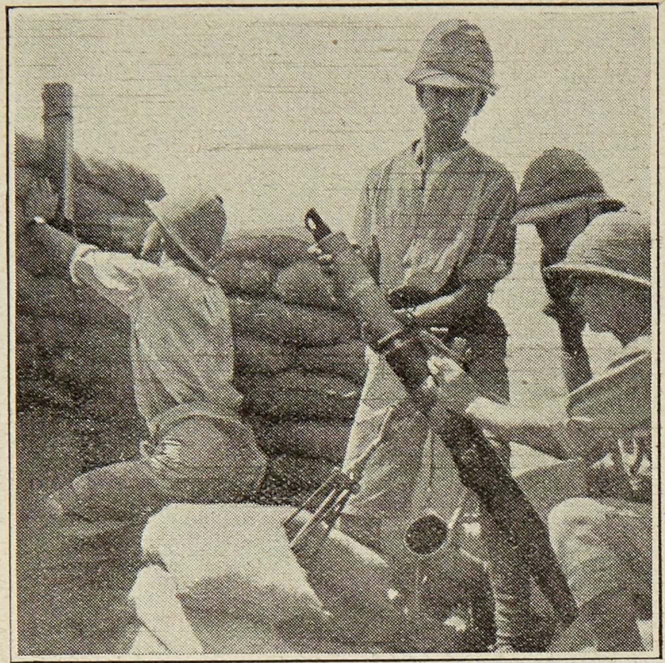
British Official Photographs



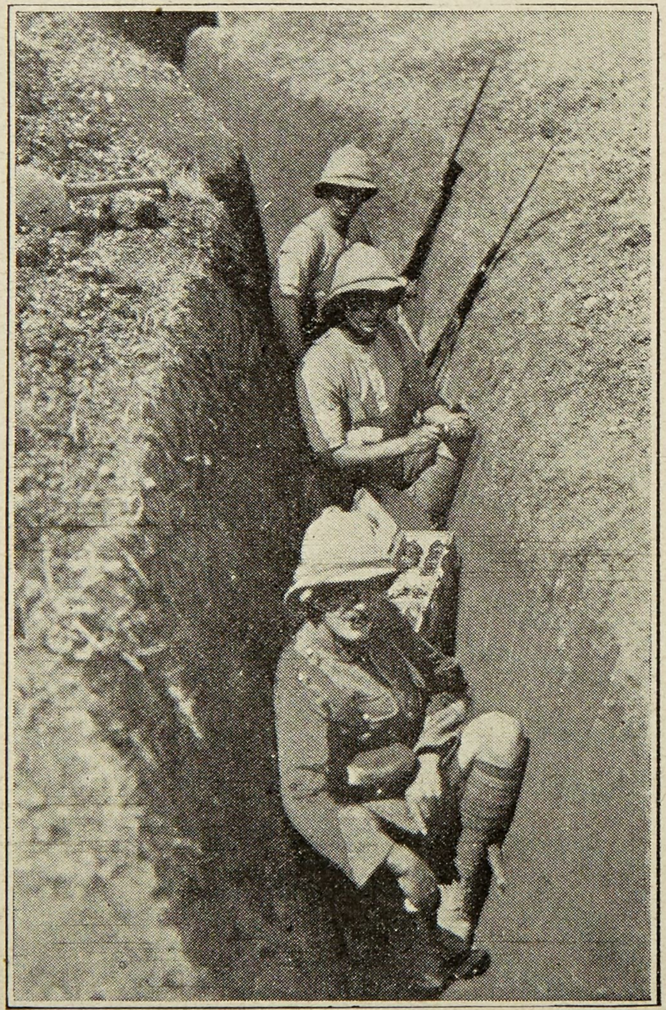
The overhand on the battlefield. British bombing officer "lobbing" a Mills grenade somewhere in the Balkans.



Assembling bombs, a hazardous duty in connection with perhaps the most dangerous of infantry work.



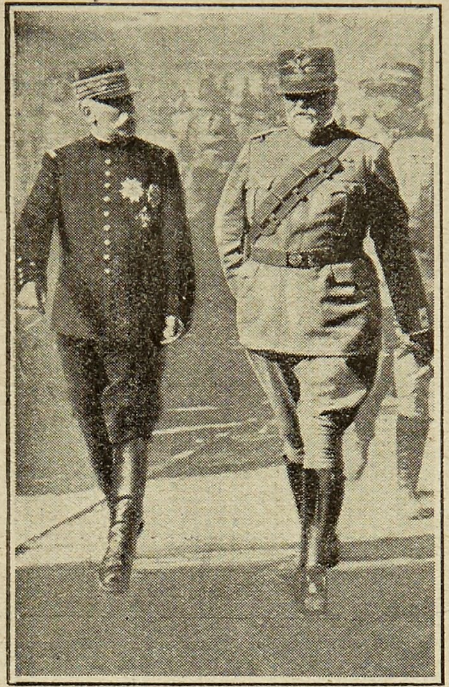
Trench gunners awaiting the signal from the man with the periscope to bombard the enemy position.

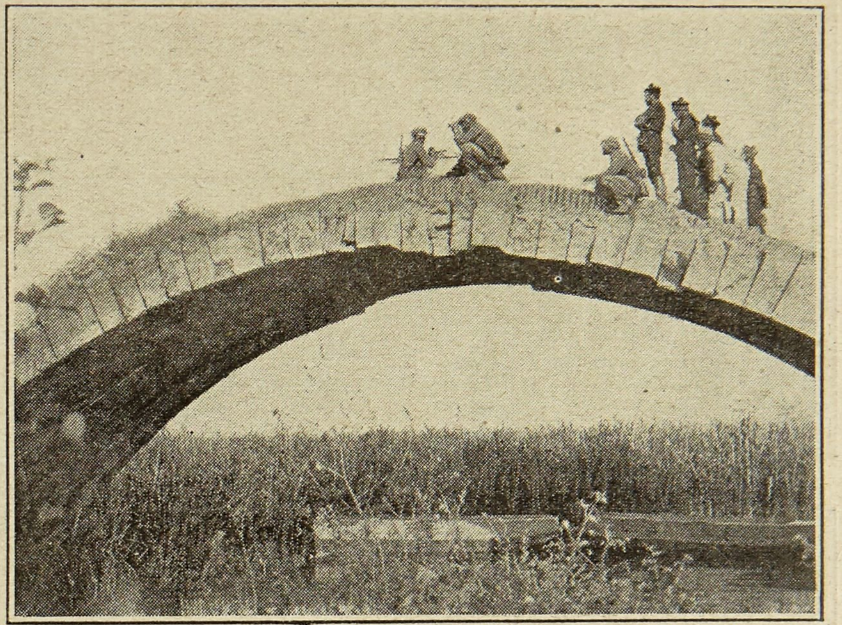


In the so-termed danger trench where the bombers are assembling fuses to bombs and rifle-grenades.

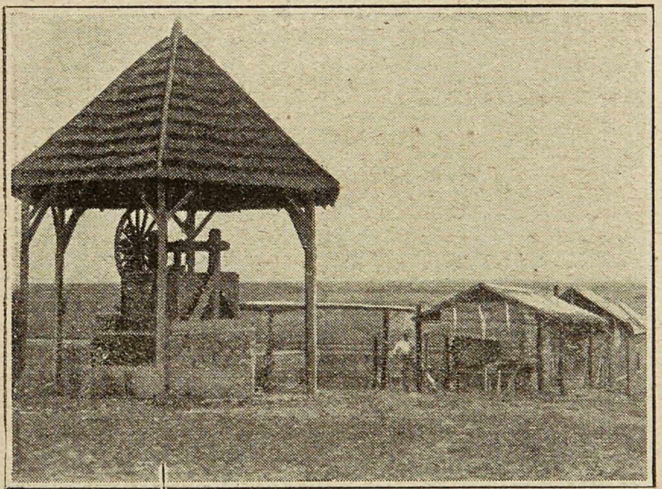
Mustering to Advance in Macedonian Marshes

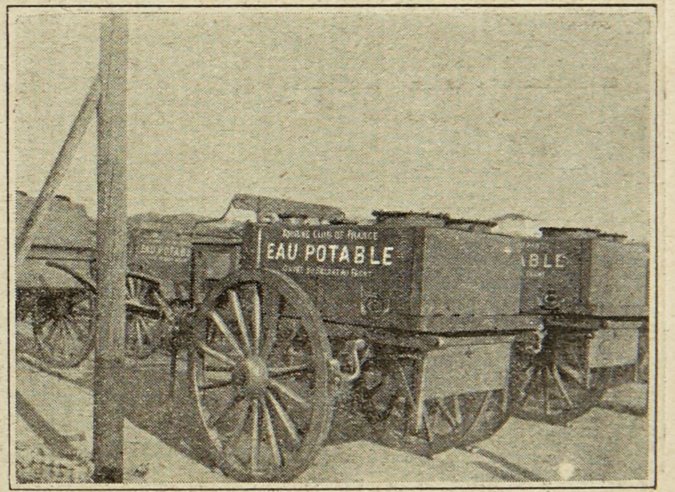
French Official Photographs



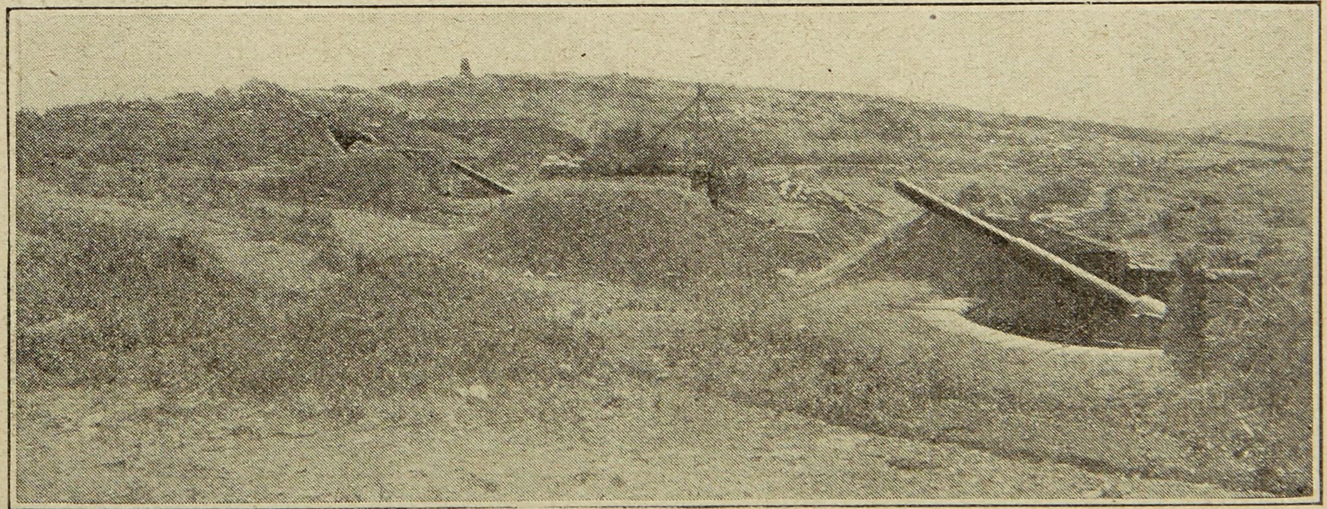


General Sarrail, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Macedonia, with the Italian General Pettiti. Right: An object-lesson in the continuity of history. French machine-gunners, Latin warriors of to-day, on a bridge built centuries ago by the Romans.





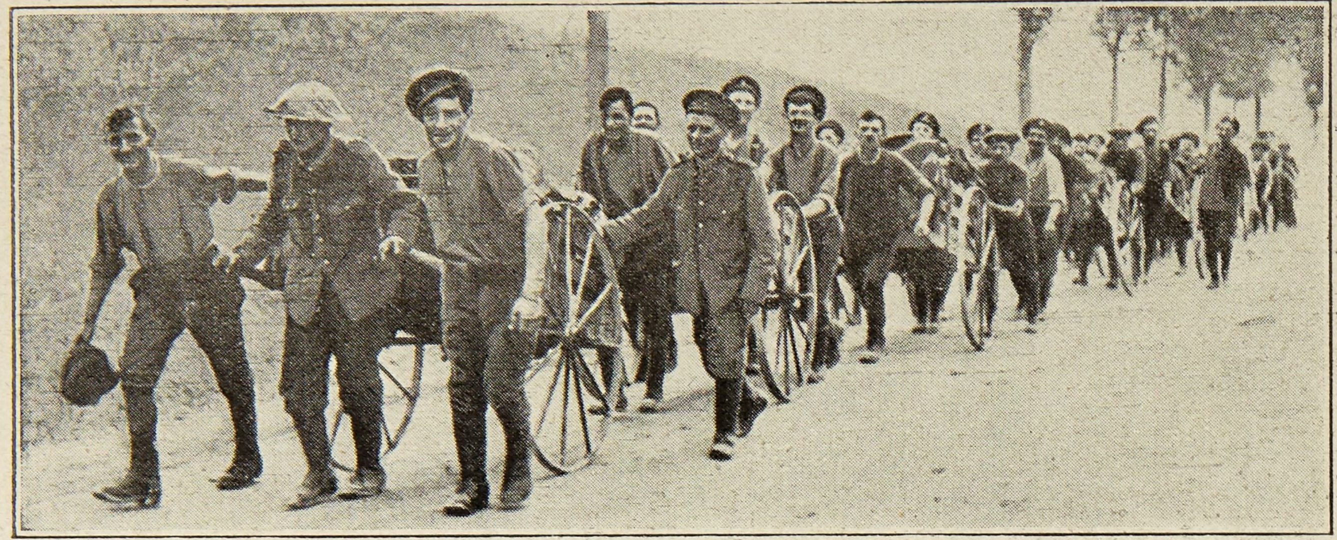
The drinking-water problem is difficult in Macedonia. These photographs show (left) the well and drinking-trough in a model encampment in the French lines, with wash-house and bath-house beyond, and (right) model cars for the conveyance of pure water.



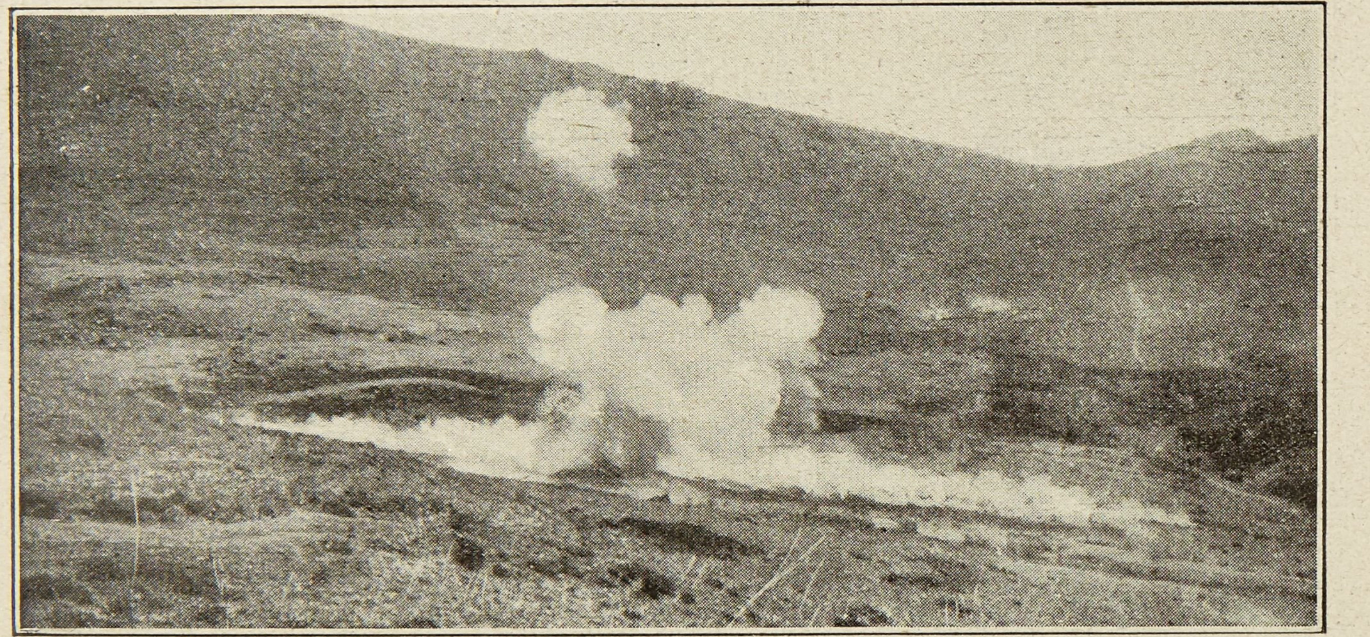
General view of a battery in the French lines on the Macedonian front. In the original disposition of the allied forces at Salonika the French occupied the centre on the line of the Vardar, with the British on their right and the Serbians on their left.

Interminable Pilgrimage to the Mecca of Mars

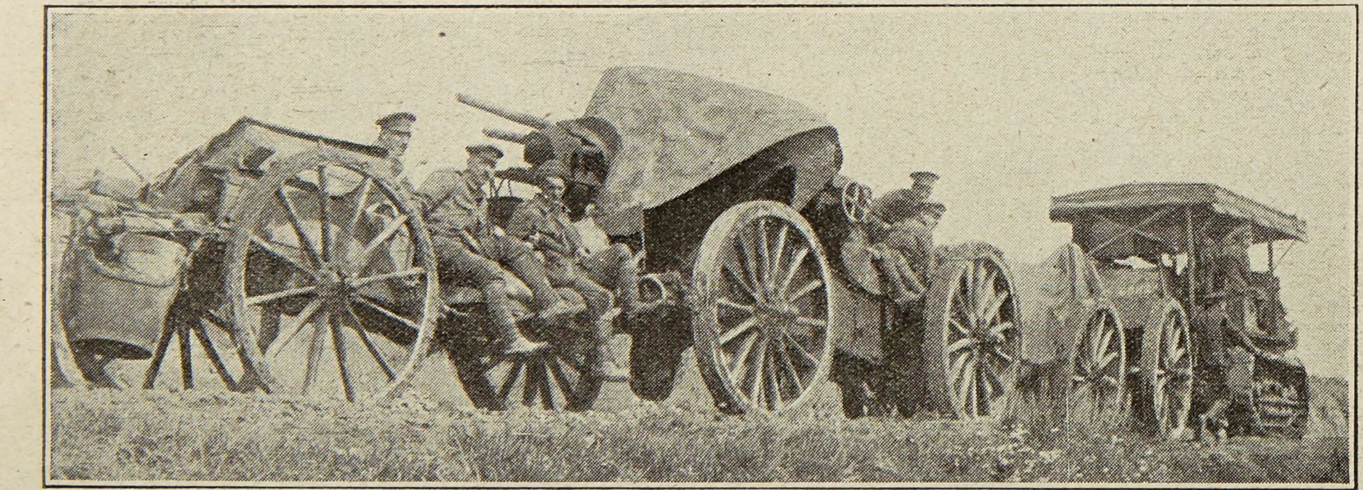
Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved



Fatigue duty, though of the most monotonous character, apparently does not depress the British soldier. It is all in the day's work, and he takes it light-heartedly, conveying stores from place to place with happy enthusiasm.

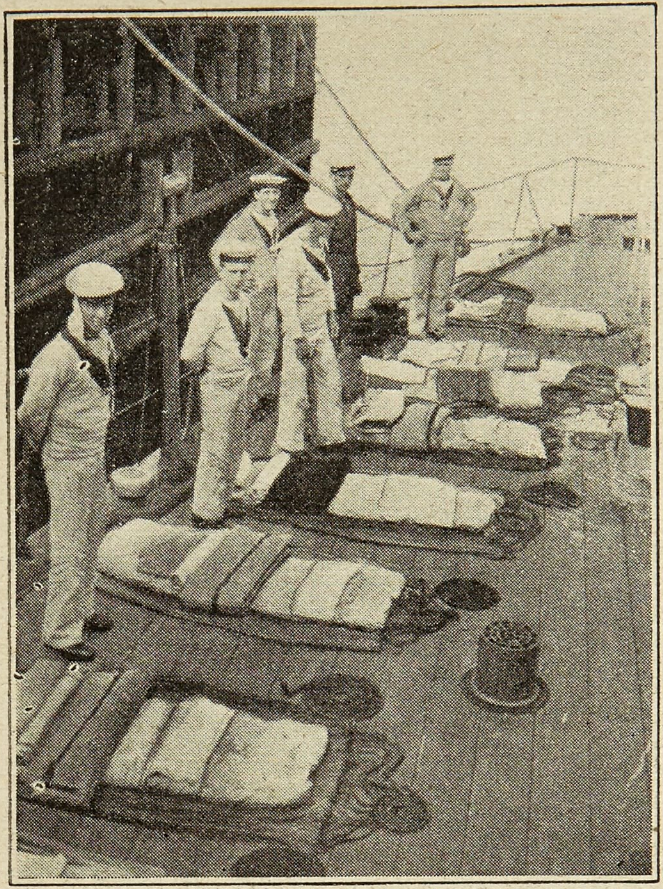


After many months the allied Balkan armies are at the enemy again, and shells are bursting in these valleys of romance. Briton, Frenchman, Italian, Russian, Rumanian, and Serb are gradually pushing their way towards the back doors of the Central Powers.

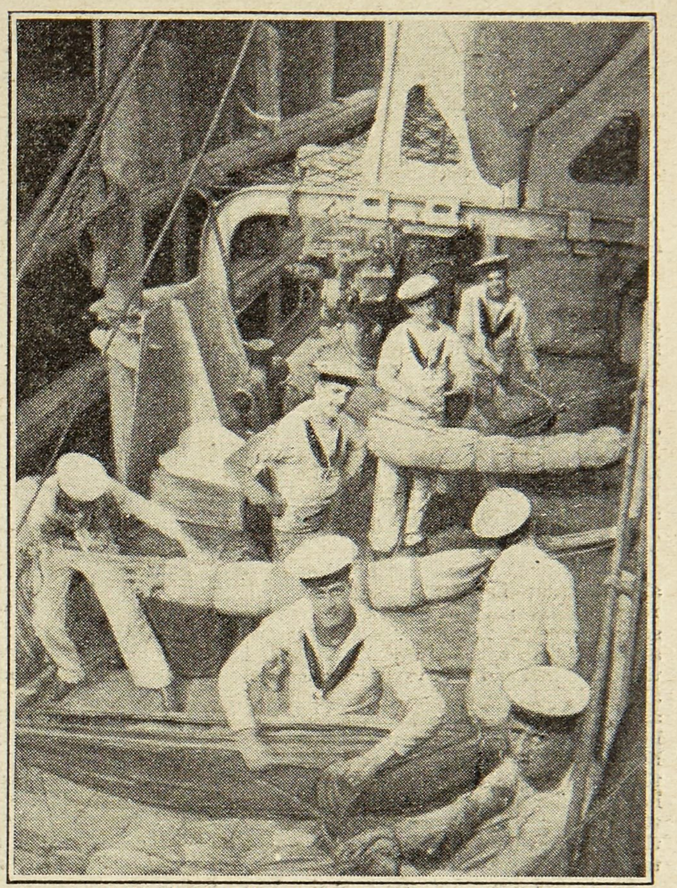


The only traffic on the French roads is war traffic, and the most impressive cortege is the monster gun, lumbering slowly along behind its tractors, an ugly mass of clanking steel, relieved only by the cheery glances and nonchalant attitudes of the gun-crew.

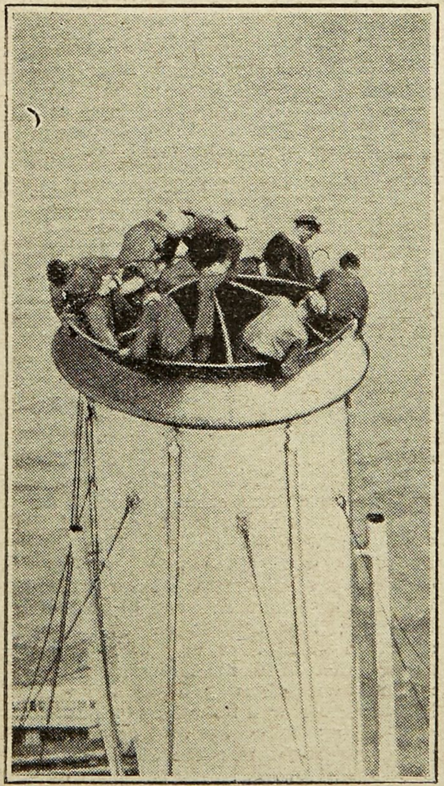
Ready, Aye Ready! to the Last Hammock Cord



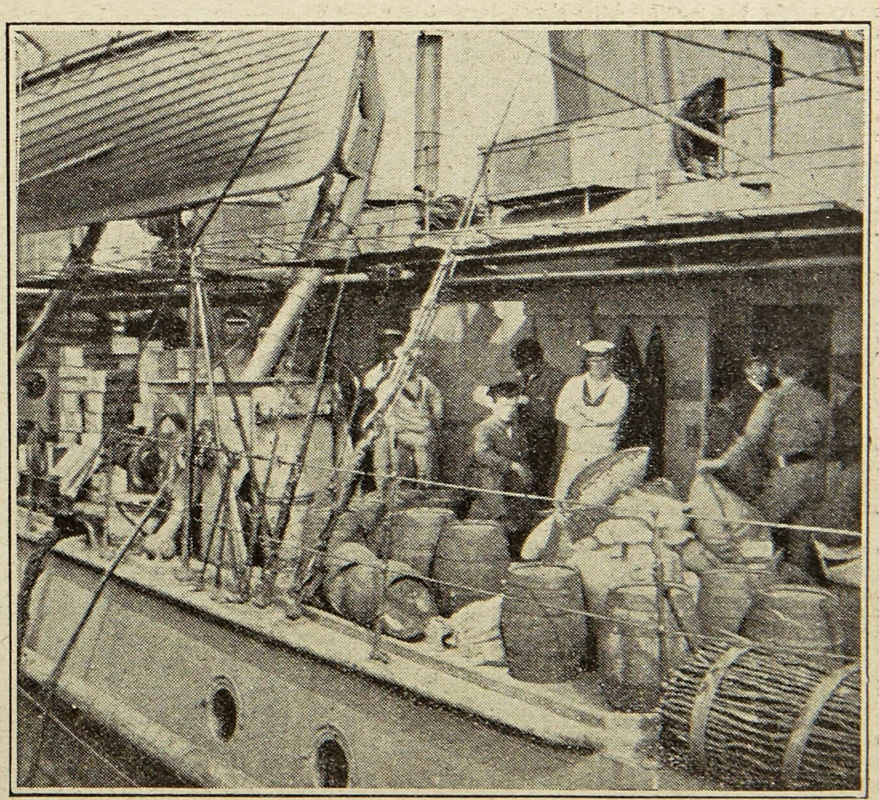
Hammocks and bedding laid out aboard ship for inspection. Lashings are neatly coiled, and everything is spick and span and correct, according to tradition.



Process of "lashing up" after the inspection of bedding. Every detail of duty in the Grand Fleet is carried out with a discipline which is the keystone of efficiency.



The stokers are up aloft. Men of the "Black Squad" cleaning the funnel of a warship.



Standing easy while provisions are being stored. The complement of a large warship consume as much food as the population of a small town.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XXI.—The Royal Dublin Fusiliers

THE River Clyde, making her way in the early morning towards the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula, was surely one of the strangest ships in which British soldiers ever sailed, for in her sides great holes had been cut and in her bows was a battery of machine-guns, protected, just as if they were on the Western Front, by sandbags. The River Clyde was carrying between her decks about two thousand men, some of whom belonged to the famous Dublin Fusiliers. Just in front of her were some more Dublins, crowded together in little boats which were being rapidly towed by steam pinnaces to the shore.

The Landing in Gallipoli

It was the day of the great and memorable landing in Gallipoli—April 25th, 1915. These men had been ordered to seize the beach marked V on our maps, a sandy strip some ten yards wide and three hundred and fifty yards long, backed along almost the whole of its extent by a low sandy escarpment about four feet high. The plan was for the men in the little boats to land first, and then for the River Clyde to be run ashore. The holes in her sides were made to allow the soldiers to pour quickly out on to the lighters, which would be swung round to make a gangway to the land.

At first everything went well. The wily Turk, cunningly concealed in trenches on the cliffs, made no move as the boats moved over the water to the shore, but as soon as ever the first one grated upon the beach the place was alive with shot and shell. The Dublins were shot down in scores as they stood or lay in the boats or dashed through the shallow water to the land, and only a fortunate few managed to get across the beach to the low cliff under which they were in comparative safety.

Doughty-Wylie's Deed

After great difficulties and heavy losses some of the men from the River Clyde also got ashore and joined the surviving Dublins on the beach. Most of their officers had gone, but Lieut.-Col. Doughty-Wylie, a Staff officer, was there, and he took command. He arranged an attack on the hill above the beach where the Turks were, and led this until he was killed. However, the object was attained and the Turkish position was soon occupied by our troops, Private Cullen, of the Dublins, being the first man to enter it.

But for this success our men, and especially the Dublins, paid a terrible price. Their colonel, R. A. Routh, three majors, and six other officers were returned as dead, while nine more were reported wounded. A little later the names of the men killed and wounded reached England, and in one day's list alone there were no less than one hundred and fifty-seven dead, one of the heaviest regimental totals reported even in this awful war.

All the senior officers had been killed or wounded, so Lieutenant H. D. O'Hara took over the command, and when the Turks broke through he succeeded, with the few men who were left, in driving them back and restoring the line. On March 3rd, 1900, the 2nd Battalion of this regiment had entered Ladysmith only five officers and a handful of men in number; but the 1st Battalion must have been quite as weak when, on April 26th, 1915, the survivors of the landing stood victorious on the hill above Beach V.

> *"For their heroism the Dublin Fusiliers were put in the van of the procession, and it is told how, as the soldiers who lined the streets saw the five officers and small clump of men, the remains of what had been a strong battalion, realising, for the first time perhaps, what their relief had cost, many sobbed like children."*
> —SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, "The Great Boer War."

The 1st Battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers went from Madras to Gallipoli, where it was part of the redoubtable 29th Division. After the severe ordeal of the landing the men were given a rest, but it was only a short one, and they were soon taking part in the attack on Krithia and fighting the Turk at close quarters. From time to time during the terrible months of heat and disease that followed the landing, one heard a little of the Dublins and their deeds. On June 16th, for instance, they won back some trenches taken by the Turks, and a fortnight later one of their corporals, F. McNamara, led sixteen men in a wild charge against a horde of the enemy and rescued a machine-gun which we had lost.

On the Western Front

On the Western Front all this time was the 2nd Battalion of this regiment, the successors of the heroes who did so much to relieve Ladysmith. They joined Sir John French's force during the retreat from Mons, and as part of the 4th Division they fought in the Battle of the Marne. They were at the Aisne, too, when they crossed the river near Missy, and held grimly on to their gains in spite of a tremendous concentration of guns.

The Dublins were in the First Battle of Ypres, their station being near Armentières, and there they beat back one by one the assaulting waves of German infantry. In the Second Battle of Ypres they were sent up from reserve to support the Canadians, and there they came for the first time under poison gas. One of their officers has described his experiences at this time. The attack made by the Dublins near St. Julien was quite successful, a lot of ground being won back from the enemy. Then came the gas-shells—dozen after dozen of them, and the fumes of these he describes as the "very devil." The shelling continued, and a day or two later General Bulfin decided to shorten his line, and a retirement was ordered, but it was only a slight one, and the Dublins drew back but a few yards. Their position was still in the neighbourhood of that place of death known to our men as Shelltrap Farm, and there they remained until the end of the battle. It is well worthy of mention that on April 25th—the identical day on which his comrades of the 1st Battalion were landing in Gallipoli—Sergeant W. Cooke, of the 2nd, "killed about ten Germans and then went out and took prisoner their leader, an officer." Truly an Homeric deed, fit to rank with those performed on Beach V.

Guillemont and Ginchy

But a brief outline of the war-story of these two grand battalions leaves much untold, including the deeds of those Dublin Fusiliers who were in Lord Kitchener's New Army. In the force sent out to land at Suvla Bay in August last was the 6th Dublin Fusiliers, and it was part of the division led by that dashing Irish soldier, Sir Bryan Mahon. On August 10th the men landed, and, under a storm of shrapnel, advanced in perfect order towards the enemy. There came a pause, a fatal hesitation on the part of the generals, a failure to provide the drinking water so necessary in that torrid climate, and the chance of victory was lost. Who was to blame for this fiasco we know not. We do know that no share of it belongs to the Dublin Fusiliers and their comrades of the 10th (Irish) Division.

From Suvla the 10th Division was taken away in the autumn, and the men were next heard of at Salonika. They were sent forward into the wild, mountainous land of Greece in order to help, if possible, the harassed Serbians, and there, near Lake Doiran, they were the first British troops to fight the Bulgars.

Next came the "Great Push" on the Somme, for the full story of which we shall have to wait awhile. Meantime it is inspiring to know that there also the Dublins did their share, for Sir Douglas Haig mentioned the gallantry of the Irish regiments in taking Guillemont on September 3rd, and again praised them for their share in seizing Ginchy.

First Honours in India

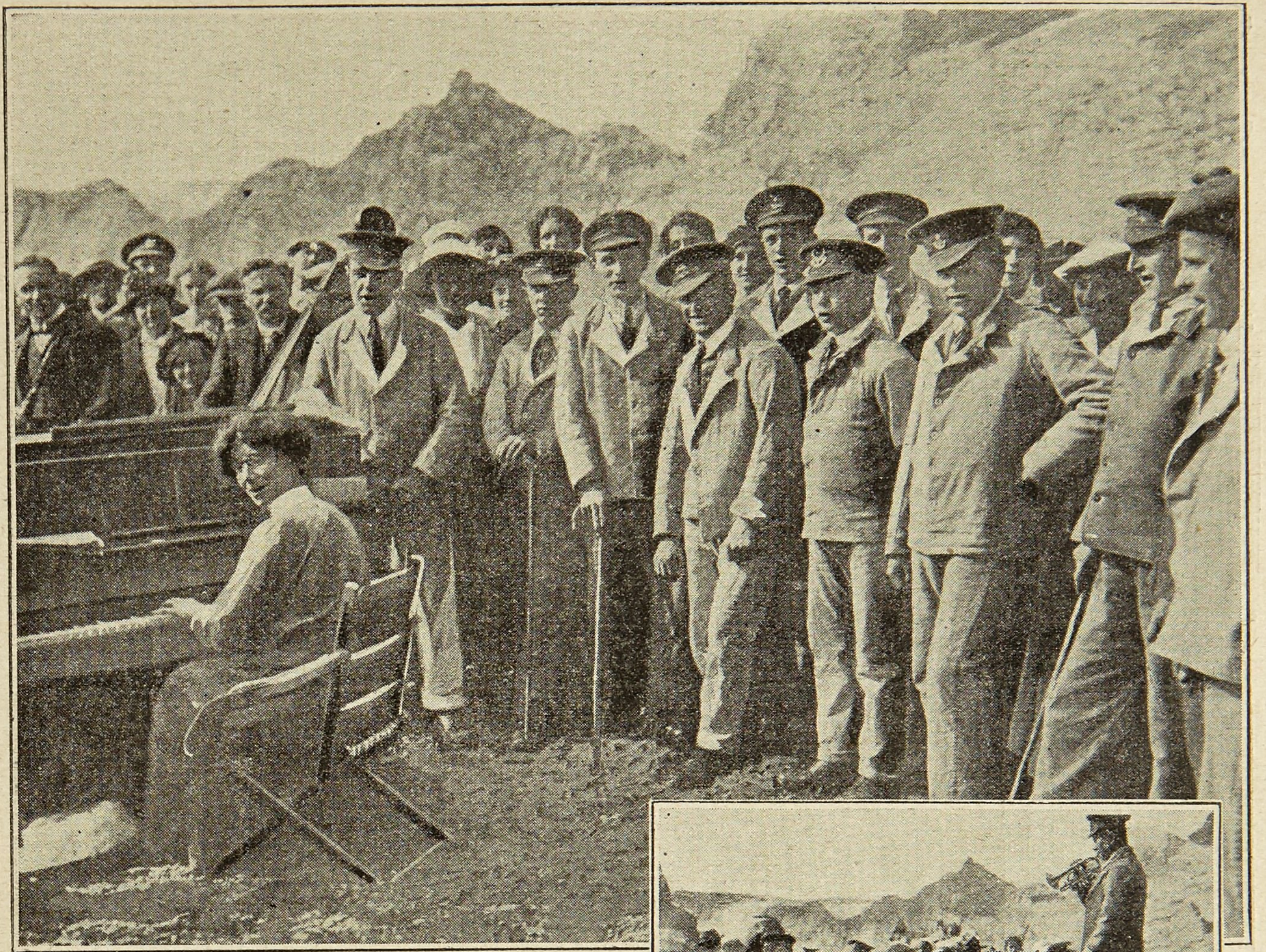
The Royal Dublin Fusiliers won their first glories in India, where they were raised, and their connection with that country is a long and honourable one. The two battalions bore at first the names of the Madras and the Bombay Fusiliers respectively, and as such were part of the standing army maintained by the East India Company. The Madras Fusiliers helped Clive to seize Arcot in 1751, and both they and the Bombay Fusiliers fought at Plassey.

The same Madras Fusiliers fought against the Mahrattas and the Sikhs, and then came the Indian Mutiny with its linked story of horror and heroism.

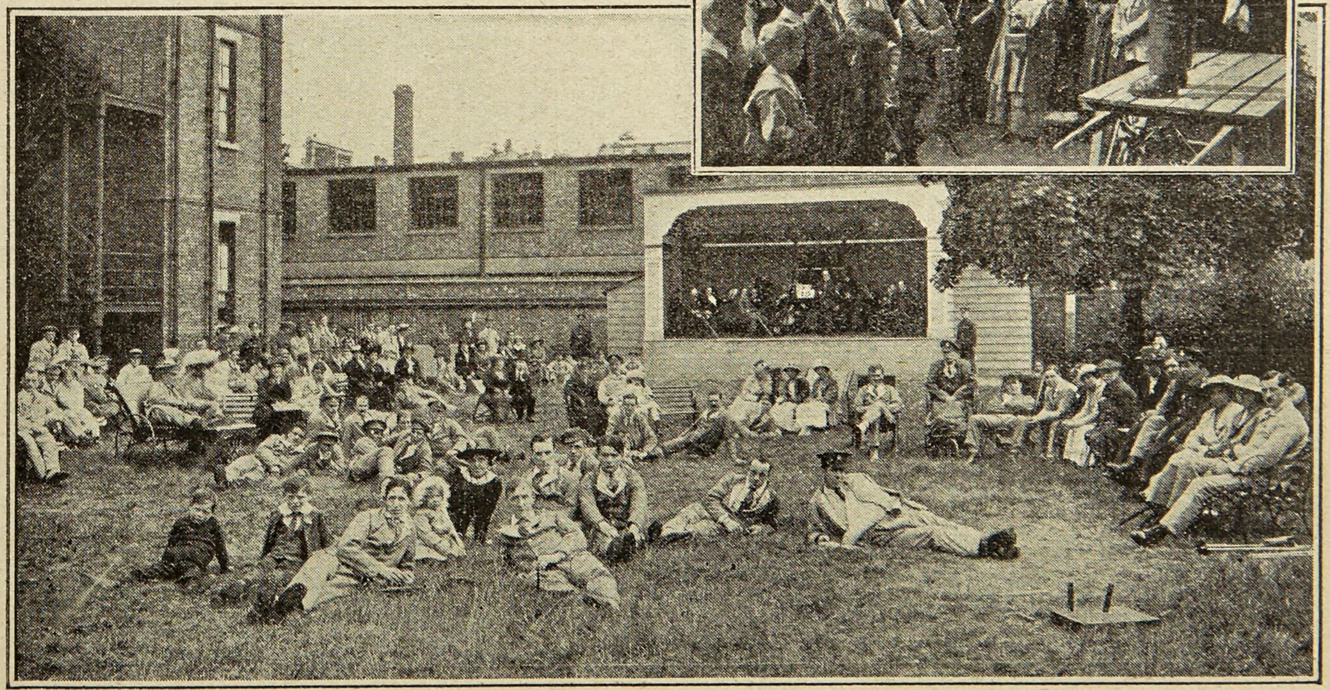
Soon after the Mutiny the East India Company was dissolved, and the two battalions were taken into the service of the Queen-Empress. Their part in the South African War can be forgotten by none; how they fought at Colenso, and then made their way inch by inch across the hills to Ladysmith. The regiment which has done this, and which has, moreover, won its way on to Beach V, can hardly hope to win any greater honour, but doubtless the Dublins will try. Good luck to them!

A. W. Holland

Wounded Soldiers Entertain Their Hosts

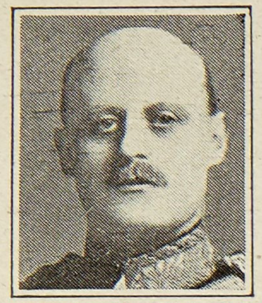


Some convalescent soldiers entertained to tea on the beach turned entertainers, singing songs popular at the front. Inset: A corporal giving bugle-calls.

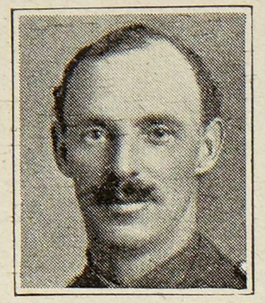


Visiting day is a busy one at every hospital, and especially at those where our wounded soldiers are being cared for. This photograph was taken at Bethnal Green Military Hospital while an open-air concert was in progress.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

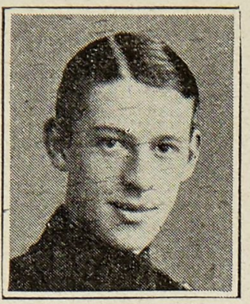


Brig.-Gen. the EARL OF LONGFORD, Life Guards.

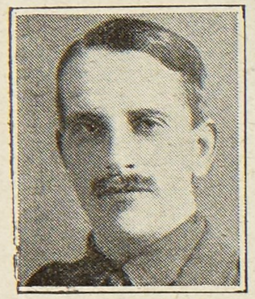


Lieut.-Col. A. C. ANNESLEY, D.S.O., Royal Fusiliers.

Major W. J. DOBSON, Canadian Infantry.

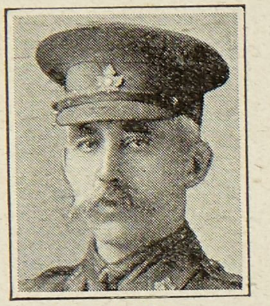


Major W. La T. CONGREVE, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade.

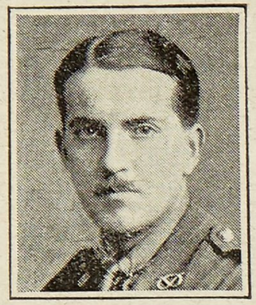


Captain J. FOLEY, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Capt. E. V. BRISCOE, Royal Warwicks.



Major A. YOUNG, Canadian Infantry.



Capt. C. R. LIMBERY, South Staffords.

Capt. A. S. THOMSON, Argyll and Sutherland H.

Capt. P. W. T. MACGREGOR-WHITTON, Royal Scots Fus.

Brig.-General Lord Longford, "wounded and missing" in Gallipoli since August, 1915, now officially reported killed, succeeded to the title in 1887, in which year he received his first commission in the 2nd Life Guards. He served in South Africa as captain of the 45th Imperial Yeomanry and as lieut.-colonel of the Irish Horse.

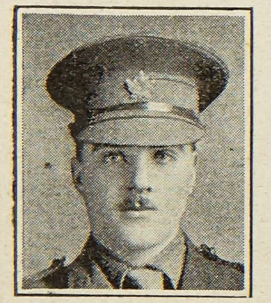
Lieut.-Colonel Albemarle Cator Annesley, D.S.O., Royal Fusiliers, served in South Africa, was three times mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Queen's Medal with six clasps. He served in the Military Police in India, and received the thanks of the Indian Government five years in succession. He commanded a battalion of the Royal Fusiliers at the front since May, 1915, and in April, 1916, was awarded the D.S.O.

Major William La Touche Congreve, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade, eldest son of Lieut.-General W. Congreve, V.C., C.B., was A.D.C. to Major-General Hamilton, commanding the 3rd Division, and later served as General Staff officer and brigade major. He won the Military Cross and was appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Only two months before his death he married Pamela, daughter of Mr. Cyril Maude.

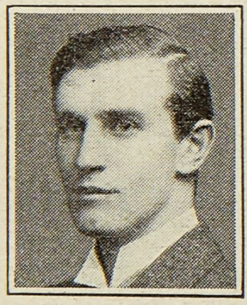
Captain Edward Villiers Briscoe, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, killed on patrol duty, was present at the retreat from Mons, the Battles of the Marne, Aisne, and at Ypres.

Lieut. Raymond Asquith, Grenadier Guards, the Prime Minister's eldest son, was born in 1878, and after a brilliant scholastic career at Winchester and Oxford, was called to the Bar in 1904. He was married in 1907 to Katherine, younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Horner, and leaves a son and two daughters.

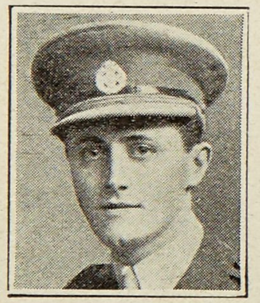
Capt. J. A. H. BROWN, Gordon Highlanders.



Lieut. H. J. QUANBURY, Canadian M. R.

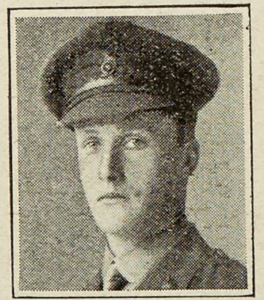


Lieut. RAYMOND ASQUITH, Grenadier Guards.

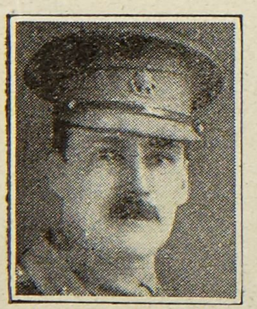


Lieut. N. S. STEWART, Rifle Brigade.

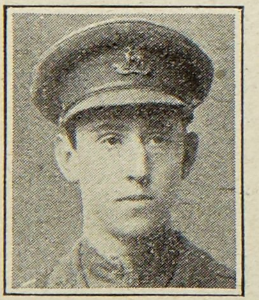
Lieut. G. S. WALLEY, K.R.R.C.



Sec.-Lieut. T. J. A. O'BRIEN, R.F.A.

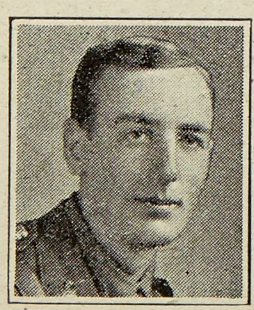


Sec.-Lieut. A. C. BOYD, Royal Sussex Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. E. J. PUSCH, Royal Warwicks.

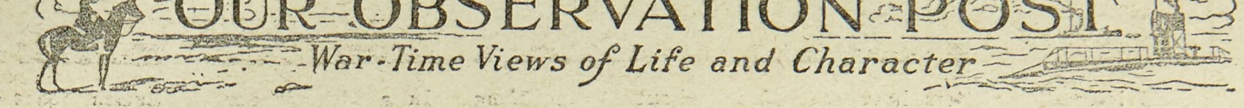
Sec.-Lieut. W. O. E. MORRIS, Liverpool Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. L. L. MOODY, Royal Sussex Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. A. H. PAGE, Suffolk Regt.

(Portraits by Speaight, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Russell, Swaine.)



OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

THE NEW FELLOWSHIP

EVERY day by which the war is protracted throws into higher relief the vital and essential change that has come over the soul of the people; and every day brings into greater prominence the difficulties that will attend the readjustment of the national life when the people, with their changed soul, are able to return to peaceful occupations. Already the theorists are beginning to advertise their panaceas to the world. Moralists, sociologists, economists, and the rest are unfolding screeds before our unenthusiastic eyes; and upon the other hand we unlearned folk, who are anxious because we care so very greatly, see the men who are making possible for us the resumption of our peaceful occupations beginning to turn questioning eyes to the country they have saved, wondering what it is going to do for them in return.

THERE is an old saying to the effect that it is very easy to die well but a mighty hard matter to live well. In normal conditions we are apt to regard both the one and the other as only the private concern of each individual—save and except, of course, in so far as his failure to live well interferes with the recognised rights and privileges of other people. In the abnormal conditions brought about by the war, however, we discovered that dying, well or ill, is very much the concern of the community as well as of the particular man, and at almost every point of human contact we are being stimulated to determination that it shall be made as easy as possible for the survivors to live well. The trouble is that opportunity arises for the theorists to take the floor, temporarily vacant owing to the happy disappearance of professional politicians, and to prepare the public mind for all sorts of social measures which may prove easier to introduce than to remove from the Statute Book subsequently.

CRITICS of British methods fasten, not without justification, upon our disposition to drift lethargically on a slow current of events and then, when we perceive that we have been carried farther than we think right or prudent, to sit up with a jerk and bucket our way up stream again at the cost of much unnecessary energy and trouble. It is true that we are rather too much inclined to act on the theory that things have a way of settling themselves. What our critics condemn as indolent apathy is due to our consciousness of a racial common-sense with a consequent contempt for the crank. Our attitude is that, if the crank likes to talk we need not listen, and that he may as well be allowed to babble, since his doing so won't hurt us.

THE attitude is all very well if, seeing no necessity for change in our methods, we are determined not to make any. It assumes a very different complexion, however, when we realise that our methods must be changed and while we are still undecided where and how to begin. For then, with a curious ingenuousness—that also is part of our native temper—we are apt to give the theorists part, at any rate, of the credence for which they have clamoured, and it is odds but what we shall find much unwisdom in the multitude of their counsels. That is the position in which we are at the present time, and no word is idle which proclaims the urgent need of caution in doing anything until we are sure that we have sympathetic understanding of the change that has come over the people upon whose behalf primarily it is our duty to do anything at all.

THOSE people are not ourselves. And that precisely is the point where most of the theorists who are beginning to raise their voices now seem to us to be going astray. Remaining vague intentionally, in order to avoid contentious topics, we may yet say that the Socialists, the political economists, the moral crusaders, and the rest are evincing some misapprehension of facts that are fairly obvious. They are right in thinking that things must be different after the war. But they are wrong in assuming that pre-war theories will necessarily be perfectly apt to post-war conditions. Their argument assumes that men will be unchanged. In fact, it is the change already effected in the men that will require alteration in the conditions.

IF this is true, the first thing to do is obviously to ascertain the nature of the change in the men. It is not a change in the nature of man. And that is not mere phrase-making. The invariability of human nature is axiomatically true. If, therefore, we find masses of men acting in a manner previously unimaginable by us, we are driven to the conclusion that our former arguments must have been defective, owing to miscalculation of the human factor. Since all human action originates in ideas, the deeds which astonish us are only the practical evidence of thoughts which we had not suspected. The fine quality shown by nearly every individual unit in the myriad armed host in the field must have been latent in him before, and while our failure to detect it is not necessarily a reflection upon our power of insight, since something so tremendous as this war was required to call it forth, we must, nevertheless, be honest enough to admit that theories based upon the assumption that he did not possess it cannot remain tenable now that we know he does possess it.

IN all their discussions, then, of the wonderful things they are going to bring about after the war the theorists must allow for this corrected estimate of the human factor. And we shall be very suspicious of any schemes that seem to be not appreciably different from the cut-and-dry schemes of the old professors of the various schools. Human nature, we repeat, has not changed. All mankind is changed, however; changed in its whole attitude towards life by the discovery of real fellowship. The same war that has deluged the world with blood and spread ruin and devastation broadcast has accomplished in two years what religion has failed to do in all the ages: proved the possibility of the brotherhood of man, and, more, made it an actual fact.

OF the little countries and of the great empires, too, it can be said with truth that their armies are vast companies of brothers, who know one another, understand one another, appreciate one another. In the light of a common tremendous experience they have discovered the relative value of things, and in the readjustment of conditions after the war they will require that relative value to be recognised. Academic discussions are all very well, and have no little use. But we protest that the gentlemen of the schools must not be allowed to influence legislation affecting social conditions after the war until the armies that have preserved them have been given opportunity to have their say in the matter. Gradually and incidentally we are coming into possession of their views. Some of them shall be examined on another occasion. C. M.

The War Illustrated

News Notes and Comments

SOME interesting letters have reached me about literature and local colour, with special reference to the area covered by the Great War. One of my correspondents, "A. B.," touches on the Balkans, so aptly named "the cockpit of Europe," and for this reason, he suggests, selected by modern fiction writers as the scene of their romantic plots, contrived, for the most part, for the entertainment of a somewhat blasé reading public who sought in tales of doughty deeds and high adventure an opiate for the ennui engendered by the peace and prosperity of the Victorian age.

Romance and Reality in the Balkans

AS in the case of Byron's enthusiastic Hellenism, the most imaginative fictions have generally some basis of reality. Among other actual figures in history round whom romance has gathered are the two Alexanders—the handsome Alexander of Battenberg, who for a time occupied the throne of Bulgaria and finally abandoned all Royal state for the happiness of a love-marriage in private life; and the abnormal Alexander of Serbia, whose short, fitful life ended in a double tragedy the like of which had never been imagined by any writer of fiction. Anthony Hope was perhaps the first of English novelists to stake out a claim in the Balkans, and his imaginary Kingdom of Ruritania is a much more real and actual place to many people than, say, Dobrudja. He has had many followers in that territory—A. W. Marchmont and, I think, Elinor Glyn, for example. Tolstoy, in his "Anna Karenina," expresses the widespread desire of Russia to help the Serbians against the Turks. "A. B." also notes the entry of Ruritania into the domain of musical comedy, as in the cases of "The Merry Widow" and "The Waltz Dream."

Austrian Sacrilege at Detchani

SATAN—at all events, the Satan of legend—will help a man to destroy his own body, painfully or "pleasurably," but he covets the soul. The Prussian prefers to destroy his opponent's body himself, but he does his best to follow the Satanic example in other respects. The Austrian of to-day is inspired by a similar ambition. He has now laid sacrilegious hands on the thirteenth-century monastery at Detchani, the Mecca of the Serbs, and looted its sacred treasures, its cases of precious stones, its holy chalices and sacerdotal vestments; and we read that Viennese antiquaries have proceeded there "on behalf of the Austrian Treasury."

Official Artists at the Front

WHILE the wonderful Somme films, many of which have appeared and are still appearing as official photographs in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, are engrossing public attention, it is interesting to note that belligerent Governments have not neglected to collect other and perhaps more durable pictorial records of the war. For their dramatic reality, the Somme films should hold a permanent place in the Empire's archives, but it is doubtful if the actual photographic film can survive the passage of time as long as a copper-plate. Mr. Muirhead Bone, the eminent etcher, has been commissioned by the Government to make drawings of architectural ruins on the British front, the movement of artillery from place to place, and of any subject illustrating the history of the war. These works will be acquired by the British Museum, after, it is hoped, the public have had the opportunity of seeing them. In a like manner, M. Lucien Jonas is one of the French official artists, and his work, so full of the passionate beauty of fighting France, will constitute a similar record of the great struggle.

Laurels for French Littérateurs

NO theme has inspired greater poetry than that of patriotism. Ever since men first went battling for ideals the poets have sung their praises with a rich, immortal voice. As in the lustrous age of Homer, self-sacrifice, contempt of death, and love of fatherland are uppermost in the minds of men to-day, and epic heroism finds expression on battlefields farther flung and bloodier than those of any other period. If poets can sing of ideals, they too have proved that they can fight for them, and many lofty intellects have passed in the hour of strife, their heroic death in war alike with their noble labours in peace constituting a lasting example to future generations of their compatriots. Our French allies, ever ready to do homage to the fine arts, have once more shown a touching initiative in expressly issuing a medal to commemorate French writers who have fallen on the field of honour. M. Henri Nocq, the eminent medallist, has designed the plaque, a silver replica of which is presented by the Société des Gens de Lettres to the family of the fallen soldier-writer. The medal bears the name of the writer and the title of his principal work, while the inscription on the verso is "Et Mortuis," over a figure of the Winged Victory placing a wreath on the soldier's tomb.

A Bombshell for Nuremberg

PARIS, for several months past, has been preparing for the trade war to follow the dawn of peace. The German will never again find France a dumping-ground for commerce from over the Rhine. No more will the cheap German toy find a cherished place in the French nursery. The new generation, however young, will be taught to discriminate between German toys and home productions. The Lépine Exhibition, where toys and inventions of the French artisan are shown, was opened recently, and the Minister of Labour paid it a visit, giving the exhibition official encouragement. Many of the exhibits were made by wounded Poilus in hospital—dainty dolls, toy guns, flying craft, and lead soldiers. More serious examples comprise flameless heating stoves, water sterilisers, and tools for the use of disabled heroes.

Levity at Home

AS some of my correspondents remind me, levity in war-time is not confined to soldiers in the field. Visitors to the West End of London on matinée days will need no more striking evidence of this than they can see with their own eyes. Inns and restaurants, theatres and cinemas were never so full of life, nor, apparently, was money ever more plentiful. "There are times," says Bagehot, "when a lot of stupid people have a lot of stupid money to spend." As to the character of the indoor amusements, the protests of General Smith-Dorrien and others are far from groundless. There is even a graver side of the West End life of to-day of which the subjects of criticism are but symptomatic phenomena. The historian of the future will have some extraordinarily incongruous facts with which to fashion his picture of England in war-time.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

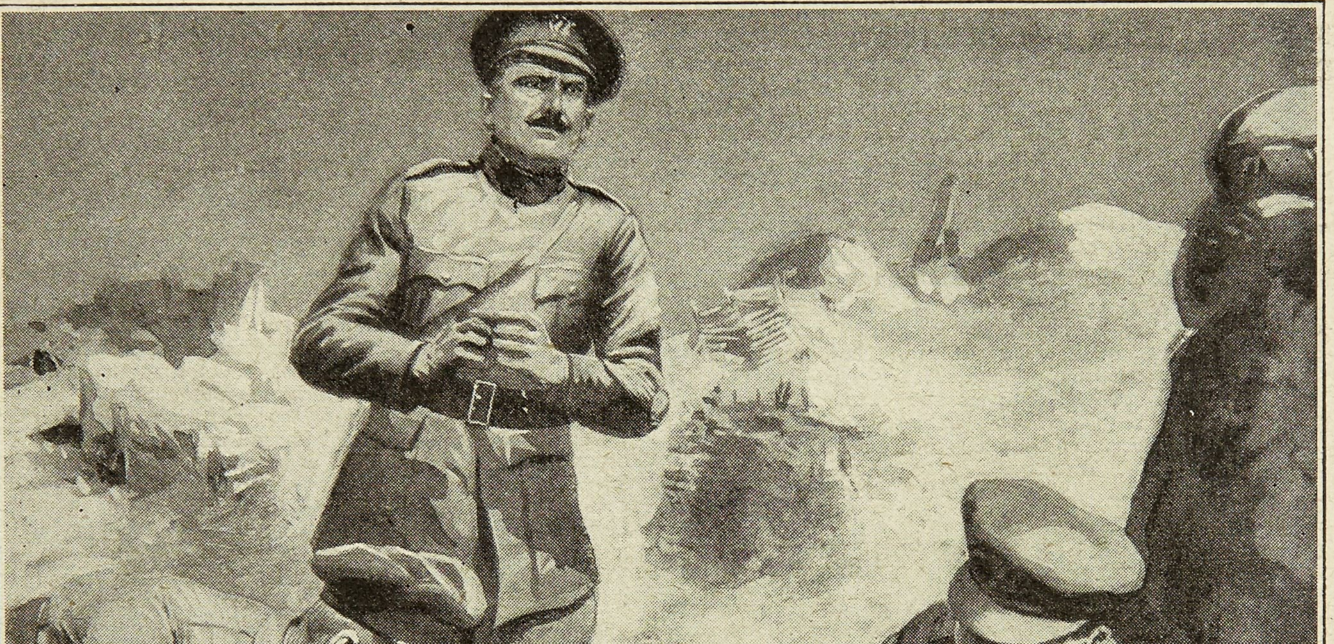
The War Illustrated, October 7th, 1916.

Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Battle of the "Tanks" by Max Pemberton

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly



Vol. 5 **No. 112**

Belgian Grenadiers Working a New Type of Trench Mortar

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

VERY much now depends upon the autumn weather at the Somme. We have secured an absolute superiority over the enemy. Many of his divisions have come to such a stage that when once our men reach their trenches the German soldiers readily surrender in batches, often hundreds at a time. The German artillery is still formidable, but artillery and machine-guns alone cannot permanently hold back a determined enemy when the spirit of the defence is broken. We have at point after point on the Somme driven the enemy to the last line of his old trenches, which are being defended desperately. Given fine weather, we will break through them and emerge in a large stretch of comparatively clear country. But with sustained wet weather the enemy will have further time to strengthen his positions behind. At Verdun the French were driven back to stronger positions. At the Somme the Germans are being driven back to no positions at all. There lies the essential geographical difference between the German and the Franco-British offensives.

Armaments Germany's Dilemma

It is obvious that the Germans have been considerably weakening a large part of the remainder of the western front to resist us on the Somme. They have, in particular, withdrawn big guns from many important points. My recent statement on this page about the growing weakness of the Germans in heavy guns has been to some extent confirmed by General von Falkenhayn's message to his commanders, warning them that the wastage of guns in the last few months had been considerably in excess of production and that there had been a serious diminution of ammunition; though this need not be taken too seriously.

The German positions north of the Somme are still formidable, for they have been most elaborately constructed and are full of every device to check an advance. There has been much activity well north of the Somme during the past month, far more than the general public have realised, for the actions there have been overshadowed by the bigger southern fighting. There is obviously a possibility that we will strike hard at other points, and the crumbling in of a considerable section of the German western line may come sooner than a few weeks ago seemed possible.

The Tables Completely Turned

The Germans have now reached what is for them a very critical point indeed in their western war. Six months ago victory on this field seemed within their grasp. It is now possible to say what could not be said at the time—that for some days after the opening of the Verdun offensive the prospect for the Allies looked as black as anything well could be. The Germans came within an ace of a terrific and smashing success, a success which might have lengthened the war by another couple of years. Now, however, the prospect is completely reversed. A retirement at Bapaume must be followed soon afterwards by a retirement in Champagne, by the French recovery of much of their lost territory, and by the occupation by the Allies of positions which will bring the recapture of Lille within the region of probability.

In the east the position continues obscure. The advance of the Bulgarians and Turks on the Dobrudja compelled some temporary modification of the Rumanian advance in Transylvania. The Russo-Rumanians have gained some important victories there, but up to the moment of writing they have not yet obtained a decision. A furious battle is now being maintained, and upon the outcome of it will largely depend the next stage of the Balkan war. The Russo-Rumanian army has in its hands the defence of the railway from Bukarest to Constanza, and of the great bridge at Cherna Voda over the Danube. Our Allies have the advantage of position. They succeeded, after occupying their new line, in bringing the Bulgarian advance to a momentary standstill. But they are being very hard pressed, and the Russians are finding it necessary to bring up considerable reinforcements.

Hard Work in the Balkans

The attack upon the Allies in the Dobrudja is proceeding simultaneously with a growing German attack on their advance in Transylvania. Apparently, Hindenburg intended to attempt to knock out Rumania or to drive her back to points where she would be powerless.

The allied armies at Salonika are doing their best by a vigorous offensive to relieve the situation farther north. In reading unofficial reports from Athens, people would do well to remember that Athens is notoriously the city of lies. One week we hear from Athens that the Bulgarians have abandoned Monastir. The next week we hear from Salonika the very different news that the Allies are making a determined attack on the Bulgarian trenches between Monastir and the coast. Should the Bulgarians abandon Monastir without a defence, it would show that their available strength is much less than was generally anticipated. The Serbian Army is fighting well and fighting desperately. The Allies are strong in numbers, but it is obvious that in a country such as this they must be hampered by questions of supplies and transport. The whole Balkan position indicates not a walk-over nor an easy victory, but hard, strenuous, severe fighting.

The news that Turkish troops have appeared on the Riga front is significant. Germany is feeling the strain of the lack of men. Turkey, her ally, has large numbers of available men in her Asiatic dominions, untrained it is true, but of splendid physique and of great courage, and what more natural than that Germany should enlist these men on a large scale, train them, and bring them against the Russians and ourselves?

Trieste a Winter Possibility

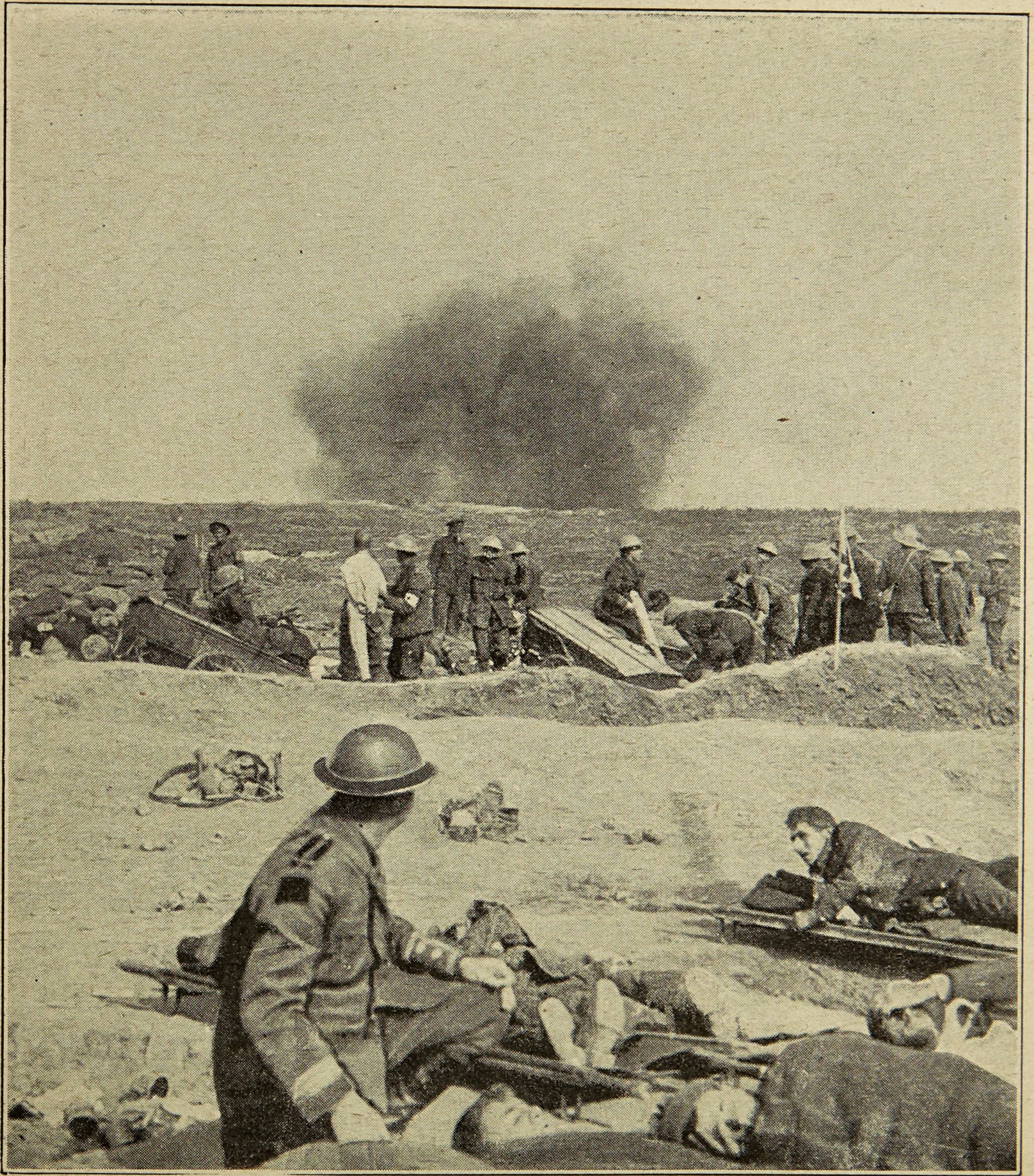
The situation for Italy continues to be exceedingly promising. The winter weather will bring a large part of the campaign in the Alps to an early close, but in Istria the fighting can be steadily maintained during the coming months. The Italian armies are now better provided with guns and munitions than ever before. Competent observers, newly returned from the Italian front, bring me the highest reports of the Italian spirit, temper, and resolution. The capture of Trieste is regarded by the Italians as among the certainties of the winter.

The air war in the west is reaching a stage far more satisfactory for us. London and the south have had splendid evidence of the great improvement of the British defences against Zeppelins. The Zeppelin cannot yet be wiped out as a factor in the western war, but we have taken its measure. I look to see, probably in the coming spring, a new chapter of aerial war open with the beginning of the real offensive by the new British rigid airships. At this moment it would not be wise to enter into detail about them. All along the western front we are receiving absolute and abundant evidence of the superiority of our own and of the French aeroplanes against the Germans.

7th October, 1916. No. 112. Vol. 5.

THE WAR
Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



OUT OF ACTION, BUT NOT OUT OF DANGER.—A German shell bursting close to an advanced dressing-station, where Canadian wounded were receiving first attention. In all the terrific "battles for the villages," that began on September 15th, the Canadians fought with a gallantry that won them added glory. (Canadian Government copyright reserved.)

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUL OF FRANCE

By Percy Hurd

Editor of the " Canadian Gazette," London.

MR. PERCY HURD, who has specially written this article for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *is an eminent journalist, author, and economist who has had exceptional opportunities of studying France in war time. As editor of the " Canadian Gazette " and London editor of the " Montreal Star " and associated journals in Canada, Mr. Hurd has had the privilege of making various visits to the battle-front in order to study and record the work of the Canadian Contingent, and as a member of the executive committee of the Agricultural Relief of Allies Fund, of which the Duke of Portland, Earl Northbrook, and Mr. Adeane are the heads, he has twice reported on the needs of the farmers in the ravaged provinces of France from which the Germans have been pushed back. An apostle of Empire, Mr. Hurd, jointly with his brother Archibald, the eminent naval critic, has written since the war " The New Empire Partnership : Defence, Commerce, Policy," which has been widely reviewed, and accepted as a valuable contribution to the Imperial idea. Our contributor is one of the many who have suffered personal loss in the war. His eldest son, Captain Douglas Hurd, of the Middlesex Regiment, gave his life for the cause of freedom on September 15th last.*

[Russell

Mr. Percy Hurd.

YOU look in vain for the soul of France if you seek it in Paris. Who would dream of finding the soul of England in London ? Each is a small world in itself, moved by cosmopolitan rather than national impulses. Nor can you expect to find the soul of France in the northern departments which stretch from Calais, Boulogne, and Havre eastwards, for in these war months they have become for the time a bit of England—or rather of the British Empire. Instead, would I turn to the homes of Champagne and Lorraine which the German invader has reduced to ruins ; or to the barracks of Nancy, where emigrés of the ravaged villages—women of all ages and children—shelter from the blasts of war under the care of M. Mirman, the indomitable prefect of the sorely-tried Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle. In their bitter suffering, robbed of husbands and fathers and their all, these homeless people have plumbed afresh the depths of patriotism, and through their tears they smile the smile of the unconquerable.

The Faithful Father of Triaucourt

Listen first to the poignant tale of Father Paul Viller, the Curé-doyen of Triaucourt, in the Meuse Valley. As we passed along he showed us on each side scars of the German occupation of his once happy and prosperous pastorate, and others tell of his heroism during those days of horror. In his narrative the scene lives again before our eyes. It is just what would occur in any English village if Germany had her way.

First the hurried flight of country folk along the road from the Forest of Argonne. The Boche is near. General X. and his Staff left Triaucourt the night before; the French troops now follow ; military engineers even take away the field telephone from the Town Hall ; it is the calm before the storm. " Come what God ordains, I will not quit my post." So the curé declares, and his people trust him.

Soon after mid-day the first German shell ; it falls close to the church, sending a column of smoke and dust high up into the air. Everyone rushes home and to the cellars. Zim-boum—a deluge of shells ; the church is the enemy's especial target, but many houses are hit, and in the shell-holes made in the gardens two or three men can lie down with ease.

There being no reply to the bombardment, Uhlans appear. " Two of them give me the military salute. At this moment Mme. B., in tears, rushes up to me to say that her mother has been killed in the notary's cellar by a piece of shell ; she leads her child, all covered with blood, and crying ' My arm is gone ! My arm is gone ! ' In the greater calamity the child's wounding had gone unnoticed. ' C'est la guerre ! ' said the commandant roughly, as he turned the child over to a doctor, while he made himself quite at home in the large house before which he had stopped his horse.

" I go down into the notary's cellar. Horror ! On the steps lie the brains of poor Madame, the mother of the curé of Soussainecourt, her shell-torn body in a sea of blood. The first Triaucourt victim of the war. We wrap the body in a shroud and place it on the bed. In the evening Germans find the mutilated body and destroy the image of Christ which we had placed on the little table beside it.

" German lancers everywhere. They seem young, neat, even stylish. ' Cikares ! Tabaque ! ' is their one cry. One would think they had not smoked a pipe for years. I offer my packet of tobacco from which to replenish their pipes. They pocket it wholesale, without so much as a ' Thank you ! ' Soon they will be in Paris, they say. To see Paris is the dream of them all, and Russia is a negligible quantity. But the impression they leave is rather favourable. They pay for what they want ; not they but the foot soldiery are the thieves."

And this is how they got to work, as the old men and women of the village told us in varying detail—the younger men are all in the fighting-line. Arrived at the village, they take the horses, carriages, and harness ; their plunder must be carried away. Nothing is left intact—wine and provisions of all kinds, tobacco, jam—oh, the jam ! " They love it as pigs love acorns ; they lick it up out of the pot dirtily, ravenously." What they cannot eat or drink they destroy, and theirs is also the pillage of the brute who ransacks, breaks to bits, tramples on, befouls—that is, a pillage of nameless horrors.

Go into a room thus ravaged and the chaos is indescribable ; men's clothing, women's underwear, petticoats, dresses, marriage wreaths, sacred robes of the communicants—all lie in a horrible mess. The peasant farmer sees his choicest pigs and oxen shot before his eyes, the best portions taken, and the remains left for the robbed owner to clear away, unless he prefers to be poisoned by them. Outside the better class of house the German officer stays in his carriage, and there he sits until the carriage is completely full with the treasures of that French home or the house completely empty. Sometimes the pillager gets his deserts. One Boche, lover of honey, was unable to open his mouth or eyes for two days after trying to rob one of the Triaucourt beehives.

Gallic Cock and the Dawn of Victory

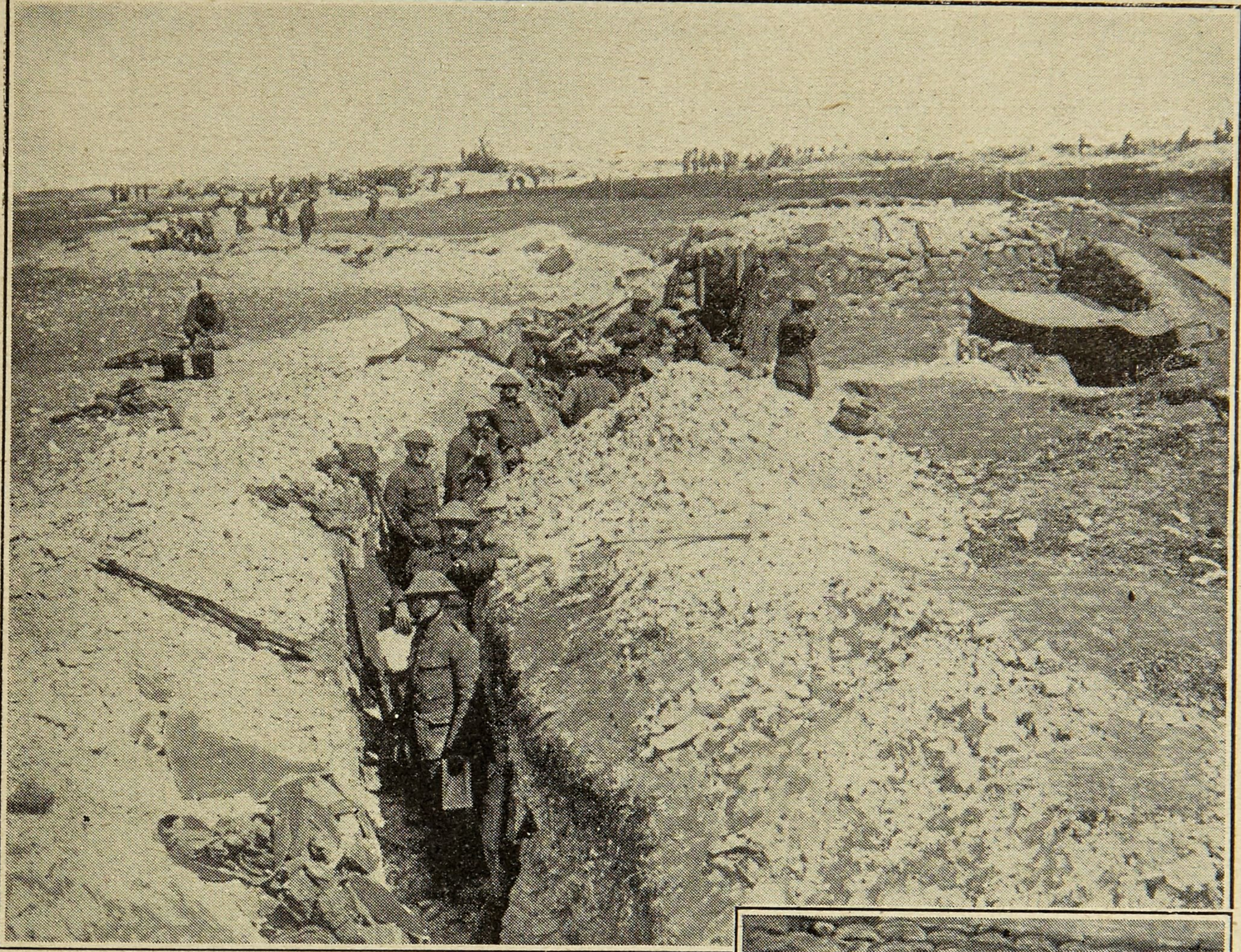
We had abundant evidence that, under the lying pretext that German soldiery had been fired on, the Boches put the houses to flames and poured shot into the people as though they were game. And the poor victims were left as they fell without taper, with no one to watch over their bodies or pray for their souls. But close to them that night the Boches played the piano. Their courage is the courage of the barbarian ! It was the army of the Crown Prince !

At last they disappeared. French and British successes elsewhere warned them of the peril of remaining. No

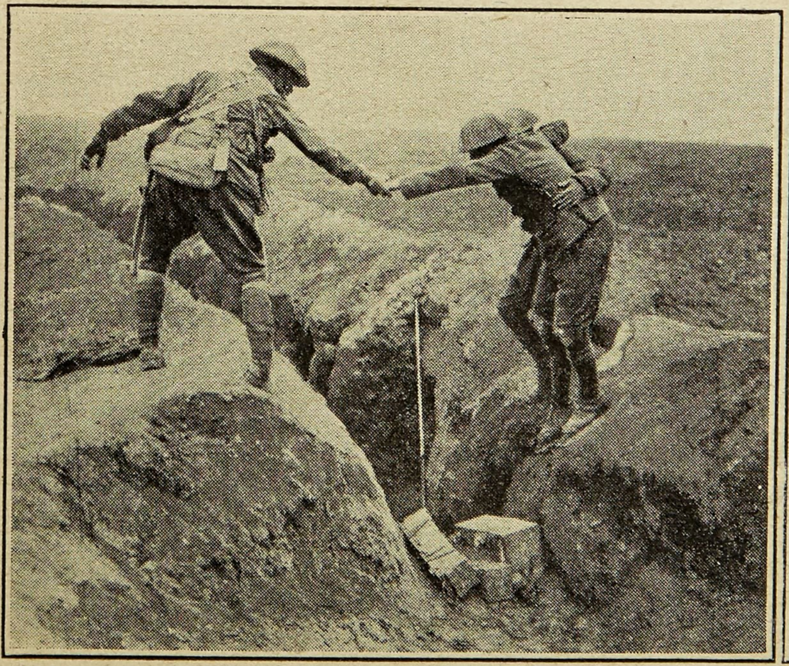
[*Continued on page 172.*

Duty, Sympathy and Popularity at the Front

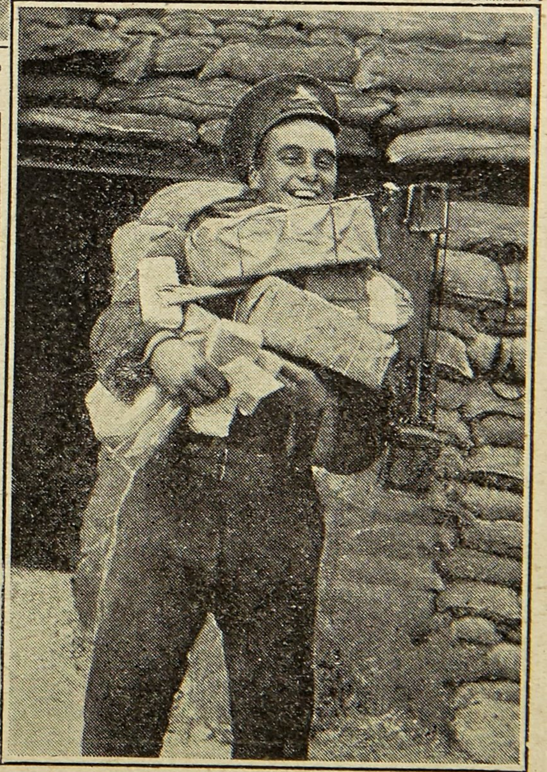
British Official Photographs



Men of the London Rifle Brigade in a reserve trench waiting to proceed to the front line. Everywhere the field is churned up by shells and picks.



Helping a wounded man across a trench. A delightfully human snapshot from the field where great fighting and greater devotion know no limit.



The most popular man in the regiment. The smiling military postman with the mail from " Blighty."

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUL OF FRANCE

(Continued from page 170.)

more Boches at Triaucourt. They leave an infected village in ruins, misery, mourning—it is so wherever they have passed. They hoped, in the words of the curé, to see the Gallic Cock with twisted neck on the rubbish-heaps of France; but "the Gallic Cock stands there proudly still. He will yet bring down the Black Eagle of Prussia. Already he sings of victory."

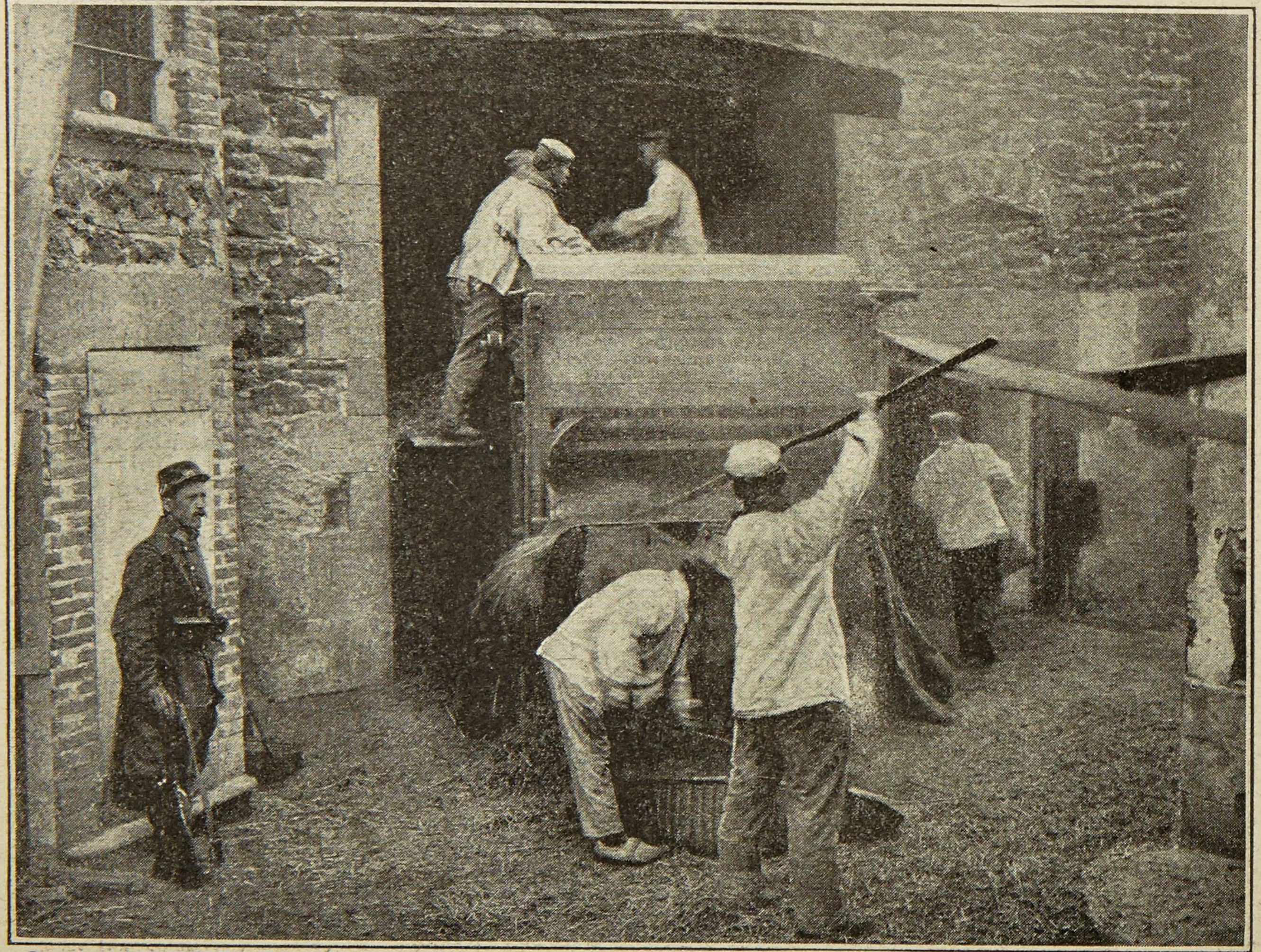
The tale of Triaucourt is the tale of many another ravaged commune of Champagne and Lorraine right down to the Vosges Mountains. Our courteous French official guides took us from village to village and from ruin to ruin until there seemed no end to the desolation and no limit to the calculated destructiveness and brutality of the Hun invaders. To-day, by the grace of Heaven and the strong arm of soldier and munition worker alike, the sun is penetrating the gloom of these desolated homes. When I passed through them again a few days ago (September, 1916), there were signs of a repairing of the shell-shattered churches and homes. The French military and departmental authorities had provided temporary hut-homes, school-houses, and "mairies" of wood and asbestos material. The beneficent work of the English Society of Friends among the peasant women and children was evident; and the deepest gratitude was also expressed for the most timely gifts of agricultural machines, seed, poultry, and pedigree stock made through the Agricultural Relief of Allies Fund, of which the Duke of Portland, Lord Northbrook, and Mr. Adeane are the heads. There was hesitation at first in receiving these gifts, so deep-rooted is the independence of these French peasant proprietors. But fraternal spirit prevailed—was it not from the brother-farmers of England that these things came?—and nothing could better the tactful manner in which a new bond of amity has thus been created by men and women of the English country-side. It is a token of their gratitude to France. She stands also between the German marauder and the still unharmed English homestead.

The soul of France is seen at its best among these village folk. They have passed through the valley of death and destruction while the townsfolk of France have for the most part been spared. But their spirit remains unconquered and unconquerable. And now they see signs of the coming dawn.

One last glimpse. It was in the spacious barracks of the now bombarded city of Nancy. Hundreds of the women and children of the department sought refuge here when their village homes were pillaged and reduced to heaps of rubble. Passing through the rooms and halls with M. Mirman, the fatherly prefect, we stopped before one woman surrounded by six children. She told us of her little home at Noneny. She had had twelve children. Her three eldest sons were in the Army, leaving nine at home. The Germans had their own way in the village for several days; they took the best of everything, and there was no one to say them nay. The day of the enemy's hurried departure came, but it would never do to leave these French villagers their means of livelihood. Rural France must feel the Prussian and Bavarian heel. So the firing of houses began, and this poor woman's among them. Her elderly husband, working in the field near by, saw his place in flames and rushing home hastened to get out his little market-cart to take his wife and children to a place of safety. He had just managed to get the wife and six of the children packed away in the cart when the German soldiery saw their efforts to escape. They fired, and the three children still standing beside the cart were shot as they stood.

"And what of your husband, madame?"

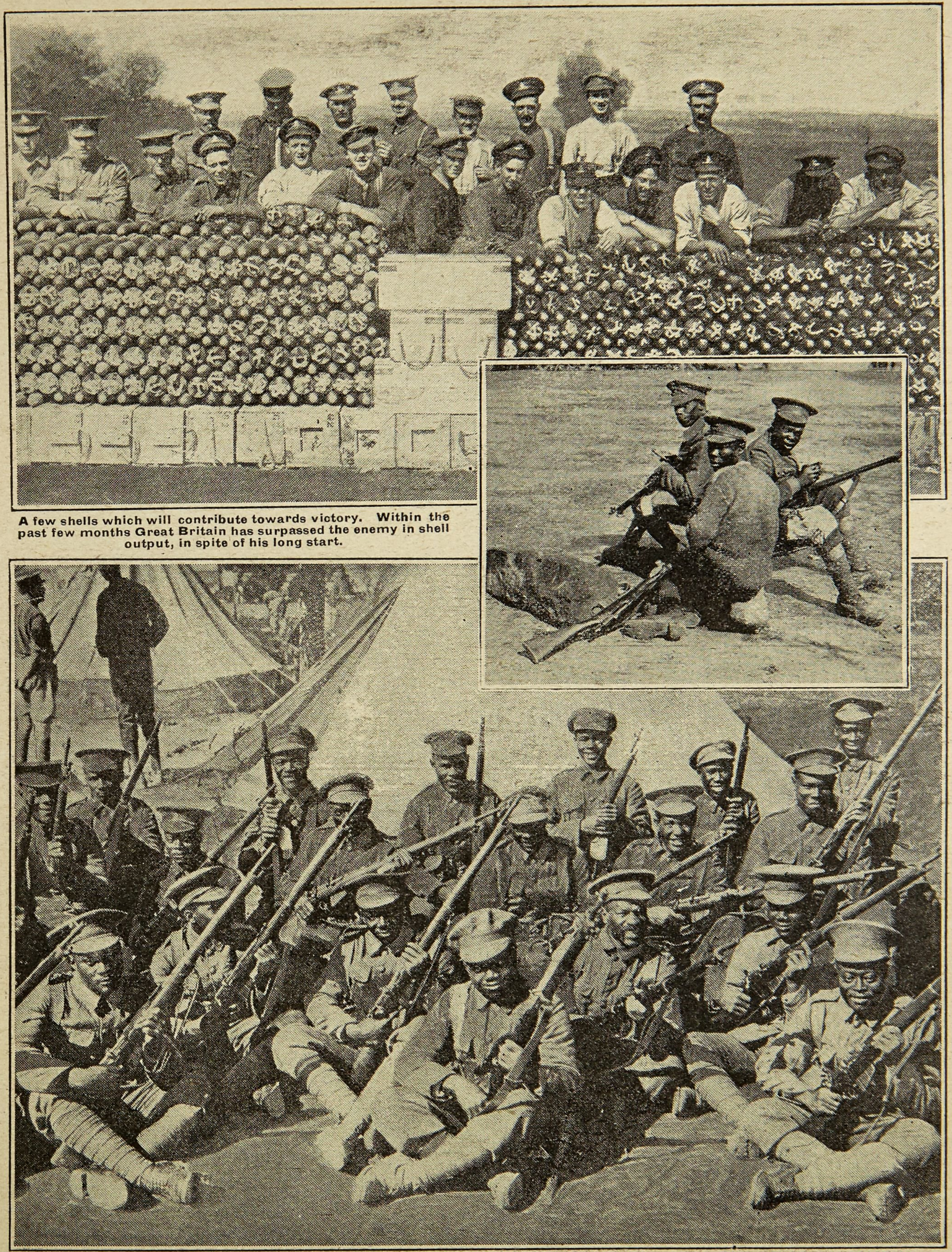
"Ah, sir," was the reply amid a burst of tears, "they shot him, too."



German prisoners in France making hay for their captors. A large number of the enemy soldiers have been put to work on the land in the absence of the manhood of France on the battlefield.

Shells Galore and Some New Colonial Warriors

British Official Photographs

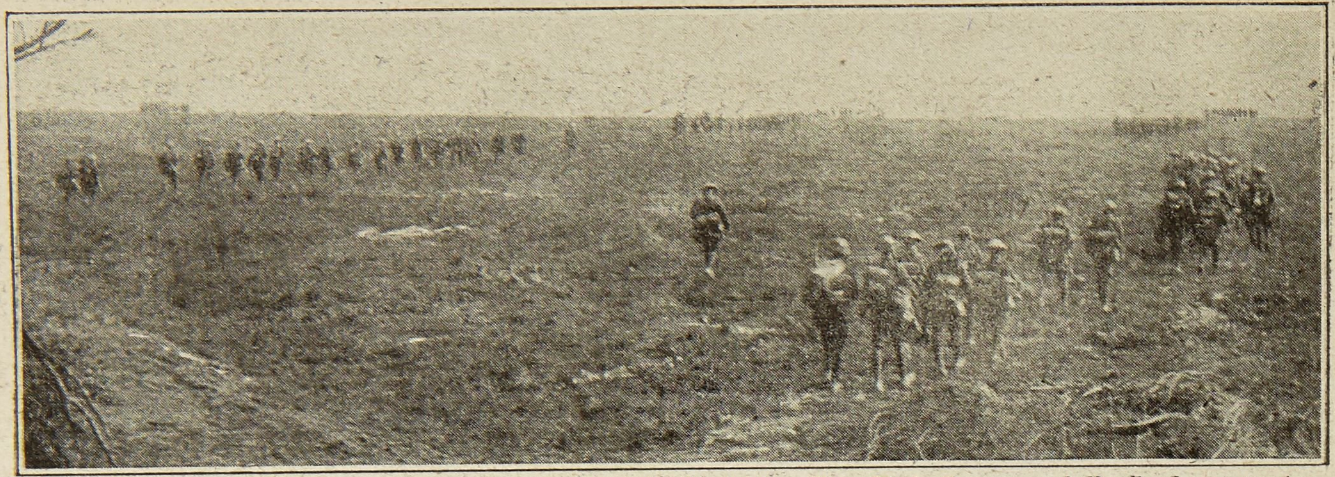


A few shells which will contribute towards victory. Within the past few months Great Britain has surpassed the enemy in shell output, in spite of his long start.

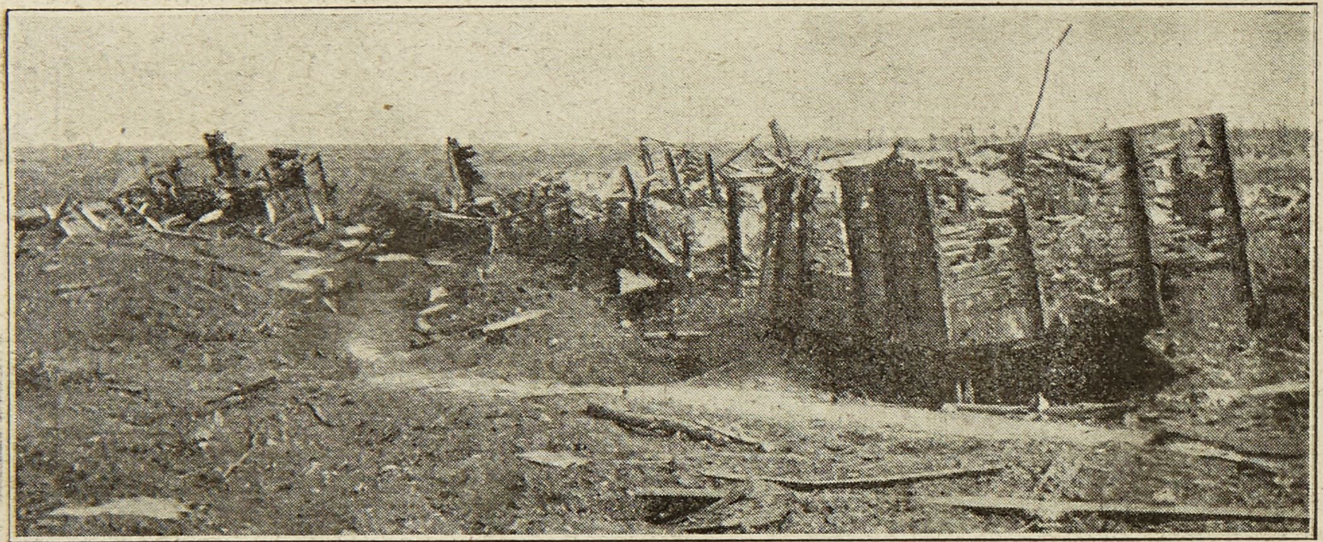
Men of the West India Regiment who will soon help to swell the British ranks at the front. Inset: Three of these doughty fighters cleaning their rifles. There is no part of the Empire that has not sent soldiers to the Homeland in her time of need.

Victory in Flood Over the Crest of the Ridge

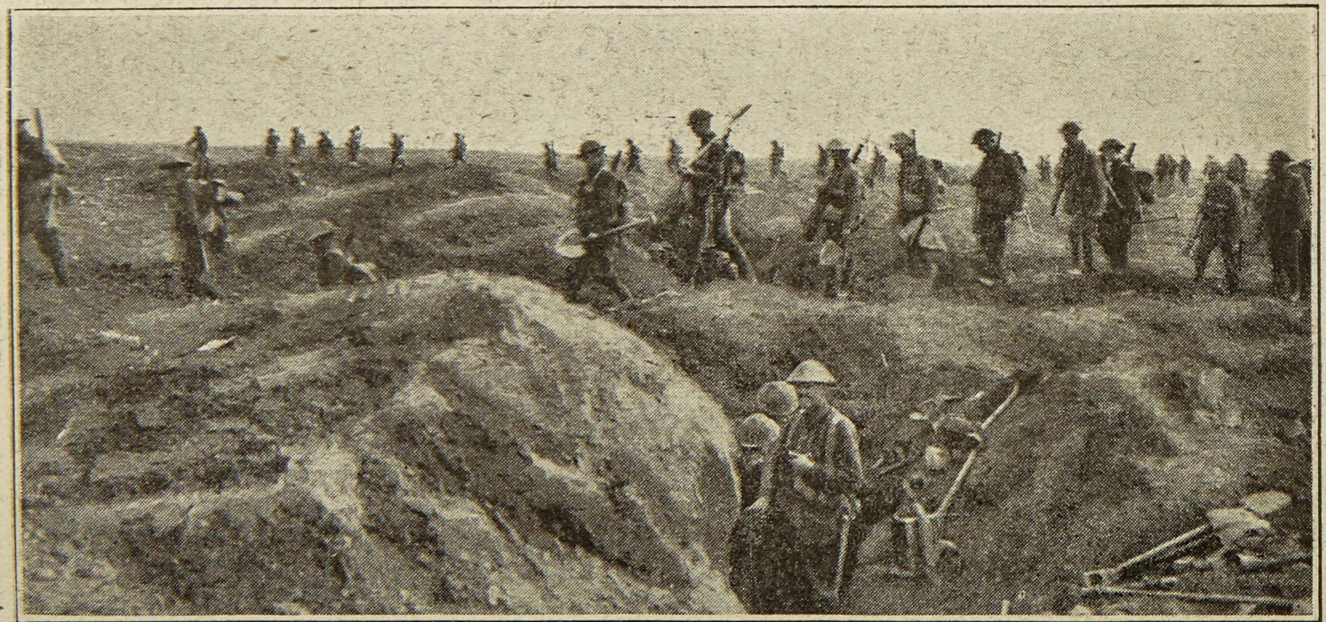
British Official Photographs



Infantry going to support, spread out to minimise the effect of hostile shelling. Near Ginchy there was a half mile of open country between our men and the Prussian Guard, who sprayed it with "bullet machines." But the deadly space was no defence against our attack.

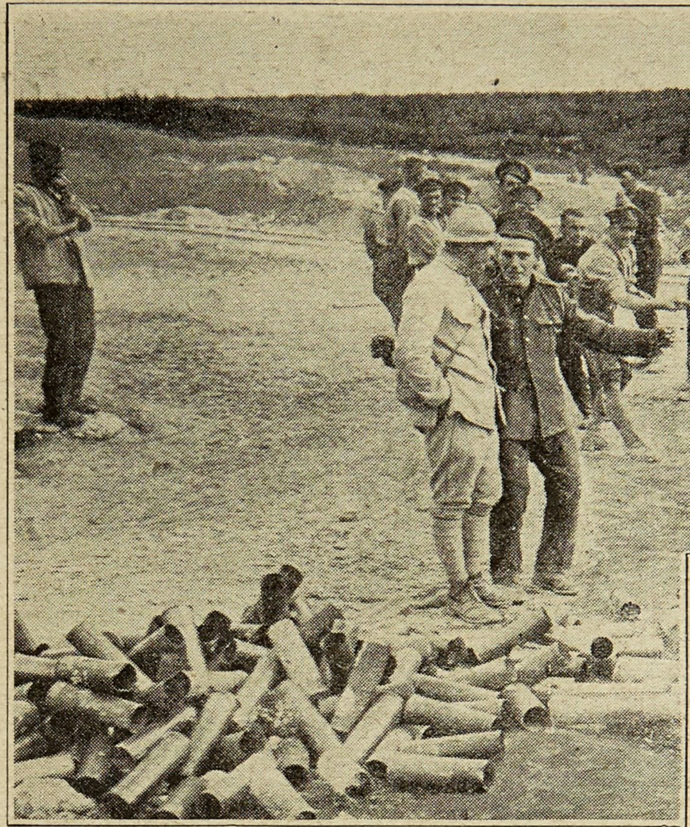


All that was left of the railway station at Guillemont after the British artillery had finished with it. The work of our guns was "unendurable," leaving the infantry no trench to take and destroying the very landscape signs that indicated the proper limit of advance.

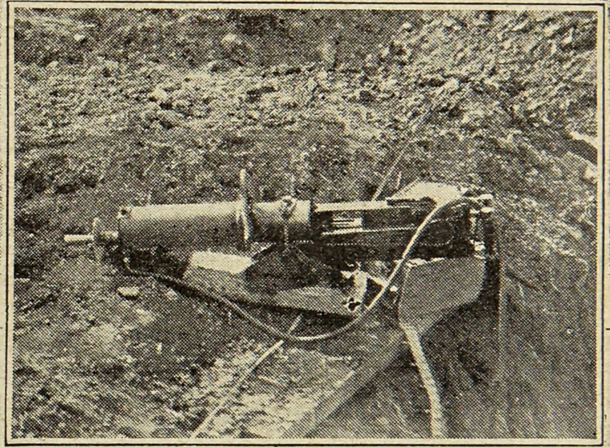


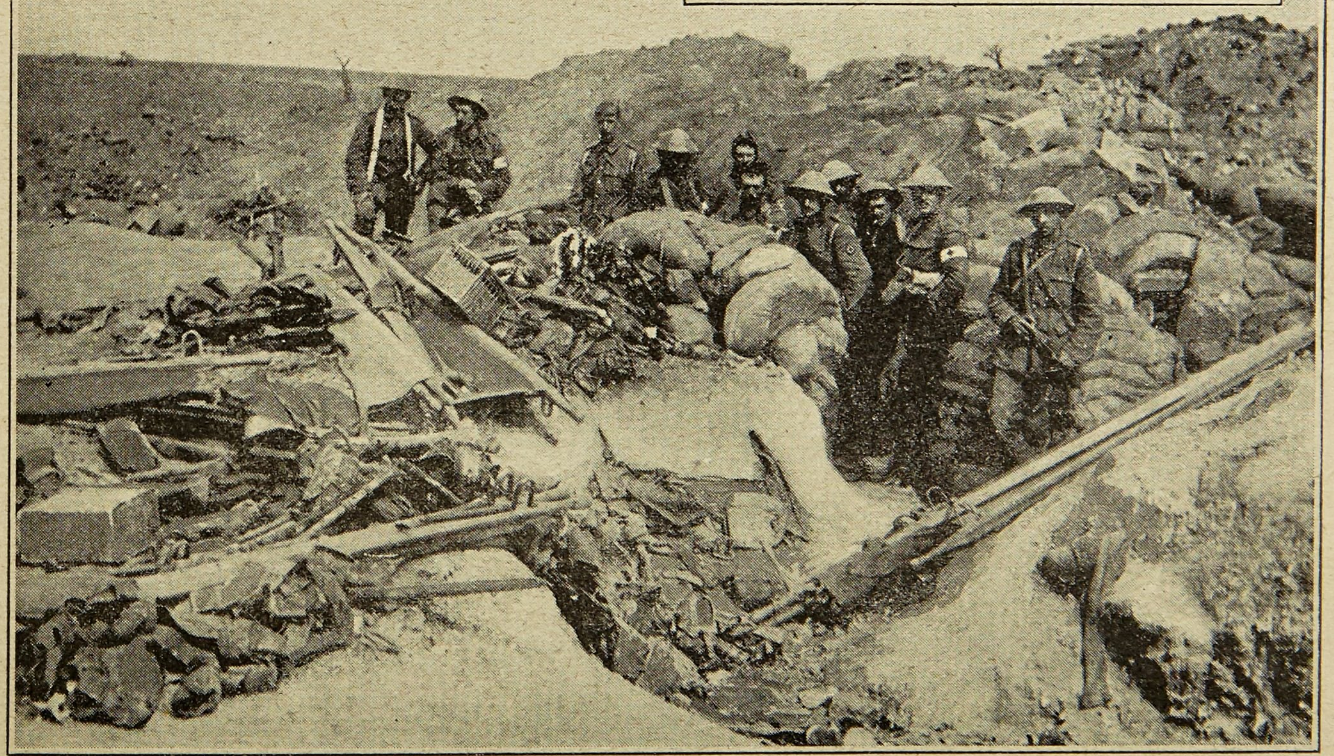
Reinforcements moving up towards Flers, crossing the first German trench, which was taken on September 15th. It was near this point that two of our battalions met an enemy brigade in the open, and dispersed and threw it back by hand-to-hand fighting.

Fun, Fighting and Ambulance Work at Guillemont



The only tension between the Allies on the western front. Friendly tug-of-war where the lines meet in Picardy. (Official photograph.)

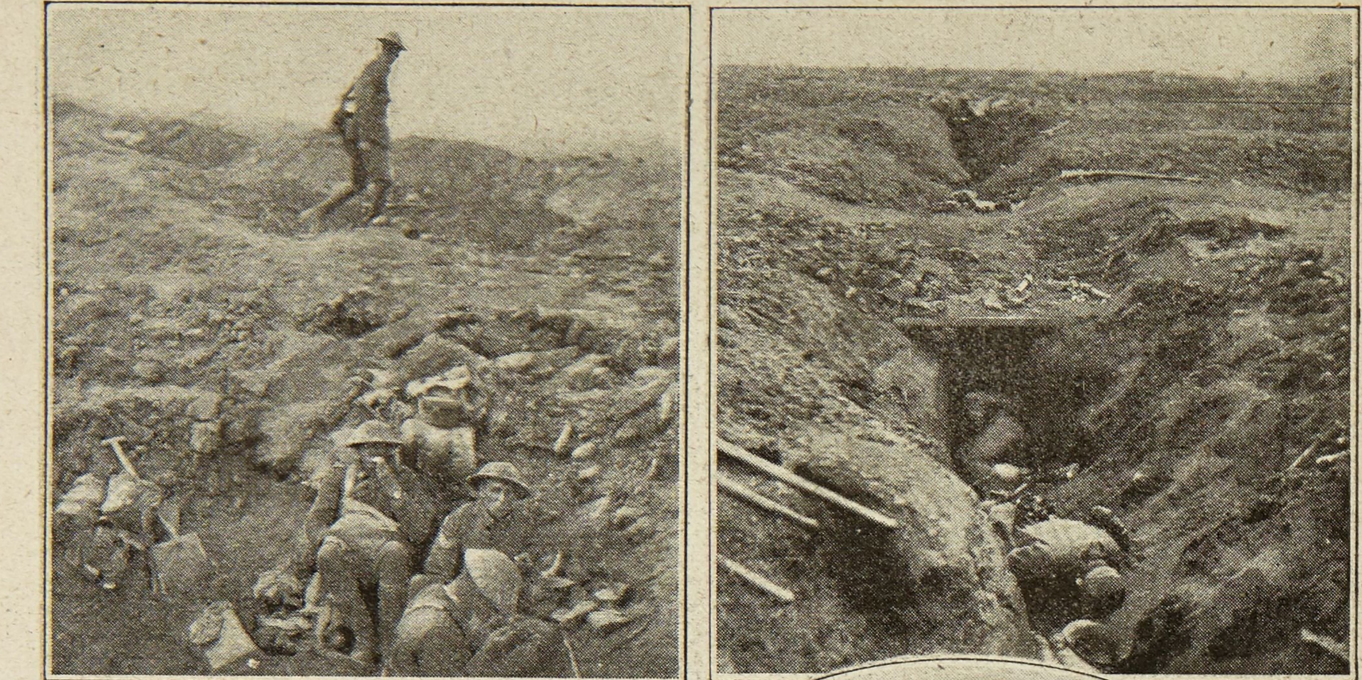




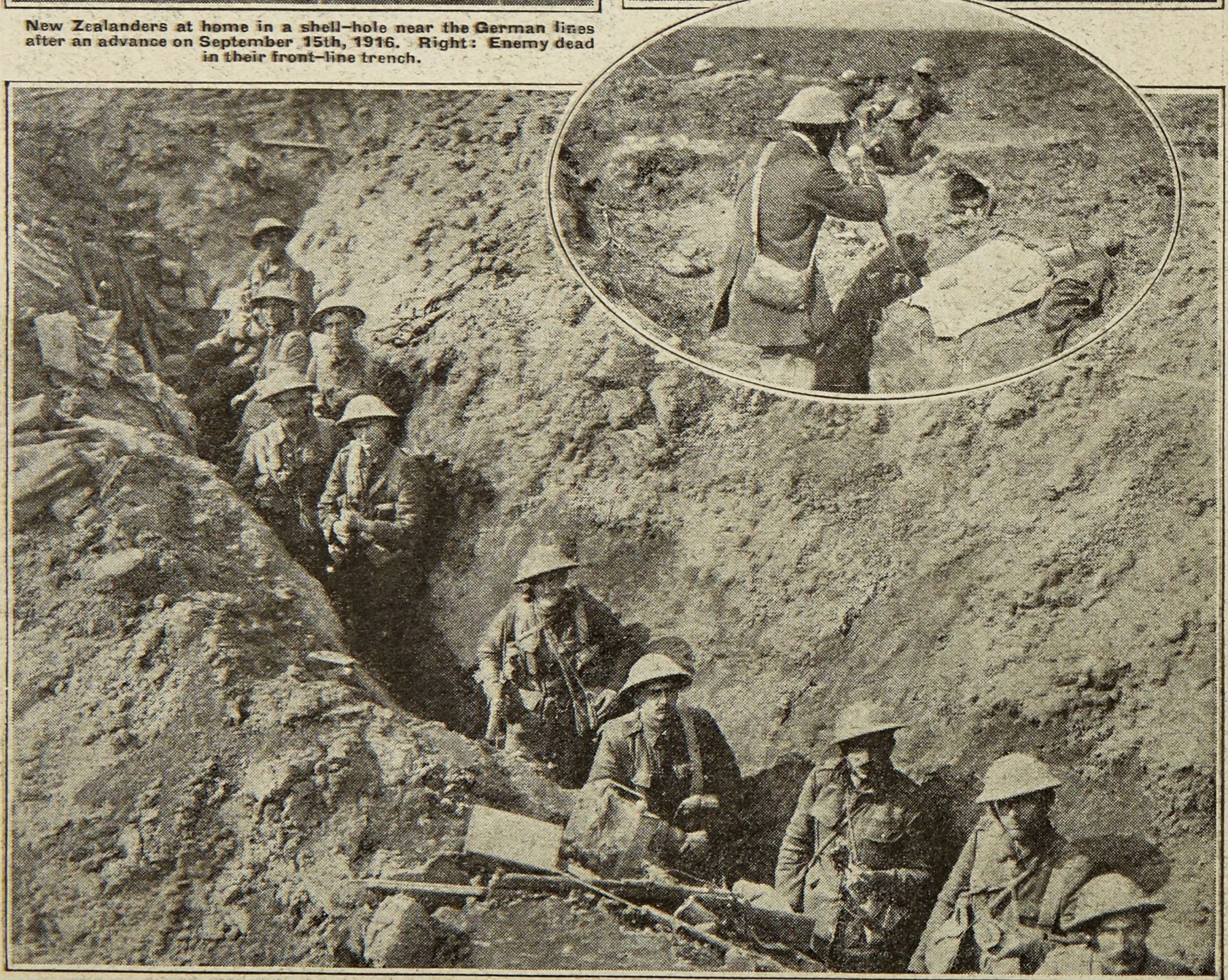
Crude dressing-station on the edge of Guillemont Field, showing a group of R.A.M.C. workers among a number of stretchers. Inset: Solitary German machine-gun which was put out of action, the British attacking force sustaining only one casualty.

New Zealanders in Fine Form South of the Ancre

British Official Photographs



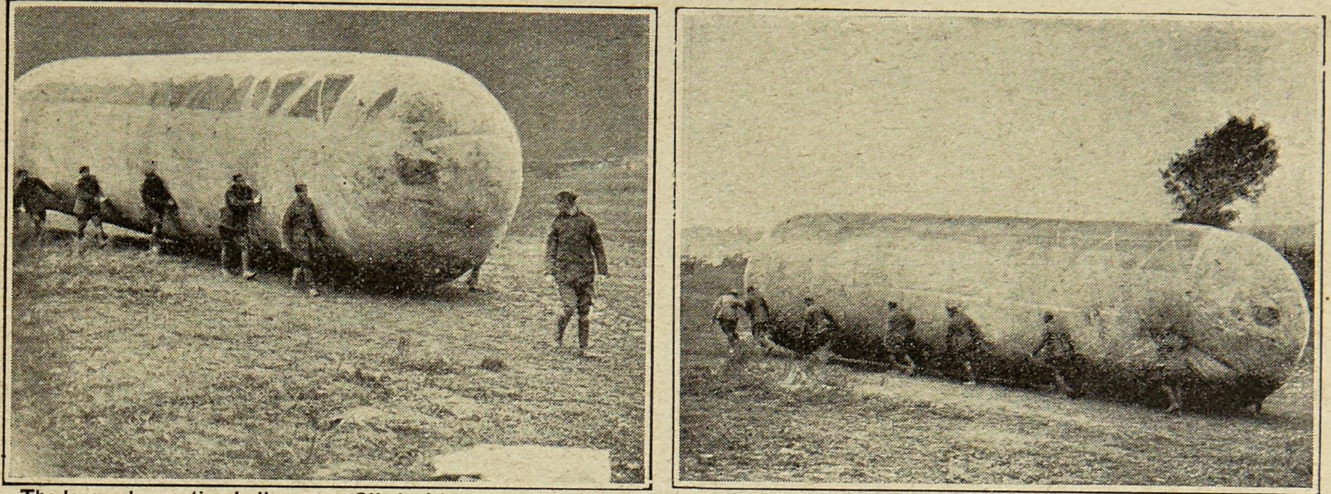
New Zealanders at home in a shell-hole near the German lines after an advance on September 15th, 1916. Right: Enemy dead in their front-line trench.



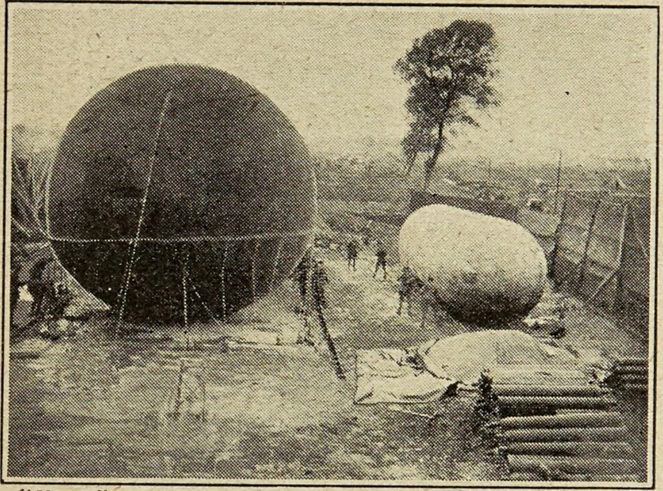
Men of the New Zealand Contingent eating bread and jam after having consolidated a switch trench. The oval photograph shows British officers observing the German front from a position captured six hours previously.

Gas: Its Use and Abuse for Purposes of War

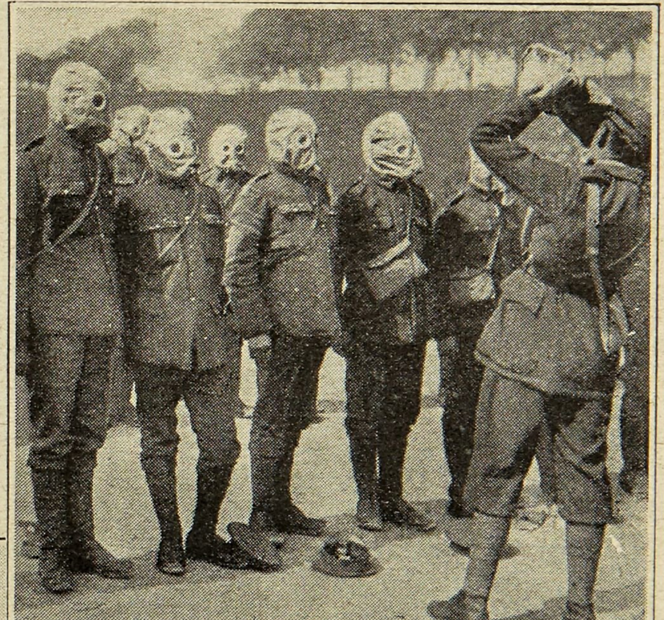
British Official Photographs

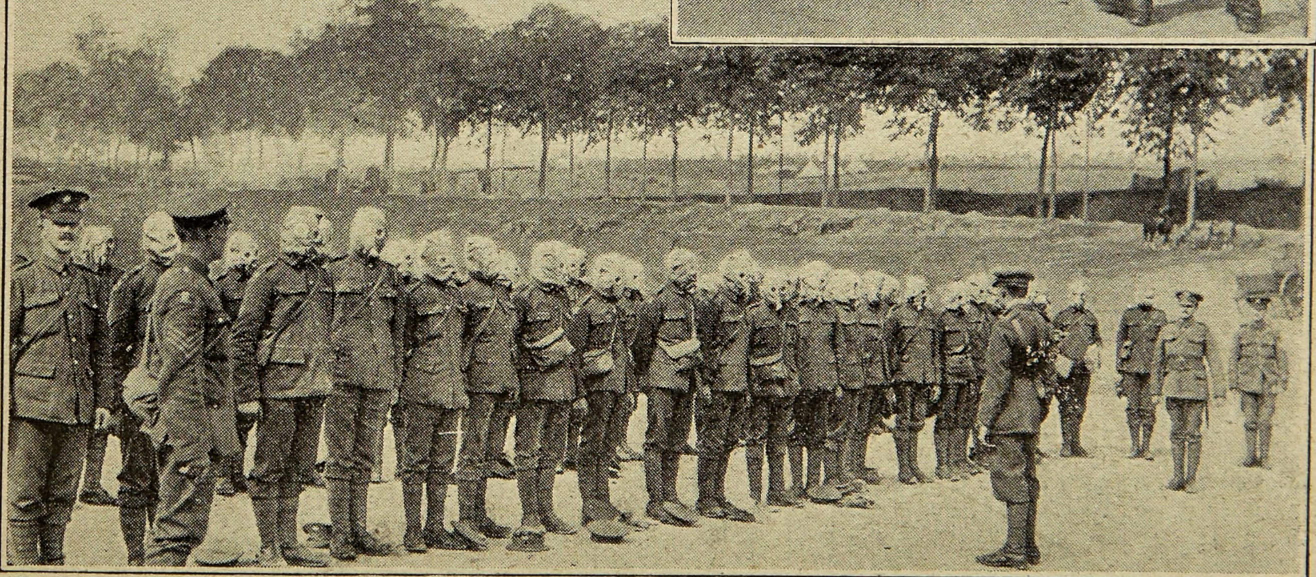


The large observation balloons are filled with gas supplied from smaller balloons called "nurses," and these photographs show men of the Royal Flying Corps taking one of the "nurses" to the pit where its big "baby" is waiting to be fed before going out.

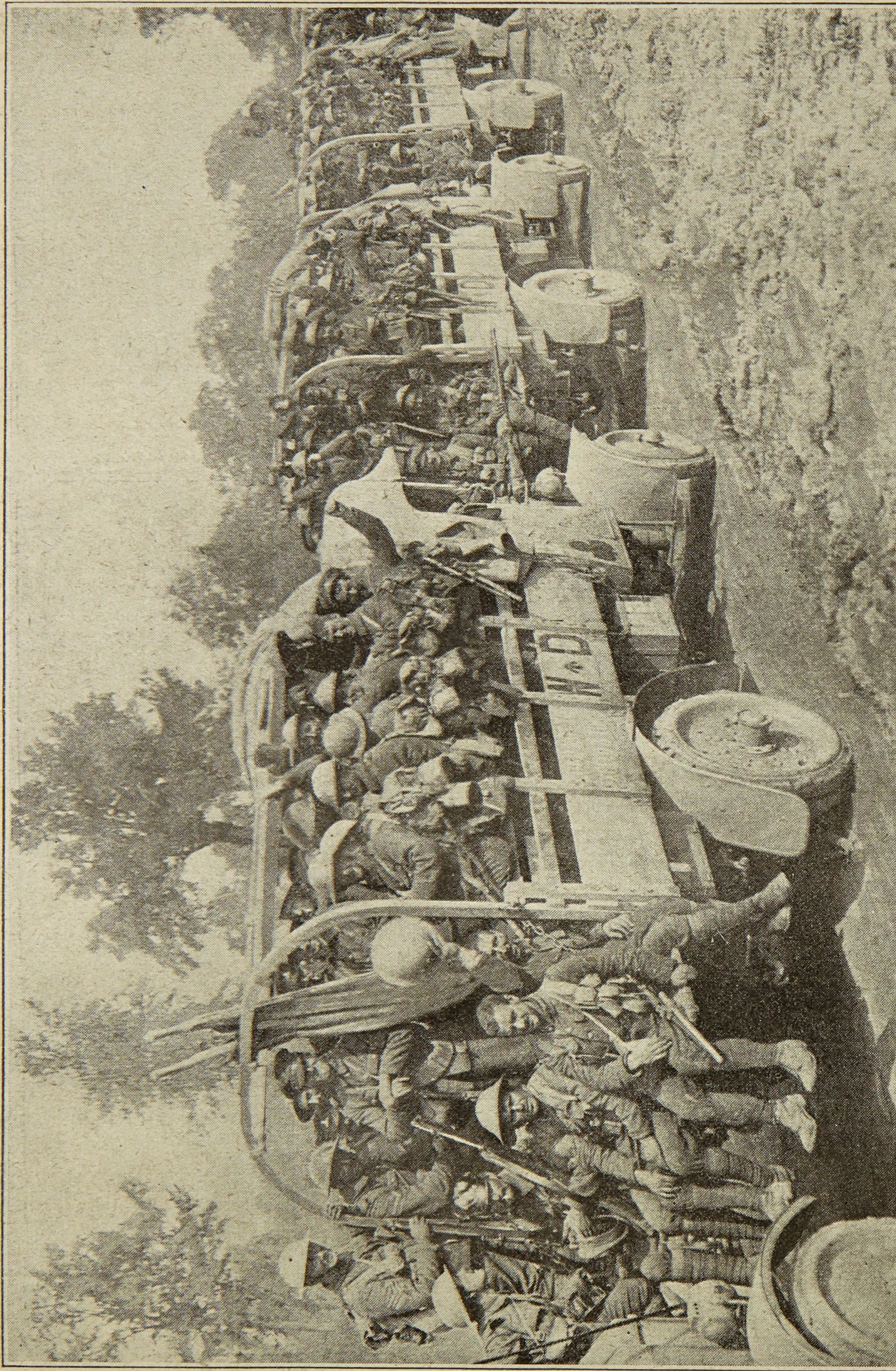


"Nurse" and "baby" in the pit together, the perfect rotundity of the latter suggesting perfect fitness for the forthcoming trip.





Respirator drill near the Somme. Above: Drill-instructor showing the right way of donning the gas helmet. The drill is carried out both before going to the trenches and after leaving them. As soon as the use of gas lost its novelty it was deprived of much of its effect.



LAURELS FOR THE MEN OF ERIN.—How the Irish Brigade took Guillemont is one of the finest chapters in the story of Erin. These splendid fighting men went over the top in a flash to the skirl of the pipes, and threw themselves with bombs and bayonets on the enemy. The Celtic temperament was never in a better mood for victory, and the phlegmatic foe must have been bewildered by this display of spirit, though he fought bravely. This official photograph gives some idea of the exuberant joy of the Irishmen coming back from Guillemont, all smiles and cheers, steel helmets and souvenirs. Who would think that a few minutes ago these very men had just been through one of the most ghastly battles of the Somme?

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

The Battle of the "Tanks"

by Max Pemberton

THE habit of sending us good news at the week-end, frequently noticed in these columns, was not varied by Sir Douglas Haig upon the morning of Monday, the eighteenth day of September. Not for many months have there been such scenes of enthusiasm in club and street. We read early on Sunday morning of a " very great victory," but Monday's news surpassed our expectations; for it said that the German third line was practically done with, that we had thrust forward in some places to a depth of two miles upon a six-mile front, and that we had taken more than four thousand prisoners. His Majesty the King's gracious thanks to officers and men voiced the sentiments of the nation exactly. They spoke, in all truth, of momentous and most glorious days.

Now all this was good enough, but there was a note of rejoicing over Courcelette, Martinpuich, and Flers which none of us has heard before since Austria issued her ultimatum to Serbia. It was a note of exultation which the situation justified; but it was also a note of humour. Never have I seen the town so amused. Men found themselves able for the first time to laugh at a story, which must always be a story of agony and death. " Have you seen this about the 'tanks'?" they asked each other. When the answer was in the negative, they produced Mr. Beach Thomas's despatches, or those admirable pictures of the war which Mr. Philip Gibbs is giving us. " Look here ! " they said. " We have got something new at last—armoured cars which can almost climb trees. Huge saurians and steel pterodactyls which eat houses as elephants eat hay; great Jabberwocks and Behemoths which crush resistance to powder, climb hills, and creep out of hollows; turreted dragons which spit fire in the ancient mood; Juggernauts which defy machine-guns, bombs, and bullets! We've got them and the Germans haven't ! " They played a great part in that struggle for Flers, though to be sure it was won by one thing only—as Mr. Beach Thomas has finely said—the courage of our brave fellows which nothing could resist.

Harvest Moon and Sickle of Death

To follow this stirring battle we should take our stand upon the left of the British line before day had broken. This would be over by High Wood beyond Pozières to the north and east, and in the vicinity of Mouquet Farm, for which we have fought so strenuously. There had been intermittent bombardment all night, and few upon either side could have slept in their trenches. From time to time star-shells discovered that weird landscape weirdly; there had been hours when a glorious harvest moon and a " wonderful heaven of stars declared, in silhouettes of black and azure grey and the mild blues of witching time, the desolation where death had reaped and was to garner again at daybreak." But all this was the common chord of the prelude. The crackling bomb, the hiss of the whizz-bang, the moaning of the great shell are lullabys for those who wake that we may sleep.

Armadilloes that Moved at Sunrise

The abnormal thing had been the great clearing out of the rest camps during the mid-week. All the panoply, such as it is, and the grim machinery of war were then upon the roads—transport and cannon; motors rushing headlong; red hats to be seen among miles of marching infantry; the fine horses of the artillery, the moving workshops, the ominous ambulance. Often had our men seen it all before, but these days they regarded it jocularly. " Hush ! " they said, and saying it, they laughed. The great secret was a secret no longer. The " tank " had been discovered. Men had seen it with their own eyes. And already they had named it—called it Whale, Slug, Boojum, Dreadnought, H.M. Landship, Creme de Menthe, Weary Willie, Snark, but " tank " chiefly, for that was official.

In truth, the shadow of the " tank " seems to have been over everything and everybody long before day broke; but it was a kindly shadow, and its ripples were of laughter. Men knew not what they were going out to see, but that it would be worth while seeing they were convinced. David Harum told them long ago to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them, and to see that they did it first. They believed that the brains of our people at length were to justify themselves mechanically in the machinery of war, and they were not to be disappointed. The sun had not been long up when the " tanks " went forth—horrible toads, blind monsters, creeping over the fields of death, devouring fields and houses and men, indifferent to the bombs and bullets raining upon them—vomiting fire and flame as though these were the food they fed upon. Since war began no such engines had been seen upon her fields. Shall we wonder that Fritz ran in terror, screaming that it was not cricket?

Close In with Bombs and Steel

They went forth, but much had happened before they went. For one thing, Fritz himself had come out of his trenches before Courcelette and given some of our fellows an unexpectedly lively time. We were just ready for the attack—the clock had not struck six of the morning—when a signal went up from the German trenches, and over came the grey coats to the astonishment of our men. " Look out for yourselves ! " cried a sergeant. " We shall have the whole lot on top of us ! " It was a true word, for though the rifles did great execution as the Boches came up, many of them reached the line and leaped into our trenches. For a few minutes a deadly struggle ensued. Men hurled bombs at an enemy whom their outstretched arms could almost have touched. Rifles were fired point-blank into grinning faces; the bayonets flashed in the breaking light. Then, as the mists themselves, the Hun vanished from the scene, and the men who had just been wrestling with him leaped from the trenches and went headlong for Courcelette as though he had never been.

Here was a fine scene, and one upon which the writer of to-morrow will dwell. In the sky above, the silver shapes of the darting aeroplanes about to do such gallant work for us. Down below, the barren land now covered by the figures of the brave men who never shall be forgotten. Fire is a detail of the scene and the scream of shells—the great guns roar ceaselessly; the earth quakes and trembles as though smitten by mighty forces below. Through it all our fellows press on toward Courcelette—and now, look you, and you shall see the " tanks " creeping after them.

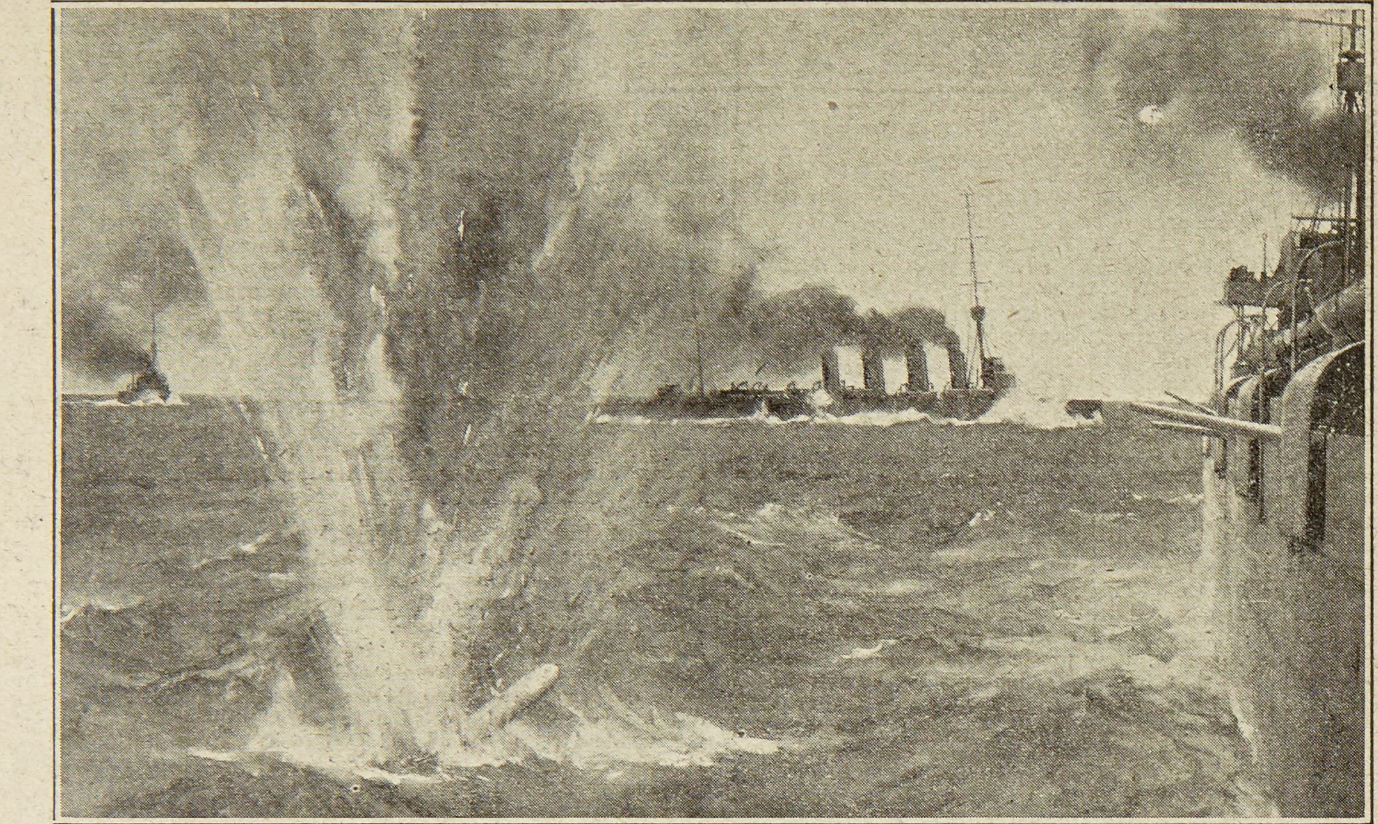
The Tank's Insatiable Hunger

Soon there is a halt upon the right, for the ruins of a sugar factory are here, and the Germans have made a veritable fortress of it. To it goes the " tank," leans for a few moments in a tired way against its shattered wall, and lo! it passes on as though no wall were there. Tommy has been saying " Hush ! " these many days, but now he cannot say " Hush ! " for laughter. On goes Creme de Menthe and eats up a house. It was a good house, as an officer declared; but, nevertheless, he was very glad to see it eaten. Trees are no more to the monster than leaves to a giraffe. They are down in a twinkling, shivered to splinters in its powerful maw. And from its side there spits the fire of the fables; its many tongues lick yellow flames; it deals death about it as some monstrous engine emerged from the very bowels of the dreadful pit.

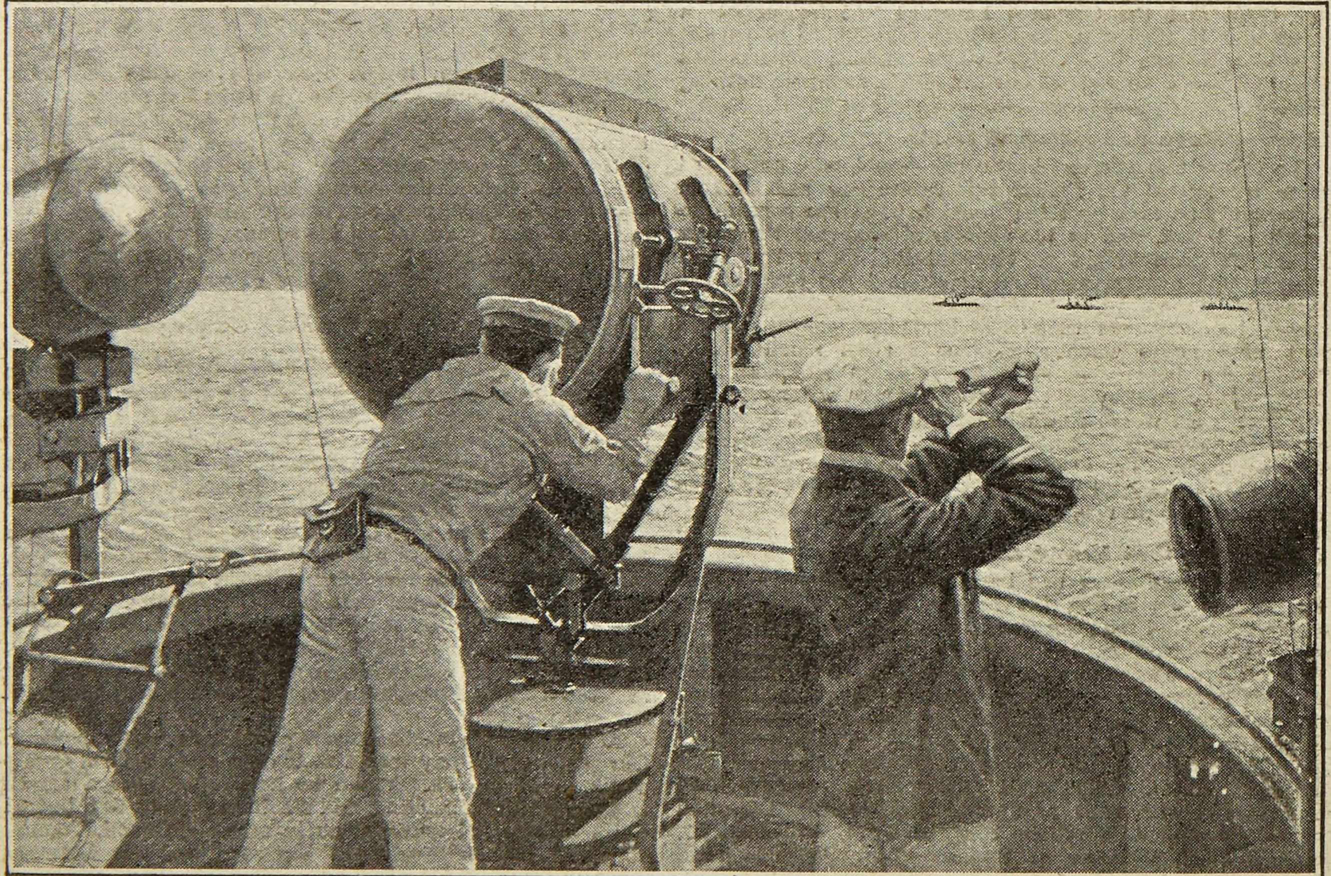
Naturally, such machines were priceless at such a moment. Our dashing infantry forgot their dash and watched Creme de Menthe at work. When he had rolled over a trench and smashed machine-gun and machine-gunners flat, butted down a wall, and removed an inconvenient wood, Tommy came on and did the rest. We soon had the Germans squealing and surrendering in batches. The fight for

[*Continued on page* 182

Hazards by Gun Fire and Facts by Heliograph

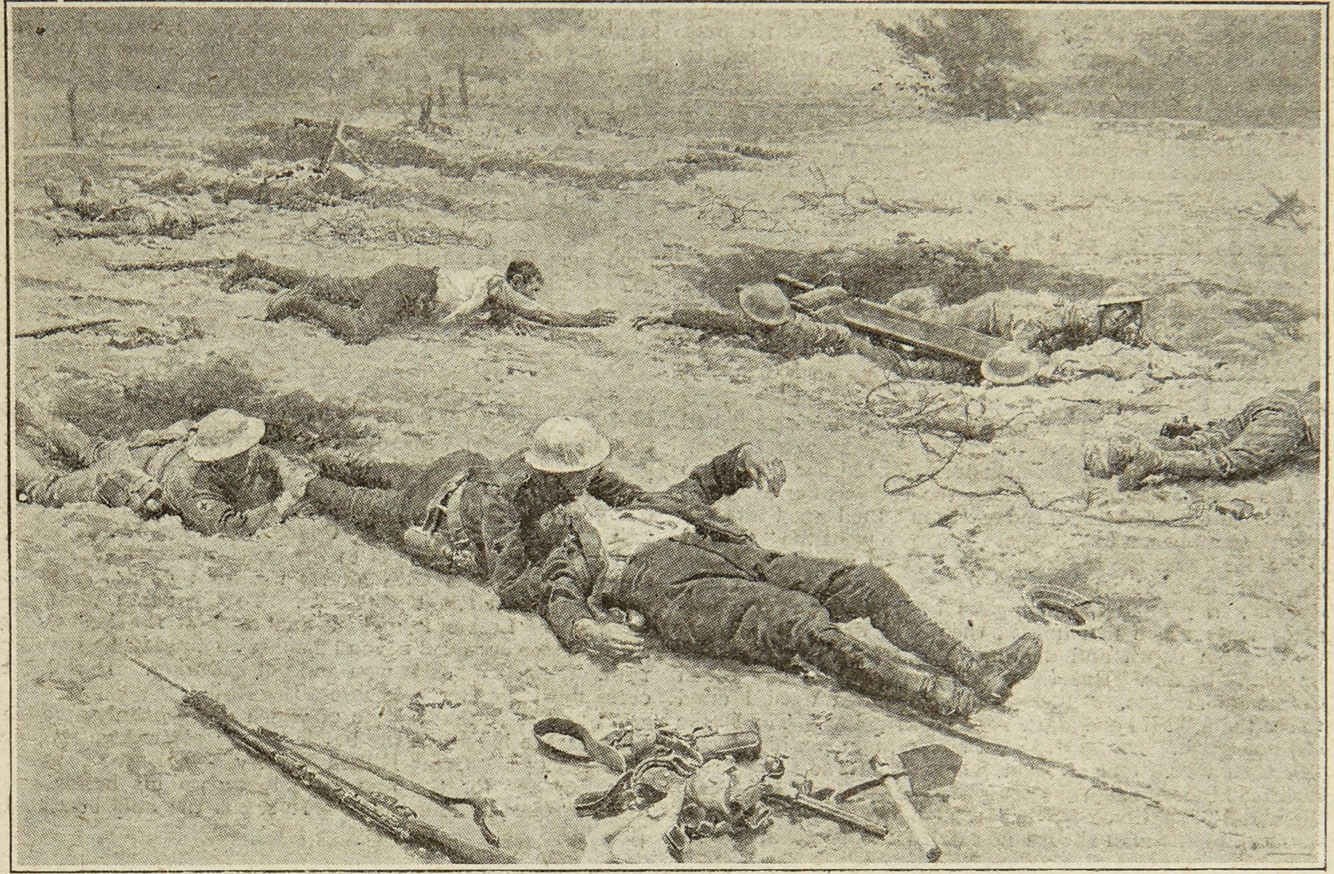


One of the most amazing of the innumerable minor incidents in a recent naval battle was the explosion of an enemy torpedo within an ace of its objective. A lucky shot from a sister ship hit the projectile destined for a British battleship which had lost its control.

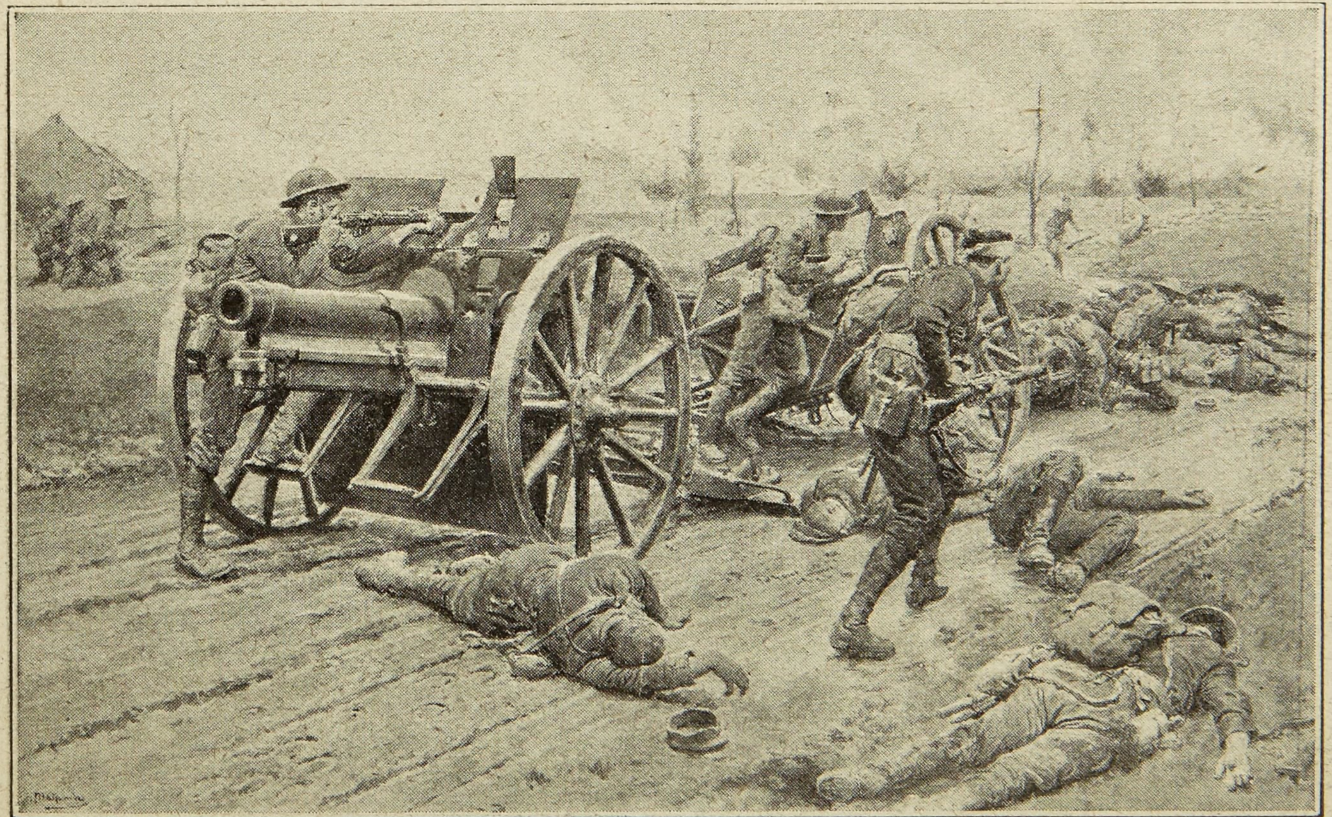


With wireless, the heliograph, and flags the vast areas of the ocean are conquered, and rarely a ship, out of the thousands that make for British sea supremacy, loses touch with her sisters. With an improved type of heliograph, such as that seen in this illustration, it is possible to send a message miles over the ocean.

The Two Extremes of Courage on the Field



The work of the R.A.M.C. goes forward day and night, none the less splendid because it is carried on in silence. Under fire and over the crater-marked ground these "gallant gentlemen" go out to rescue their wounded comrades, availing themselves of every shell hole, clinging to whatever cover presents itself, with a dexterity born of peril and experience.



During the fierce battles for High Wood, a German 4·7 in. gun and crew were trapped in a heavy barrage, behind which a battalion of the New Army was working forward. The German gunners in their dug-outs resisted, but were either killed or taken prisoners. No aid was forthcoming from the enemy trenches on account of the British fire interposing between them and the German gunners.

THE BATTLE OF THE "TANKS"

(Contd. from page 179)

Courcelette was fierce enough, but once more our splendid fellows proved irresistible. Again and again they advanced to that labyrinth of hidden guns. Seventy fell at the first assault; another seventy succeeded, and were annihilated; a third attempt, and we were in among them and the village was doomed. It was one of the fiercest fights of that most glorious day, and only to be matched upon the right where Irish, Scots, and English had gone again for their old friends the Prussian Guard, and fairly and squarely beat them as they have never yet failed to do.

Creme de Menthe Makes Mirth

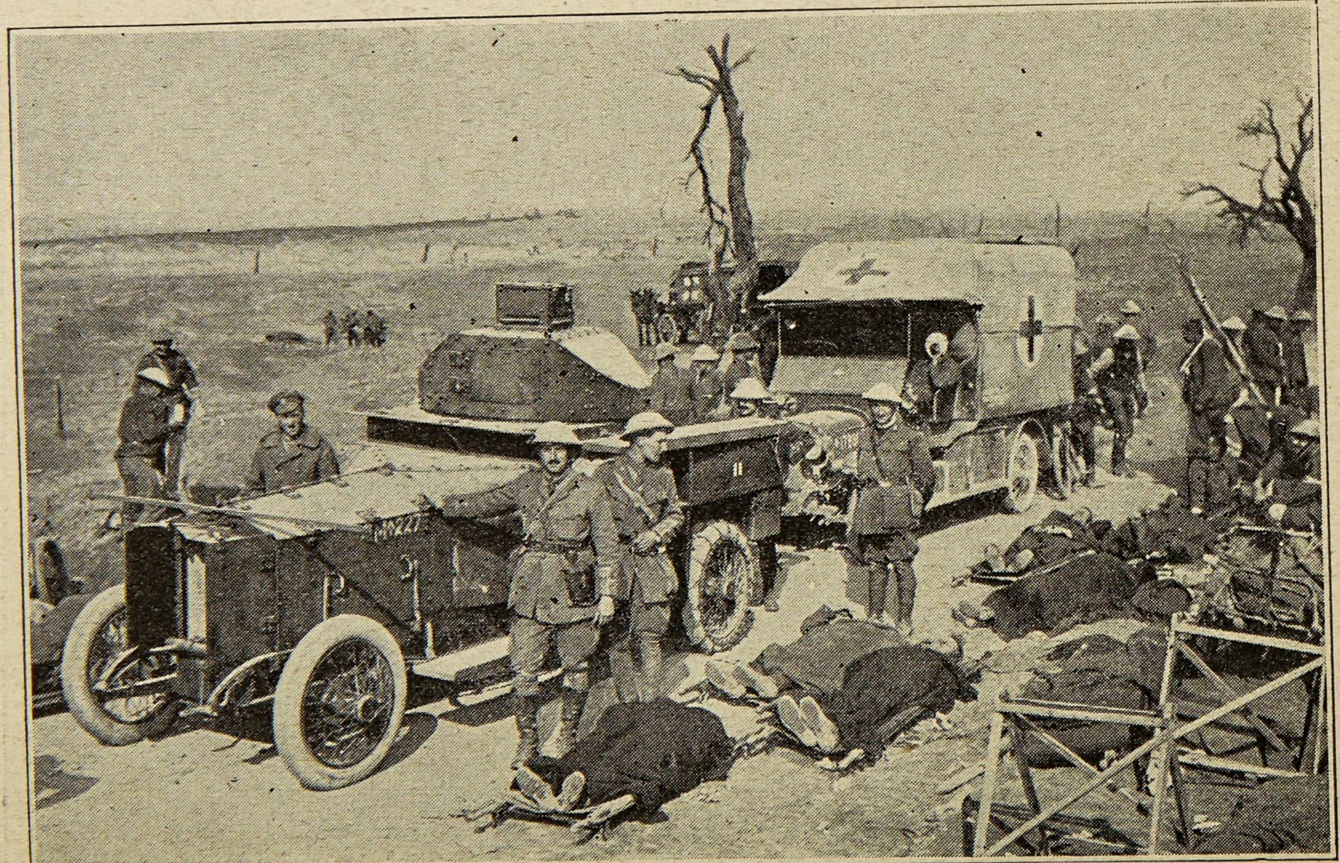
This was the thrust upon Martinpuich and High Wood—that fearsome thicket which so long was denied us and we had coveted so ardently. Fortified almost as no other wood upon all the ridge, it may be that we should not have taken it on the 15th but for H.M. Landship. Many times did the men advance to the assault; many times were they repulsed. Then the cry went up here, as it had gone up on the left, that Creme de Menthe was coming. All stood and watched the monster. Would the trees stop it, the deep hollows, the craters, the threatening wire, the hidden guns? Men asked the question as it leaped into the wood and all began to fall before it. Down went the "ancient monarchs" and the saplings alike. There was not a crater so deep that Behemoth's claws could not fathom the depths; it ground machine-guns to powder and the emplacements which had housed them. It drew the Hun in terror from depth and dug-out, and set him heaving his impotent bombs. But there is no bomb that can touch Creme de Menthe. "I could have laughed until I cried to see them," said one Mark Tapley of the line. The Boche did not laugh. He howled with terror, and even his officers lost their wits. One of them, a colonel, was so scared that he lifted his hands high above his head and roared "Kamerad, Kamerad!" "Come inside," replied the driver thereof—and pulling the man aboard he carried the fellow about for the rest of the day and showed him sights his eyes will never see again in this world.

In spite of the "tanks," Martinpuich was almost as bloody a business as Courcelette. There was one dreadful hollow in which a company of our men were compelled to lie, but ill-protected and exposed for hours to the havoc of whizz-bangs. Many of them lay in bloody pools at the end of it, and their comrades advanced at last over their shattered bodies. "Fritz should repay," they swore; and repay he did. We can imagine the mood in which such men entered at last the ruins of what had been Martinpuich and how they dealt with the Hun sneaking from cellar and dug-out to meet the flashing bayonets. A pitiless onslaught it properly was, carried far beyond the hamlet and sending tired men home at last with that cry of victory which has echoed and re-echoed through the land they have served so well.

Boches Lose Ground and Wits

The "Times" correspondent has dwelt eloquently upon this phase of it, and there are men back from that front to-day who will tell us that this was a battle more momentous in its splendid results even than the Marne. We first penetrated High Wood on July 14th. Its final capture on September 16th shares with Verdun the distinction of being the "finest feat of the war." At the moment of writing we have got Flers, Courcelette, and Martinpuich, and are a thousand yards to the north of Ginchy, into the German third line with all its net-work of newly made trenches and ancient dug-outs. To the north again we have gained Lesbœufs, and the final atom of the ridge seems to have been occupied beyond dispute on Sunday, September 17th. So is this battle won and yet enduring. It will not cease until the Boche is across the Rhine.

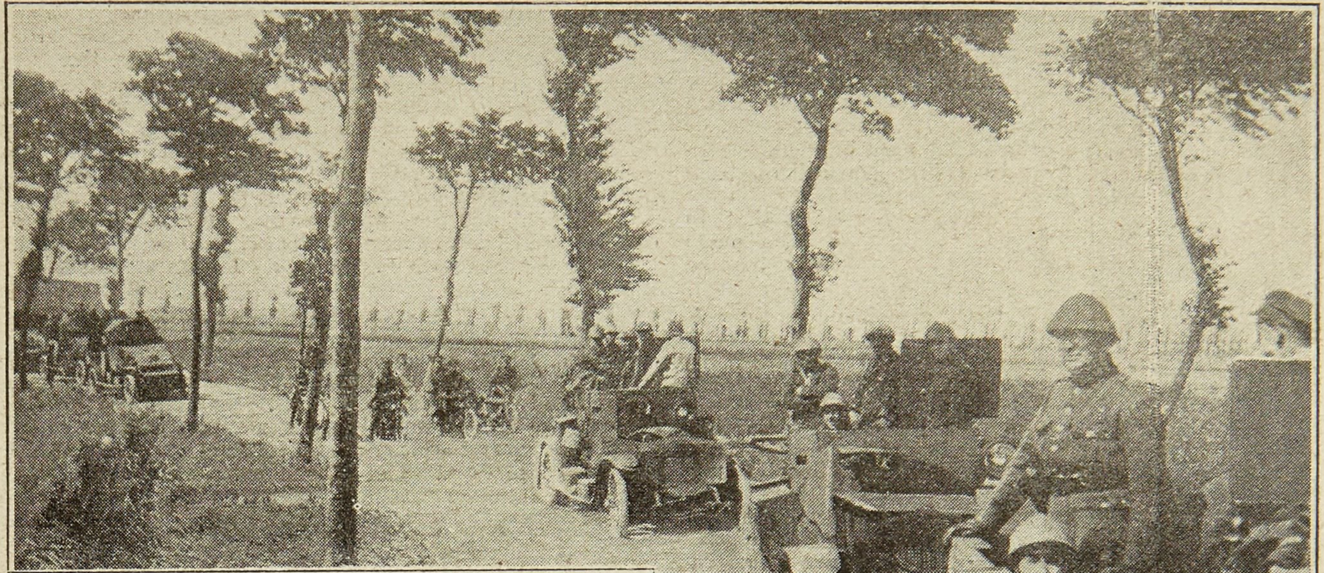
As to the "tanks"—one of which drove calmly through Flers at the height of the battle with a placard on its side announcing a "Great British Victory"—a Boche prisoner who saw one for the first time threw up his hands and cried "Gott in Himmel!" It seems the only comment possible.



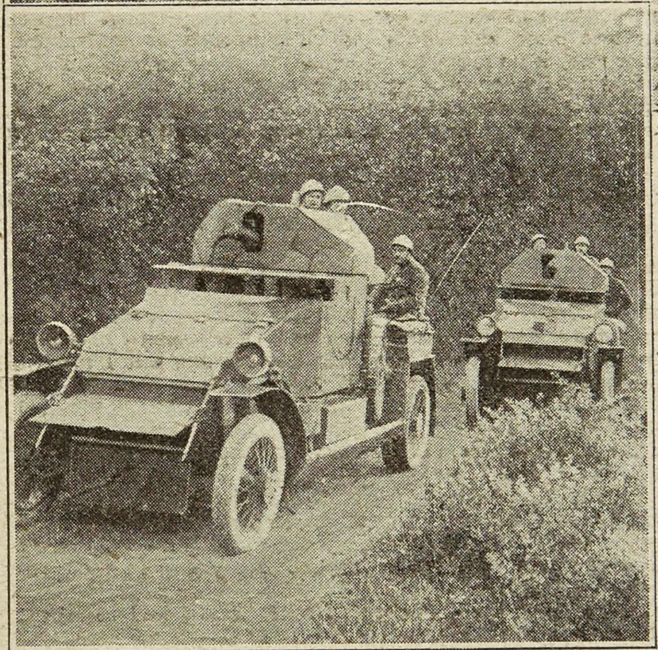
PART OF THE PRICE.—An armoured motor-car near Guillemont, with a Red Cross ambulance and some of the men who won the brilliant success which drew a special telegram of congratulation from King George.

Belgian Armoured Cars: Precursors of the Tanks

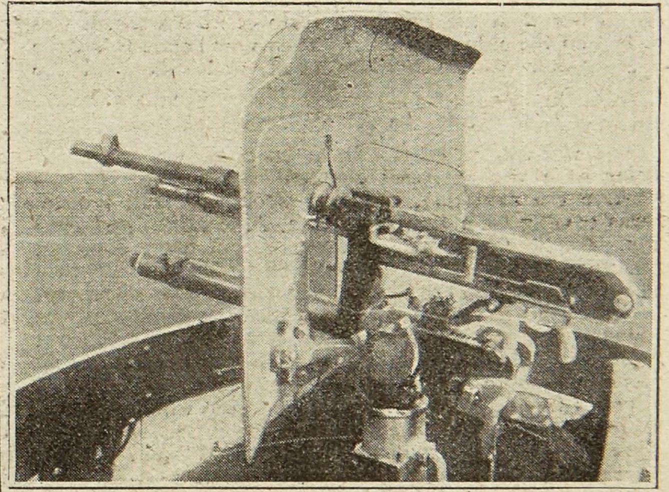
Belgian Official Photographs



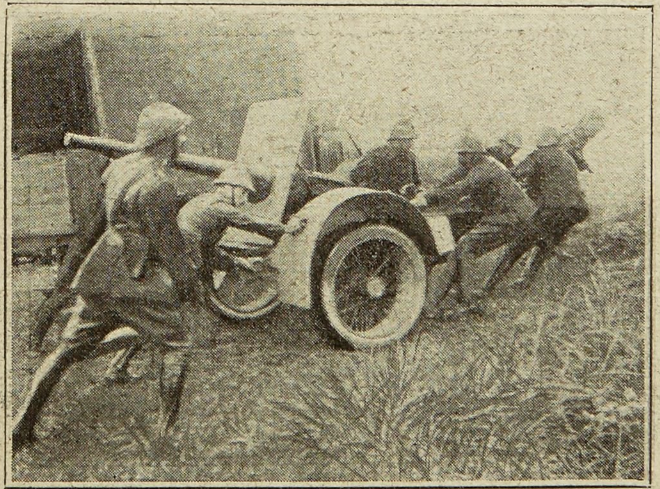
New armoured cars that will help in the reconquest of Belgium. Mobile military machines traversing the Low Country.



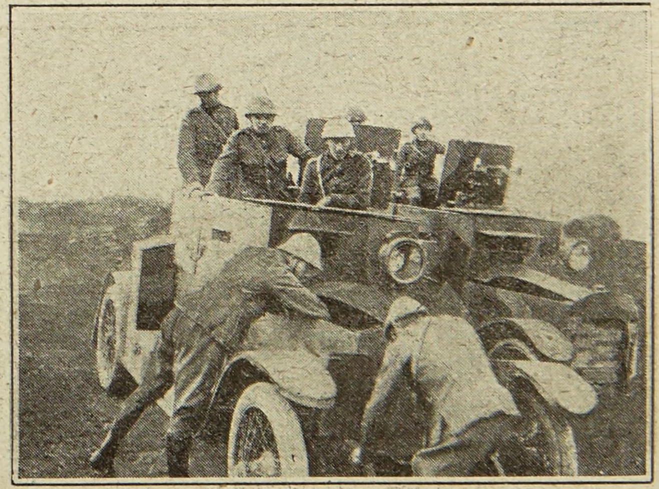
Each of these fleet vehicles is armed with a machine-gun, and carries three or four men.



Mitrailleuse, one of the most deadly yet delicate inventions in armaments. It is of French origin.



Heavy gun affixed to motor wheels. An interesting experiment which may have excellent results on the Belgian front.

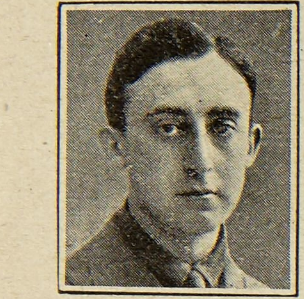


Something wrong with the engine, but a few seconds' expert attention sufficed to set the mechanism in order again.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

THE OWNER OF ACHI BABA

By Sidney A. Moseley, Author of "The Truth About the Dardanelles"



Sidney A. Moseley
Official Correspondent in Gallipoli

THIS is one of those strange yet true stories of the Dardanelles which reads like fiction, but I can vouch for it. It relates to the very interesting personality of the owner of Achi Baba.

It seems to me unusual that no reference to this has been made before, for the details became known to me some months back, when I was in hospital at Imbros, an island situated just opposite the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Imbros was a base at that time, and was being used as a rest camp for troops that had just arrived, or had returned for a little spell after the difficult fighting " across the road."

The island, once the residence of the mythical Greek gods, is inhabited by a number of modern Greeks, who, needless to say, seized the unique opportunity of profiting by the presence of the large number of British troops. They opened several refreshment shanties, where they sold a curious assortment of merchandise—more various than satisfying. There was nothing which one could drink, but they would sell you a green water-melon, Greek cigarettes, and a large quantity of eggs.

It is around the latter commodity that this story centres. When more troops arrived and transport became less certain, the general demand at these improvised canteens was greater then the supply, a state of affairs which was not lost on the cute merchants. They now began to charge an altogether disproportionate tariff, and compelled the military authorities to step in and regulate the prices.

The Phantom Supply Ship

There was always great talk at headquarters about the coming of a well-equipped canteen supply ship. It was to arrive the next day, the next week, the next month. It was coming from London, Malta, Alexandria, and New York. But it never came. It was one of those phantom ships upon which rested a foundation of all solid hopes—and appetites. Even the Greeks were misled. One merchant, who believed a circumstantial story that the floating palace of luxury had indeed arrived, and was, in fact, anchored off Mudros, sold off in a hurry. The others, anxious to make a little more hay before the sun went down, increased the prices further, and it was this last step which brought into public prominence an unshaven son of the Orient.

He stood in the centre of the " main street " and pointed with a gaunt, shaky finger in the direction of the Greek huts.

" They are robbers ! " he exclaimed, in crescendo. " They make profit and profit, and yet they charge more ! "

A good-natured Tommy went over to him. " Never mind, 'Bill,' " he said. " They won't last long; the ship is coming."

" Bill " yielded to the softened influence, but as he went he unburdened himself of his complaint.

" Three-halfpence for an egg, instead of a penny ! " he moaned. That was all ; but " Bill "—or Dmitri, to give him his unmilitary appellation—was far from satisfied.

" You see," said the Tommy to me, " it's jolly hard lines on 'Bill,' and I can understand the old chap being a bit put off. He has had such rotten luck. I suppose you know who he is ? " Much to my friend's disgust, I had to confess my ignorance.

" Why," he cried, " he is the owner of Achi Baba ! " And then, seeing my incredulity—" Yes, it is a fact," he went on ; " and now he is doing our washing ! "

I laughed away the story, but others confirmed it. It seemed that Dmitri was a large landowner, and possessed practically everything tenantable on Achi Baba, where he had lived and dreamed in blissful unconsciousness of the terrific bombardment that was to awaken him.

Achi Baba's Landlord Takes in Washing

As soon as war broke out " Bill " did not stop to argue with the Turkish gunners, but made sharp tracks for the nearest place of security, which happened to be Imbros. Since war is no respecter of persons or positions, and " Bill " could not live on prestige or sentiment, he took up the only available job offered to him—washing the clothes of the men who were doing their best to sweep up what remained of his property on Achi Baba.

And yet, somehow, with the exception of the extortionate traders who wanted three-halfpence for a penny egg, he appeared to be fairly happy in his new associations. He knew, at any rate, that in the midst of " khaki " he was a little safer than he would have been among the " kuftans." He became keenly pro-British, and joked with Tommy, so far as his limited understanding permitted him.

But one day I came across him on the summit of one of the neighbouring hills. He did not see me, but I saw on his face a dreamy, yearning expression which almost transformed him. I wondered at the cause of it. When I reached him I saw the reason. He was gazing across the water in the direction of the hill whose top had been flattened out like a table.

It was Achi Baba, and from it there issued a thick, black vapour, as if it were a volcano in eruption.

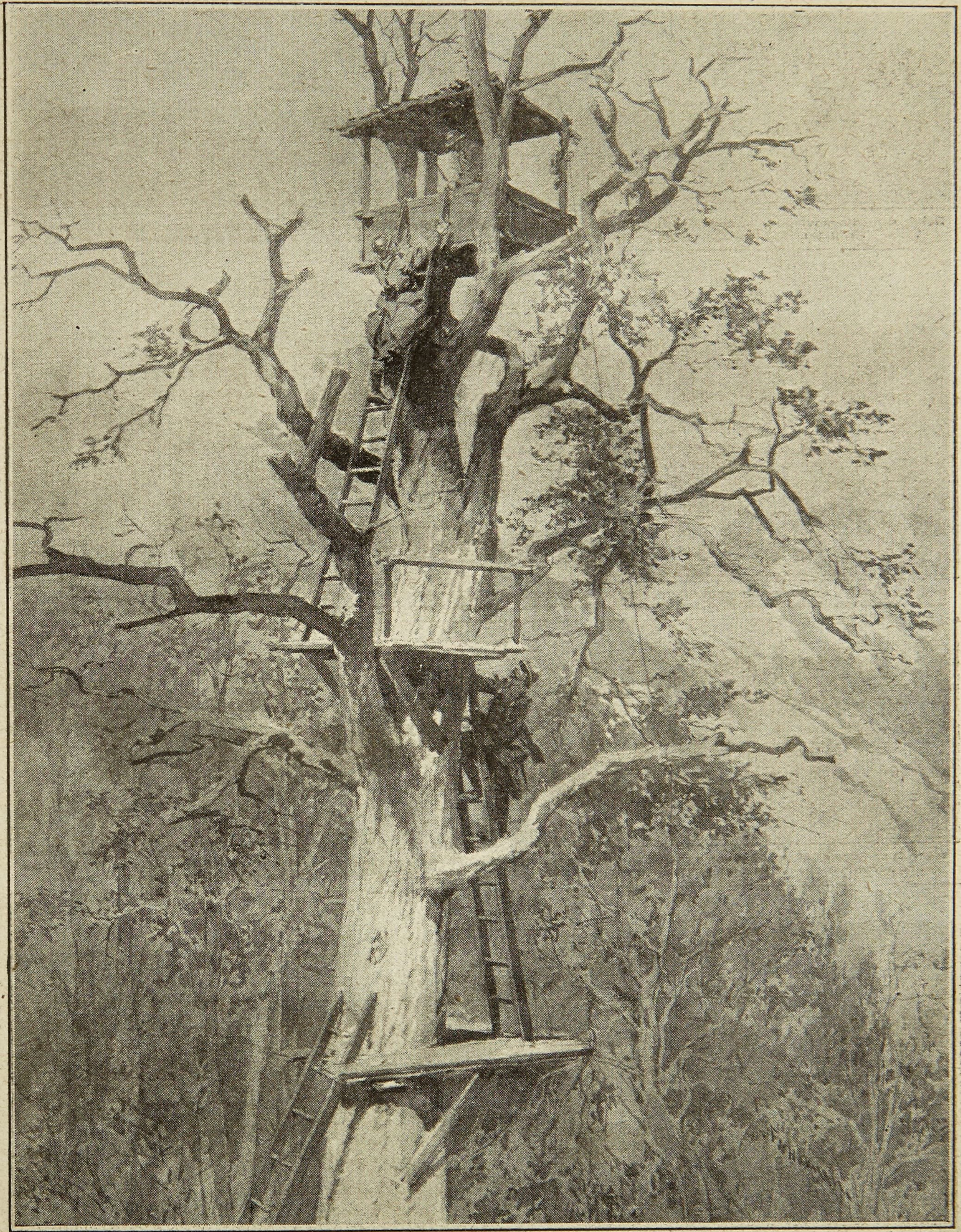
The owner of Achi Baba knew the cause of it—the gallant British Fleet, which was engaged every day in this process of flattening.

"It is hard lines, Dmitri," I said ; but I had to repeat it before he heard me.

Then he turned slowly and said : " It is nothing, nothing, monsieur." And he went down the hill with his head bent in sorrow.

Through a chaos of barbed-wire, men of the Wiltshire Regiment are advancing towards the German parapet. (Official photograph.)

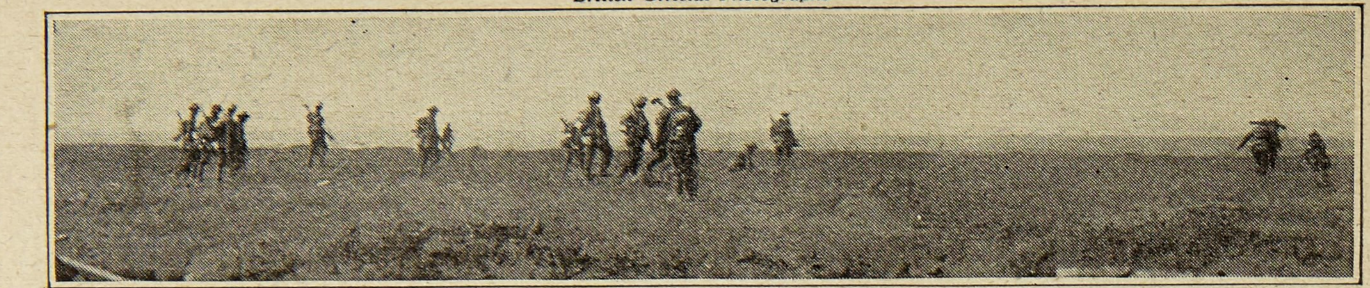
Tree-Creepers: A French 'O-Pip' in the Hills



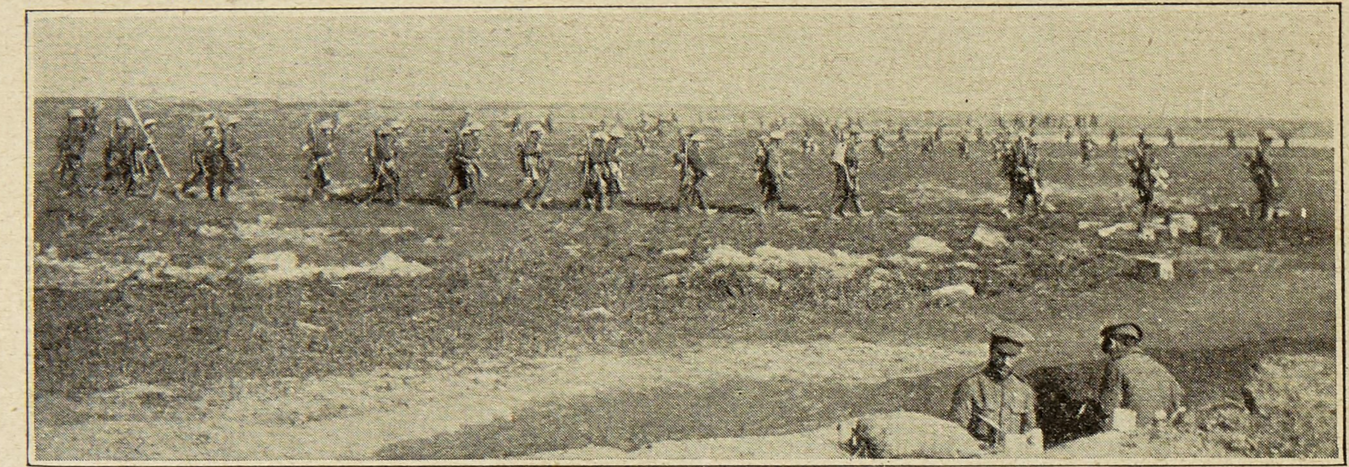
Now that the days of direct artillery fire have passed, observers who act as eyes for the guns are posted on almost every spot whence an extended view can be obtained over the enemy's lines, frequently at the top of a tree. The British soldier calls an observation-post an "O-Pip." An officer sits in one, linked up with his battery by telephone, and there remains, noting every enemy movement and reporting the effect of every shot from his own guns. These men have as much pride in the ability of their battery to demolish an indicated earthwork with a single shot as a crack bowler has in taking wickets. This particular post was used by French observers

Foot and Horse Advance as on Parade

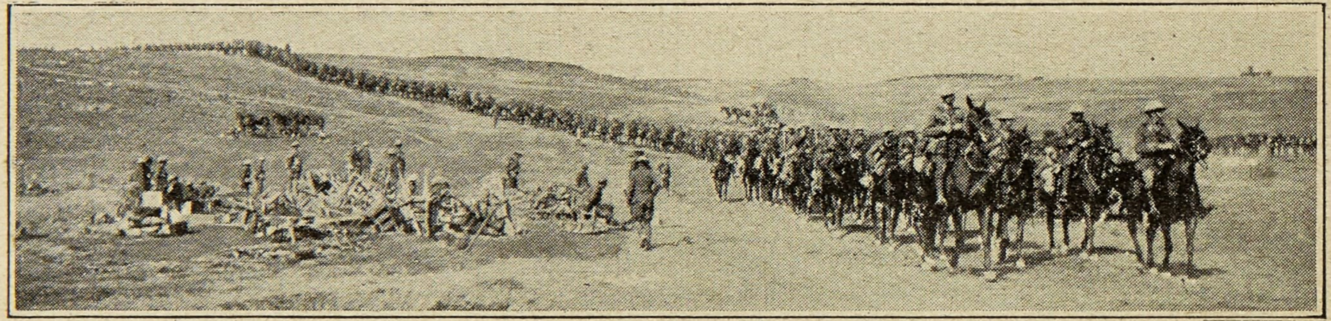
British Official Photographs



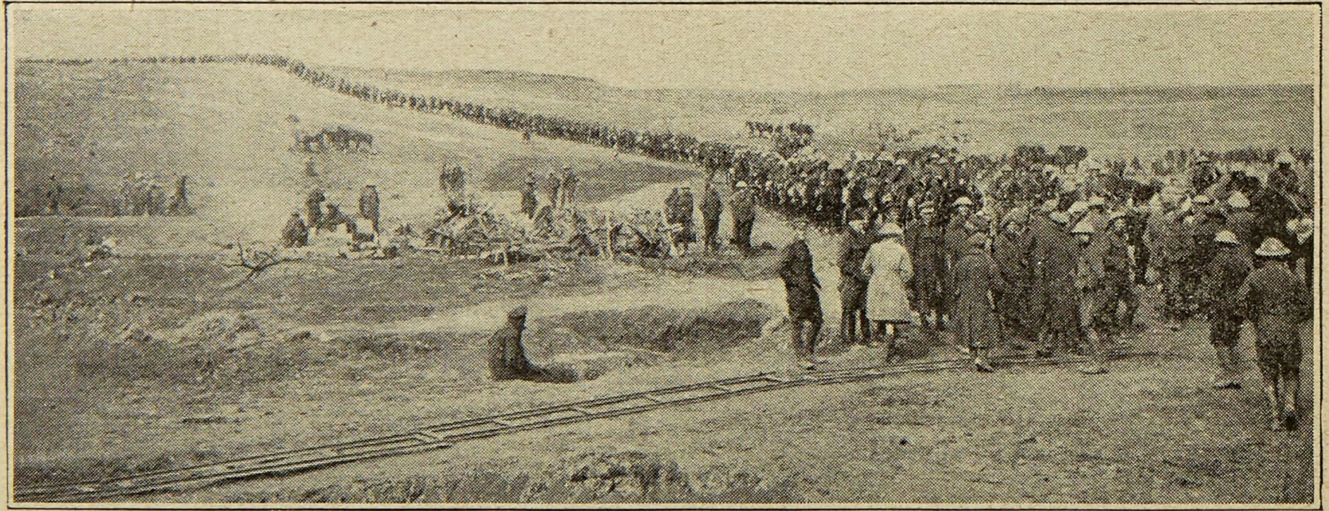
Reinforcements moving up towards Martinpuich, the scene of some of the stiffest fighting in the great battle for the villages on September 15th. The place was full of dug-outs manned by the 2nd Bavarian Division, who made their name at the Hohenzollern Redoubt.



Another view of infantry reinforcements moving up to the front on September 15th. On this battle-front alone the Germans had about a thousand cannon against the British, but the spirit of victory was so hot in our men that their officers had difficulty in keeping them back.



There is no finer sight than a cavalry division on the move in France. Though a friendly rivalry has ever existed between foot soldiers and horsemen, the modern infantrymen are happy to see cavalry canter past, for it is an omen that their advance has gone well.

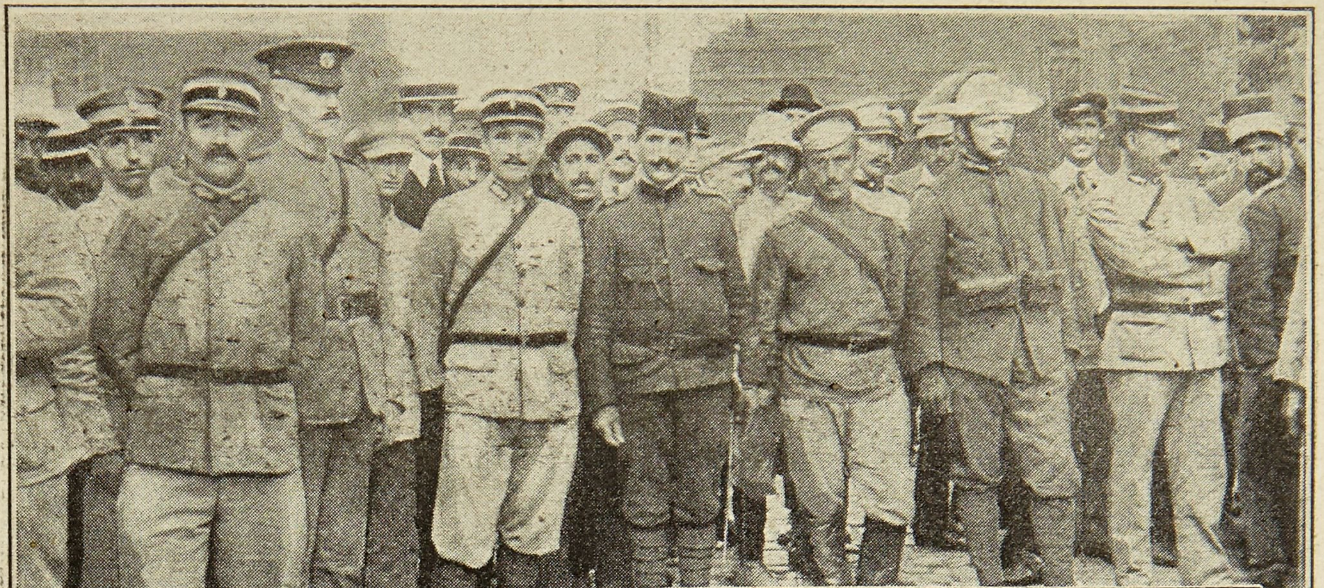


Cavalry on the march near the Somme. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when British cavalry will have its great opportunity, when splendid Hussars, Lancers, and Dragoons will sweep through the territory in German occupation,

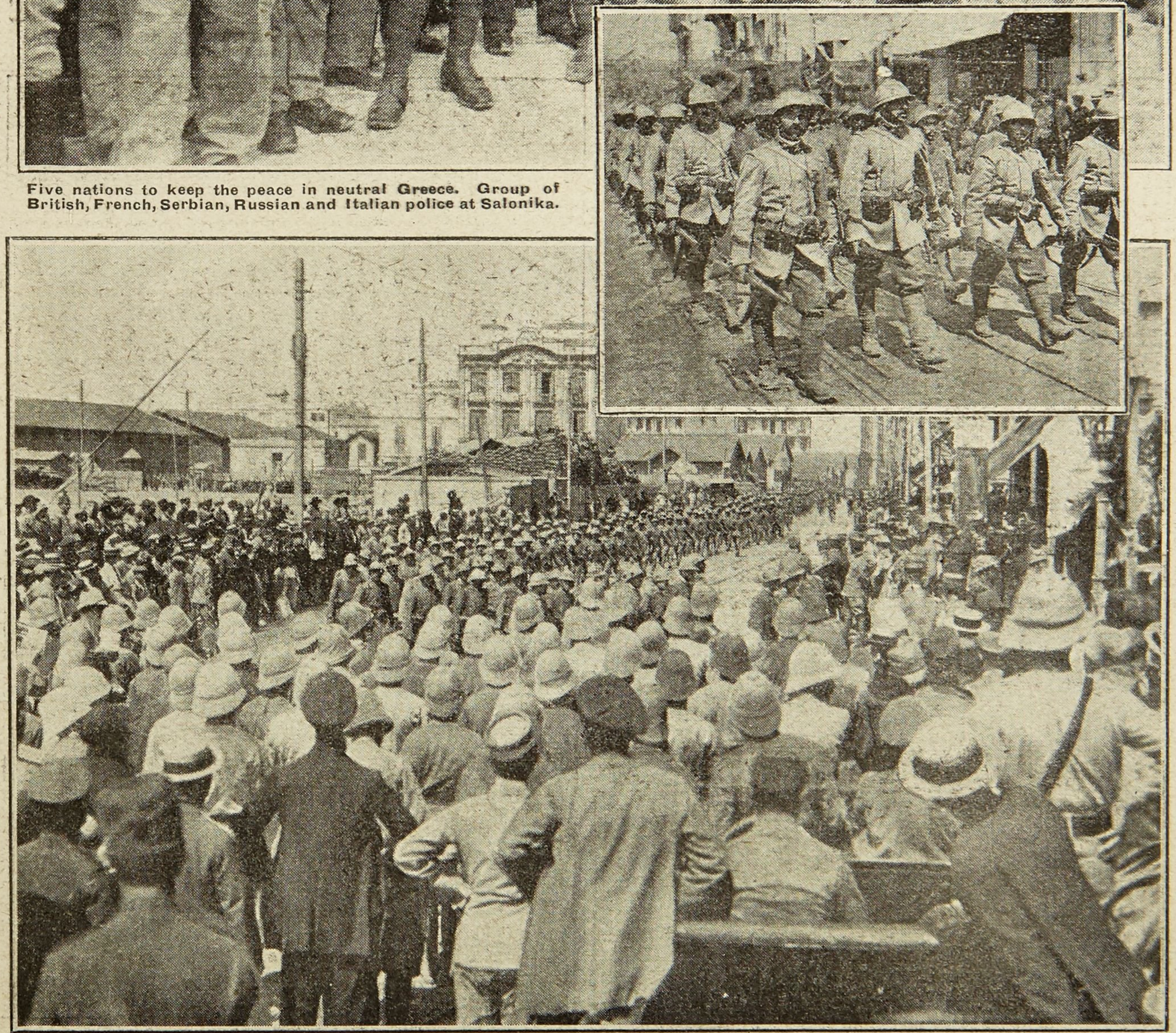
---

Italy Joins Her Five Allies in the Levant

Official Photographs



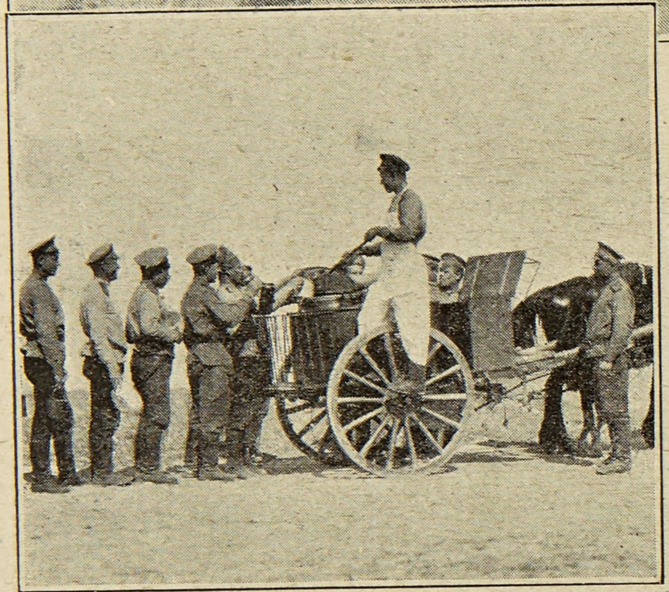
Five nations to keep the peace in neutral Greece. Group of British, French, Serbian, Russian and Italian police at Salonika.



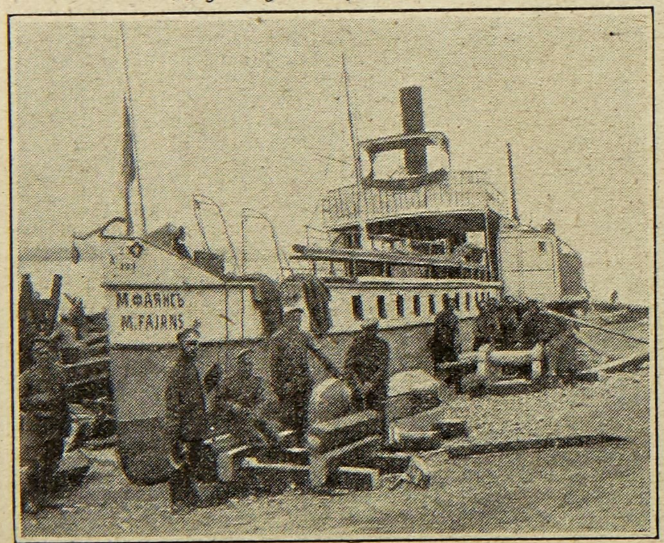
Italian infantry, ready for the Balkan field, marching through the streets of Salonika. Inset: Types of ardent Italians who recently arrived to complete the alliance of six nations in the Balkans. Most of the Italians were seasoned in the Tripoli campaign.

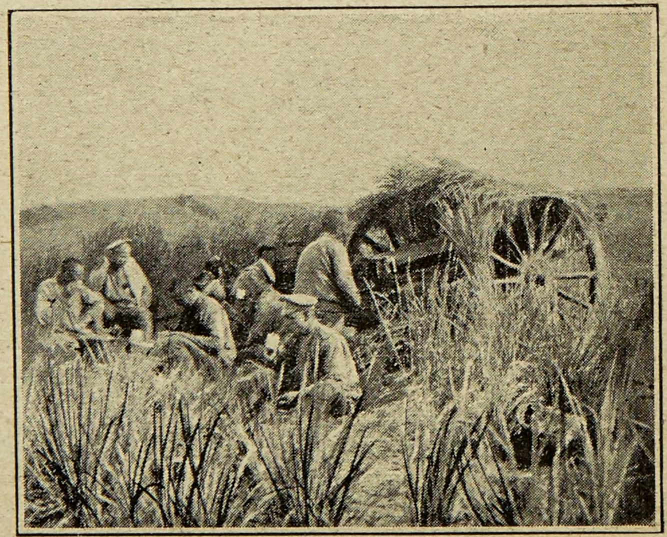
Homely Little Incidents Along the Russian Line

Russian officers treat their men almost like big children. Here one is seen reading to them while they have their tea.



Russian soldiers coming up to a field-kitchen cart for their midday rations after a hot and trying morning. Right: Army butcher bargaining with a peasant woman for her live stock—"And how much do you want for this little pig?"

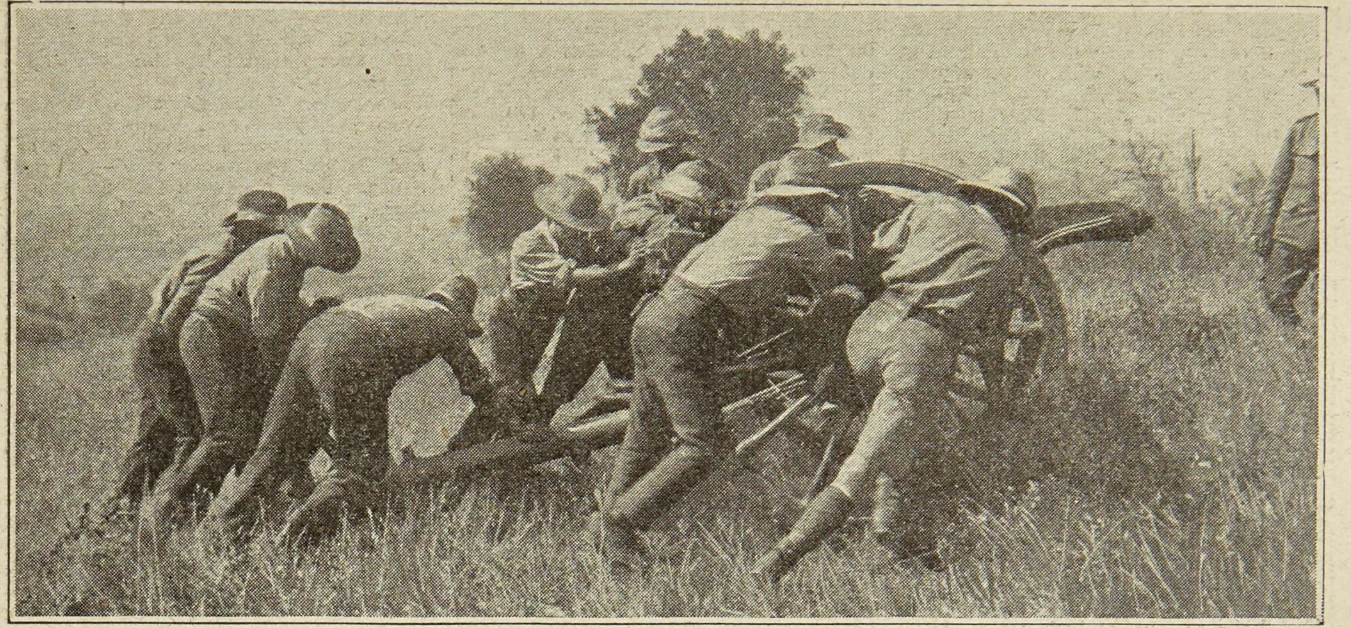




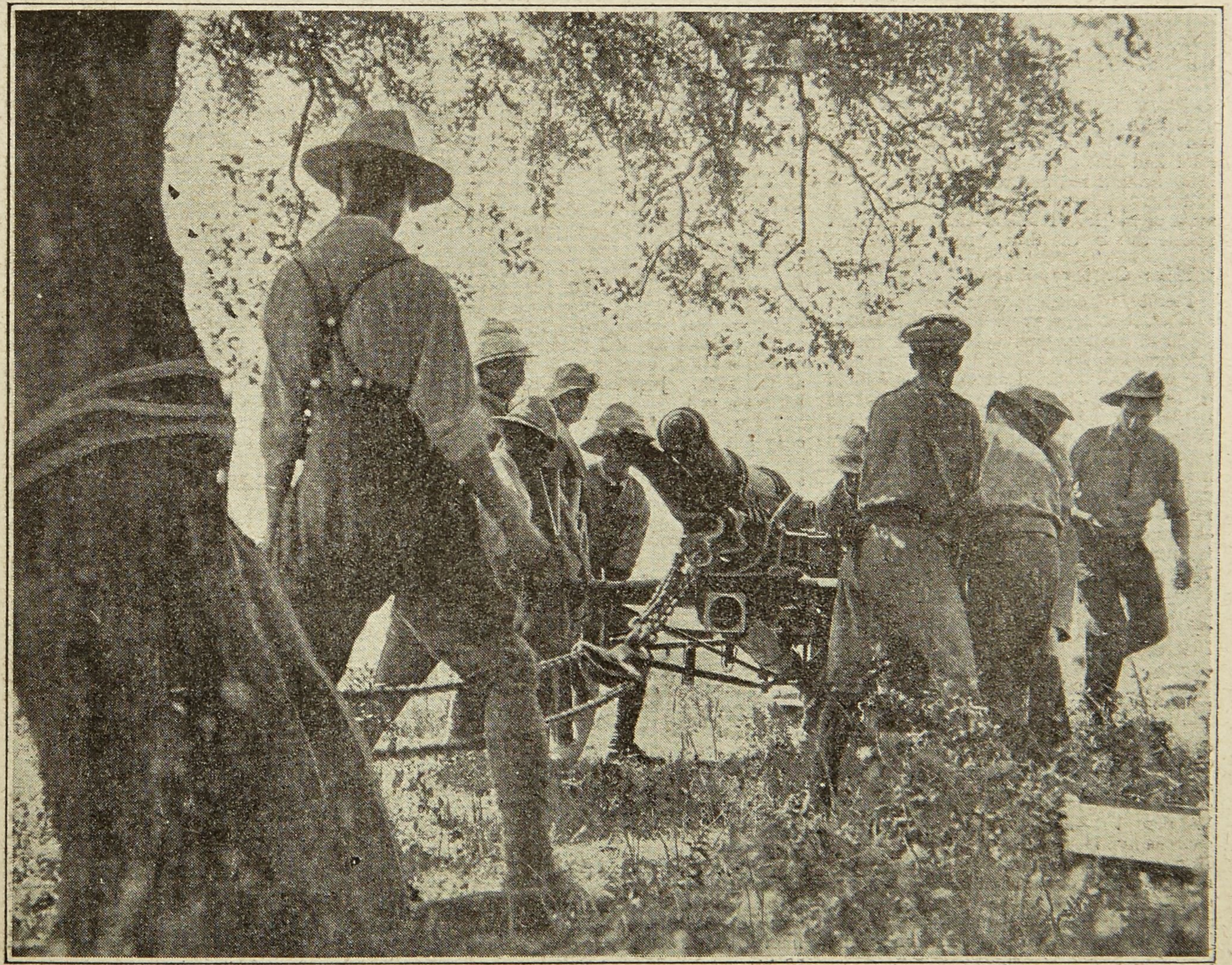
The enemy had destroyed all bridges as they retreated, and the advancing Russians had to set to work to build more. Right: Soldiers drinking tea in the shadow of their machine-gun, cunningly hidden under a litter of hay.

Quick Repairs to Broken Gun in Line of Battle

Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved



The need for care in munition-making is illustrated by this incident. A faulty fuse caused a shell to explode in the mouth of a gun, and though the gunners escaped injury the gun might have been useless but for the efficiency of our ordnance workmen.



Men of the Mobile Ordnance Workshops wheeled the gun to a big tree and, bracing it to this, pulled out the broken inner tube. It is a fine tribute to their efficiency that such heavy damage could be repaired on the spot and that the gun had not to be sent to a base.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

A NIGHT RAID

By LANCE-CORPL. W. STEVENS, of the King's Own Loyal North Lancashires

THE night before we were to commence operations we went to the front in motor-lorries, with three officers, renowned throughout the brigade—officers that soldier men would follow into the depths of Hades to drag out Lucifer himself if they said the word. And I hope to be excused of any want of modesty when I say that the raiding-parties were picked men, every soul of them.

We arrived in the front-line trenches, where a weary regiment were holding on, and they almost wept when they discovered we weren't their reliefs. They had had a terrible time, these lads, and had been five full days and nights without any rest. We, however, were in better form, for we'd had a fortnight in billets.

Never before had I ever seen the German artillery so vindictive, nor had there ever been such an expenditure of lights. One of the men seemed to resent this.

"You blighters bring trouble with you, it seems," he said. "What we've had before has been milk-and-water to this lot. I shall be glad when you get out, and we see the back of you."

At last the word came, and we went over the parapet, not with a yell as the lads do when charging, but silently, slinkingly. I remember passing a gas cylinder which was leaking, and I got a full whiff of the stuff for a start. That nearly floored me, but I stuck it, and, bent double, ran on till the effects had passed off. The next thing that I came across was some barbed-wire that had once belonged to the German third-line trench, and this nearly tripped me up. As I had half a hundredweight of bombs slung around me, and as many of the pins had shaken out, it would have made a mess of me had I fallen, though I didn't realise this at the time.

"Wire-Cutters, Ahead"

Finally, we came to what had once been a road, but now it was nothing but a series of shell-craters, half full of water, but excellent cover for all that. The one I got to had seven dead Germans still in it, but we quickly dumped these out of the way, and took their places, up to the waist in mud and rain-water. Then we waited for the bombardment that was nearly due.

I looked at my watch, and it said ten minutes to ten. I knew that at ten sharp our guns would start, but I never knew ten minutes to take so long passing before. Then it came, suddenly. It was all heavy stuff, and we crouched low. We were also afraid of shells blowing back, which means that instead of the enemy getting the benefit, you get the shrapnel and high explosives in your faces.

Just then the guns lifted, and we stood by.

"Get ahead, wire cutters," was the order, "and see if everything's clear."

They took the telephone wire with them, and soon the word came back that the enemy wire was smashed out of existence. We passed it on to the gunners, and they gave us five more minutes to wait. Boom! Kerrrump! The guns were blazing away like steam. "Five minutes up—over you go!" With our heads well tucked in, right on the heels of the shell as the guns lifted, we went forward, scrambling and racing in the darkness.

I reached the German trench before I knew it, and slithered down, losing my tin hat in the slide. I found a dug-out quite close—and such a dug-out, too! I yelled out: "Come out, you beggars, or I'll smoke you out!" Two Würtembergers climbed out, looking as scared as possible. "Two here, sir!" I yelled to our officer, whose voice I could hear to the left. He came up at the run, brandishing a service revolver in one hand and an electric torch in the other. "Off they go!" he ordered. "Send a couple of hands to take 'em to the prisoner-conducting party."

Clearing Enemy Dug-outs

They went; but they really didn't need any guard. They seemed only too glad to get out of the mess with their skins whole, and the way they ran in front, shifting dead bodies and stray pieces of wire from the path, was pitiful.

"Better make sure there's nobody else down there," was the order, and again I yelled. I got no answer, and two full minutes afterwards—to allow anybody to change his mind, if need be—I made them a present of a couple of the best. Then I passed on to the next dug-out, and the next, and gave them all a similar dose. And all the time I seemed to be doing nothing but keeping myself from slipping down in the mud and muck.

I'd disposed of about thirty bombs when one of my pals came running round a corner. The whole of the left side of his face was bleeding horribly.

"Bill, old man," he said, "I'm bleeding to death. You might do me a good turn, and wallop that crowd of Germans just round the corner. There's about a hundred of 'em, holding a dug-out with bombs, and they've played hell with my platoon."

He'd hardly finished speaking when another chap I knew came staggering round the corner. He was blind, and was feeling his way along the parados to his friends. I sent a couple more lads with them to the prisoner-conducting party to be patched up, and then, with the rest of the section, went round that traverse at the rush. Just at the corner one chap let out a yell.

"I'm blown to bits!" he said. He'd only got a smack under the belt with a piece of spent grenade, and later on I saw him fighting like the dickens. We'd no time to attend to casualties now; the Germans had got wind of our coming, and were lobbing bombs and grenades over the twist of the traverse, and, random shooting though it was, they made excellent practice among us.

Trenching Tool as Battle-axe

But, instead of stopping us, these bombs only spurred us on. We did let out one yell, and that must have given the Huns a fright, for they ceased fire for a minute. The next we were slap on top of them, and we slung bombs right and left into them. They fought hard, and gave us as good as we sent, until finally they ran a bit short of ammunition, and started to run down the mouth of the dug-out.

Soon there rose into the air three rockets, one after the other, and they burst with a cloud of red stars. Then some German lit a red flare, and with a final yell and a rush we charged, bombing as we went. All my grenades had gone by this time, and all I was armed with

was a trenching tool. I'd fitted the shaft on this earlier, and now I used it as a battle-axe, and I stopped fully half a dozen Germans from bolting down that rabbit-hutch.

At last we'd got them all in, and there were only five of us left that weren't wounded. We stood and looked at each other for a second, in the dim light caused by star-shells sent up by the Germans. We were in a pickle, too, and no mistake. Faces as black as coal, hands and clothes smothered with mud and stains of German and British blood—our pals'—and half a dozen bombs between us. Somewhere down the trench we could hear the grenades still exploding, but we fancied they were some distance off. Fully forty Germans were in that dug-out, and they wouldn't come out at all.

Suddenly we saw the reason of the red rockets and flares. The German guns started strafing us like the dickens. They must have had the range of that trench to an inch, though they only dropped occasional shells into it. They contented themselves with making a curtain of fire just behind us, through which we could get no supports or supplies.

"For the last time," I yelled into that dug-out, "are you coming out in peace or pieces?" No reply, and not a single head showing. "Right, then," said I. "Here goes!" And I sent the last half dozen grenades down that dug-out one after the other. Still there was no rush for the entrance, and unless that dug-out went right underground for at least five hundred yards, there wasn't a man left to answer after the bombs had gone off.

"Well, we'll get back, lads," says I, being in charge now—we'd lost our officer somewhere. "Pick up the dead and wounded as well as you can and make for the traverse."

Into a Hell of Fire

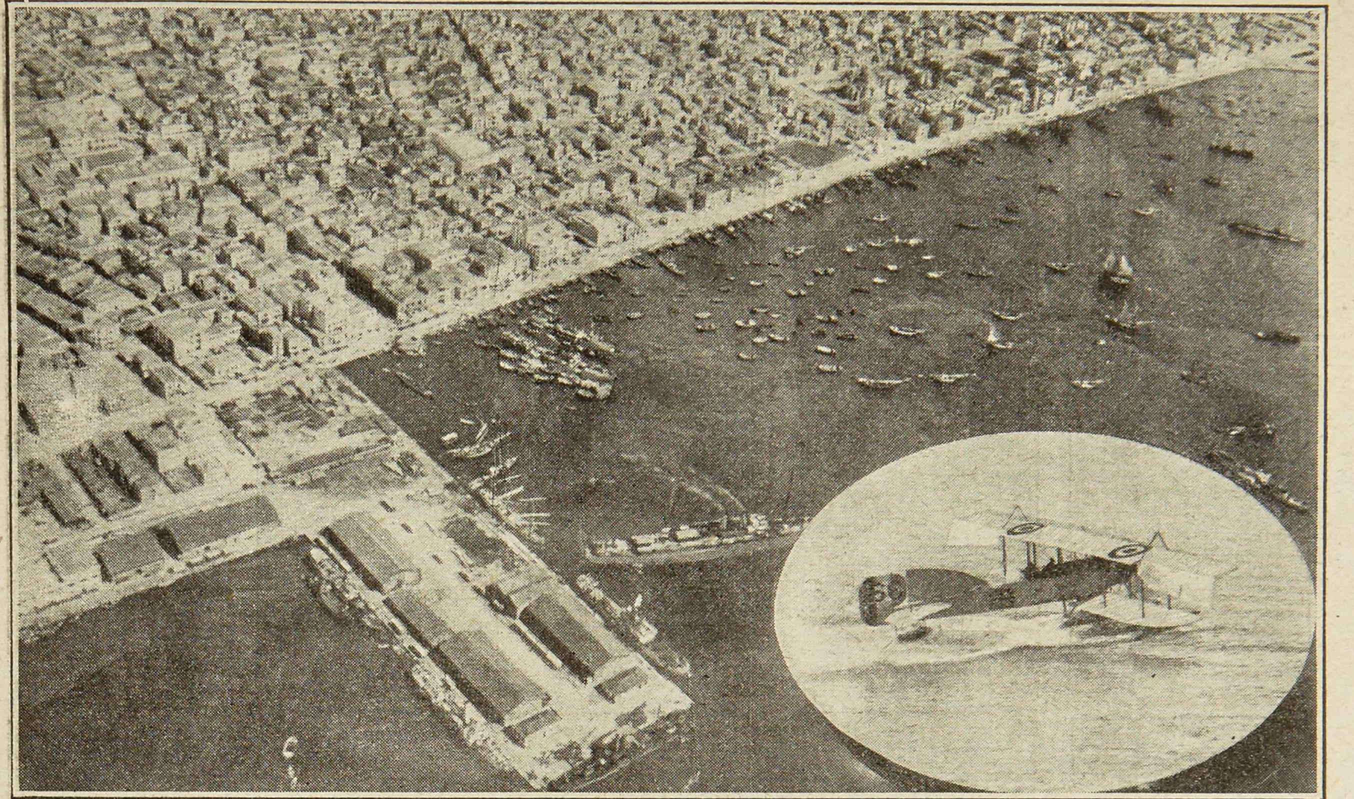
Luckily, as we reached it, we found a party coming to look for us, and they helped us with our dead and wounded. We went back over the top and into that awful hell of fire, carrying our dead and wounded, and driving fifty Germans—including three officers—before us. Four men to a dead Tommy, two at least to a wounded man, and we got back to the road. Then I felt as if some mighty hand had hit me in the small of the back; I tumbled head over heels, and lost my trenching tool. When I stopped rolling I felt myself all over, particularly my head, and licked my fingers in the dark to see if they tasted salt—which would have been blood. I seemed all O.K., but I couldn't move any farther afterwards, and it took four men to get me in.

Then, back in the starting trench, they mustered us, and we'd lost a number of hands, with several wounded. But, glory of glories! we'd cleared a German trench, and we'd brought in every dead soldier, and all the wounded ones, including myself stunned by shell shock. Shell shock only, after that passage! It's strange what a lot it takes to kill a chap nowadays!

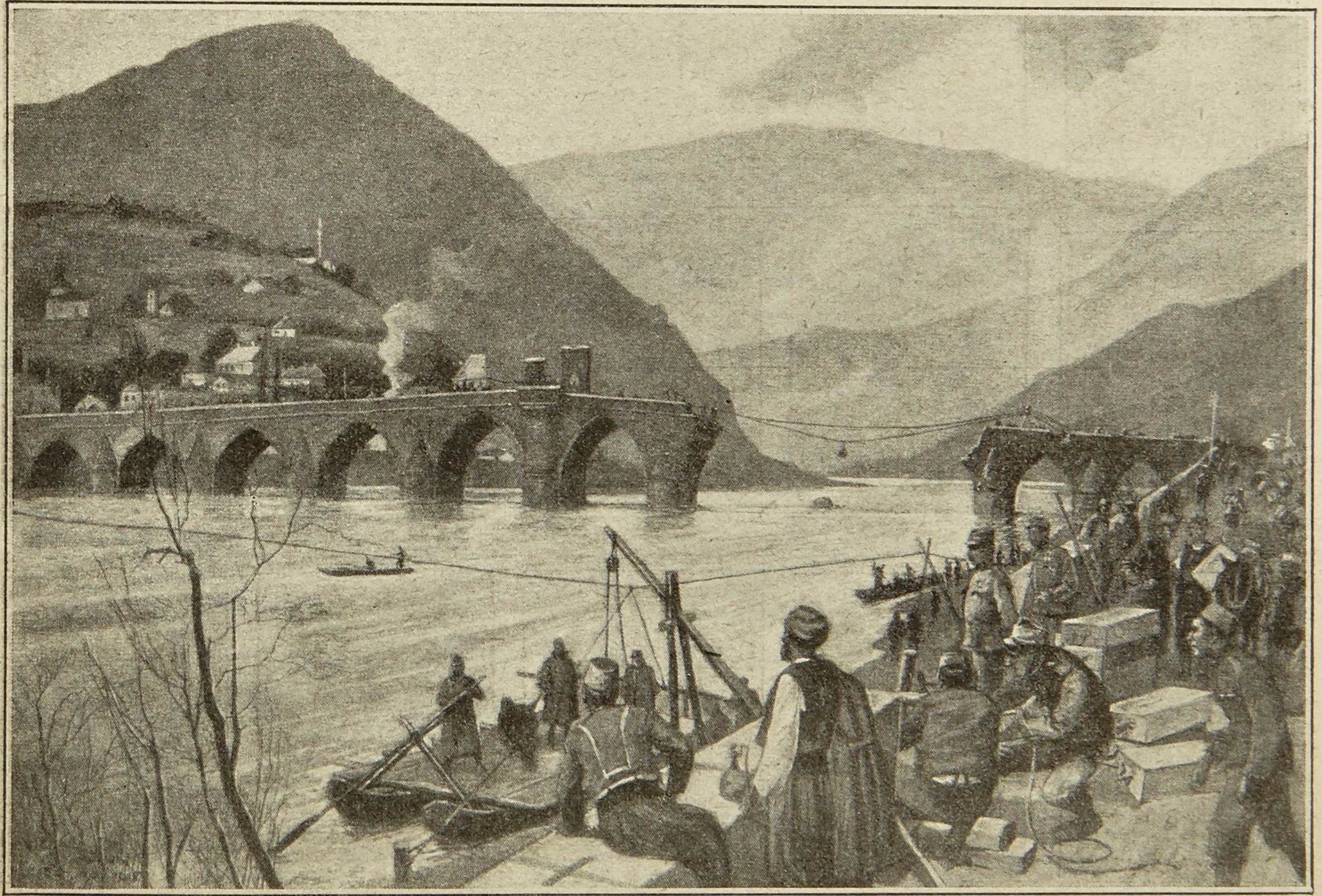
FRANCE'S NEW CHIEF OF STAFF

In every war new military genius is discovered, and men leap into prominence of whom the world has never heard before. This has been the fortune of General Duport, just appointed Chief of the General Staff of the French Army in succession to General Graziani, who has retired through ill-health. His promotion means that he is a man of conspicuous ability, whose career has been watched and approved by the leading French military authorities.

Shining Salonika · The Sombre Town of Visegrad

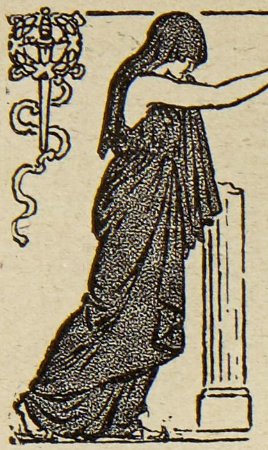


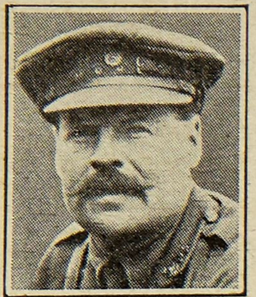
Remarkable bird's-eye view of Salonika taken by a French aviator at a height of two thousand feet. Since General Sarrail was given command of this key to the Near East, Salonika has been made one of the most formidable of positions.



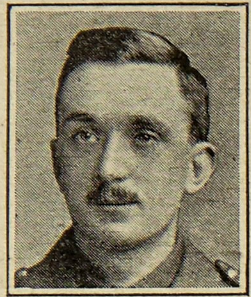
Already the Serbians have forced their way back to their own territory, whence they were ousted by the Austro-Bulgarian forces in the autumn and winter, 1915–16. Bitter memories of that terrible retreat have strengthened their arm and exalted their spirit. Let us hope the hour is not far distant when the Serbians will be advancing across the Drina at Visegrad instead of retreating, as shown here.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

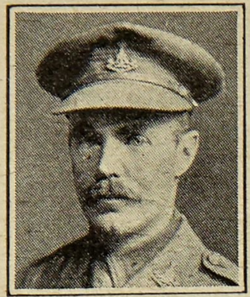




Lt.-Col. the **EARL OF FEVERSHAM**, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

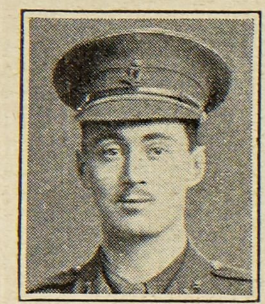


Capt. **W. J. MASON**, Gloucester Regt.

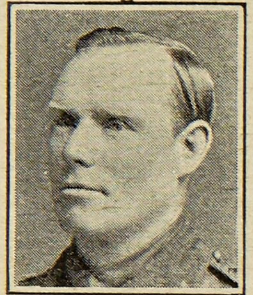


Capt. **E. G. C. BAGSHAWE**, Yorkshire Regt.

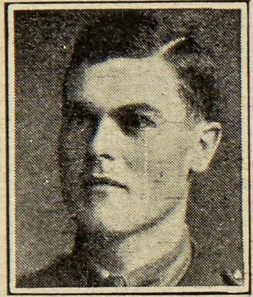
Capt. **H. J. SIMKIN**, King's (Liverpool Regt.).



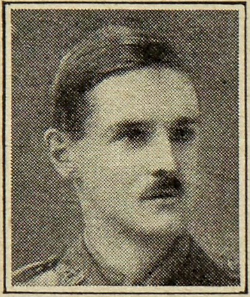
Lieut. **B. N. FITZGIBBON**, Royal Irish Regt.



Capt. **JOHN LEADBEATER**, Australian Infantry.

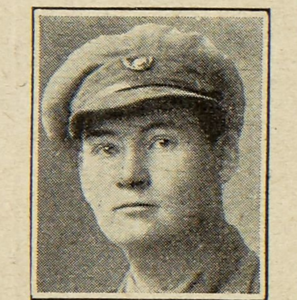


Capt. **DOUGLAS HURD**, Middlesex Regt.



Capt. **H. T. ROWLEY**, Royal Berks.

Lieut. **H. Q. CARVER**, King's (Liverpool Regt.).



Capt. **S. D. SOMERVILLE**, Yorkshire L.I.

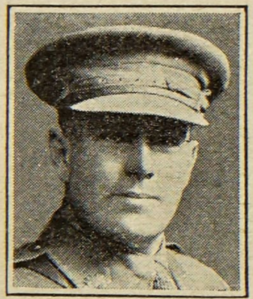
Lieut.-Colonel the Earl of Feversham, who fell while leading his battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps on September 15th, succeeded his grandfather in January, 1915. Born in May, 1879, and educated at Eton and Oxford, he was elected M.P. for the Thirsk Division in 1906. He saw service with the Yorkshire Hussars at Ypres. He married in 1904 Marjorie, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and leaves two sons and a daughter.

Captain Douglas William Hurd, Middlesex Regiment, was the eldest son of the well-known author and economist Mr. Percy Hurd, and on active service displayed all the promise and initiative which won honours for him at Marlborough and Oxford. He was in his twenty-second year. Captain John Leadbeater, who fell while leading his men on the Somme, had seen nearly twenty years' active service. He went through the Boer War, was present at Suvla, went to Egypt, and thence to France. Captain S. D. Somerville, Yorkshire Light Infantry, was the elder son of Major S. J. Somerville. He was educated at Lancing College, and was articled to the law. He joined the Territorial Force five years ago.

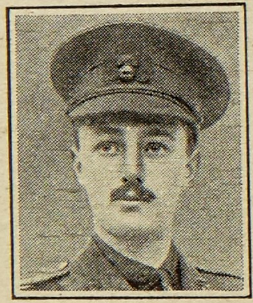
Ireland has lost one of her most brilliant sons and University College, Dublin, a distinguished member of its staff in Professor T. M. Kettle. He enlisted at Fermoy in January, 1915, and was given a commission in the Leinsters. Later he transferred to the Dublin Fusiliers. He was born in 1880, and was M.P. for East Tyrone from 1906 to 1910.

Lieutenant Brian Normanby FitzGibbon, Royal Irish Regiment, was educated at Rugby and won a history scholarship at Keble College, Oxford. On the outbreak of war he obtained a commission and went to the front in December, 1915, as a machine-gun officer.

Lieut. **R. E. MELLY**, King's (Liverpool Regt.).

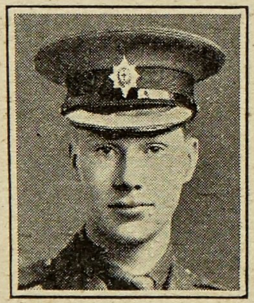


Lieut. **C. H. RUDDLE**, Australian Infantry.



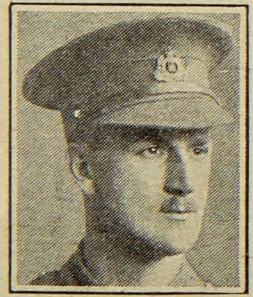
Lieut. **F. MORAN**, Royal Munsters.

Sec.-Lieut. **H. C. DAVIS**, Royal Berks, att. R.F.C.



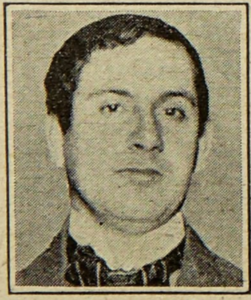
Lt. **J. S. WILMOT-SITWELL**, Coldstream Guards.

Lieut. **J. F. LADELL**, Middlesex Regt.



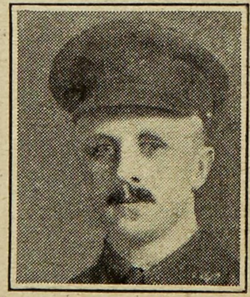
Sec.-Lieut. **W. H. PACKARD**, Suffolk Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. **A. B. PHILLIPS**, London Regt.



Prof. Lieut. **T. M. KETTLE**, Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. **S. R. F. EMPEY**, Royal Irish Rifles.

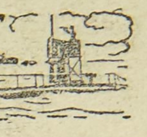


Sec.-Lieut. **G. H. GRIMSHAW**, Loyal North Lancs.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, W. H. Horne, Lafayette, Russell, Swaine.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character



THE WAR MAKES A FELLOWSHIP OF PEACE

WHEN one comes to think about it, the interest of a miracle lies in its revelation of an unmeasured dynamic that brought it about rather than in the surprising nature of the phenomenon itself. Wonders may make us gape, but when we perceive that they are signs they make us think. The recent quick creation of a British Army of five million men is a wonder that approaches the miraculous. As revelation of an unsuspected national and racial spirit it is an event of incalculable importance in history.

BEFORE the war the country and the Empire, and all countries and Empires, were an arena packed with conflicting interests. The war brushed all these aside and divided the world sharply into two hosts fighting for opposite principles. So far as Great Britain is concerned, we know now that unanimous solidarity of the Empire is not a chimera but a condition which, having been actually brought about, may endure so long as the principle which united it remains unsecured or be repeated if another principle of equal importance should be put in the balance. The first fact that emerges from this vast conflict is that while interests divide the constituent parts of the Empire, principle consolidates them.

LOOKING back to the pre-war conditions we see "classes" ranged against "masses," Labour ranged against Capital, Opposition ranged against Government, the community split into parties all contending fiercely for their several individual interests, which were then supposed to be of paramount and vital importance. In war conditions we see all parties welded into one homogeneous whole, with separate interests merged in one common concern. In pursuance of this single purpose the previous separate interests are not merely set in abeyance but mutually surrendered. We see classes and masses taking equal rank in the military forces, Labour forgoing restriction of output, which had been its most effective weapon against exploitation by unscrupulous employers, Capital forgoing its profits, and Party Government supplanted by Coalition Government. These things mean real sacrifice, and we know that it has been made because all the parties and persons concerned were unanimous in their determination to secure peace for civilisation. If it is worth while to do and endure so much in seeking peace, what is it worth while to do and endure in ensuing peace ?

PUT like this, the problem which is beginning to vex theorists appears not so difficult after all. Our detestation of Prussian militarism is complete. In the military methods, however, to which our free Empire has willingly submitted in order to destroy the tyranny of militarism we see two things of conspicuous value and utility, the adoption of which is the cause of the success of our arms and the adaptation of which to peaceful purposes will go far to solve the difficulties attending the adjustment of life to post-war conditions. Those two things are co-operation and discipline, neither of which was fully appreciated before the war. Our Army of five million men is a disciplined fellowship, all the brothers in which work under equal conditions of danger and stress for the common purpose of securing peace and making an end of war. And behind that Army is a larger host of civilians all co-operating in disciplined fellowship to provide the field Army with all that it needs, and all working under equal conditions of anxiety and stress for the same common purpose. The fellowship is realised. It is the one obvious, supremely good thing that emerges from the horror of the war; and it is inconceivable that we should allow it to be lost when the world knows peace again.

IF we are not to lose it, however, it is necessary that we should preserve the things which have brought it into being—namely, the discipline and the co-operation. And to say this is not to commit oneself to academic theories. If the word "Socialism" must be applied to the condition of things that will come into being, it will be Socialism as Mr. Wells defined it recently—not a party but a state of soul. In our amazing Army there must be many instances of men living side by side for months who were drawn from widely-different grades of society. When they come back "for good" they will return to their own homes, but the mutual understanding will endure; they may have been unlikely bedfellows to begin with, but when two men have shared the same blanket, and still more when they have faced death together for weeks on end in circumstances of discomfort unimaginable by anyone who has not know them, too, it is not possible that they could cease to be of lively interest to one another afterwards. And that sympathy and understanding between men of all social ranks will be carried throughout the world, with results very far-reaching and good.

IN degree the same change in attitude of soul has been going on at home among civilians, and chiefly among women, who have been brought closer to each other than ever before by sharing sorrow. "Patronage" has gone for ever. Selfishness is at vanishing point. And the explanation is that the industrial revolution has subjected women to discipline who never knew it before, while co-operation in national service has opened to wide Imperial issues the eyes of women who previously had never seen beyond the four walls of their own home. Much more than men were women slaves to the tyranny of class. The war has emancipated them.

CO-OPERATION and discipline are, we believe, the key words that will open the difficult gates that may bar the way to full enjoyment of the blessings of peace that our Army is winning for us. How they will have to be adapted to the service of peace we do not profess to be competent to prescribe. Mr. Chamberlain made suggestions which seem to us to be true and wise in a recent speech. He advocated freer interchange of commercial and scientific knowledge between members of the same trade; the raising of wages by Capital, with guarantees to pay at full rates for further increases in production and, in return, the abolition by Labour of its system of restriction of output. We will not venture into technical, contentious considerations such as these. Our point, if laboured, should be clear. It is that having thrown overboard all private and party interests in order to secure a principle, we should be very chary of trying to recover them when the principle has been secured. The war has brought into real and actual being a fellowship of which pacifists have long babbled, but for which they have done nothing but babble. In God's name let us keep it now that we have got it.

C. M.

The War Illustrated — News Notes and Comments

In the current issue of The War Illustrated the most interesting series of articles entitled "True Tales of the War by Famous Correspondents" is concluded. I think I may permit myself the reflection that in no other publication has so instructive and original a series of war articles appeared. A very considerable number of eminent correspondents, whose names have become familiar to newspaper readers by their despatches from the various theatres of the war, have in our pages related for the benefit of War Illustrated readers their most interesting personal adventures, and I know that these articles have been received with the greatest favour by my very large and loyal circle of readers.

Brilliant New Series for "W.I." Readers

One of the most successful of these war correspondents is Mr. Basil Clarke, who has represented the "Daily Mail" during the war in the Balkans and on the western front, as well as in Holland. His personal adventures have been of the most varied and exciting kind. It is therefore with pleasure that I have been able to make an arrangement with Mr. Basil Clarke to contribute exclusively to The War Illustrated a new series, to be entitled "My Adventures as a War Correspondent," in which he will entertain my readers with fascinating descriptions of exciting incidents on his various journeys and sojourns in the different regions of the war. I am already in possession of the MSS. of several articles for this new series, and I can tell my readers that a real treat is in store for them, as I have seldom found myself so readily caught by the narrative gift of any war correspondent as I have been in reading these most brilliant descriptions of Mr. Clarke's adventures. Look out for the first of the series in the next issue of The War Illustrated. It will be entitled "Spotted by German Gunners."

Mr. Winston Churchill on the War

No matter what may be our individual opinion of Mr. Winston Churchill's statesmanship, there cannot be two opinions as to the historic part he has played in the Great War. No name figured more honourably or conspicuously than his in the earlier and most anxious days of the war, and the words of no statesman have been more intently listened to than certain of his speeches. As one who held with distinction and success the great office of Navy chief in the war's most critical days, later as a military officer at the front, and always as an orator of compelling power, it has been given to few men to fill such varied roles in the great drama. Mr. Churchill has more recently taken up the pen as a commentator on events in which he so recently played such an eminent part, and on the moving events of to-day, in which, although apparently a stander-by, he still contrives to exercise his influence and his personal power in the national cause. The editor of our monthly contemporary is to be congratulated on having come to an arrangement with Mr. Churchill to write exclusively for the "London Magazine" a series of articles on the war, the first of which appears in the issue for October, and is, I think, well worthy of the attention of my readers.

An interesting little note in a recent number of The War Illustrated referred to the literary associations of Brussels, especially to the references to the city made by Byron, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë. But (writes A. W. H.) there are much earlier ones than these. An old chronicler, most probably a monk, writing in Latin, tells us that in 976 the Emperor Otto the Great, then the most powerful man in Europe, signed a decree "apud Brusolam," and some two centuries before that another chronicler had mentioned the place. Otto's visit to Brussels, which took place just before his death, seems to have been a great event. He endowed a church, which was named after St. Gudule, and from that time the town grew bigger and bigger. It was then, or a little later, in the duchy of Brabant, and just as our Anglo-Saxon kings transferred their capital from Winchester to London, so before 1400 the Dukes of Brabant had transferred theirs from Louvain to Brussels. It passed from the Dukes of Brabant to the Dukes of Burgundy, and then to the mighty Emperor Charles V. To-day every Briton prays that it may change rulers once again, and pass from the Kaiser to its noble and rightful King, Albert of the Belgians.

Bapaume and Péronne

So many of the places referred to in despatches from the French front are but little villages, undiscoverable in the ordinary maps. Bapaume and Péronne, however, the names which occur so frequently just now, as those of the immediate objectives of the Franco-British offensive on the Somme, have memories that many will recall at the moment. Bapaume is a town in the Pas-de-Calais. In January, 1871, when it was but a small village, it gave its name to one of the severest battles of the Franco-Prussian War. Both French and Prussians claimed the victory. Péronne has a history going back to the ninth and tenth centuries, when it formed part of the domain of the Counts of Vermandois. King Charles the Simple was incarcerated here from 923 till his death in 929. In 1465 the town was taken by Charles the Bold, and in 1468 that Burgundian warrior imprisoned Louis XI. here because he had stirred up Liège to revolt. Louis, however, retook Péronne in 1477. In 1815 Péronne was taken by the Duke of Wellington, and it capitulated to the Prussians in January, 1871, after a week's bombardment.

Teutonic Bluff

Seemingly, it is not given to the German people to see themselves as others see them. They adopt frightfulness in Belgium and France. They have even struck a medal to commemorate their achievement in sinking the Lusitania. They invented incendiary bombs. They have used explosive bullets. They first employed poison-gas. The list of horrors they have introduced is not complete in this enumeration—it ignores the Zeppelin raids on defenceless towns—but it will serve. Now that our inventors have evolved "tanks," the Germans are talking of an appeal against the use of such contrivances as being contrary to the recognised rules of war. Really, there is no word to describe the apparent obtuseness of the Teuton. One is forced to regard it as part of their general policy of bluff, a policy consistently adopted by them to cast on their antagonists the obloquy attaching to their own prearranged and carefully-planned organisation of wholesale murder, and all connoted by the now familiar term of frightfulness.

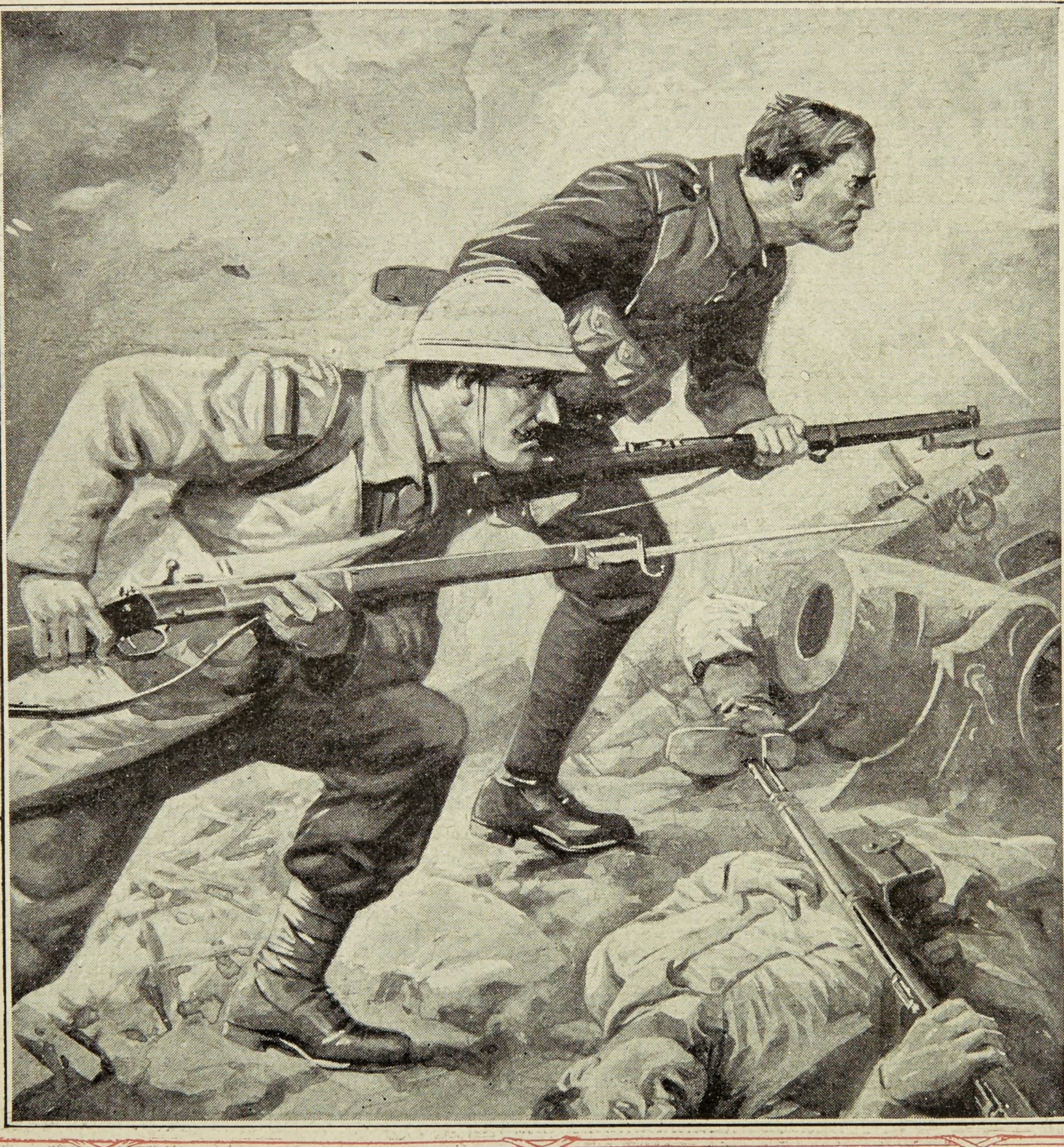
Printed and published by the Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, October 14th, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

New Series of Actual War Stories by Basil Clarke

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 5

Comrades in Combles: France and Britain Enter the Town Simultaneously

No. 113

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE strategy of the present phase of the land war is now apparent. The Allies, while exercising heavy pressure on the enemy on all fronts, are striking with special force at the Somme and in Galicia. The obvious aim on the Somme is to force a passage to such a point that the Germans, finding their communications threatened, will be compelled to fall back to the defences of Lille on our left, and to readjust their lines in Champagne on our right, in such a way as to make it possible for France to reoccupy a considerable part of her lost territory.

In the east the Russians are aiming, by a strong offensive, to capture Lemberg, to keep the German armies fully occupied so as to prevent troops being sent west or south, and to relieve the pressure upon Rumania. The Germans, on the other hand, have, for the time at least, abandoned their offensive campaign in the west and are simply seeking to keep us back there. Their main blow is being struck eastward against Rumania. Politically the main centre of interest is Greece, where the pro-Allies, led by M. Venizelos and supported by the main strength of the Fleet and by a section of the Army, are seeking to force the King to declare war against Germany.

Amazing Somme Victories

The amazing triumph of the allied armies on the Somme grows greater and greater each day. The capture of Combles and Thiepval in the last week of September was a great victory, of the kind that more emotional nations would have celebrated in ecstatic fashion. Thiepval and Combles were the key points of the German defence between Albert and Bapaume. So long as they resisted us our advances on the ridges were robbed of two-thirds of their importance. With their capture we have in our hands the key of the door, not alone to Bapaume, but well beyond. Thiepval and Combles were fortresses infinitely more difficult to attack than seemingly greater places of more ancient type, for these were fortresses built since the war began, with every possible equipment for keeping back an attacking enemy. That they have fallen into our hands is the finest tribute to the splendid valour of the men of our new armies. Well manned, amply equipped, splendidly designed, they might well have been considered impregnable.

Allies' Superior Fighting Power

Up to date the allied armies on the Somme have inflicted on the enemy a loss of probably not far short of 350,000 men, including between 60,000 and 70,000 prisoners. The British and French have captured about three hundred guns—not including machine-guns—many of them howitzers of a heavy type. Our artillery fire and our persistent advances have caused demoralisation in some sections of the German Army, but not in all. The Germans have brought up close on three-quarters of a million men to oppose our advance. They are reported to be hastily engaged in digging long fresh lines of entrenchments farther in the rear to keep us back. Their defensive arrangements have been well planned from a military point of view. They are being driven from point after point for several reasons: First, because the allied supremacy in the air gives our guns a great advantage; next, because we are able to concentrate on the points we attack a greater and better-directed volume of artillery fire than the enemy can on ours. But the main reason for our victories is that the British and French troops are proving themselves the better fighting men. This is specially seen in attacks and in counter-attacks. The Germans can do nothing to compare with the fury of a Highland regiment, for example, when it charges—when the men see red and go through the enemy lines with a savage intensity and an absolute indifference to death.

The news from Rumania continues to be disquieting. General von Falkenhayn was appointed to the command of the German and Austro-Hungarian troops in Transylvania. Very large forces were concentrated there, and on September 26th a great three-days' battle occurred at Hermannstadt. According to the German accounts, Bavarian troops had got to the rear of Hermannstadt and enfiladed the Rumanian line of retreat through the Red Tower Pass. The Rumanians were defeated, "suffering heavy and sanguinary losses" (if we can believe the enemy official report), and were attacked while retreating through the pass by the Bavarians.

Germans Concentrate Against Rumania

The Germans claim to have taken over 3,000 prisoners and thirteen guns. The Rumanians on the other hand, admit their defeat in the three-days' battle, but claim that they re-established their communications with the south and repulsed the enemy attacking from that direction.

The entire Rumanian position justifies some uneasiness. The first advance of King Ferdinand's armies across the Transylvanian passes was so surprisingly easy that western observers could not understand it. Important places like Hermannstadt were occupied and vital points seized with scarcely a show of resistance on the part of the enemy. The Bulgarians struck first to the south-east and then in the Dobrudja, compelling a readjustment of the Russo-Rumanian line there, and still causing a big diversion of Rumanian strength in that direction. Now the Germans are advancing evidently in enormous strength towards Rumanian territory from the west.

Little has recently been heard of the happenings along the long Russian front. The Russian armies, which are now reported to have behind them a reserve of no less than 8,000,000 men under training, found their promising advance of the early summer held up by a very determined and well-planned Austro-German resistance. Now comes news both from north and south of Lemberg that General Brussiloff's armies are again advancing and have inflicted two serious defeats on the enemy, capturing in all over 4,300 men. It must be remembered that winter weather, which is the worst fighting weather for most armies, has often been the time of the greatest Russian victories.

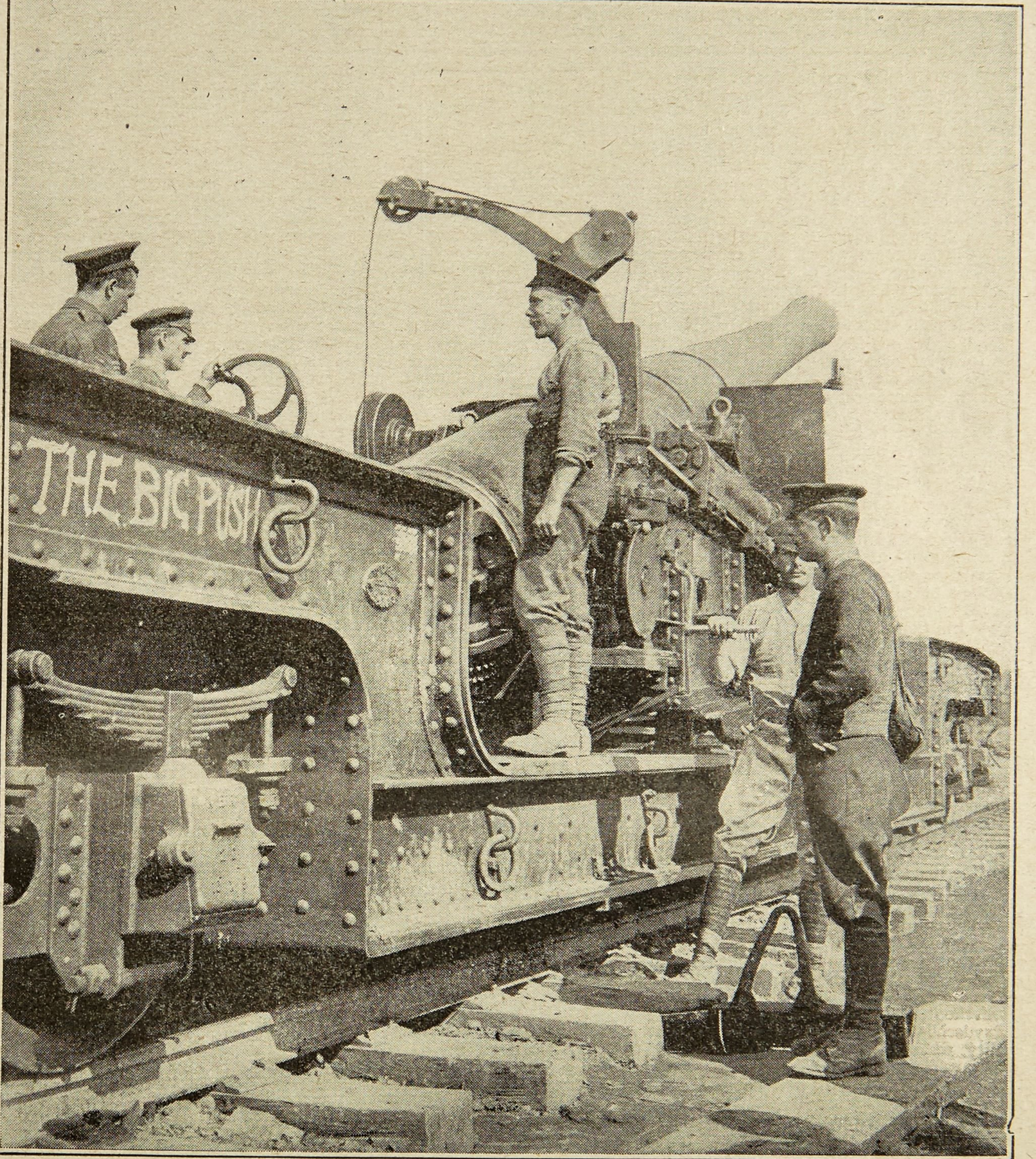
Genius of General Foch

The news that General Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the French Northern Armies, was sixty-five years old a few days ago, and that a special decree of the President of the French Republic was required to prevent his being automatically retired on the age limit, came as a surprise to most of us. The mere possibility of General Foch's retirement would be enough to create real distress and alarm among all who have followed the war in France. He is without question one of the most brilliant, original, and successful military commanders of modern times. It is to his great genius that we owe primarily the success of the Marne, and in saying this I am not in the least minimising the superb work of our own soldiers and generals there. It is to him, again, that we owe the amazing improvement in the French methods of attack that have been revealed in the Somme advance. These improvements came as a surprise even to close students of the work with the French Army. These two outstanding things are not all.

14th October, 1916. No. 113 Vol. 5.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



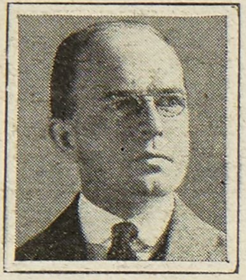
THE MAIN LINE OF VICTORY.—Rail-power was a great factor of success for the Germans in the early months of the war, but even the enemy militarists could not foresee to what extent it could be utilised in combination with heavy gun-power. How the Allies have shown the initiative in this connection is demonstrated by this splendid official photograph from the west front.

MY ADVENTURES AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT

SPOTTED BY GERMAN GUNNERS

By Basil Clarke

THE greatest credit for courage in the face of shell fire rests with the man of nerves and imagination, for it is he whose will-power must dominate the instinct of fear, and keep him steadfast to duty when he is naturally tempted to desert his post. Many articles have been written on what it feels like to be under fire, but few leave so real and dramatic an impression as that published beneath, a study by Mr. Basil Clarke, one of the best-known and most widely experienced war correspondents of the day. This contribution forms the first of a unique series of thrilling stories by Mr. Clarke of his adventures on the various European fronts, which will appear week by week in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.


Mr. Basil Clarke

"IF a man tells you he does not fear shell fire," said a rather outspoken Artillery major to me once, "you may safely put that man down as either a fool, devoid of imagination and the natural instinct of self-preservation, or a braggart liar trying to pose as a brave man. He must be one or the other; for good hot shell fire at close quarters will scare anyone. The brave man is the man who, though thoroughly scared, goes on with his job."

This little dictum, which I have since come to see is very true, comforted me not a little at the time, for I had just come through an escapade which, in spite of all my efforts to feel cool as well as to look cool, had made my hair stand on end, and I was feeling a little disappointed with myself. But I was rather new to shell fire then.

It was not far from Ypres, late in 1914. I had left Dunkirk by motor-car that morning with a Belgian official who had some work to do at the front, and who kindly took me along in his car. We visited trenches and gun posts, both French and Belgian, at several points, but things were fairly quiet that day save for an odd shell or two which landed at safe distances from us. In the afternoon, as we were returning to Dunkirk along the main road from Ypres, our work for the day being done, my companion looked up through the trees on the roadside at the sun shining still high in the sky and said: "It seems a pity to go home so early. How would you like to turn aside and see a bit of the Boches' dirty work in one of the ruined villages about here?" I agreed gladly. My host reached forward in the car and touched the right arm of his soldier driver in front. The driver nodded. We sped along the muddy road, past soldiers, guns, bread-carts, motor supply waggons, ambulances, steam tramway-cars and all the hundred other kinds of war vehicle that crowd the Ypres-Dunkirk road, and then our driver without a word switched the car from the main road and up a little lane to the right. It was the very poorest of roads, no more than a rough cart-track between fields. It began just near the village of Elverdinghe (which you will find on any war map on the main road between Ypres and Furnes), and led with several twists and rises to a still tinier village called Zuydschoote.

Clearly Visible to Enemy Observers

In the distance on our left were woods, but for the rest the country was treeless and bare; there was not a bit of cover for man or beast. And as the ground over which we passed was slightly higher than the surrounding country our car was clearly visible for some distance. Had we known just what distance, we might have been tempted to return at once to some safer spot. But in all ignorance of pending danger we passed on and into the village of Zuydschoote.

Zuydschoote was a sad example of that grim German quality, which they proudly call "Rücksichtloskeit" and we "savagery." The village comprised no more than one little row of houses with another row at right angles, and a church at the corner between them. The Germans, beginning, as is their inglorious custom, with the church, had systematically shelled and smashed up the place till now it stood a jagged wreck of a village. We went into the roofless old church and my companion stood transfixed for a moment before a crucifix. The figure of Christ had been damaged by shell and torn away from the nails in hands and feet which had held it to the Cross. "Mon Dieu," he exclaimed. "They have even *added* wounds to Christ."

There was not a soul in the village; everyone had fled. I went into several ruined houses. French soldiers had evidently bivouacked in some of them, and lying about the floors were curious souvenirs that told curious tales. I found one old rifle with its stock blown clean away and examined it, wondering whether the owner had been holding it at the time. If so, he must surely now be sleeping his long sleep. There was a bayonet, still blood-stained. There was another bayonet which had on its point a piece of bread partly toasted. It lay near the fireplace, now cold, and one could picture some soldier jumping up at the sounding of an alarm and leaving his bread half toasted. Or had that jagged shell-hole in the wall near by any association with the soldier's sudden ceasing to toast his bread? Perhaps the same German shell that pierced it had caught him, too, as he sat there quietly toasting by the fire—seeing in its glowing embers, no doubt, the face of someone left at home.

Arrival of the First Shell

I was standing, I remember, with the bayonet and the bread in my hands, wondering, and trying to piece together from these queer and disjointed fragments of evidence the story of that Flemish cottar's kitchen, when above the curious stillness of the village came a faint, whining noise. It lasted only a second or two, rising and growing nearer and then—crash! A shell burst with a deafening split somewhere outside. I looked out of the hole in the cottage wall just in time to see the fall of an avalanche of earth, stones, and bricks which the shell had hurled into the air. It had struck the village at a point about sixty yards from the cottage. The Germans had evidently seen us enter the village and had begun to shell us—on their general principle that people who travel in motor-cars must be worth hitting.

I hurried into the street. My companion, who had remained looking over the church, was already there.

"The Boches have found us, monsieur," he said with a cheery grin.

"Evidently," I replied, hoping that I looked as cool as he.

"Perhaps it was just a stray one," he said; but as he spoke he put his hollowed hand behind his ear and exclaimed: "No, no; listen!"

A faint whine, like the whimpering drone of some distant dragon-fly, was again clearly audible. It grew, rising in pitch as it came, and a second later—crash! Down came a chimney-stack from the cottage thirty yards on our right, and with it a cloud of faintly pink brick dust which began to settle over us.

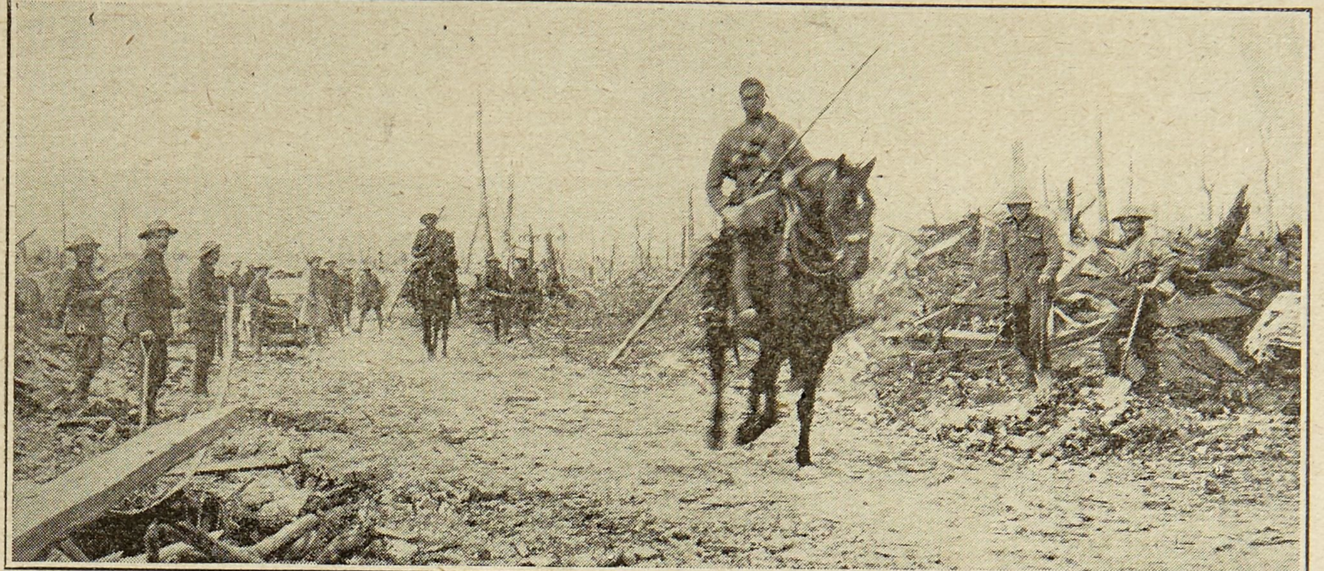
"Parbleu!" said the officer. "This is not agreeable." And he calmly began to flick the pink dust from the breast and sleeves of his tunic. (I wondered whether it was the shell fire or merely the dust on his tunic he found disagreeable.)

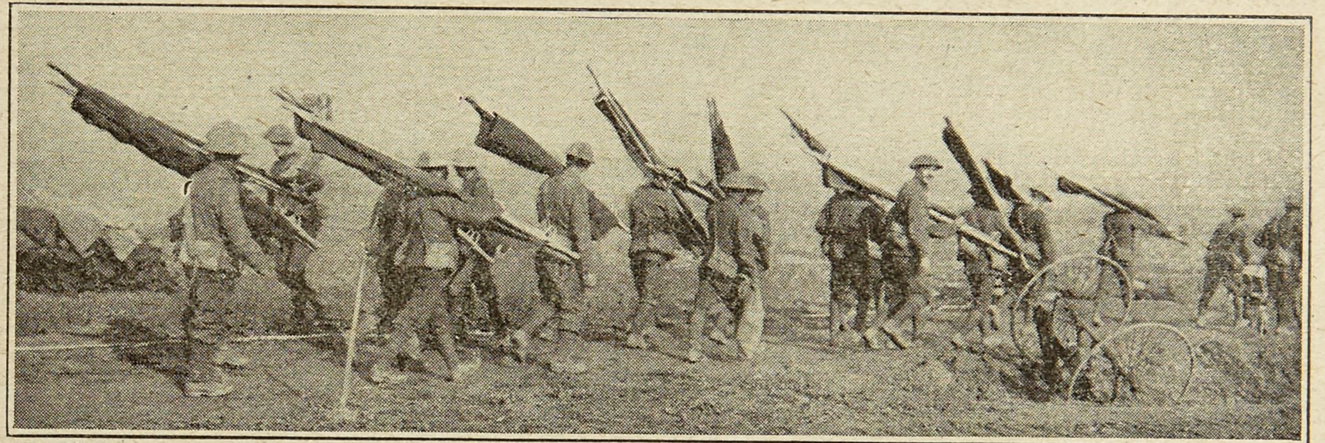
"What do you suggest, monsieur?" I said as calmly as I could. "Had we better take cover or make a bolt for the

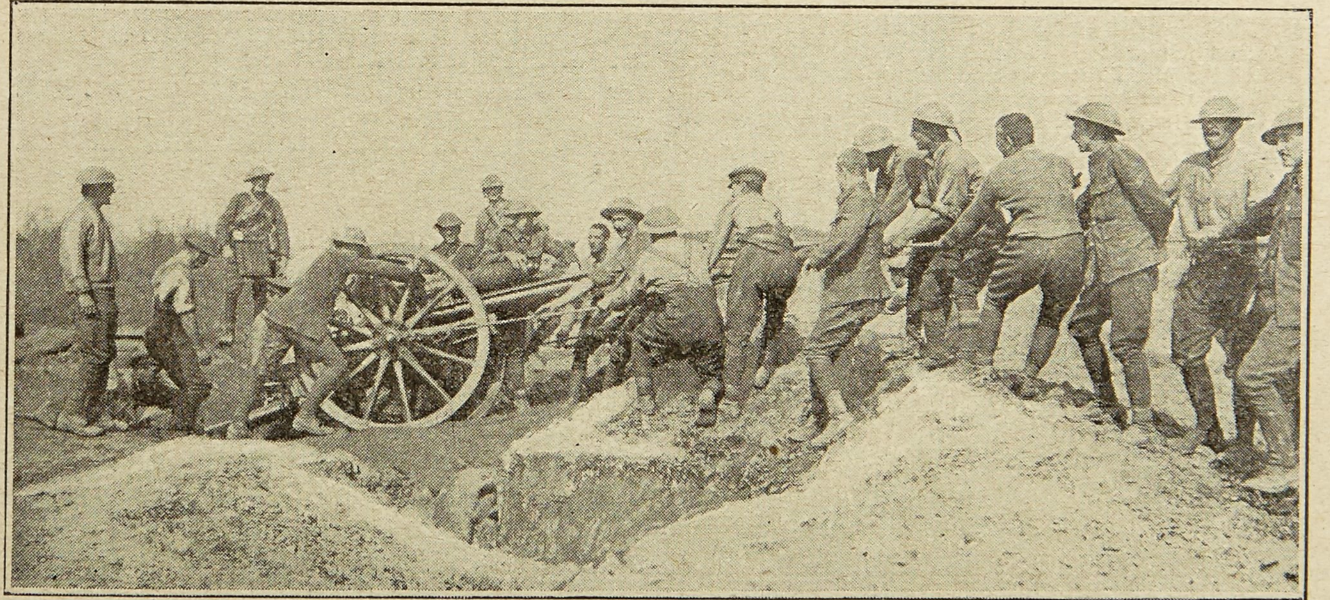
[*Continued on page* 196

Ebb of the Tide of Invasion from Picardy

Official Photographs


Indian cavalry despatch-rider coming back from Flers. Sir Douglas Haig reported that most of the village was in our hands on September 15th, and very soon thereafter cavalry patrols were moving far beyond Flers near Gueudecourt, a sure sign of a German retirement.


Stretcher-bearers on their way out near Ginchy to bring back the wounded. Ginchy was the last observation-post of high value left to the Germans on this battle-front, and it was carried by a magnificent assault in which the Irish troops won conspicuous glory.


Moving the guns forward to a new position in the steady, victorious advance. Consciousness of our established and increasing superiority in artillery made our gunners elated, and our infantry actually incurred avoidable casualties owing to their too great zest.

SPOTTED BY GERMAN GUNNERS

(Continued from page 194.)

motor-car?" (Owing to the old shell-holes in the village street, we had left the car in the lane outside in charge of the soldier chauffeur.)

"Better take cover for a while, monsieur," he said. "Perhaps they are only seeing whether there is anyone in the village or not and will drop their tricks after this."

We chose the most substantial looking of the remaining cottages for a shelter, and entered its front room. The Germans were shelling us from the farther side—that is to say, from the land facing the backs of the cottages. Here we stood for a minute or two. Quite absently I picked up a picture-postcard album from the table and began to look at its postcards. A third shell came along and hit the ruined church once more, just opposite our front door. A fourth ploughed up the street. Then there was a pause.

"Ha!" said the officer. "One battery of four guns. They have all fired. Now, perhaps they will finish." He paused again. "Yes, it's all over," he said. "They will not shell a deserted village any more. We can go."

But as we reached the door of the cottage—whiz, crash! A shell brought down an avalanche of slates ten yards from us; a second shell followed it, then a third which struck the next cottage to ours, and would have buried us in bricks had we not leapt clear of the building and into the street.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "We will bolt for the motor-car. Come!"

A Blow on the Neck

A fat old sow, with swaying paunch, was waddling down the street towards us. She must have been the sole occupant of the village save ourselves, and the shells had no doubt disturbed her placid slumbers and set her travelling.

"Come," said my companion laughing. "Here comes the first Boche. We will get the car and bolt." Shells were now striking the village in quick succession. Big, round shrapnel bullets splashed in the soft earth of the street, quite near us.

"Right," I said. "Go first and I'll follow."

And at that very moment a shell tore through the air overhead and split with a report that seemed right against my very ear-drums. And then I felt a sharp smack on my neck. My heart seemed to leap up. I put up my hand to the place. My hand came back covered with blood.

The Belgian, turning to see if I was all right, saw me regarding (woefully, I don't doubt) my blood-stained fingers.

"Oh, you are wounded; you are wounded!" he exclaimed in greatest agitation.

My first thoughts on seeing the blood were that I had received my death-blow from that shell. Grim thoughts of wounds I had heard of which cause no real pain but only quick death flashed through my brain. Yet I wondered that I did not *feel* wounded. My hand went to my neck again and felt around, and finally convinced me that in spite of the blood there was no wound at all. I looked round and there saw the explanation. For on the ground lay the old sow, bleeding, wounded, and breathing her last. It was a fragment of her honest old carcase, torn off by the shell, that had struck me in the neck and marked me with her poor old gore.

All the time that it took me to realise these things—which was not very long—my colleague was exclaiming: "Oh, monsieur, vous etes blessé, vous etes blessé! (you are wounded). "Happiness at my discovery that I was unhurt perhaps reflected itself in my face, as I replied: "No, monsieur. Many thanks. It is not I who am wounded, but poor old Madame la Pig there!" And I pointed to the pig lying in the roadway.

He laughed—there in the village—even while further shells whistled over and near us he laughed. He seemed to think I had made a priceless jest. "Madame la Pig!" he kept exclaiming to himself as together we ran for the motor-car.

Speedy Retreat after Difficulties

The driver, who was quite as anxious to get out of shell fire as we were, had the engine running. We leapt into our seats and off we started. But no sooner had we got clear of the village and right into the open, where we must have been clearly visible from the German lines (on our side of Bixschoote), when a back wheel of the car ran into a deep rut. We got a jolt that nearly threw us out of our seats, and both car and engine stopped. Out jumped the driver to restart it, we sitting in the car as patiently as we could. A few minutes here and the Germans would soon have their guns on us again. And sure enough, before a minute had passed, in which time the driver was twisting heroically at the starting-handle of the car, a shell whizzed overhead and buried itself in a field forty yards beyond us. I had an excellent chance to observe its effect.

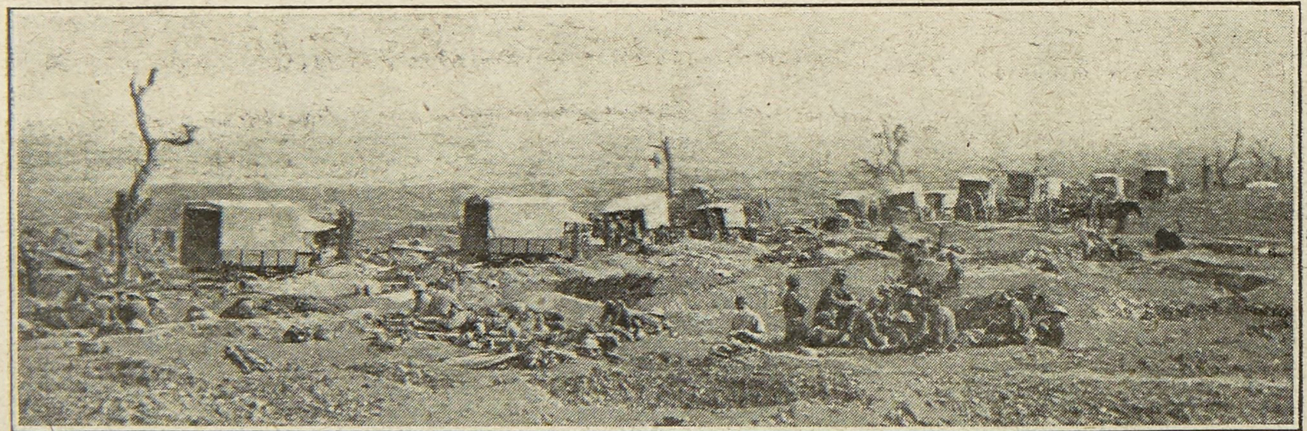
Up went earth and stones in one vast heap, cauliflower shape, which seemed to grow and grow, ever rising and spreading in the air, till finally it burst and fell outwards to earth in a shower, like black water from an overhanging storm cloud of smoke.

"High explosive," I said quietly, but with inward sinkings of the most sickening sort.

Three more shells came at us before we got free. The driver had started the engine again, but the back wheels of the car were spinning round profitlessly in the mud when the third shell came and seemed literally to hurl us out of the rut. We sped down that lane, bad as it was, as though it had been the Brooklands track.

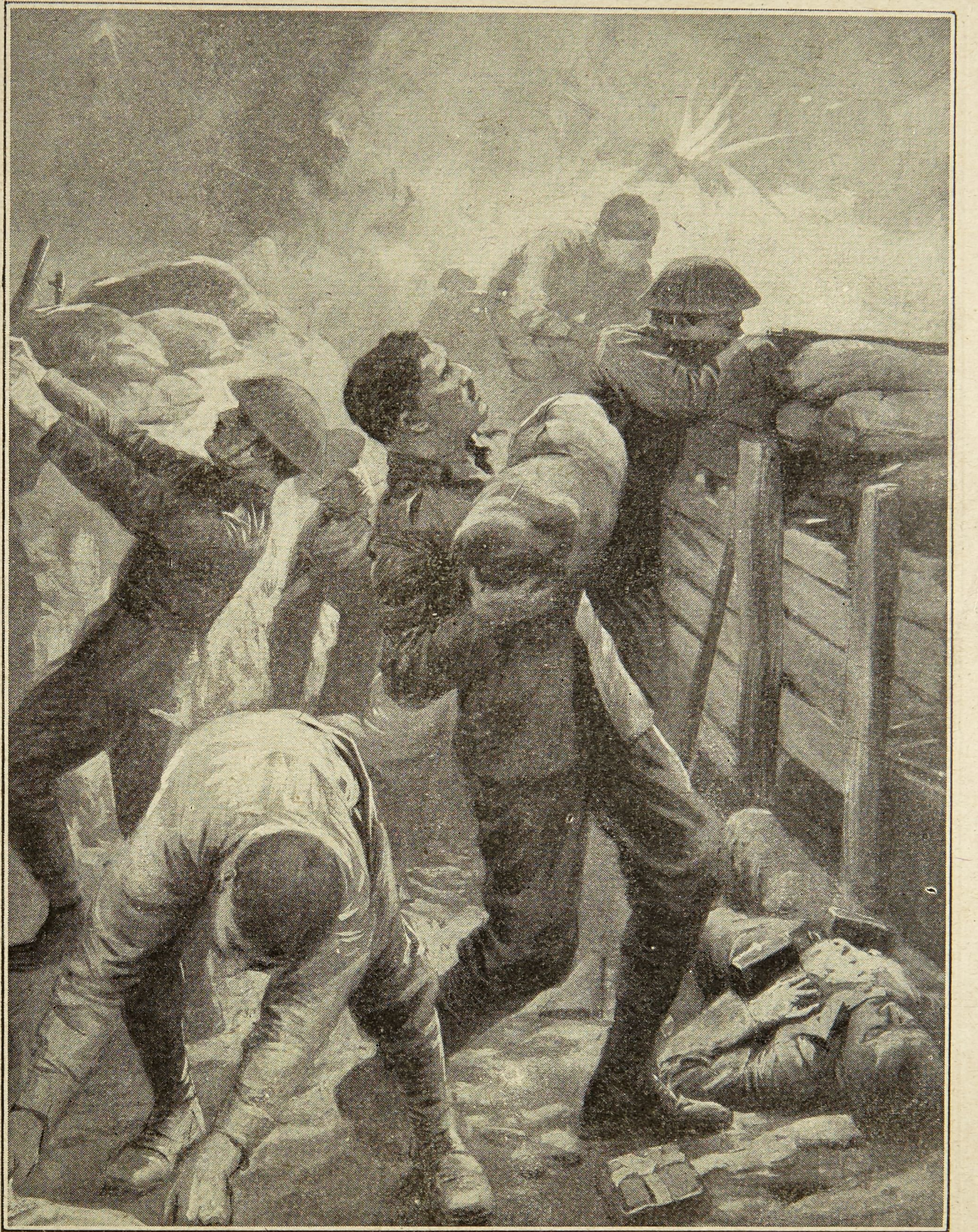
A week later I discovered that my Belgian companion, whose coolness I had admired so much, was retailing stories about me to his colleagues as the "phlegmatic Englishman"—who could examine picture-postcards under shell fire, make jokes about pigs, and study shell effects even though they were on top of him, while he himself, as he expressed it, had been "fremissant" (shivering with fright). Which shows how appearances may be deceptive. For I know quite well that, whatever I may have said or done during those moments of stress, I, too, was as "fremissant" as he, and as ever I care to be.

Next Article.—Watched and Tracked: Foiling a Turkish Spy at Constanza.



How close the motor-ambulances go to the zone of fighting may be judged from this official photograph, showing a column of them actually in the cratered field. Some of the stretcher-bearers have thrown themselves down to rest from their arduous work.

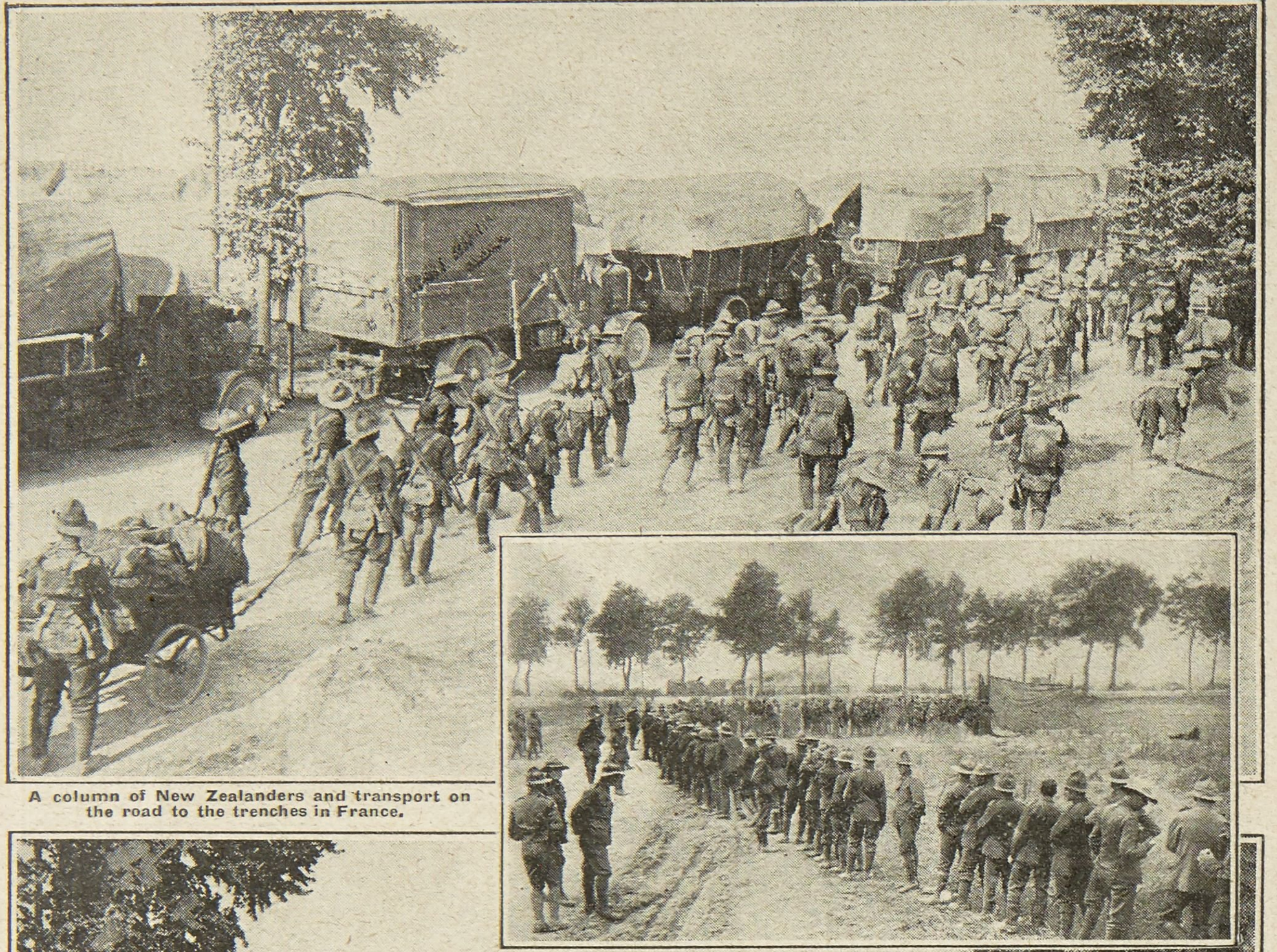
Men Who are Laying Foundations of Victory



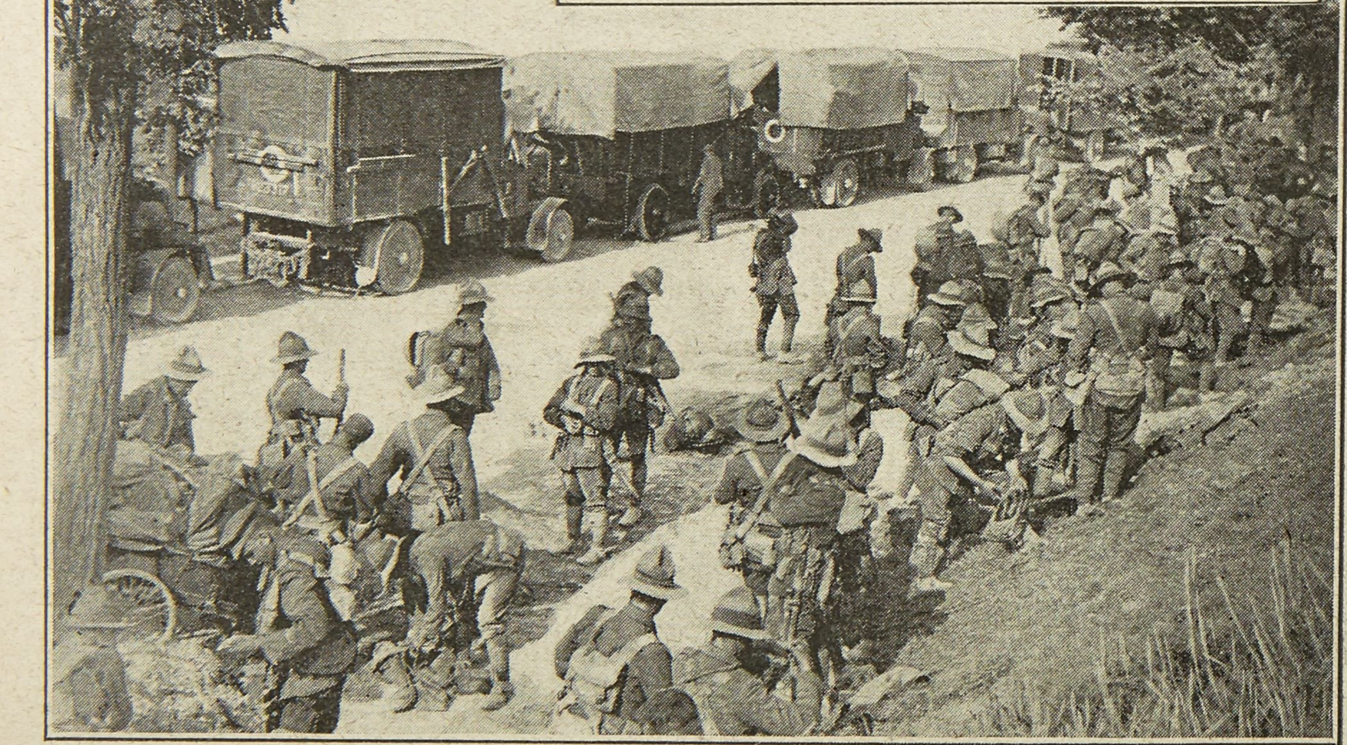
Perhaps the hardest worked men in the Army are the Royal Engineers and Pioneers. Whether an advance is proceeding or not, they are always busy constructing, consolidating. During the Somme offensive these valiant men have accomplished splendid and perilous work. While the bayonet and bomb are ousting the enemy from his positions, the engineers are hard at it reversing the captured trenches, hoisting the earth-sacks from one side to the other. This work is done invariably under terrific counter-fire.

From Pacific Shores to the Stormy Somme

Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved



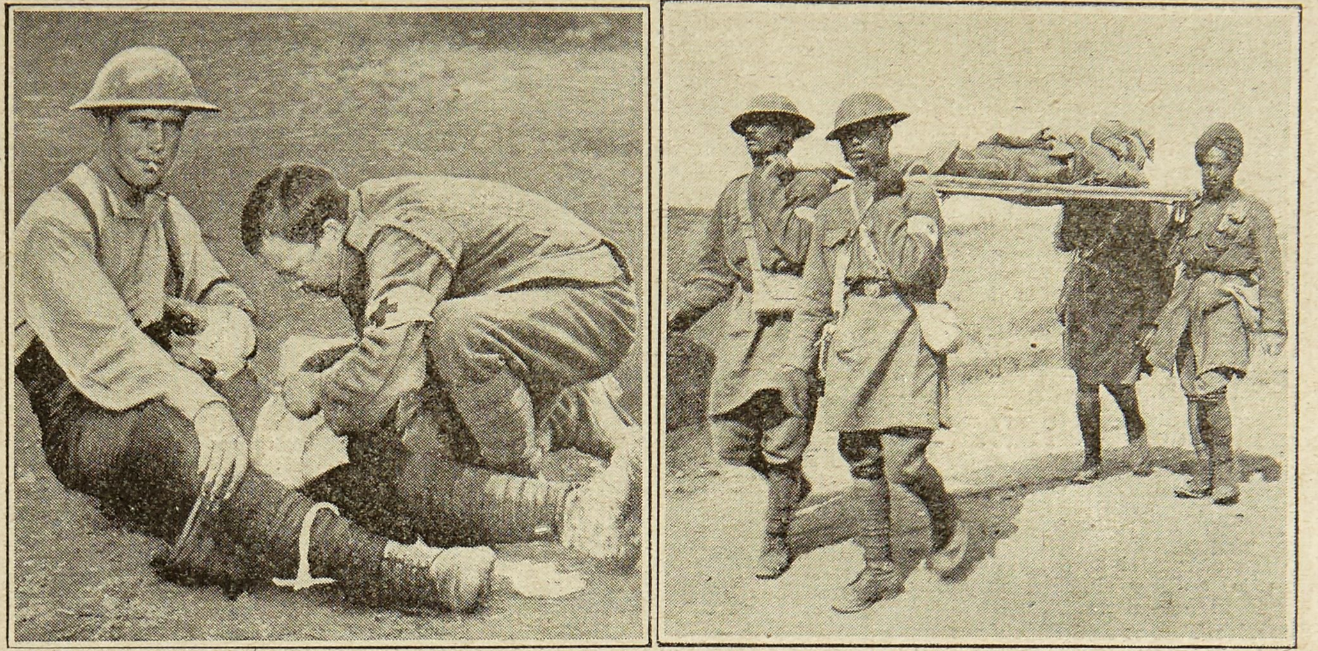
A column of New Zealanders and transport on the road to the trenches in France.



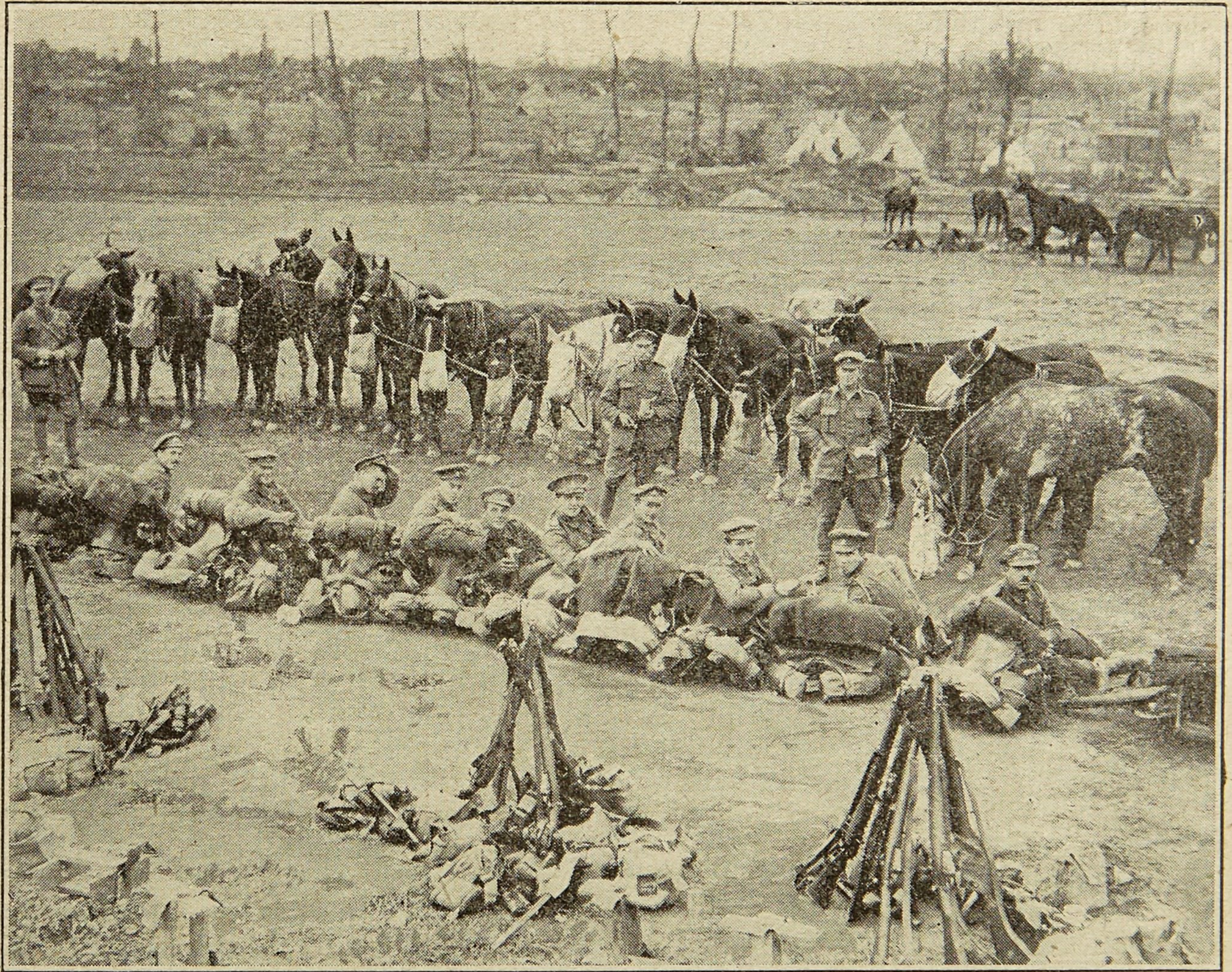
Another fine impression of the Dominion men on the march. "What a country to fight for!" was the exclamation of many Anzacs when they first set foot in France, and magnificently have they fought for her. Inset: Long queue of men waiting to get to the canteen.

Exits and Entrances on the Stage of Battle

Official Photographs



A Canadian who had finished his share in the battle smoked a cigarette with composure while a brother of the Red Cross, taking his turn, tied up several damaged limbs. Right: Four Indian soldiers carrying in a wounded officer.



"Good refreshment for man and beast" by the roadside. References to the activity of our patrols pressing on the heels of the enemy suggest that at last the Germans are breaking from cover, and are giving our cavalry a chance of resuming their proper function.

THE ALLIES' COMMAND OF THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THERE is now no doubt that French and British aircraft have fairly won the command of the air in Western Europe.

The losses of the allied Flying Services have been very heavy if one looks at the casualty lists of the last three months and compares them with the corresponding casualty lists of a year ago, but it must be remembered that both the French and British Flying Services have been multiplied many times over in size in the past year, so that the actual losses taken as a percentage of the number of aviators who cross the German lines is far less than it was from June to December, 1915, when the Fokker scourge was reaching its climax.

When the allied aircraft venture over territory occupied by the Germans their dominance in the air is very marked. It is true that the Germans have a certain number of fine pilots, such as Captain Bölcke and Lieutenants Buddecke, Wintgens, and others, but the average quality of their pilots is nothing like as high as that of the Allies', and, furthermore, German aeroplanes have improved very little in quality, although they have increased in quantity.

Superior Talent and Machines

Not only are the Allies superior in the quality of their pilots, and now in the quality of their machines also, but by developing definite types of aeroplanes for special purposes, and by training pilots for those particular jobs they have developed aerial tactics to a fine art.

For example, certain French pilots who are not particularly amenable to discipline, and who are apt to get bored and give trouble if tied down to regular jobs, are mounted on special small fast machines capable of enormously high speed and possessing a high rate of climb, and sent out simply as destroyers to fetch down any enemy aeroplanes they may come across. Some of these pilots are absolutely freelances, and have their own crew of mechanics to look after their machines. They go up when they like and come down when they like, but all of them do great execution.

Other very skilful pilots who, as is the case with most British officers, are a trifle more amenable to discipline are formed into regular fighting squadrons whose job it is to go out in squadron formation to drive away intruders over the Allies' lines, or to escort bombing squadrons or reconnaissance squadrons over the enemy's lines and protect them against the enemy's destroyers.

Artillery Spotters

Other pilots, again, who are not sufficiently quick in action to fly the very fast destroyer aeroplanes, are mounted on bigger and slower machines, and either employed in groups in bombarding enemy positions, or in piloting trained observers over positions where enemy troops are likely to be moving.

Other picked pilots, again, are mounted on special machines fitted with wireless, and are detailed to spot the results of artillery bombardment and to correct by wireless the aim of the guns. This, as a rule, is a distinctly dangerous job, as it means flying well within range of the enemy's anti-aircraft guns, and keeping within sight of the target the whole time, which entails practically patrolling up and down a fixed road in the air.

A variant of the class which does the artillery spotting has recently been developed by the French, who have named them "infantry aeroplanes." These machines have to fly over the advancing infantry during a big attack and keep an accurate watch on the movements of their own and the enemy's troops, signalling to the supporting artillery precisely what point the infantry have reached. Before "infantry aeroplanes" thus came into use there was always the danger of infantry in a successful attack advancing so rapidly that they walked into the fire of their own artillery, which was supposed to be throwing shells over their heads to explode in front of them and keep the enemy's infantry from advancing. Owing to the enemy artillery keeping up a curtain fire to prevent supports from reaching the attacking infantry, telephone-wires between the allied infantry and their supporting guns were constantly cut, and runners between the infantry and the artillery were constantly shot down, so that it was exceedingly difficult for the infantry to keep in touch with their own artillery; but these "infantry aeroplanes" fitted with wireless now supply the deficiency, and, consequently, can keep the range of the artillery always sufficiently ahead of the infantry to prevent them from walking into their own shells.

Snapshotting the Foe

Yet another task of the aeroplane is to take photographs of the territory occupied by the enemy, so as to show exactly how the trench lines and communications are laid out. In this way accurate maps can be compiled, and every infantry officer knows exactly what is in front of him when he has to attack. Extraordinary work has been done by some of the aerial photographers, and I have myself seen a photograph of a German position taken by a French officer from a height of not more than thirty feet, actually showing the faces of the Germans looking up at the machine.

The credit for originating all these various classes of specialised aeroplanes is almost entirely due to the French; which, after all, is only natural seeing that the French were the pioneers of aviation in Europe, and have always led in anything new of a mechanical nature, but it must be said that the Royal Flying Corps was very quick to see the advantage of the French system, and to adopt it and even improve on it in some respects.

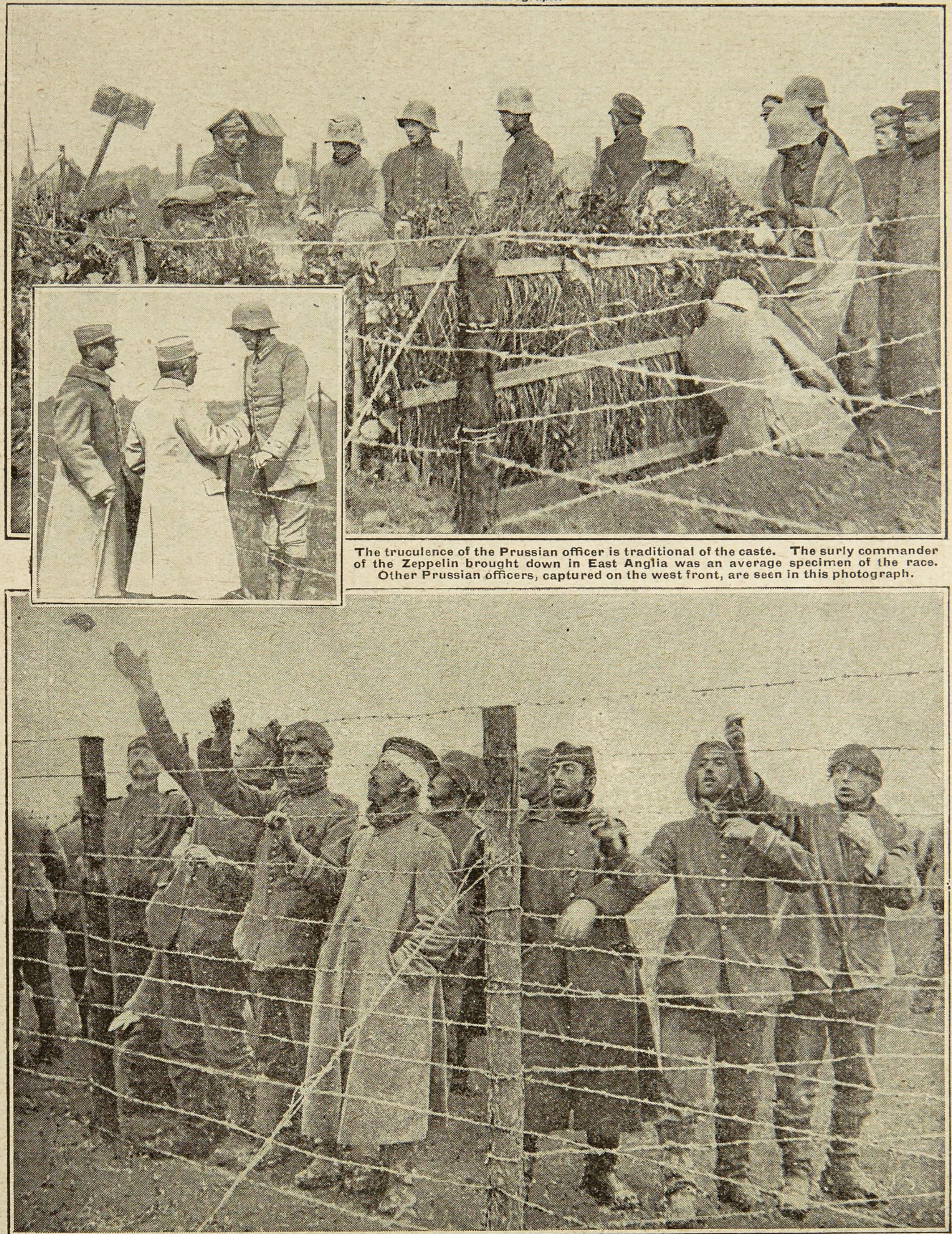
The thoroughness with which all these aerial specialists have done their work, the excellence of the aeroplanes with which they are now equipped, and the personal bravery and skill of the French and British pilots, have all combined to produce that dominance in the air which is now so marked.

It must be added that the improvement in the equipment of the Royal Flying Corps, the production of new types of aeroplanes, and the enormous acceleration in the output of British aeroplanes, is directly traceable to the agitation which was raised early in this year in the House of Lords by Lord Montagu, in the House of Commons by Mr. Pemberton-Billing, M.P., and in the Press.

Flight Sub-Lieut. R. Souray (on left), a distinguished aviator, together with his comrade, Flight-Lieut. Robinson, V.C., who brought down the Zeppelin at Cuffley.

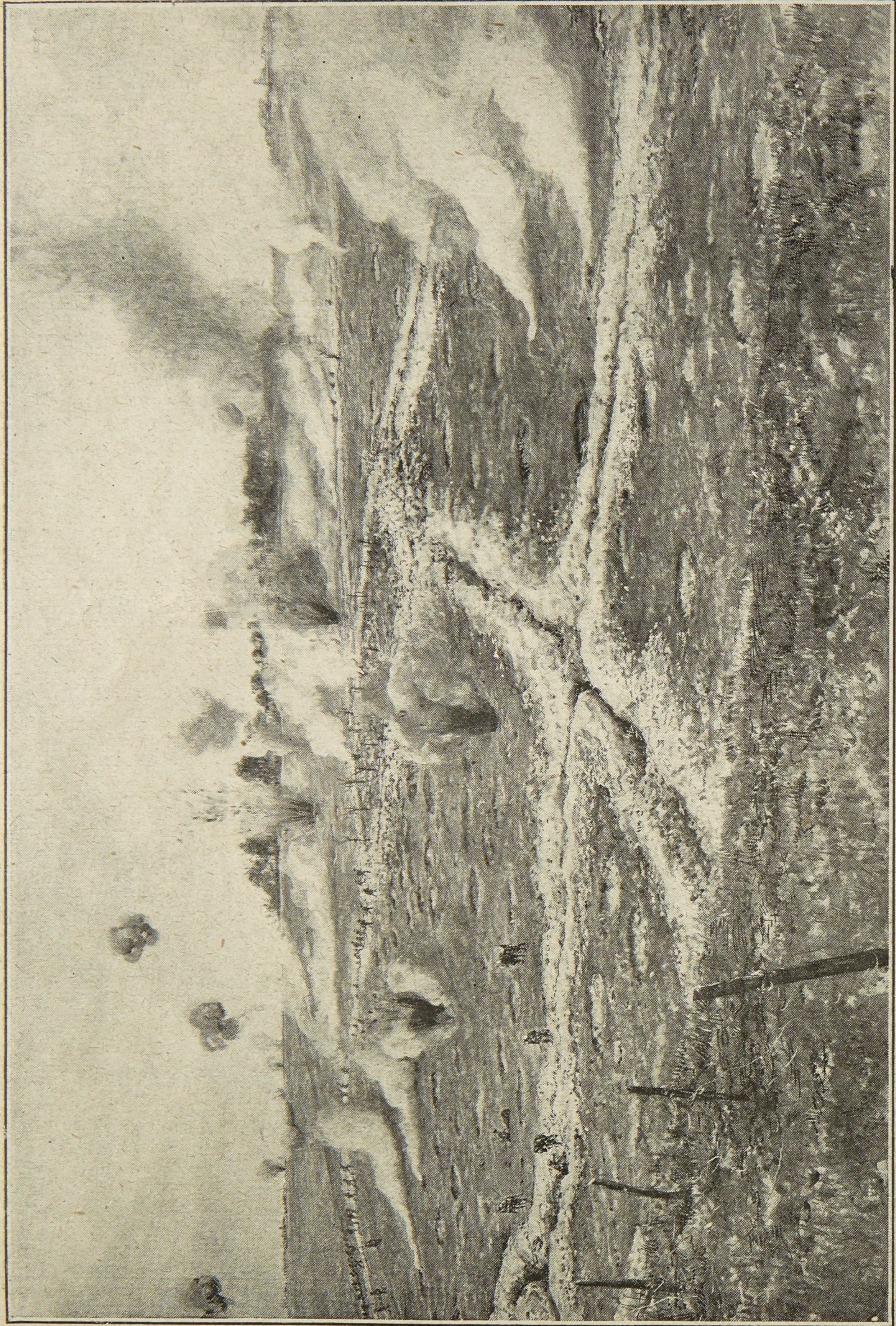
Prussian Officers and Men in Prison Cages

French Official Photographs



The truculence of the Prussian officer is traditional of the caste. The surly commander of the Zeppelin brought down in East Anglia was an average specimen of the race. Other Prussian officers, captured on the west front, are seen in this photograph.

There is something distressing in this spectacle of German prisoners just put into one of the rapidly filling "cages." They are clamouring for bread pending the distribution of their rations. Inset: Prussian officer being interrogated by two French officers.



THE CAPTURE OF FALFEMONT FARM.—Falfemont Farm fell into our hands on September 5th. The rectangular bit of ground seen in the centre was once the farmyard. Nothing was left of the farm buildings, which stood in the right-hand corner of the site. The picture shows our men advancing along a chalk trench skirting a corner of Wedge Wood and entering the left-hand corner of the farmyard while Germans are retiring towards the church of Morval on the extreme right. A glimpse of Guillemont is seen on the far left on the sky-line, with Ginchy to the right of it and then Leuze Wood, Bouleaux Wood, and Morval. The position was carried after great fighting in what was typically a soldier's battle.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

The Glorious Twenty-fifth

by Max Pemberton

FOR the first time, perhaps, since the beginning of the offensive upon the Somme the great and glorious work accomplished by Sir Douglas Haig and his men is being understood by the British people. Hitherto the soldier has been almost alone in understanding how that we, after two years of warfare, have only now come into our own; how that we have at length learned the one way in which the Boches can be driven from France and Belgium, and have set about the task with a valour and brilliancy to which no words can do justice.

These facts being considered, it is in some senses misleading to speak of battles. The ancient panoply of war departed many decades ago. We saw precious little of it in the Boer War, and those who remember what it was in "'70" are few. Our people at home—uninstructed as many of them are in this vast business of mechanical campaigning—incline their ears not to the rolling of drums but to the booming of cannon across the dreary plains of Picardy. They look for rags rather than for feathers; they do not imagine an undulating down over which the cavalier rides proudly, but a grim desolation where for months together you can hardly see a living thing.

The Landscape of Modern War

A hundred pens told them of the ridge dominating that plain, and of the supposedly impregnable fortress at either end of it. Heaps of rubble here and there, they came to know, stood for the villages which had been; some bare poles that might have been so many isolated gibbets marked the woods which once were sylvan; furrowed heaps of chalk said that below them and behind them were those myriads of Germans massed against the British front. This plain we had to cross, this ridge to conquer, this fortress to subdue. When that was done we must begin again from the beginning against other ridges far off, other fortresses of like renown—hammering with the mightiest force of artillery the world has ever seen the straight and narrow way into the land of the Hun.

For nearly three months now the task has been going on, pursued no less magnificently by the French upon our right than by our own superb armies, which we cannot cease to praise. Villages that no Englishman would have heard of in a hundred years have become famous names. We learned at the beginning of Fricourt, Ovillers, Contalmaison, Bazentin, Pozières—to the west of Hardecourt, Longueval, Guillemont, Ginchy—to the south of Rancourt, Bouchavesnes, and of Péronne. The story of the fall of each was often a story of gallant repetitions. There would be a bombardment so terrible that the pens of all the correspondents failed to convey but an echo of its terrors. The villages became but powdered bricks beneath the avalanche. Woods were so dealt with that but isolated stumps could tell you where they stood. The ground itself, scarred and raked and pock-marked, was often no more than a vast cemetery for the unburied dead.

A Most Momentous Victory

A few hours later, and the men of our regiments, new and old—Anzacs and Guards and Territorials, Irishmen, Scotsmen and Welshmen; men of the shires and the roses, Londoners prominent amongst them, would be racing across these fields of death, hunting the Germans from their dug-outs, bombing and slaying, sometimes gripped nail and tooth with the Boches who met them—always going headlong without halt or fear. To these the landmarks fell one by one. We were climbing the ridge as men swarm a difficult Alpine peak—going quickly where the ground was good, but more leisurely where the way was dangerous—and ever the story of the day's work was told with exultation to-morrow. Pozières fell, Guillemont and Ginchy, Longueval and Courcelette. We were up upon the ridge and had begun to look down upon the other side. The fortress at either end forbade our claim to supreme possession. When on Tuesday, September 26th, we heard in London that both Thiepval and Combles had fallen, perhaps the meaning of Sir Douglas Haig's most moderate despatch on the 25th was to be understood even by the dullest. Truly, this was a famous victory; it may be that there has been none more momentous in the whole story of British arms.

For what were Thiepval and Combles? Little towns both in little valleys of the Rivers Ancre and Somme. But they were little towns undermined with such vast subterranean works that nothing like them has ever been known in the history of warfare. We speak of dug-outs here with an understanding of the term which is sometimes wholly ridiculous. Men think of a little hole in the ground six feet deep, perhaps lighted by a candle in a ginger-beer bottle, and furnished with a gramophone and a mattress. These were not the dug-outs of Thiepval and Combles.

Germans in the Underground

They went down fifty, sixty—even a hundred feet below the ground. As an old soldier told me last week, you could almost have put the Hotel Metropole below either of them. Both places possessed chateaux, and the cellars of the chateaux were the beginning of the wonderland. Below them you went down wide stairs to great rooms elaborately lighted with electric light, carpeted for the officers, capable of housing whole garrisons with their rifles and machine-guns, and so deep below the ground that our heaviest shell fire was but a patter of hail upon their roofs.

These forts had defended the ridge since Von Kluck took Combles on August 31st in the year 1914. The Kaiser struck a medal to commemorate that signal event; nor did he forget to add that God had blessed his valiant arms. For two years his men perfected their positions. There was no device of subterranean work, of cunning trench, of gun emplacement which was neglected. "Combles is impregnable," said the Germans; and, being "impregnable," we took it on September 26th.

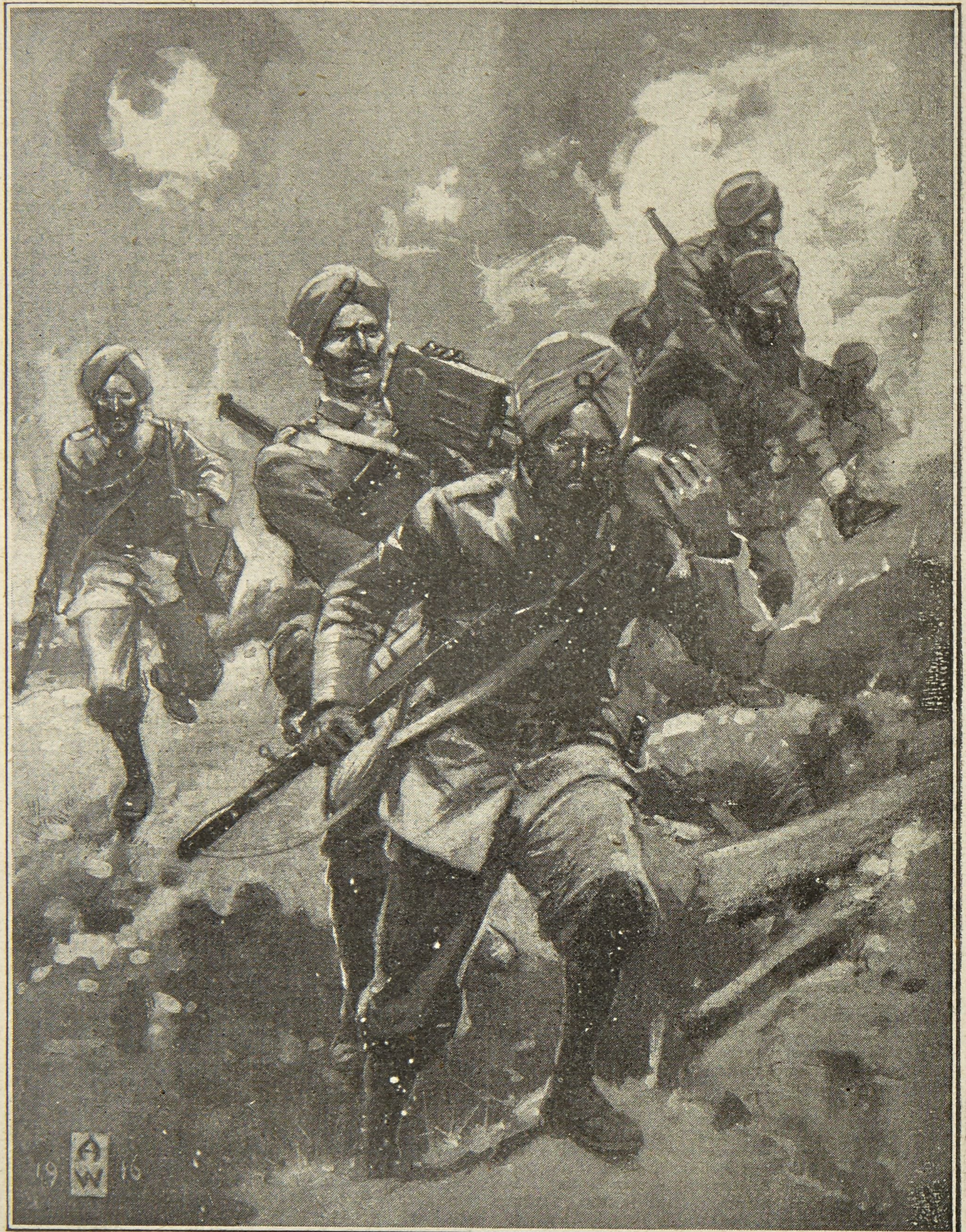
Allies Shoulder to Shoulder in Combles

The fighting for this coveted possession has been described as the fiercest yet witnessed on the Somme front. The terrible bombardment endured from early morning until half an hour after noon on Monday. Then over a front extending from Martinpuich to the Somme—a distance of nearly twelve miles—the British and French dashed to the attack. Out of Flers and Ginchy we came towards Lesbœufs and Morval. The French debouched from Priez Farm and the outskirts of Rancourt on the east and pressed forward towards the fortress on the Frégicourt road. Together we descended upon Combles behind a barrage of fire which was terrifying. There was no intention here of permitting, if it could be avoided, that slower and more deadly assault upon the covered emplacements where the machine-guns stood. Combles might have been a holocaust for troops sent heedlessly to an assault which artillery could make unnecessary. Sir Douglas Haig had no such intention. We crushed the outskirts to powder before we went in. Our own men upon the west and the French upon the east and south joined hands at length in the centre of this fortress of the fables, and who shall wonder at their exultation?

Mr. Beach Thomas, in his admirable despatch, has told us that the day was glorious, but the ground was yeasty. No cloud appeared in the azure sky. For the first time for many weeks German aeroplanes came boldly across No Man's Land and tried to discover what was doing behind our lines. We fired at them ceaselessly, and many a duel was fought above, with few below to pay heed to it. Those who stood at the rear, glass in hand, must watch impatiently for many hours when day came, listening to the thunderous

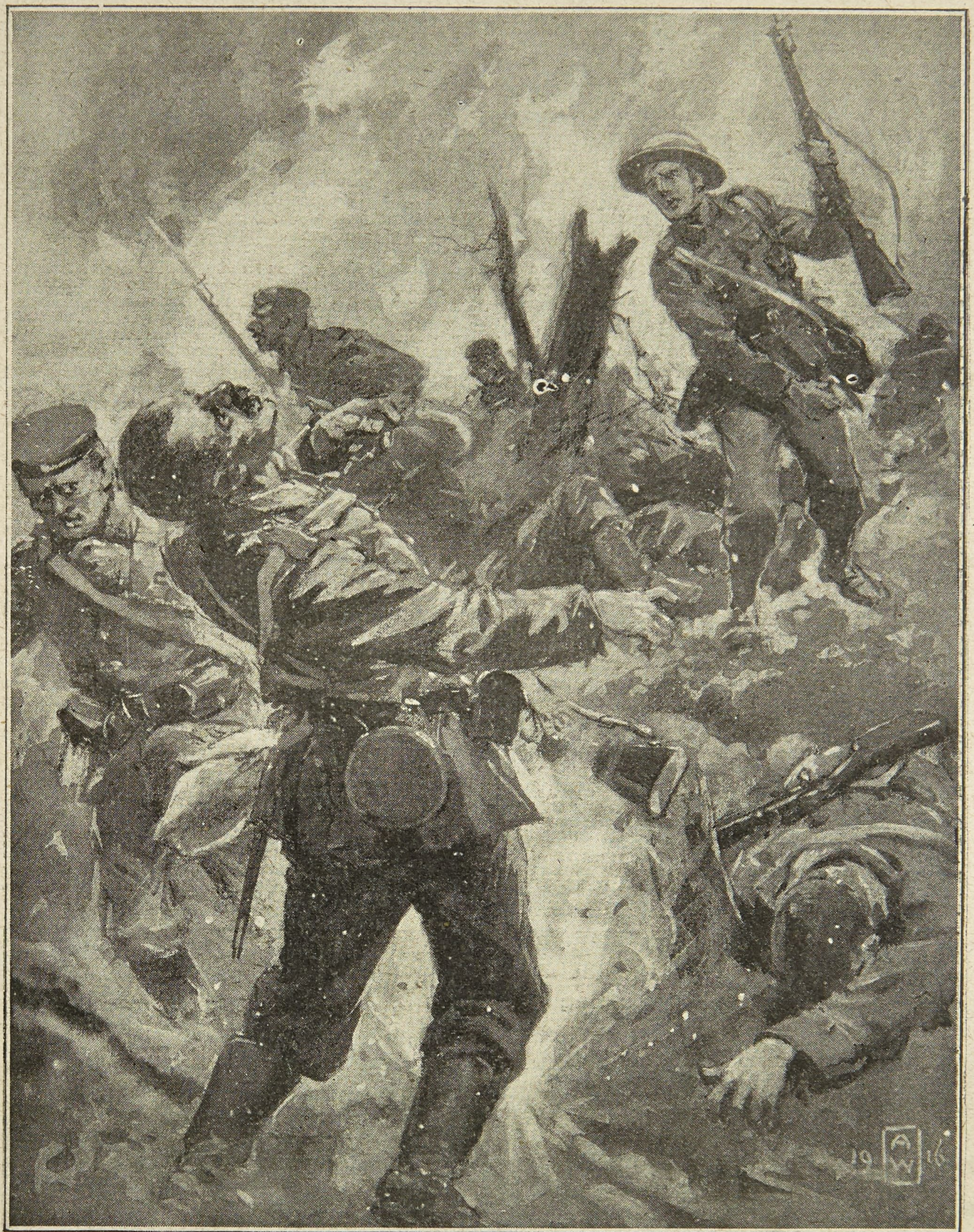
[*Continued on page 206.*

Superb Indian Soldier Saves the British Line



Naik Shahamad Khan, of the Punjabis, won the Victoria Cross by superb courage. In charge of a machine-gun section in an exposed position covering a gap in our new line, he beat off three counter-attacks and worked his gun single-handed till only two belt-fillers were left unwounded. His gun being knocked out, he and his two belt-fillers held their ground with rifles till ordered to retire. With three men sent to assist him he brought back his gun and ammunition and a badly wounded man. Finally he returned and removed all remaining arms and equipment. His great gallantry saved our line from being penetrated by the enemy.

One British Soldier Routs Twenty Germans



Private A. Hill, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, won the Victoria Cross by magnificent conduct. His battalion had deployed under heavy fire for an attack, and when the order to charge was given he dashed forward and bayoneted two of the enemy. Cut off presently and surrounded by a score of Germans he killed and wounded many with bombs and routed the rest, afterwards fighting his way back to the lines. There he heard that an officer and a scout were lying wounded outside, and he went back and brought in the officer, the scout being carried in by two other men. In conclusion he captured two Germans and brought them in prisoners.

THE GLORIOUS TWENTY-FIFTH

(Continued from page 203)

guns, noting every new chord in the strange gamut of sounds for which modern artillery is responsible. Through all this forenoon Combles was a vast haze of smoke in the hollow. Remember that there were upon this front four thousand guns—Allies and Boches—and that they were firing without cessation in these waiting hours. Noon came, and the man with the glass need be impatient no more. "Out went our fellows, old men and new; the Territorial, the *corps d'elite*, the men from overseas—hands across and down the middle they danced forward in unison, their shells and bullets leaving many dead, or few dead—it was all the same to the rest."

A Contest of Gladiators

As for the enemy, the very ferocity of it appears to have staggered him in many cases to immediate submission. From Lesbœufs, from Gueudecourt, and lastly from Combles he came from the trenches, hands up and trembling. Not so his officers, who sometimes showed fight. There is one story of a burly sergeant from "down under," who was just about to take possession of forty willing Huns, when their officer appeared and whipped out his revolver. Instantly the sergeant closed with him and a pretty affair was witnessed by his astonished comrades. Round and round the men swung until the Prussian was down and the giant upon him. In vain the fellow tried to get his revolver arm to the sergeant's back; the hand upon his throat was squeezing the life out of him, his heels rattled upon the ground as a dying gladiator's in an historic forum. Suddenly his body relaxed, the hand with the revolver fell to the ground; he was dead. Then that sergeant arose and expressed his opinion of the encounter. "The beggar nearly had me," he said, and quite calmly he ordered the prisoners to fall in.

The swift fall of Combles and Thiepval, the rare and refreshing fruits of the 26th, clearly were not anticipated by the correspondents who wrote of Monday's affair. The "Times" then said that the village of Lesbœufs was ours and all Morval except the extreme south-eastern corner. Above Lesbœufs, it told us, we had advanced something like a mile from our former positions, carrying two strongly-held German positions on defended roads to a point one thousand yards to the east of Gueudecourt. On the right the French had then carried both Rancourt and Frégicourt, and latest reports told of "storming into the blue beyond." The taking of Morval itself and of the sunken roads about it and Gueudecourt appear to have been one of the most gallant of the many gallantries perpetrated during the wonderful forty-eight hours.

The men advanced like a whirlwind. The barrage of fire, heavier than the Germans had made it for some days, had no more effect upon them than hail upon an iron roof. They passed through it unchecked, and, while they were passing, the forces on the left swung round as upon a pivot and joined with them for the massed attack. Such dash proved invincible, as we know, and all Morval was in our possession that night, though the correspondents could not be aware of the fact. It was truly the key to Combles on the left, as Mouquet was the key to Thiepval on the right. Heavy German reinforcements brought down from the neighbourhood of Ypres during the night did nothing for the Boches. Through the haze of the shell fire, clouds of shrapnel above, the black-brown smoke of the high explosives below, the earth rent and scarred and shaken as by an earthquake, we drove up to the gates of this momentous victory and nothing hereafter could stop us.

Of Thiepval itself the surrender appears to have been no less sudden than that of Combles. Equally was the stronghold reckoned impregnable, and one of the most formidable upon the western front. Then, as a French officer had told us, the Germans had excavated subterranean works which could only be called prodigious. As in Combles, the cellars of a once superb chateau served for a gateway. You passed them and entered a veritable subterranean city with galleries hewn out fifty feet below the solid rock and lifts to bring you up, and cellars where the vintage was of men and guns and high explosives, to be used the moment the enemy sprang to the attack. But strong as Thiepval was, the Boche began to fear for it directly we had Mouquet and dominated the Bapaume road. On Monday night he was trying to get his guns out.

On Tuesday, the 26th, Sir Douglas Haig, profiting by his confusion, attacked the place on three sides at once. A fierce barrage prevented the enemy bringing up reinforcements from Eaucourt—and remembering what was below the ground we shelled the gates severely, though not so severely that the French first and our own men afterwards did not suffer heavily at the first swift onset. The rebuff was brief, and the heart soon out of the Huns.

On the Crest of the Ridge

Thirteen hundred prisoners were sent back almost immediately, including two majors and forty other officers. The cellars themselves yielded a veritable harvest of machine-guns and stores and ammunitions, but the chief thing was that Thiepval was attacked with a dash that was invincible, and that once again our men had justified all that we believed and hoped of them.

With our great allies, the French, we have now taken ten thousand prisoners during the fifteen days of fighting on the Somme. We have topped the ridge, and begun the descent to the great plain below it. For the first time for many days our cavalry are riding freely in the open. Patrols have been within two and a quarter miles of Bapaume, and we may soon be hearing of the fall of that stronghold. No longer does the Hun appear to be fighting with the dash of yesterday. We have thrashed the heart out of him with whips of steel, and when he lives he comes to us thankful and smiling that he is alive.

A great and important victory, truly, as Sir Douglas has called it. In the opinion of many wise judges, the greatest victory of the war.

A great advance is a seeming paradox of making and breaking. No sooner have the artillery and infantry churned the wide fields into waste land, than the Engineers and Navvies get to work consolidating, building roads over the captured territory. (Official photograph.)

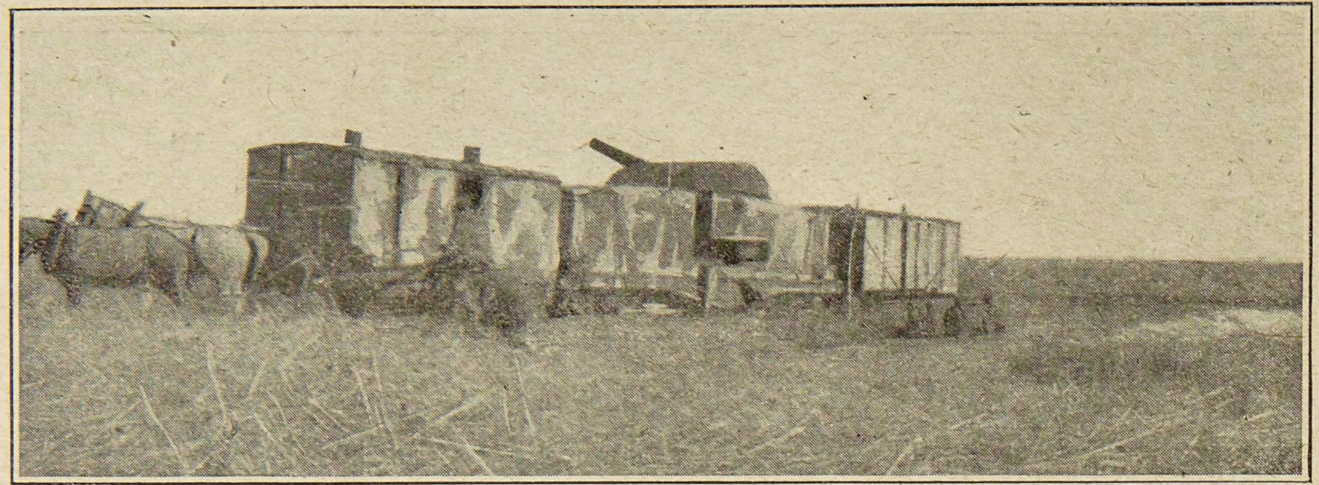
Grenadier Guards Take a Turn with the Pick

Official Photographs

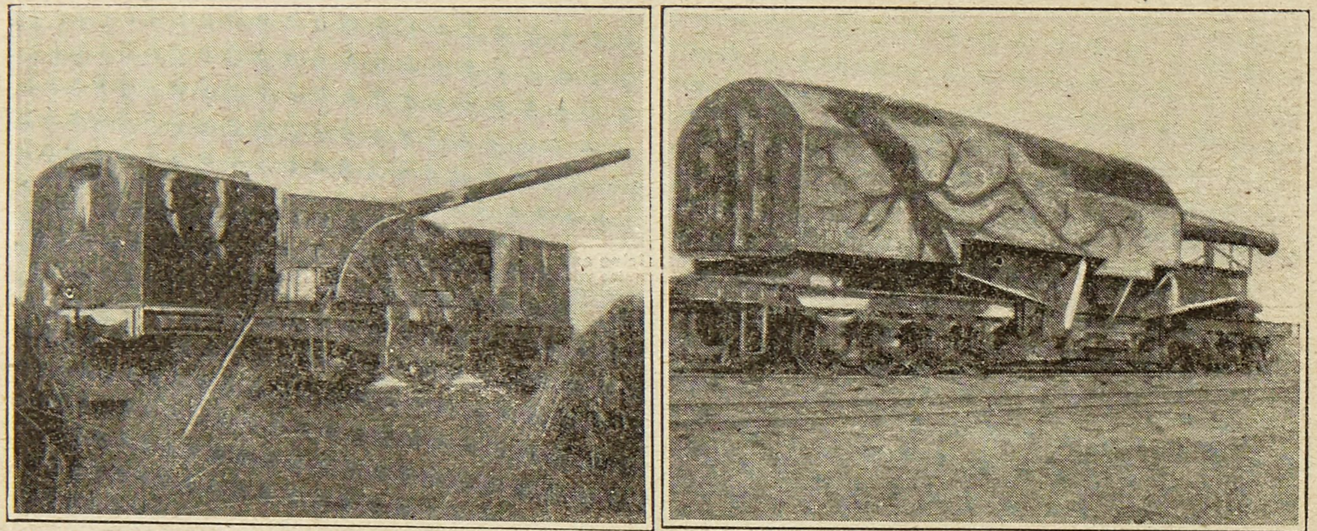
A road-mending party from the British troops along the Somme repairing an important road on the lines of communication. The army behind the army has won grateful recognition of its splendid service which, while never spectacular, is essential to victory.

Grenadier Guards helping to keep the roads in order. This happy photograph shows that the Guards apply their superb physique to the use of pick and shovel with as cheerful energy as they apply it to the use of rifle and bayonet.

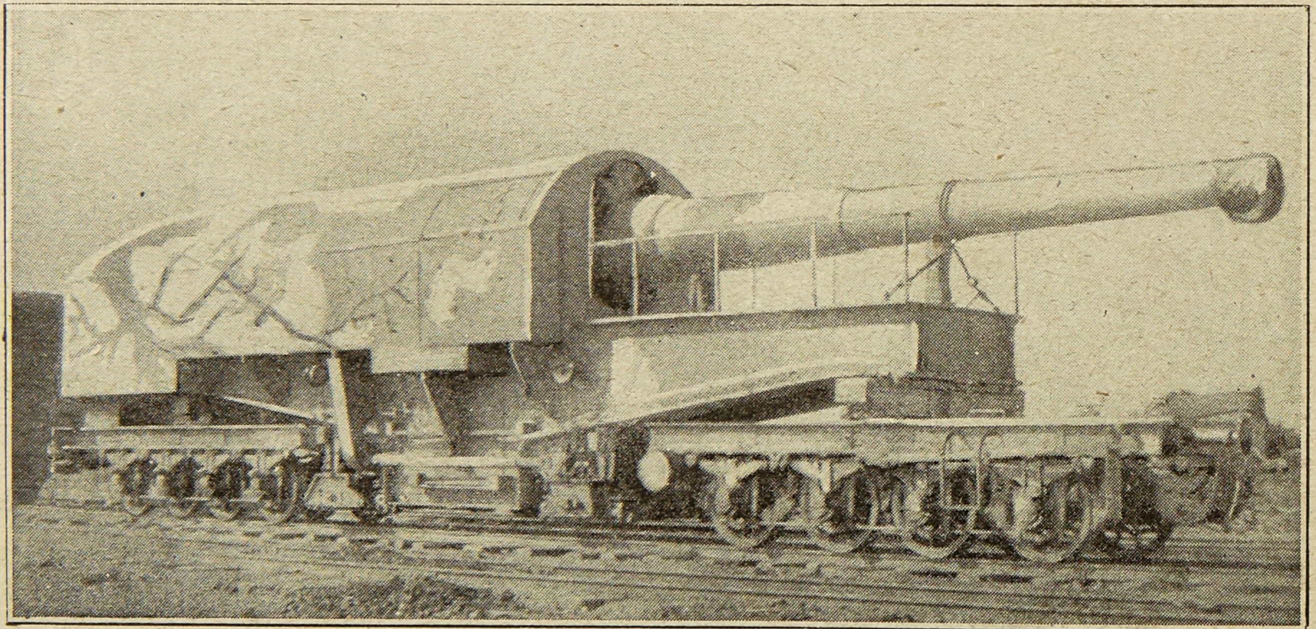
Reaping Two Harvests from the Fields of Somme



Dramatic illustration of the violent contrasts in war. A reaper drawn by a pair of horses in charge of a lad of fifteen, at its peaceful work immediately alongside a big gun engaged against the invader. These photographs were taken by a French engineer on the Somme.

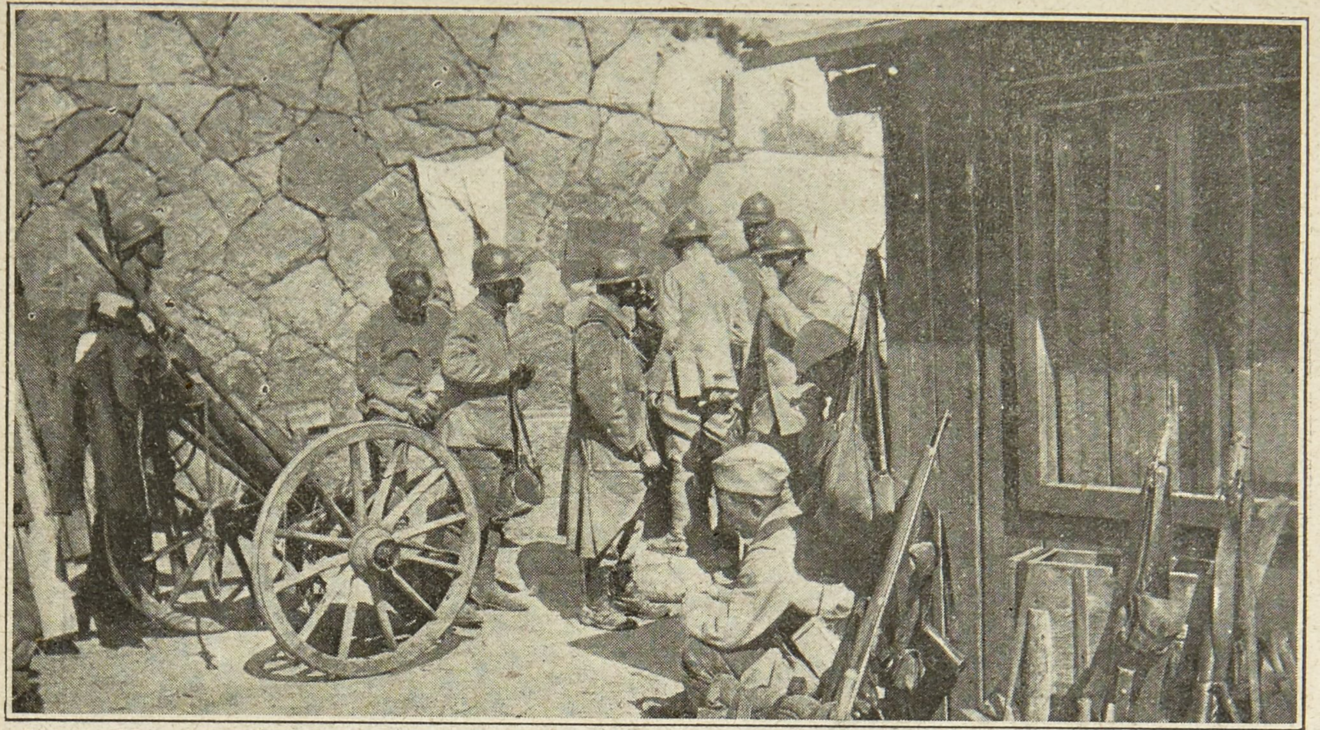


Naval gun in position in a cornfield. These guns are carried on an armoured train and are mounted on a revolving platform so that they can be pointed in any direction. Right: Heavy artillery moving along the ordinary railway.

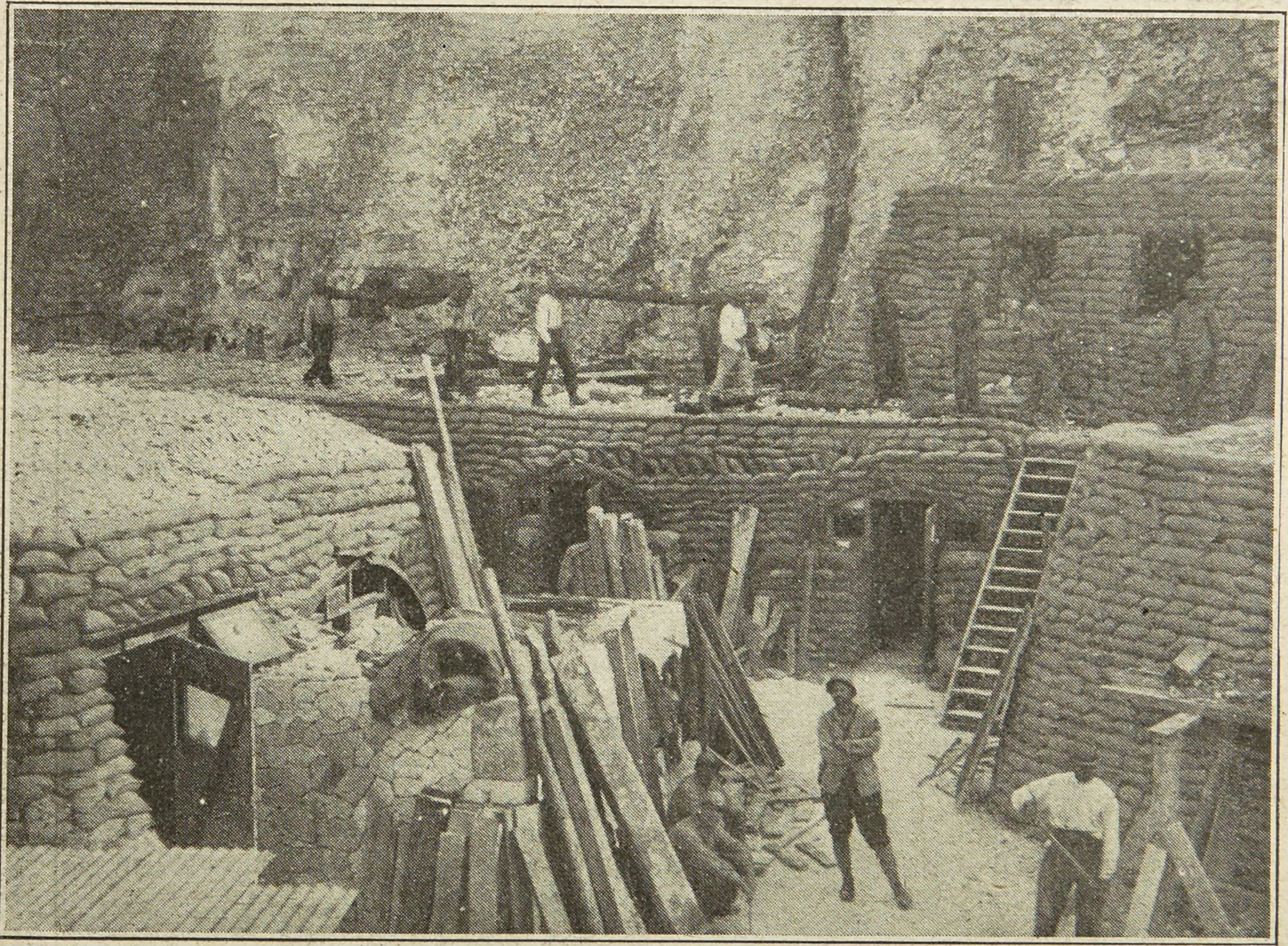


Another view of a big gun on the permanent way. The crude painting of trees and the splashes of different colours on the protecting armour serve, under the law of "mimicry," to make the detection of the monsters less easy for hostile airmen by breaking up the surface.

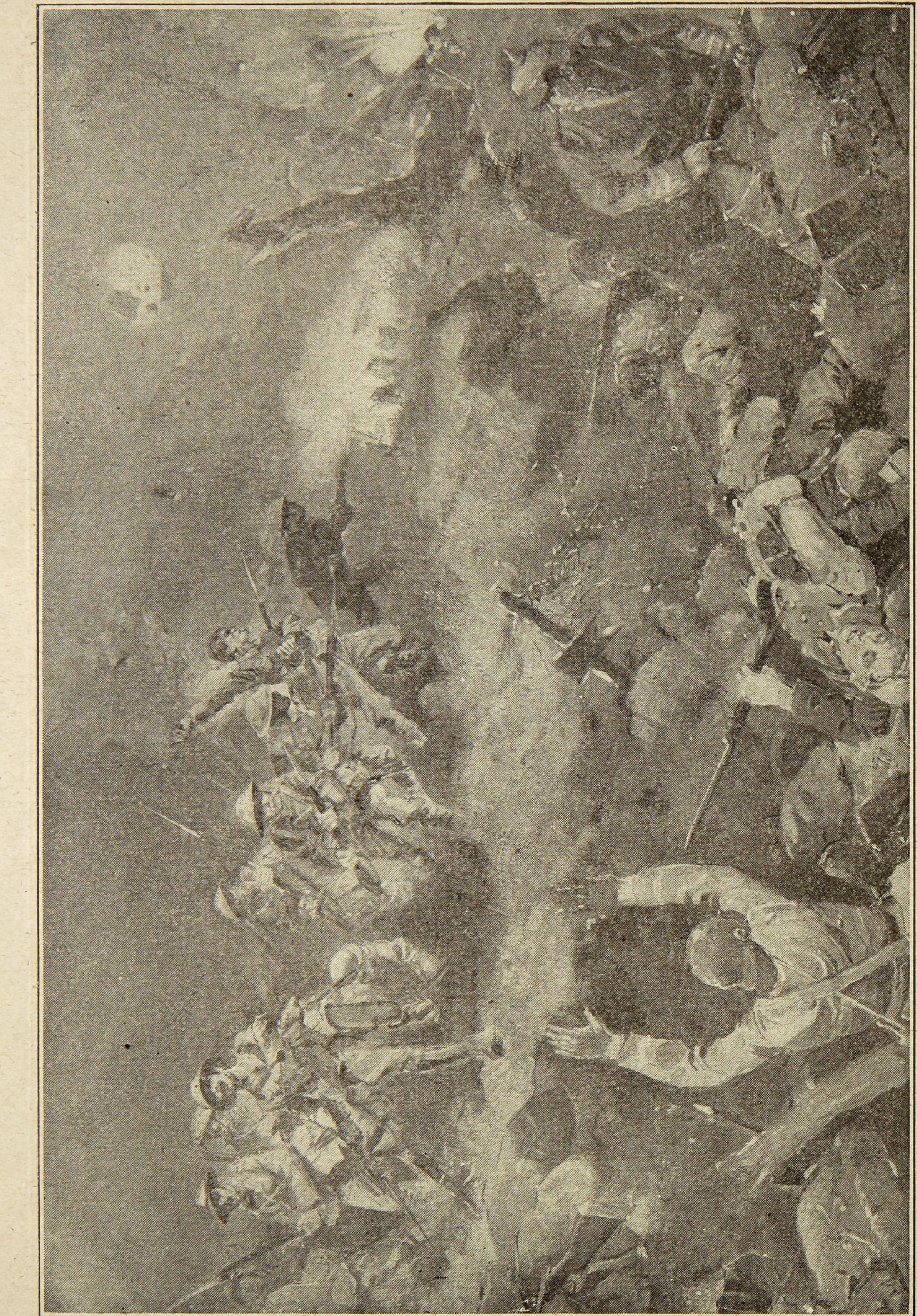
Roadside Refreshment on the Way to the Rhine



French soldiers quenching their thirst with water collected in a fountain by the medical service and certified by them to be fit for drinking. The building in the foreground was a first-aid post.



With some rough-hewn timber, corrugated iron and a sufficiency of sandbags a soldier will build a homestead that for warmth and security is better than many a villa. This elaborate construction was a commander's post in the north of the French front.



TAKING A TRENCH AT THIEPVAL.—Thiepval and the high ridge east of it, stated by the Germans to be an impregnable fortress, were captured on September 26th, with 1,300 prisoners and a formidable quantity of artillery. "It was a terribly severe day," a German paper said, acknowledging a "tactical defeat," and spoke of the "inexorable storm" of our men, "fearless even to death, whose courage it is our duty to recognise and respect." Our artist's spirited drawing was made from particulars supplied by a soldier who took part in the victory.

D BY THE RANK AND FILE

THE IRISH AT GINCHY

BY PRIVATE T. CONNOLLY, ROYAL IRISH RIFLES

I HADN'T seen much of the fighting which had taken place since the commencement of the second part of the "big push," having been detailed as an orderly at Headquarters. It was what we call a "soft billet," a place where there isn't much danger and plenty of easy times, but it wasn't the sort of job I cared about. I joined to fight; I love a fight, and I wanted to fight.

Pozières, Guillemont, Péronne. I heard the lads talking about what they'd done in these battles, and it seemed to me that they looked a bit sideways at me when they passed Headquarters on their way to the rest billets. They knew, of course, that I was filling a job that had to be done by somebody, but they didn't seem to care about it any more than I did.

Then, being on Headquarters Staff, I was told off to deliver a message to my own regiment, the Royal Irish Rifles. They were, as orders went, to help in a grand assault having its objective in the capture of Ginchy, a little town just ahead of our front lines, held by the Germans. It was a bit of a hornets' nest, too, this town, and from it the German "sausage" balloons ascended every morning to watch what our lads were doing, while hundreds of field-guns and machine-guns sent shells and bullets tearing into the trenches which our brave lads had captured and consolidated.

We were going to make a big thing of the attack, and I fairly ached to be in it. So, when I got back from delivering the message, I looked for my officer, and asked him if I could be transferred back to the fighting battalion. He stared at me for a minute; he couldn't understand why I should prefer chancing the shells and bullets of the enemy. Then, when he saw that I was determined to get into the scrapping, he said he'd see what could be done.

Getting Back to Action

As luck had it, there was a chap just out from England who hadn't been feeling well, so they put him in my place. I can't tell you how glad I was to get my rifle and kit again, and when I joined up with the lads they gave me a cheer all on my very own.

We advanced in the early morning, and lay in the trenches under fire all day, while our artillery did the usual preparation. But, instead of making a barrage between us and the town, as you would have thought was the right thing to do, the German guns shelled us where we lay in dug-outs they had themselves made; and so, when we came to advance, the only shell-holes we had to dodge were those our own guns had made.

About four in the afternoon our artillery fire doubled its volume. I'd thought they were doing "some" shooting before, but it was nothing compared with what came over now. All the guns on our front must have been doing exhibition drill, for I'll swear that they were sending out ten to fifteen rounds per minute each, and they were all dropping in a beautiful straight line on the town and to the right and left of it.

The attack was a concerted one—that is, several regiments advanced at a given time. The trenches we occupied reached from Leuze Wood and across the top of Guillemont—where many a good Irish lad lay at rest—and almost up to Delville Wood. Some trenches were in the Bapaume Road, and others in High Wood, and we all left our trenches and crossed the lid at precisely the same second.

If there had been any intention to advance in one straight line, it was soon broken by German trenches, full of Bavarians fighting like fiends—or Irishmen—machine-gun posts, which sprinkled us with thousands of bullets, and did surprisingly little damage, and other strong places. But these we took at the point of the bayonet, clearing them out in no time.

A Wild Shout and Rush

If you will imagine the line as the centre line of a football team, you will understand that we Irish were playing "left inside." Against us was the western side of Ginchy, like a dust-heap ahead, with patches of white smoke rising continually from it as our shells dropped.

When we'd cleared the first few outlying enemy positions, we went forward at the run, with a yell that ought to have been heard back in Dublin, and which would have put the Sinn Feiners—Gott strafe 'em!—to shame. There wasn't much time lost in that mad rush, I can tell you, for the Germans were treating us to all sorts of fire. They were indulging in "rapid" from rifles, blazing away into the brown as we ran in more or less open order; smacking hundreds of machine-gun rounds into us every second, and working these pieces up and down as if they were watering a garden; sending over tear-shells and gas-shells, mixed occasionally with liquid-fire shells and jets of flame from their own Flammenwerfer; and then, at the last, working a great grey-green gas cloud over at us, just because a passing slant of wind favoured them.

All this took just about ten minutes, no more, and really before we knew it we were among them. They didn't stay long, and our captures in that first line—where we stopped for breath—totalled two hundred men, and ten fully-charged gas cylinders. We got these latter ready for use, for there was just a chance that the wind would turn and allow us to give the Huns a dose of their own stuff.

We whistled for the wind after we'd got our breath back, and sure enough, it wasn't long in coming. Just a puff, and then another strong, steady gust, which carried the gas over. You could catch the whiff of the rotten pears as it went, and we laughed like a crowd of school kids to think that they were being poisoned with the stuff they had got ready for us.

Forward with Packs

We couldn't advance as yet, for the guns hadn't finished with them, but when at last our commander signalled "Lift," they altered their range, and we went forward again, just the same as before. I was sweating like a bull, as the saying is, and cursing the orders which made us charge with our packs. In ordinary circumstances we should have shed these before we started, but as we were going to consolidate any ground we took, we had, of course, to either take our belongings with us, or else go short of everything that makes life bearable in trenches.

But at last we went over the top again, and in less than ten more minutes, and in spite of a further dose of all the different kinds of warfare—human, mechanical, and chemical—that the Hun could bring to bear against us, we had taken possession of the next trench-lines. You couldn't call them trenches, they were just the places where good, solidly-constructed trenches had once been, before our guns got to work. Now they were mere depressions in the ground, with here and there a decent bit of head cover, while in another place the men were exposed both back and front.

We didn't waste any time in making them capable of defence; they weren't our objective, only steps on the way to it. But we had to stay there for fully twenty minutes, cursing like mad because, in our impetuosity we were ahead of the programme, and also ahead of the line.

Our patrols, too, were getting close into touch; they were getting restless, and chafed at the delay. They worked just behind the barrage of our shells, themselves in the danger zone, and if the shells hadn't been of the best, many a good gallant lad would have gone to his Maker, sped by a shell perhaps made by his own sweetheart or sister.

We saw the Boches flying out of their second-line trenches, and couldn't go after them because of orders, and while we waited we decided that men might come after us and want to use the trenches. The fact was we were too restless to do nothing, so we started in and dug that trench-line five feet deep. Nearly a whole mile of trench we dug in under half an hour, which I think is something like a record, even for a swift war like this.

When we again went forward we found ourselves working up a slope where there were two arcs of trenches, one behind the other, and each held by Germans. They were so strong that they held up the whole of the advance. Those who were in front of them lay down in shell-holes, and did a bit of the old-style trench warfare; those to the right or left skirted round them and then went on, leaving them isolated spots in the battle.

Erin-go-Bragh!

We got into the village at last, and were brought up all standing by an old farm, where the Germans had made themselves secure—as they thought—with sandbags loopholed for rifles and machine-guns. The chief redoubt appeared "blind," but it had eyes looking every way, and could rake us all as we came on from every side. We finally had to bring up some guns to make a breach in the wall, and when at last the hole appeared, a yell of "Erin go Bragh!" went up, and we made for it at the rush. We met with a real fight this time, for the garrison had orders not to surrender, and, whatever his faults, the German is good at obeying orders to the last.

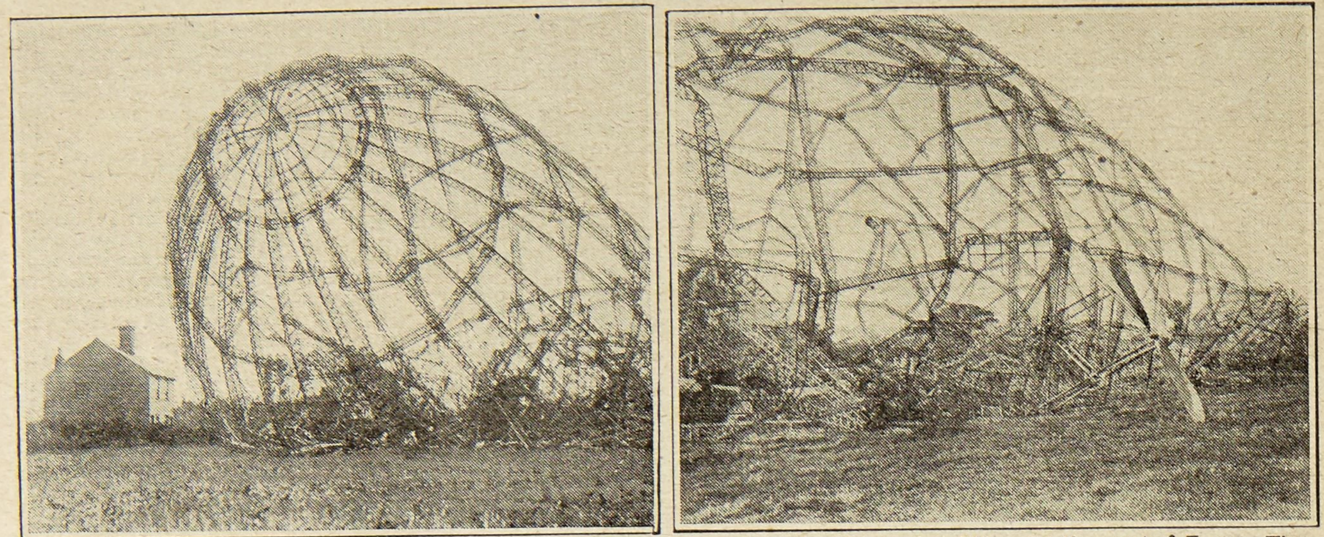
I got a jab with a bayonet and lost my tin helmet through the explosion of a bomb, which also nearly scalped me, and I was out of the fight. But I lay on one side, getting occasionally trodden on, and half blinded with the smoke as the bombs burst, and watched the lads clear the Huns right out.

And as, next morning, I came back on a stretcher, I heard rifle firing. I asked the R.A.M.C. men if the lads were being beaten back, or what.

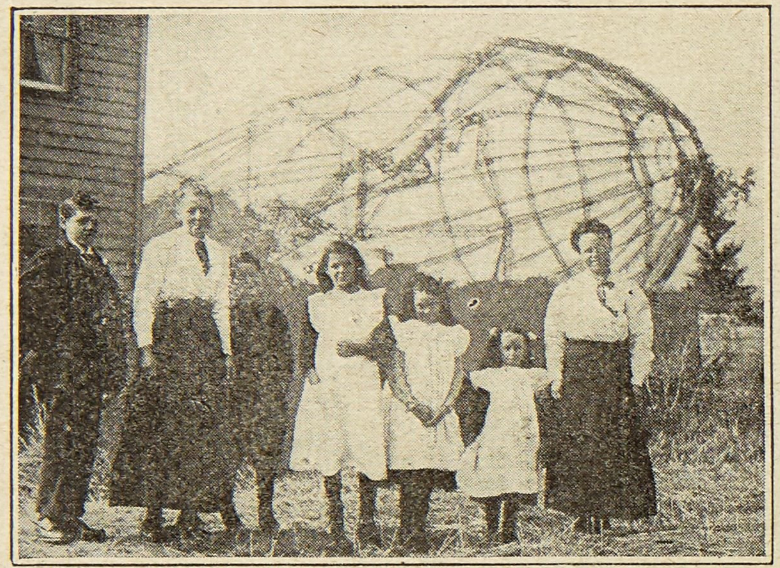
"Beaten back?" said one. "Not a bit of it. They're having a dicky little fight of their own round those two arcs of trench you left behind yesterday evening, and they look as if they were enjoying it, too."

The Stricken Couriers of Teutonic Hate:

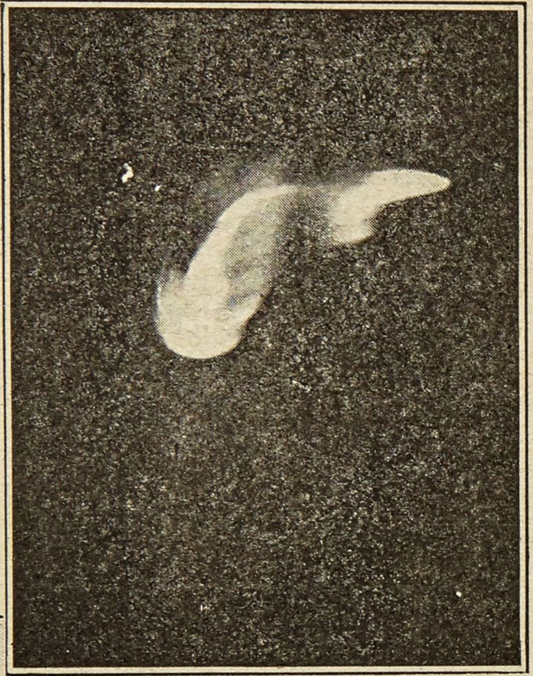
Official Photographs

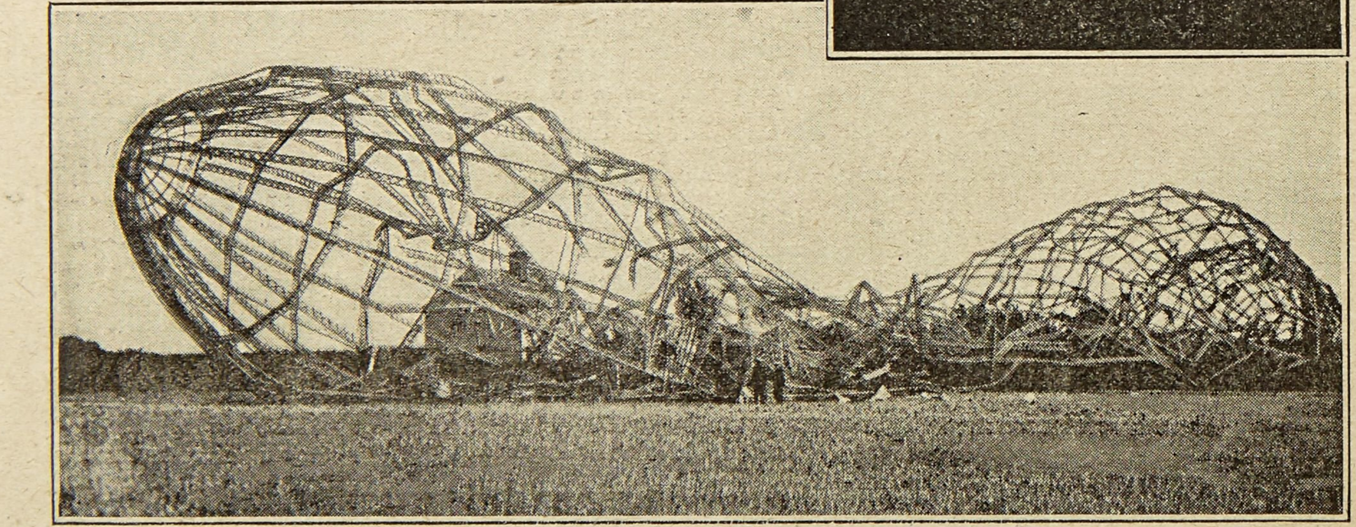


Two views of the wreckage of the Zeppelin which grounded on the night of Sunday, September 24th, near the coast of Essex. The commander's first request was to be allowed to telephone news of his safety to a friend in London.



The occupants of the cottage in front of which the Zeppelin came down. Miraculously, they and their cottage escaped injury.

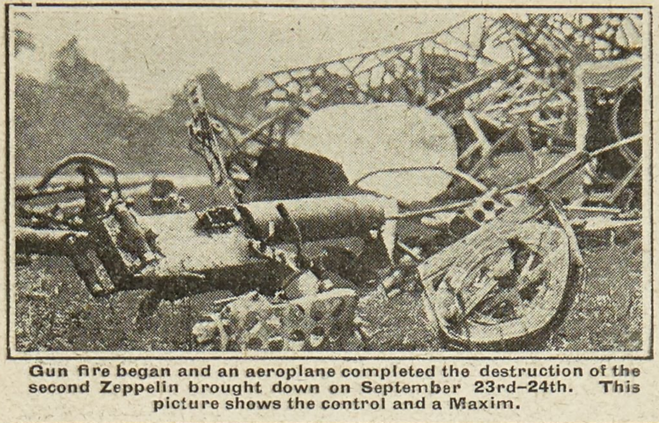




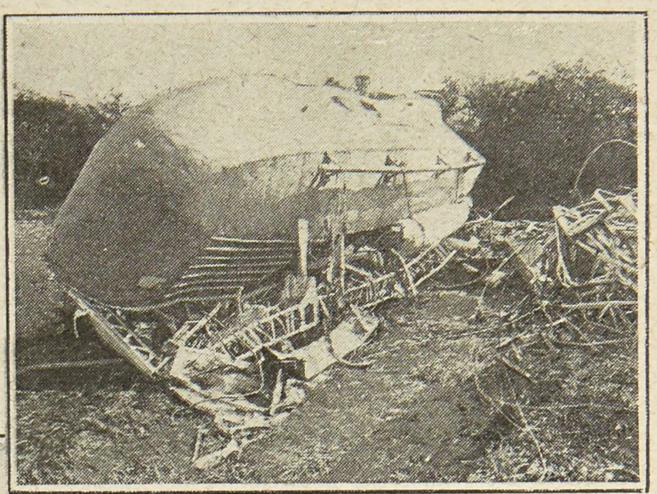
Seen from a distance the wreckage suggested the skeleton of some prehistoric beast sprawling across two fields. Inset above: Exactly a week later, October 1st, a Zeppelin was brought down in flames near Potter's Bar while attempting to evade our anti-aircraft defences and drop bombs on London.

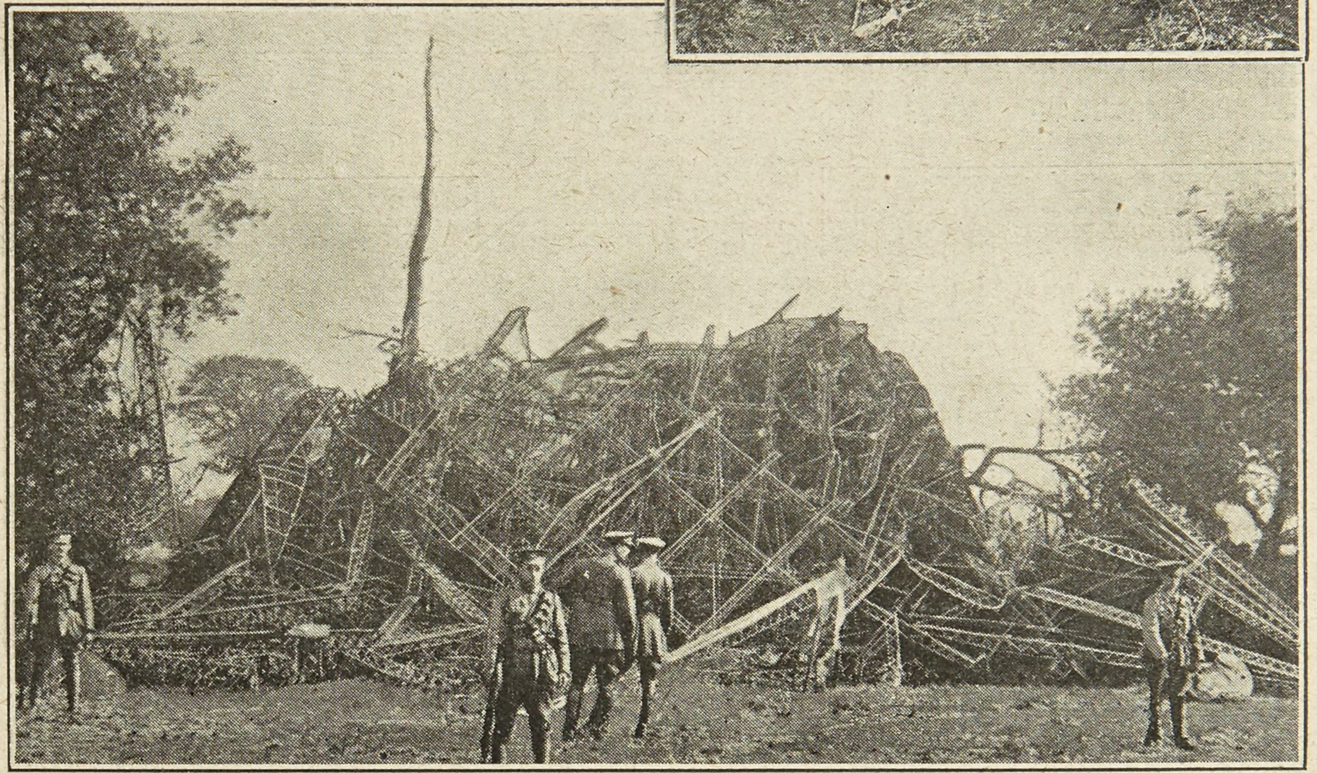
One Crew Captured and Two Consumed by Fire

Official Photographs

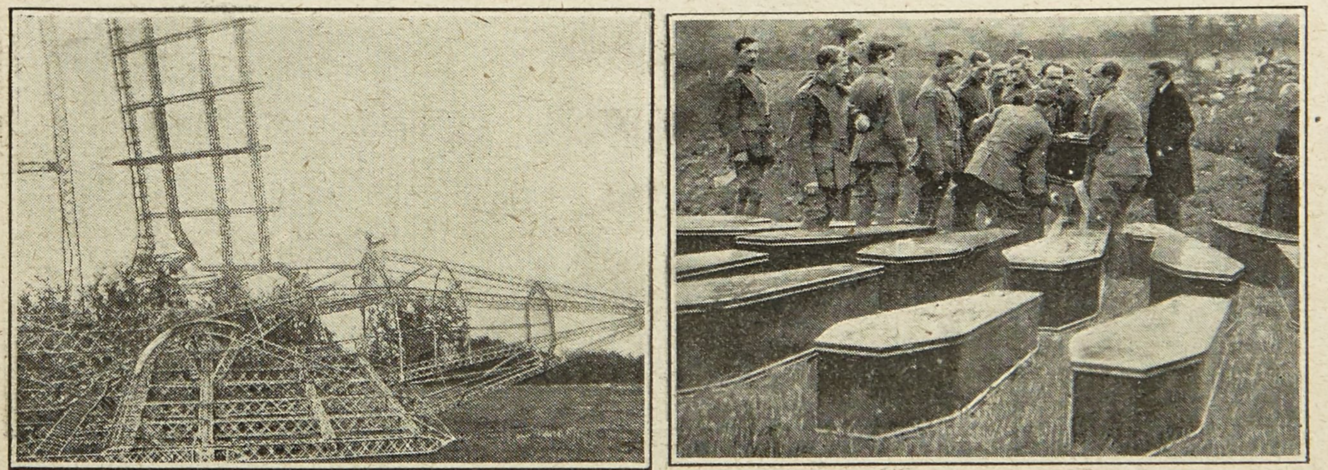


Gun fire began and an aeroplane completed the destruction of the second Zeppelin brought down on September 23rd–24th. This picture shows the control and a Maxim.



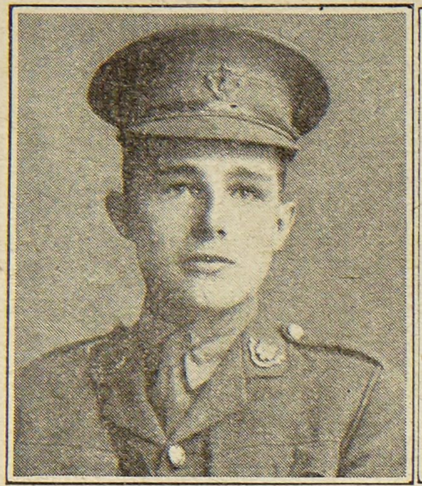


The Zeppelin was impaled upon an oak-tree, which was stripped bare. It lay a crumpled mass of aluminium, bent out of shape, all the fabric burned off the gaunt ribs. Inset above: One of the gondolas of the ruined airship.

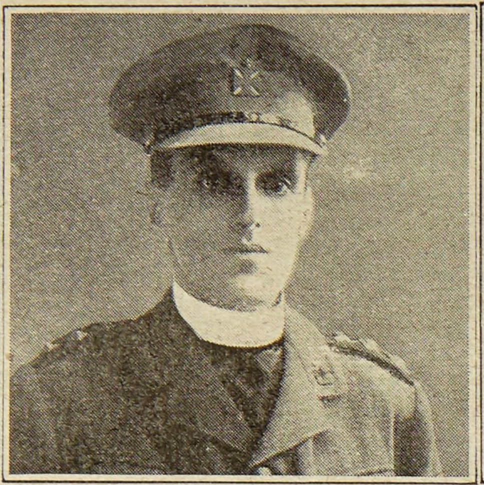


This photograph shows the delicate tracery of the stern and steering-plane frame. Right: The calcined crew were buried in the churchyard of the parish where the Zeppelin fell, the funeral being in charge of men of the Royal Flying Corps.

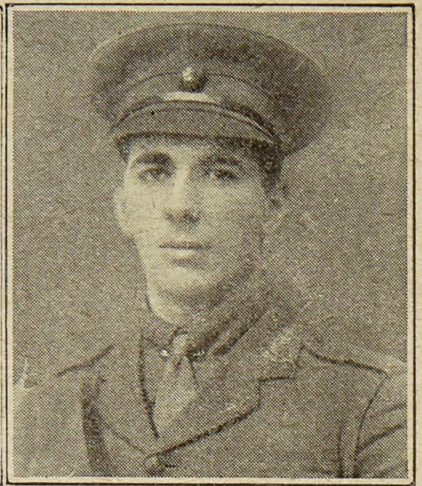
Coveted Cross for Devotion to Duty and Comrade



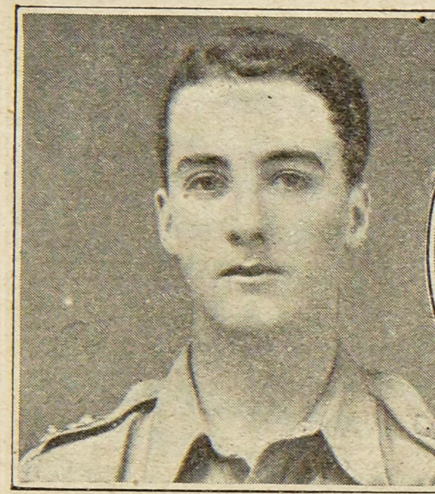
Lieut. T. O. L. WILKINSON, North Lancs Regiment, posthumously awarded the V.C. for great courage in driving back the enemy and attempting the rescue of wounded comrades.



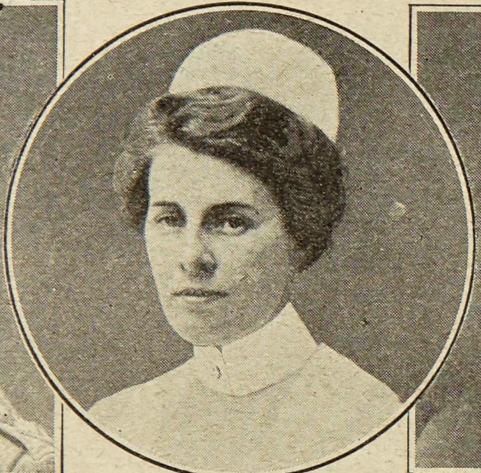
Rev. W. R. F. ADDISON, Temp. Chaplain, awarded V.C. for carrying a wounded man to trench cover and assisting several others. He set a fine example to his comrades by his heroic contempt of danger.



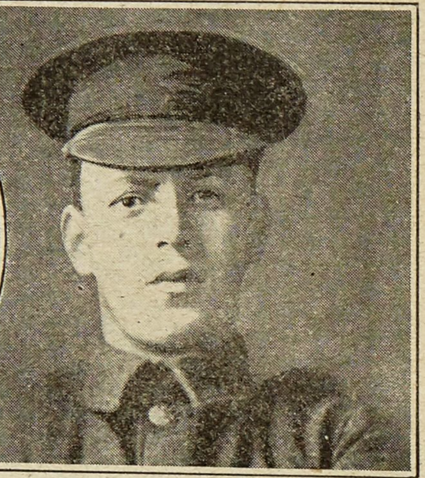
Sec.-Lieut. E. F. BAXTER, Liverpool Regt., received V.C. for great devotion to duty, particularly in storming and bombing a German trench. He fell on the field.



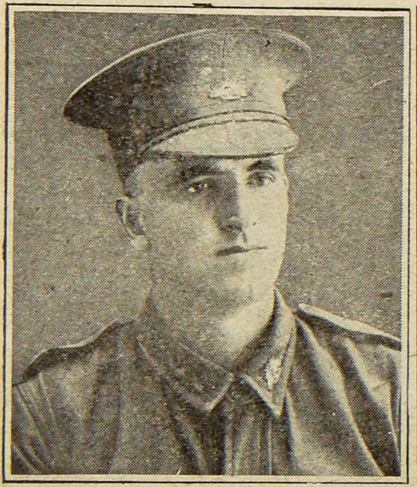
Sec.-Lieut. E. KINGHORN MYLES, Welsh Regt., was seen to leave the trenches under heavy rifle fire and rescue a wounded officer and men in circumstances of great danger.



Staff Nurse ETHEL HUTCHINSON, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (R.), who has been awarded the Military Medal for exhibiting conspicuous courage in the course of her duty on the battlefield.

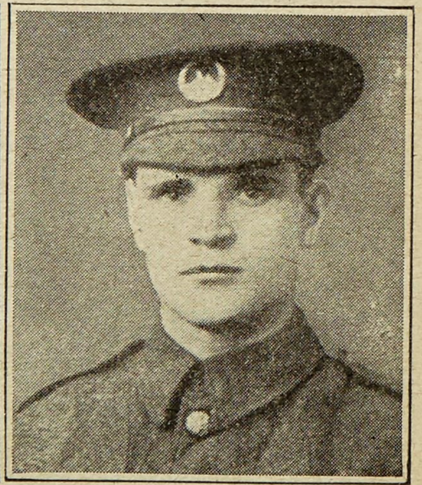


Pte. ALBERT HILL, R. Welsh Fusiliers, showed great daring in an attack when he routed 20 Germans. He also assisted to bring back his wounded officer under fire and captured two prisoners.



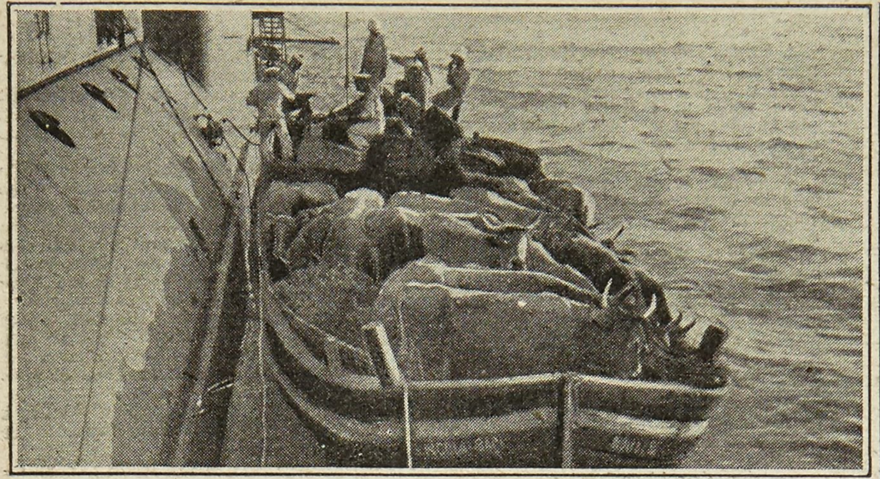
Sergt. C. C. CASTLETON, Australian Machine-Gun Company, gave his life for his comrades in facing a terrific enemy fire to rescue wounded lying in shell-holes. He went out three times.

Cpl. S. W. WARE, Seaforth Highrs., displayed unusual gallantry. Ordered to withdraw from a trench, he carried one wounded man to cover, and for two hours went to and fro until he had brought in all.

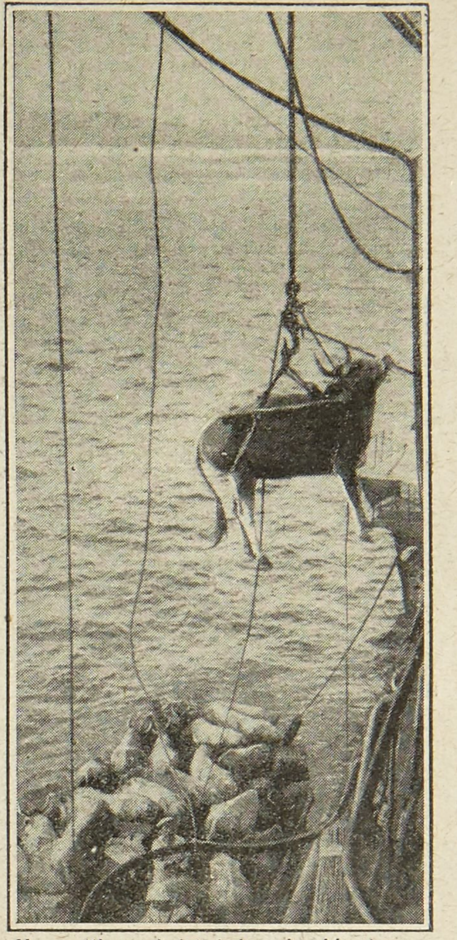


Pte. J. H. FYNN, South Wales Borderers, awarded V.C. for making several journeys into No Man's Land to bandage and carry wounded comrades back to the trenches.

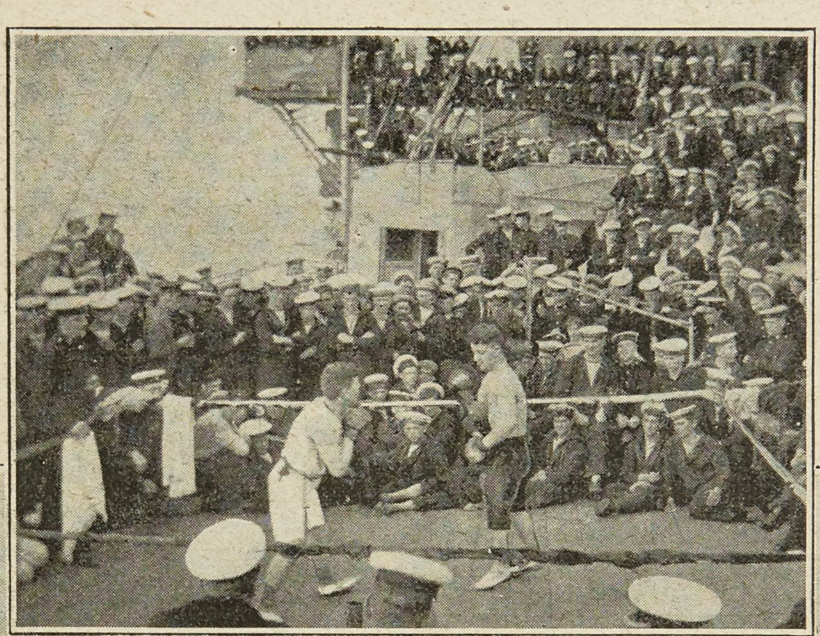
The Allied Argument Against Hesitant Greece

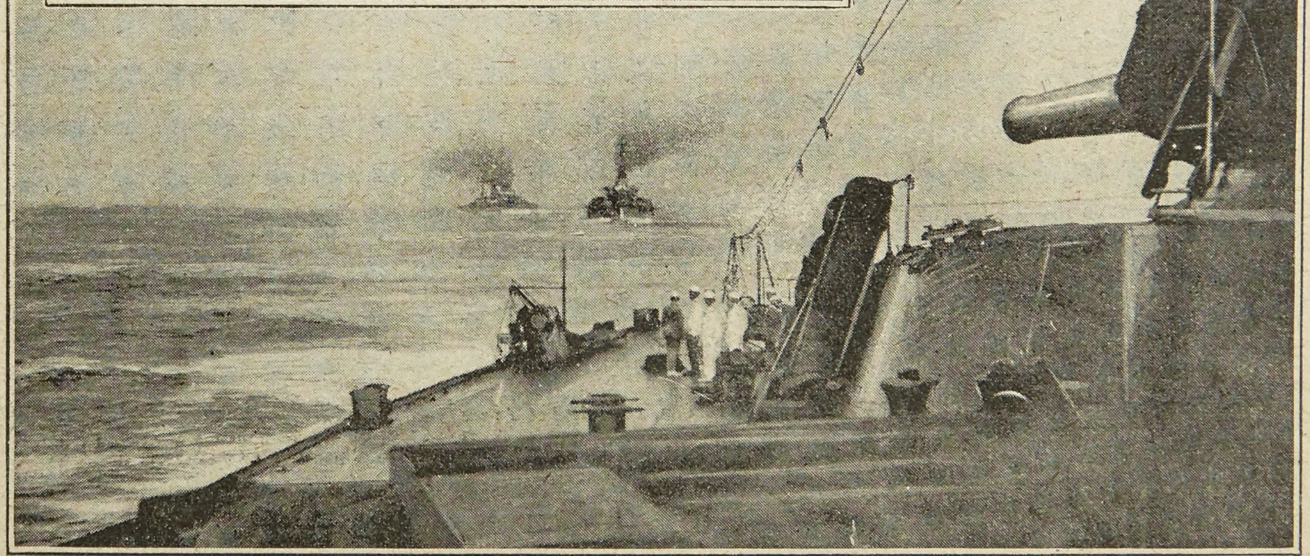


Bullocks being taken aboard a French warship at Salamis. An allied fleet has arrived off Piræus, as the only argument to hesitant and vacillating Greek policy.



How cattle are hoisted aboard a ship at sea. Laying in live stock with the allied fleet off Piræus.





Part of the allied fleet off Piræus steaming in line. Inset in centre: A friendly boxing contest on board a battleship. After a long spell of routine work at sea, there is nothing more welcome to the sailors than a bout with the gloves.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, September 1st to 30th, 1916

SEPT. 1.—Allied naval demonstration at Athens. Twenty-three warships, with seven transports, anchor four miles outside the port of Piræus.

A revolt of Greek troops in Salonika results in the surrender of the garrison to General Sarrail. Insurrection breaks out in various parts of Macedonia, and a "Committee of National Defence" is appointed.

General Smuts announces enemy in full retreat both east and west of the Uluguru Mountains, south of Mrogoro.

Rumanian victory at Orsova, on the Danube.

SEPT. 2.—Russians capture the Ploska Height, just north of the Jablonica Pass.

Allied warships enter port of Piræus and seize three German vessels. The Allied Governments demand the control of posts and telegraphs, the banishment of enemy agents, and punishment of Greek subjects in collusion with the Germans.

SEPT. 3.—**British capture Guillemont** and part of Ginchy. French capture the village of Forest and Cléry.

Zeppelin destroyed near London.—Hostile airship, one of thirteen raiding Eastern Counties, attempting to approach the London area, is brought down by Lieut. W. L. Robinson, R.F.C., at Cuffley, near Enfield. Lieut. Robinson was later awarded the V.C.

Russians conquer new ground on the Zlota Lipa front, in Galicia.

SEPT. 4.—**Great French Advance.**—South of the Somme our ally attacks over a front of twelve miles, from Barleux to the district south of Chaulnes. As the result, their new line runs from Barleux, touches Berny, comprises Soyecourt, sweeps through the western part of Chaulnes Wood, and includes the village of Chilly. Unwounded prisoners exceed 2,700.

Surrender of Dar-es-Salaam to British naval forces.

British air raid on Mazar, Sinai Peninsula.

SEPT. 5.—From Mouquet Farm to the junction of our line with that of the French our troops carry the whole of the German second line, and gain a footing in Leuze Wood. East of Cléry the French reach the Bouchavesnes-Cléry road.

Russians in touch with German-Bulgarian forces in the Dobrudja.

British air raid on El Arish.

SEPT. 6.—British capture whole of Leuze Wood.

General Brussiloff's troops in a new attack towards Halicz capture a fortified position and take 4,500 prisoners.

SEPT. 7.—Russians capture bridge-head of Halicz.

French gain at Verdun. Attacking the German line on the Vaux-Chapitre Wood-Le Chenois front, they carry it to a length of 1,600 yards, taking 250 prisoners and ten machine-guns.

Rumanians sustain a reverse at Tutrakau (Turtukai) on the south bank of the Danube.

British naval forces and Marines, with military landing-parties, occupy the ports of Kilwa Kivinje and Kilwa Kissiwani (German East Africa).

British naval aeroplanes raid enemy's aerodrome at St. Denis Westrem.

SEPT. 8.—Four massed attacks by the Germans between Vermandovillers and Chaulnes repulsed by the French.

Capture of Orsova by Rumanian troops officially announced.

SEPT. 9.—Sir Douglas Haig reports the whole of Ginchy village now in our hands.

Bulgarian and German invaders of the Dobrudja reported driven back.

On the Euphrates a mixed British force from Nasiriyeh drives Turkish irregulars northwards, killing 200.

SEPT. 10.—Reported fall of Silistria to a German-Bulgarian force.

A British Headquarters despatch summarises our gains during the week Sept. 2-9. We advanced on a front of 6,000 yards to a depth varying from 300 to 3,000 yards. The ground between Ginchy and Leuze Wood is also captured.

SEPT. 11.—The British operating on the Salonika front cross the Struma, and drive Bulgarians out of villages east of the river.

M. Zaimis, the Greek Prime Minister, resigns.

SEPT. 12.—Brilliant French advance. Our ally carries Hill 145, the village of Bouchavesnes, the woods of Marrières, and all the enemy trench system up to the Bapaume-Péronne road, capturing 1,500 prisoners.

Russians win a considerable success in the capture of the Kapul Mountain, with a number of other Carpathian heights.

Austrian air raid on Venice.

SEPT. 13.—Continued French advance. They carry by assault the Farm of L'Abbé Wood, 600 yards east of the Béthune road, and hold the German third line.

Italian air raid on Trieste.

SEPT. 14.—French increase their gains south-east of Combles by storming Le Priez Farm. South of the Somme they progress by the use of grenades to the east of Belloy-en-Santerre.

Activity on the Salonika Front.—British troops move forward through Machukovo, and capture a salient in the enemy's line north of the village.

Serbians push forward towards Monastir, taking Garnichevo and most of the Malka Nidje ridge.

SEPT. 15.—**Great British Advance on the Somme.**—Our attack is made on a front that goes from a point north of the Albert-Bapaume road to Bouleaux Wood, a distance of six miles. We advance at various places some 3,000 yards, and take Flers, Martinpuich, and Courcelette, with most of Bouleaux Wood, and the whole of High Wood. Announced that we use for the first time a new type of heavy armoured car ("tanks"). Over 2,300 prisoners taken.

Italian stroke on the Carso. Our ally storms enemy positions east of the Vallone, and takes 2,117 prisoners, thus taking a long step farther on the way to Trieste.

SEPT. 16.—Sir Douglas Haig reports continued progress, and estimates total number of prisoners captured at 4,000. Our line now runs 500 yards to the north of High Wood.

Russian victory north of Halicz.

Russo-Rumanian forces in the Dobrudja retire to strong positions between Rasova and Tuzla.

The allied forces in Macedonia drive the Bulgarians before them, and capture the heights overlooking Florina.

The Italians advancing in the Carso capture the height of San Grado and strong entrenchments towards Loquizza and east of Oppracchiasella.

SEPT 17.—Sir Douglas Haig reports we have improved our position near Mouquet Farm, and beaten off counter-attacks.

The French advance south of the Somme, capturing the villages of Vermandovillers and Berny.

In Macedonia French troops take Florina by storm.

A mobile column, comprised of Anzac mounted troops, camel corps, with artillery, surprises the Turks at Bir-el-Mazar, 65 miles from the canal, penetrates their trenches, inflicting considerable casualties.

SEPT. 18.—North-west of Combles we straighten our line by the capture of a strongly-fortified German work.

French troops carry the whole of the village of Deniécourt, and advance towards Ablaincourt.

SEPT. 19.—French troops make progress east of Berny. Five enemy attacks against Russian detachments in Champagne repulsed.

Reported heavy fighting in the Defile of Merisov, in Transylvania. The Rumanians are moving towards Hatszeg.

SEPT. 20.—Great German attacks upon the French lines in the salient which cuts the Béthune-Péronne road between Le Priez Farm and the Farm of the Abbé Wood repulsed with very heavy losses.

Sir Douglas Haig in a despatch quotes an order by Falkenhayn while he was Chief of the German General Staff which refers to the enemy's shortage of guns and ammunition.

Allies declare a blockade of the Greek coast from the mouth of the Struma to the mouth of the Mesto.

SEPT. 21.—Enemy makes strong counter-attacks south of the Ancre against the New Zealand troops, all of which are beaten off with severe loss to the enemy.

East of Gorizia the Italians occupy a new position near Santa Caterina.

Rumanian Victory in the Dobrudja. Bukarest officially announces that the Battle of Dobrudja which began on Sept. 3 (16th) ended on Sept. 7 (20th) in the defeat of the enemy.

SEPT. 22.—**British Line Advanced.**—On a mile front, between Martinpuich and Flers our troops carry two lines of enemy trenches.

Hostile seaplane attack on Dover; three bombs dropped, no damage caused.

SEPT. 23.—British advance to the east of Courcelette, where a strongly-fortified system of enemy trenches is captured and our line advanced on a half-mile front.

Great Zeppelin Raid on London and the Eastern, South-Eastern, and East Midland Counties. Two Zeppelins brought down, one in South Essex, the crew being destroyed. The crew of the other set fire to their craft and surrender. Casualties: 38 killed, and 125 injured.

Italians take the summit of the Gardinal, south of the Avisio.

SEPT. 24.—**British Cross the Struma.**—Officially reported from Salonika that British troops cross the Struma in three places.

Air Raid on Essen.—Two French airmen—Capt. de Beauchamps and Lieut. Daucourt—drop bombs on Krupps.

SEPT. 25.—**Forward Move on the Somme.**—The British and French, after a long and violent bombardment, resume their offensive. Our troops take Morval and Lesbœufs, and practically sever the enemy's communications with Combles.

Crisis in Greece.—M. Venizelos leaves Athens with a number of highly-placed officers and many supporters.

Zeppelin raid on Northern and North-Eastern Counties; 36 killed, 27 injured.

SEPT. 26.—**Thiepval and Combles Captured.**—The British take the former, and, in conjunction with the French, the latter.

Reported that the Rumanians are again masters of the Vulkan Pass.

SEPT. 27.—**British Gains Extended.**—North of Flers, on a 2,000 yards front, we advance to the eastern side of Eaucourt-l'Abbaye. North-east of Thiepval the British capture the Stuff Redoubt.

Naval aeroplanes attack enemy airship sheds at Evere, Berche, St. Agathe, and Etterbeck, near Brussels.

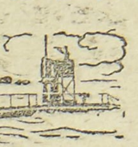
SEPT. 28.—British line advanced north and north-east of Courcelette.

Text of the Proclamation of the Greek Provisional Government published, signed by M. Venizelos and Admiral Condouriotis.

SEPT. 29.—British gains south-west of Le Sars, on the Bapaume Road.

SEPT. 30.—Completion of three-months' Battle of the Somme.

OUR OBSERVATION POST



War-Time Views of Life and Character

AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE

ONE can never know how far folly may travel in its flight, nor, again, how many acres of clean soil a single seed borne on the thistledown may infect. Wherefore it behoves the philosopher to try to shoot the former on the wing, and the farmer to catch the latter when it comes to rest, and burn the seed it carries in the fire. One pernicious piece of foolishness has been released lately in America, and we desire to send our arrow into it before it flies much farther.

THE gentleman responsible for the proposition that moves us to indignation owns the Teutonic name of Muensterberg, and he occupies a professorial chair at Harvard. His patronymic immediately makes his disinterestedness suspect, and his suggestion, proposed with seeming seriousness after processes of thought, makes his occupation of his position preposterous. Professors surely ought to have some power of appreciating facts and of drawing right conclusions with regard to subjects other than that single one on which they are professed and professing experts. This particular professor, Muensterberg, has been examining the causes of the war and prophesying its consequences, and the proposition he enounces is that an Anglo-German-American alliance is one of the logical consequences of this deplorable world-conflict. Since he occupies an official position in a university of repute, his remarks may influence some of the younger generation who sit at his feet, and we are grateful to the "New York Tribune" for the promptitude and plainness of speech with which it has exposed the fatuity of the professor's pronouncement.

IT is a universal experience that fighting does not necessarily leave behind it permanent bad feeling between the combatants. That is as true of nations as it is of boys. It may even conduce to subsequent good relations between the combatant nations, arising out of mutual respect, just as it frequently results in sincere friendship between boys. Indeed, victory for one side, although it means defeat for the other, is far more likely to secure long peace and, ultimately, friendliness than is stalemate, which leaves both sides dissatisfied instead of only one. The manner in which the fight was conducted, and the subsequent attitude of the victor to the vanquished, have more to do with the matter than have the original cause of the quarrel and the subsequent adjustments of interests. Looking back through the centuries one sees that this has often been proved true—of England warring with France, with Russia and with the Netherlands, of France warring with Russia and many another country, and of Russia warring with Japan. The bedrock fact which trips up all pacifists is that there is something in "bonnie" fighting which appeals to human nature.

BUT it must be "bonnie" fighting. The same retrospect shows us the long-enduring, bitter hatred that the Netherlands felt for Spain, that Italy feels for Austria, and that France feels for Germany. And a pertinent point to suggest to Professor Muensterberg is that it appears to have been when victory was borne off by Teutonic eagles that animosity endured in the vanquished. Politeness shall not be carried to the pitch of absurdity. Teutonic methods of waging war are damnable, and the Teutonic attitude in the sun of victory is intolerable. Civilisation has resolved to make an end of the one and to deprive the other of all chance of adoption.

PERSONALLY, we regard an alliance between England—the British Empire—and Germany as an impossible development of world politics. Alliances are not created by the mere affixing of plenipotentiaries' signatures to documents, but by the consent of the whole peoples whom the plenipotentiaries represent. And consent implies more than agreement on matters of policy; it predicates at least some community of view of principles. Where there is absolute incompatibility of spirit, alliance is inconceivable; and that absolute incompatibility exists between Briton and Teuton. Even before the war we realised that it was sheer waste of time to talk about an entente cordiale between the two empires, so betraying our sub-conscious knowledge of their incompatibility. We had no similar feeling with regard to Russia before the historic meeting of the monarchs at Reval, no similar feeling with regard to France before King Edward, by his perfect manners and his adroit and debonair diplomacy, brought the understanding into being and set both peoples at their ease. We had points of contact with both these Great Powers, and through each and all of these the perfect mutual understanding flowed directly the association was effected, to develop into the now actual alliance.

SINCE the war began the question of alliance between Great Britain and Germany at some more or less remote date has assumed another aspect. If ever politically possible, it would be morally wrong. The loathing which every decent man feels for the abominable acts committed by German soldiers is his measure of the Teutonic evil which it is his moral obligation to repudiate and destroy. Some traffic and commerce with these people after their military ambitions have been crushed will be unavoidable, but however little it is it will jar conscience as having the appearance of condonation of their past iniquity. Alliance with them would be consent to it, and is unthinkable. As long as civilisation lasts the story of Germany's shameful crimes will be told with indignation and disgust. Unclean, she will wait outside the places where the peoples gather, and see them draw away when the sound of her clapper falls upon their ears. By priests and people Germany is cast out, the moral leper of the world.

ASSUMING Professor Muensterberg to be sincere, we think the complacency with which he continues to dwell within the closed gates of his fool's paradise is rather terrible. Millions of Germans still share his delusion; even those who begin to suspect that the war will not end as they had anticipated fondly imagine that when it is over and done with things will be pretty much as they were before it. A rude shock awaits them. Clamour being the measure of their own emotion, they have no perception of the pregnant menace of silence. We have. So have our Allies. When our silence is broken, what words will they hear? ". . . I beheld, and lo! ten kings stood together. And there was brought unto them a man, and his arm was withered and his power gone from him, and he stood silent before them. And from the ten kings one stood forth, and his eyes were terrible. And he that had his arm withered stood up to make request for his life; for he saw that there was evil determined against him. Then spake the king. . . . And as the word went out of the king's mouth they covered the man's face."

C. M.

The War Illustrated — News Notes and Comments

THERE is something infinitely touching about a valedictory epistle. Whether it be penned by the scholar or by one unversed in letters it inspires a reverence in the hearts of all sensitive readers. Alas, that hundreds of these last letters written in anticipation of death on the battlefield must be passing between France and Britain at the present hour! Some of them will find a permanent place in the annals of the war and will illuminate posterity, as indeed will the profound farewell sonnet of Rupert Brooke. The filial tenderness and spiritual resignation of Lieut. the Hon. Edward Wyndham Tennant's letter to his mother, Lady Glenconner, are so beautifully and simply expressed that its publication seems almost a duty to the thousands of British mothers who are mourning their great dead:

> This is written in case anything happens to me, for I should like you to have just a little message from my own hand. Your love for me and my love for you have made my whole life one of the happiest there has ever been. This is a great day for me. "High heart, high speech, high deeds, 'mid honouring eyes." God bless you and give you peace.

Lieut. E. W. Tennant, who was a nephew of the Prime Minister, was killed in action while serving with the Grenadier Guards, and his letter was written just before going into action.

The Hun in Holland

IT is a far cry since the dark days when Englishmen were execrated on the whole Continent, when bitter satires and relentless caricatures overcrowded the humorous Press of nations who are now our Allies or friendly neutrals. The Boer War did much to arouse hostility in Holland and France, but the generous treatment of the vanquished Boers for the first time showed British Imperial temperament in its true light. Nevertheless, by organised travesty of all the facts about the British race, the Germans are still able to mystify Holland and other neutrals. From a Dutchman's tribute to Britain, which appears in a daily contemporary, it seems that the German propaganda—to the effect that the representative mass of Britons still spend their time watching football while a few hardier spirits fight their battles for large salaries—is still believed. In Holland the Germans have made every possible capital out of British recruiting posters. According to the enterprising Press agent, strikes for money, beer, etc., are of daily occurrence on this side of the Channel. It is no more consistent with the English temperament to repudiate such nonsense than it is possible for us to preach Kultur to the accompaniment of a brass band. No doubt it is this very tongue-tied attitude that Germany most fears, for it is a truism that the man who says least is likely to do most.

Fifty Years of Warfare

CAPTAIN ISIDORE DUMAS has been killed by a bullet through the forehead while leading his men during an attack on the Somme. Here is his brief official epitaph:

> Captain Dumas, after a life of honour and loyalty, on August 12th died for France—the death he had always desired.

This veteran hero of France was nineteen in 1867 when at Montana, as a Pontifical Zouave, he received his first wound. This was followed by nine other wounds in nearly fifty years of almost continual fighting. He fought in 1870, and also on the Southern Algerian frontier, in Tunis, on the Ivory Coast, in the Sudan, the Gaboons, on the Moroccan frontier, and in the Transvaal, and, at the age of sixty-six, endeavoured to enlist at the beginning of this war. The French authorities refused him on account of his age. Accepted in the Belgian Army, he was made prisoner, but escaped in time to fight at the Battle of the Marne, where he received six wounds; then he fought in the Dardanelles and in the Vardar Valley, where he was again wounded. Captain Dumas took part in the first days of the Verdun fighting and was again wounded, but he rejoined his regiment in time to take part in the Somme offensive, and was mortally wounded in the capture of Cléry.

Zeppelin Murder

COUNT ZEPPELIN, from a sick-bed, has sworn to destroy London or die. Meanwhile opinion in London, while by no means unduly alarmed at the threat, certainly wants to know if air-raids on undefended districts are or are not permitted by the customs of war. If they are permitted, then clearly (as Mr. H. W. Wilson contends in the "Daily Mail") the Power (Great Britain) which refrains from making similar attacks on the enemy's towns, villages, and residential districts loses greatly from the military standpoint. It loses, as a great German authority, Captain Persius, has pointed out, the services of an army of anti-aircraft defence gunners, searchlight operators, airmen, aeroplanes, and anti-aircraft guns. It loses all the labour required to keep this force supplied with munitions. The enemy (Germany) is directly aided by this one-sided policy. The statement that Great Britain could produce no military effect by organising counter-raids on the stupendous scale which should now be possible with her air ascendancy is simply not true. The following great German towns lie within easy reach of the allied front:

	Miles.		Miles.
Saarbrück	50	Mannheim	90
Freiburg	55	Stuttgart	100
Treves	70	Mainz	120
Kaiserslautern	80	Frankfort	130
Karlsruhe	80	Coblenz	130

Encouraging the Criminal

IF these attacks are not permitted by the "laws" of war, then the question becomes still graver. As Mr. Wilson rightly says: "The force behind the laws of war—or, as the lawyers say, their sanction—is reprisals. The Power which fails to take reprisals when a great offence is committed is as the negligent judge or the faithless jury that acquits a murderer. It sins against humanity. It allows precedents to be established which will make war more cruel and more barbarous. It encourages the criminal in his crime. Worst of all is the policy of loud talk, threatening to do something dreadful at some remote future date to someone unnamed, which is usually adopted by British politicians in such circumstances, and which issues, as in the case of the murder of Captain Fryatt, in nothing being done at all. The action of our French allies is humane, just, and sensible. Whenever a German aeroplane or airship bombs a French town behind the fighting zone, French aeroplanes proceed and discharge an approximately equal weight of bombs on some German centre." The result is well known.

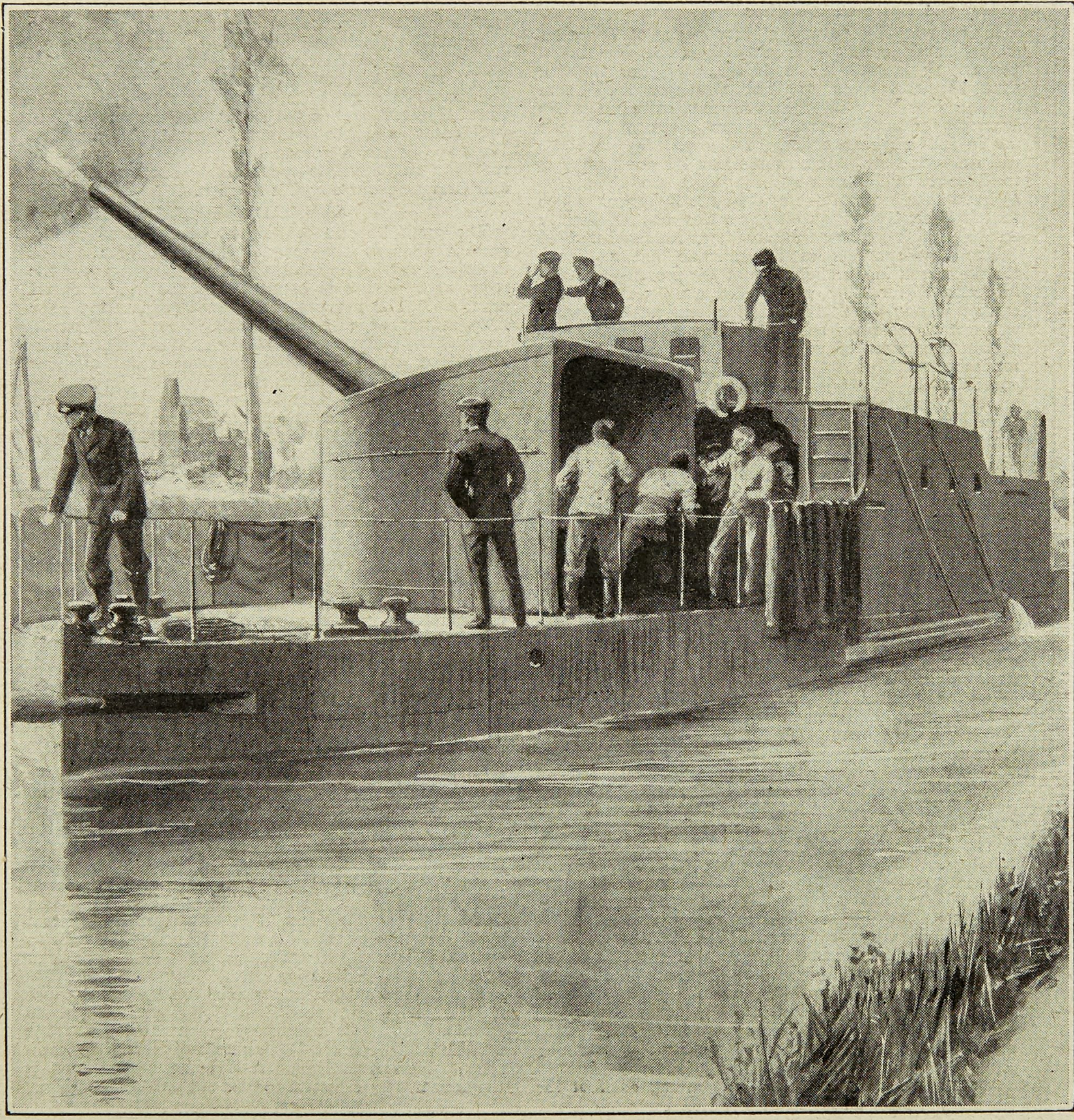
Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, October 21st, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

All the Best Official Photos from the Somme

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 5 **Monitors of the Inland Waterways: War Barges on the Somme Canals** **No. 114**

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

WE are rapidly reaching a definite end of the Zeppelin menace against this country. The recent destruction of German invading airships was due not alone to the splendid courage of the attacking British flyers, but also to the development of new offensive weapons which promise to make the Zeppelin practically useless as an instrument of war. Here and there a Zeppelin may still creep along the North Sea under cover of darkness and do a limited amount of blind damage, because in the vast expanse of sky it is difficult to keep a close watch over the whole possible area of attack.

Victory in Spite of Weather

Half at least of every raiding party of Zeppelins coming to this country will probably be destroyed, until the enemy learns, if he has not already learned, that Zeppelin raids are not worth while. There is a bare possibility that the enemy may score one or two successes in Zeppelin raids before our new methods are in full working order. I doubt, however, if he will do even that. It now remains for our inventors to discover plans as certain against the submarine as have been worked out against the Zeppelin. Once that is done, Germany's only two weapons for directly damaging this country will have been rendered useless.

The developments of the Somme battle during the first week in October were of the greatest possible importance, for they prove that even wet weather cannot wholly check the allied advance. The week was one of sustained rain, when the countryside was a slithering mass of yellow, clayey mud, as difficult for movement as anything could be. Our armies consolidated the positions they held, maintained an even greater artillery fire on the German lines than ever before, and then struck hard, advancing two-thirds of a mile over a line eleven miles long.

Arnim's Tribute to Britain

Some thirteen hundred prisoners were taken. The enemy counter-attacked time after time, striving to recover what he had lost, but the curtain fire of the allied guns destroyed most of his men before they could reach our positions. The allied armies have already gained possession of part of the main ridge between Bapaume and Péronne and are rapidly increasing their hold on it in the direction of the former town. From this main ridge a considerable move eastwards, cutting the communications between Cambrai and St. Quentin, should be far easier than much that has been already accomplished.

The important despatch by General von Arnim—which fell into our hands recently—upon the allied advance on the Somme, has received, as it deserved, very careful study. The despatch was written in August and dealt with the operations of July. It was obviously not intended to be read by any but the German Staff. It admits the unequalled severity of our artillery fire and the great improvement of our infantry. "The English infantry has undoubtedly learned much since the autumn offensive," writes the general. "It shows great dash in the attack, a factor to which immense confidence in its overwhelming artillery probably greatly contributes." Our artillery, the general admits, was numerically far superior to the German, and our ammunition has apparently improved considerably. But the main importance of the memorandum is the detailed evidence it supplies that the Germans on the Somme are being tried to the utmost and that their military machine is straining and cracking under the ordeal.

Victory on the Somme and the falling back of the German armies do not mean the end of the war. There is already much talk of peace, more especially from Germany. In part this peace talk undoubtedly represents the weariness of the German people with the war, but in the main it is an astute political move of the German Government to influence America.

The new outbreak of piracy in American waters is likely to alienate completely American sympathy from any such peace propaganda in favour of Germany. The American Presidential election takes place in November. Germany is attempting to persuade the American President to try to intervene on behalf of peace or to offer to act as a mediator. It holds out to him in effect the entire German-American vote in the election if he will do so. Such an attempt at mediation, if rejected by the Allies, as it certainly would be at this stage, might well swing a vast mass of American opinion against us, with important results. That is the real inwardness of the situation. Germany is not yet beaten, and has not yet exhausted her reserves. We have made a splendid advance, but can only maintain that advance by increasing our preparations and enlarging our supplies of men.

Serbia's Wonderful Renaissance

The most hopeful feature in the Balkans at the present time is the magnificent work of the new Serbian Army. The Serbian troops are fighting for the recovery of their own country with the utmost determination. The months of rest and preparation have been well spent, and in every fight, great and small, they are proving worthy of themselves. They have already recovered a hundred square miles of their Motherland. The allied armies from Salonika are also doing well, and we wait with confidence further news of early substantial triumphs from them.

Each day makes it more clear that Germany is attempting nothing less than the destruction of Rumania before her Allies can come to her aid. The German pressure on Rumania in Transylvania grows all the time. The Rumanians have surrendered the whole of Southern Transylvania. As I write, they hold the mountain frontier of Rumania itself against Von Falkenhayn. The Germans are undoubtedly much superior in numbers, and the Austrians are bringing up heavy forces. The Rumanians have a very long western frontier to defend.

The Pressure on Rumania

There was some surprise at the news that the Rumanians, despite the pressure upon them east and west, had struck southwards across the Danube, landing an army on the opposite banks, and threatening to surround the Bulgarian army on the Dobrudja. Unfortunately, the crossing turned out to be little more than a raid, and the Rumanian troops soon had to retire. It was reported later that the crossing of the Danube had been simply in the nature of a demonstration, which had succeeded in proving in the most striking manner the absolute vulnerability of the Bulgarian bank.

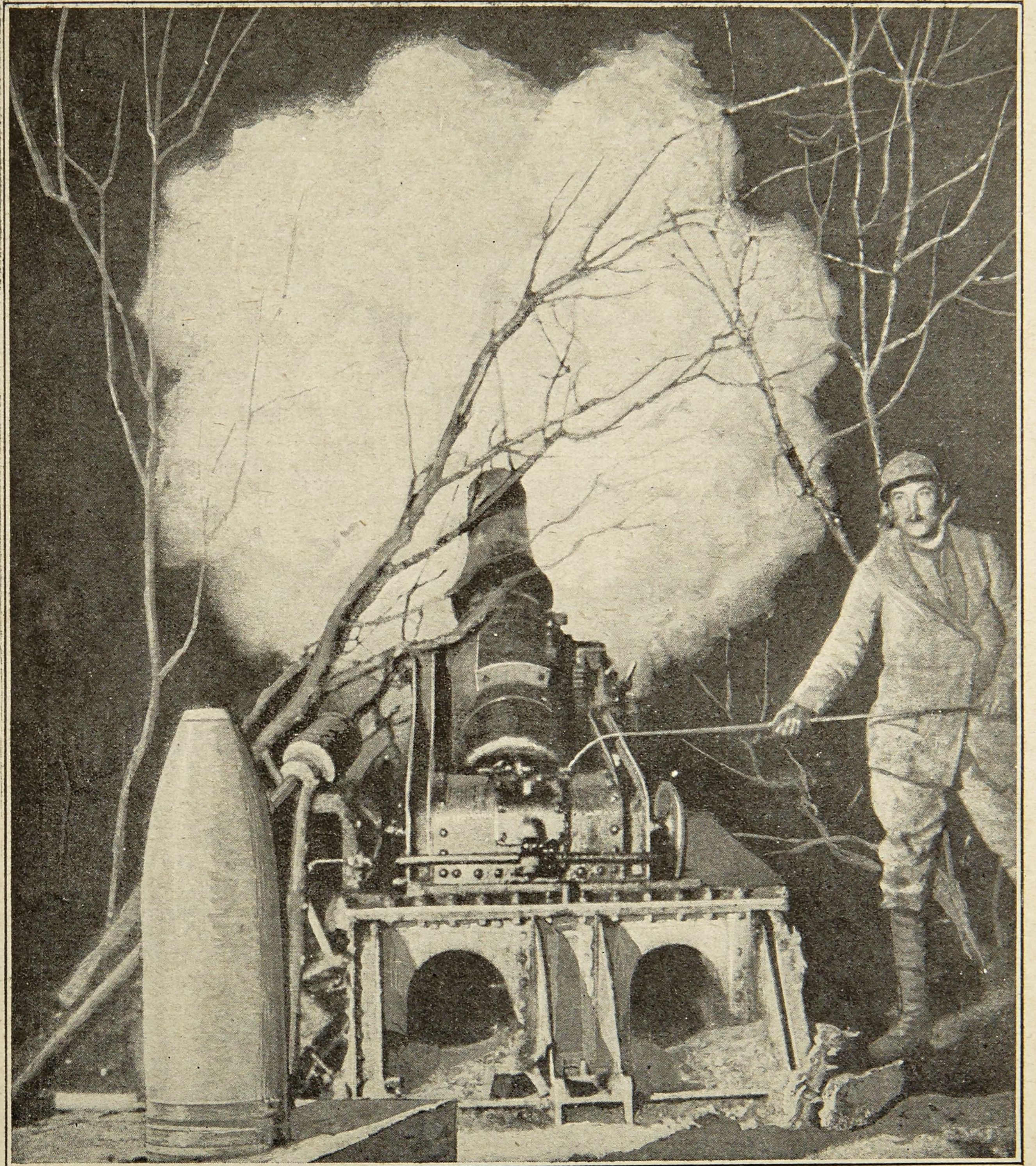
On the Dobrudja the Allies claim certain successes, but nothing of a decisive nature. The Bulgarian armies still remain there as a menace to Bukarest itself, and it is enough for them to hold their own to compel a sustained diversion of Russo-Rumanian strength in that direction.

It is of the utmost importance for the allied cause that effective aid should be quickly rendered to Rumania. This is not the moment to discuss the wisdom of the earlier Rumanian moves in their campaign. Now that Rumania is being hard driven is the hour not for criticism but for aid and co-operation.

21st October, 1916. No. 114. Vol. 5.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



A THUNDERBOLT IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.—Firing a heavy cannon at Vaux Fort. Major Raynal's gallant defence of this important position, until compelled by thirst to surrender, held up the whole German Army, and was rewarded by his being made a Commander of the Legion of Honour. The Germans allowed him to retain his sword.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF FRANCE AND BRITAIN

Some Thoughts of a Spanish Onlooker

By SEÑOR E. GOMEZ CARRILLO

THE famous Spanish author and journalist, E. Gomez Carrillo, who contributed to our issue for September 9th an account of his visit to the British front, now sends me this valuable article on the Franco-British Alliance. As Paris correspondent of several important Spanish journals and periodicals, his sympathetic presentation of the allied cause must serve as an effective foil to the pro-German propaganda in his native land.—THE EDITOR.

OF all the amazing spectacles that we have witnessed during these latter days in the vast theatre of the war none has given me more profound pleasure than that of the brotherhood of France and Britain. It is near St. Pol, among the flowering meads of Artois, in the sectors where the forces of the two great western Allies join hands, that one observes this fact which barely twenty years ago seemed impossible. Officers wearing khaki and officers wearing grey-blue, animated by a common spirit of sacrifice, vie with one another in courtesy and, like the knightly officers of Louis XV., point to the common enemy and say, "Gentlemen, pray take the first shot."

In the land which is the traditional home of great culture officers are ever an aristocracy, so that it is rather to the simple and ingenuous soldiers that one must turn to ascertain the secret of inmost, intimate feeling.

Many a time, recalling the countless struggles fought throughout the ages by the French and British, have we wondered whether the reconciliation imposed upon them some time ago by force of circumstances would ever develop into sincere and brotherly friendship.

From a psychological point of view there would seem to be any number of obstacles in the way of the accomplishment of such a miracle. With different temperaments, views of life almost diametrically opposed, with ideas which have nothing in common except love of justice and democracy, with manners and customs presenting continual contrast, the two peoples seem destined to live separated by a moral gulf much wider than the Channel which separates their two countries. Separation, of course, is not the same thing as enmity or antipathy. Even in the bad old days when they fought against one another, British and French always displayed the most chivalrous sympathy for each other and the noblest respect. We need not go back as far as Poitiers or refer again to the sublimity of courtesy at Fontenoy; we need only recall the relations maintained during the Napoleonic wars by the two great rival peoples to realise that not only did they not hate or despise each other, they ever felt mutual respect. "We fought and fought again," Kipling says. "We struck each other hard and our armour bears the marks of our weapons." But, happily, these were not wars to the knife. They were duels of knights who, before measuring swords, saluted each other with grace. There was never any passionate bitterness of soul. Do you remember the opening of the delightful "Sentimental Journey"? When he got to Paris Sterne took a room, engaged a servant, and settled down to a quiet life. One day the police-inspector of his district asked him for his passport. Sterne, who had not got one, says: "If I had remembered when I left London that we were at war with France I would have asked for a passport, but the truth is I did not think of that when I was leaving." The police-inspector did not press the matter. War in those days was not what it is now.

Temperamental Differences of France and Britain

What, then, is the point? It is not a question of mutual appreciation or admiration, or even affection. It is a question of fraternisation. And very naturally we said: "These cold, quiet, silent, fair, phlegmatic fellows will never be able to fraternise with their dark, vivacious, garrulous, nervous, smiling, merry allies." Is it not just the same with brothers in family life?

It is temperament rather than relationship which determines intimacy. British humour, which associates the "humorous" with laughter, and French humour, pure, true humour with a thousand delicate repartees, have always been and always will be two utterly different things. Try to imagine a dialogue between Swift and Rabelais and you will see that they are mutually unintelligible.

And yet this present war has accomplished the miracle of making the two peoples one.

At the outset there was friendship but not "mateyness." The men were brothers-in-arms, sharing danger, heroism, suffering, hope, and ideals, but not sharing gaiety. They admired one another, but they did not seek each other out. Two long years of constant association were required before the two sides gradually learned that at bottom the gravity and the gaiety were really only national masks, due to climate or tradition, concealing a common fund of real good sense, immovable, resolute nobility, and healthy, wholesome pride.

I remember one day before the war someone said to a Briton:

"Which is the greatest nation in the world?"

"Britain," he replied.

"And next to Britain?"

"France."

A little while afterwards he put the same question to a Frenchman, and the answer he got was, "We are the greatest nation, and the British come next to us."

Bonbs of Sympathy and Understanding

With such a solid foundation of mutual esteem it is not very difficult ultimately to arrive at mutual comprehension, provided a few mutual superficial concessions are made. Indeed, everything in life is superficial except where the soul is involved.

And the soul of the two Allies who now are so intimately associated in the consecrated fields of Flanders and Artois is identical.

"It is only common hatred of the enemy that keeps these men together," some people say who have not seen them close.

Hatred! Well, perhaps that may be so. But not hatred alone. There is something much finer and stronger than that. There is daily companionship, brotherhood in danger, certainty of accomplishing the same work of salvation, and, finally, subconscious recognition of mutual fine qualities, all establishing the moral and spiritual alliance the fine fruit of which we see to-day in these Franco-British camps.

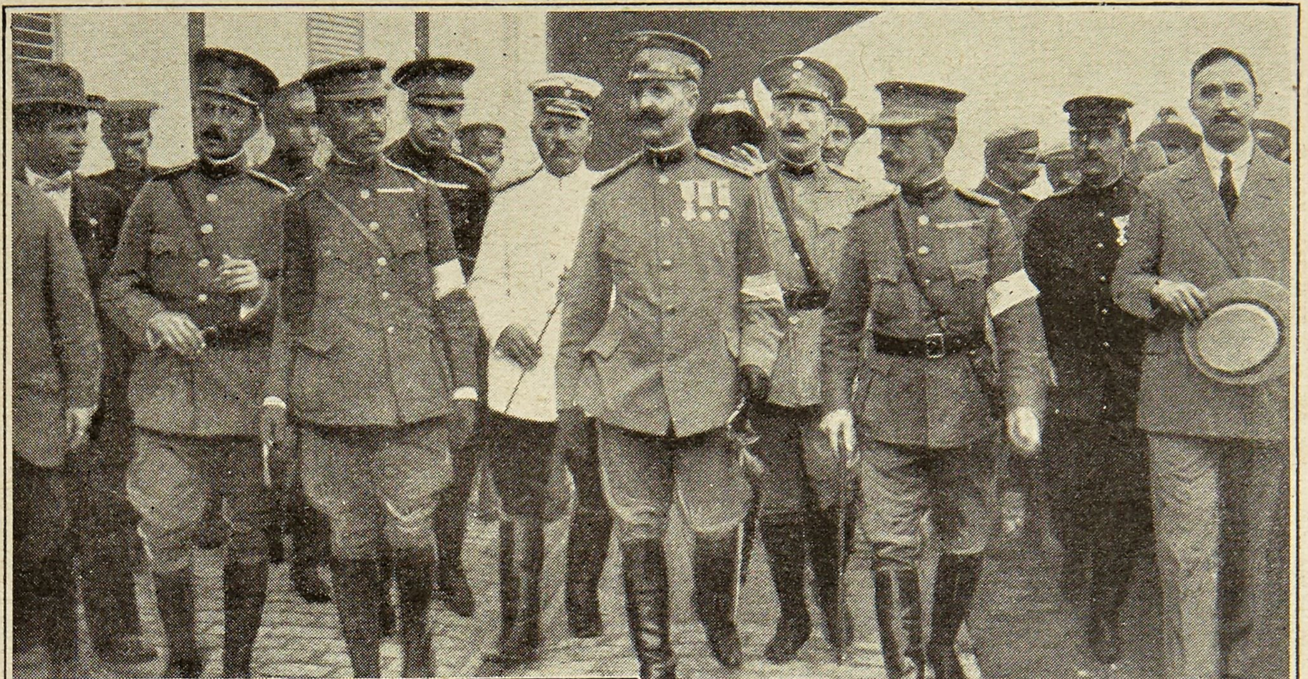
A friend of mine was touched by the sight of some British and French private soldiers walking arm-in-arm. It is touching, no doubt. But it is more than touching; it is cheering, a hopeful symbol for the future of the peace of the world; for just as Malherbe in the seventeenth century said that France and Spain united held the peace of Europe in their clasped hands, we to-day may say that the unknown to-morrow rests with the brotherhood of France and Britain. Break the alliance between those two peoples and soon after peace is declared the conflagration will blaze up anew. Keep them united and the world will be able to breathe freely.

Both nations have the same interests to keep them united for ever, and have had them for the last fifty years. But the breath of sympathy was lacking, and love, and—still more—understanding of character. The war that Germany let loose upon the world has worked the miracle.

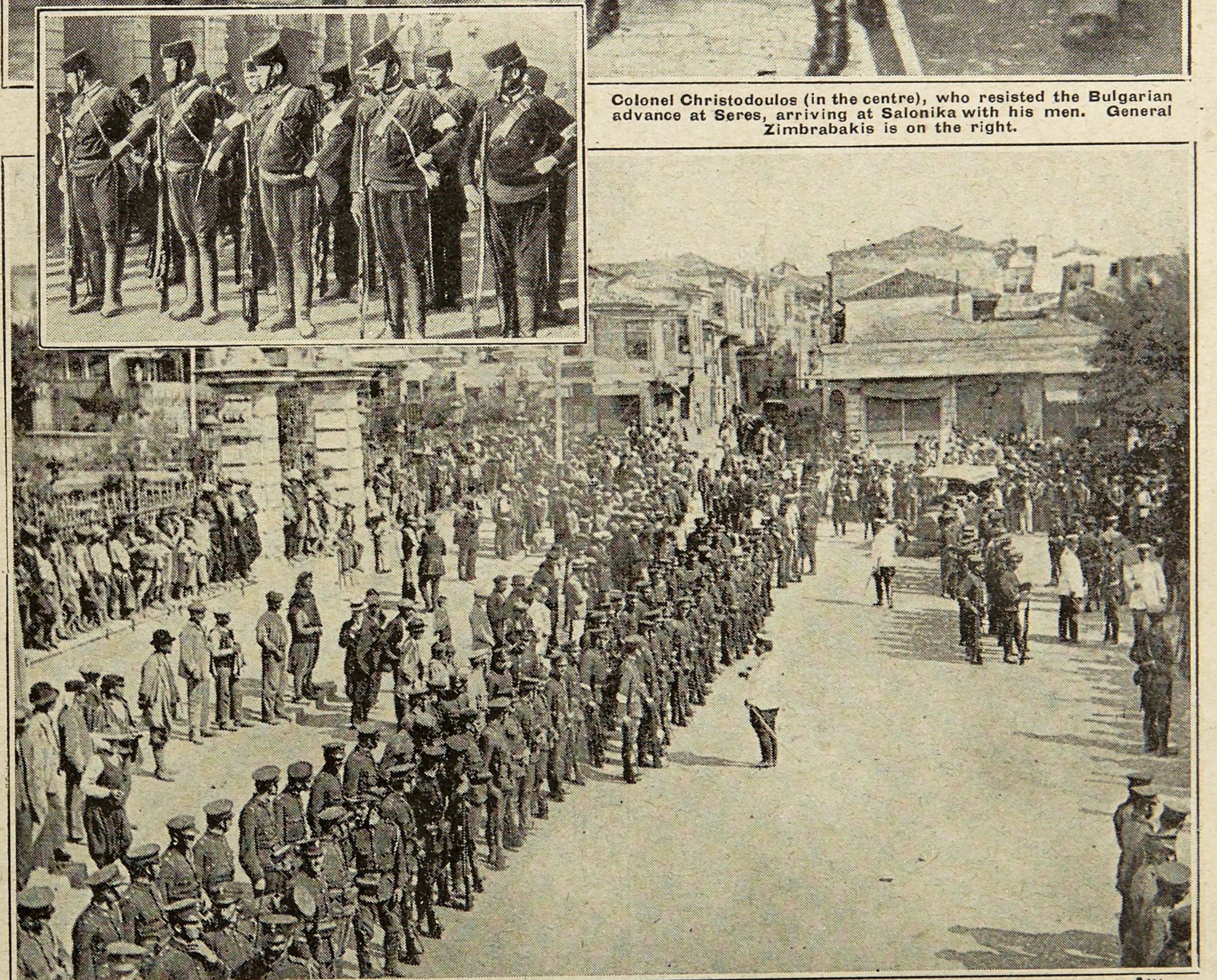
We must curse the war for all the horror it has wrought, the mourning it has caused, the blood it has shed, the rain of tears it has brought down, the hatred, the misery, the ghastly things that it has entailed. Above all, we must curse it as a war of barbarism against civilisation. But at the same time we may be grateful for it, for it has made of two age-long rivals a brotherhood in soul.

Greek Volunteers for the Army of the Allies

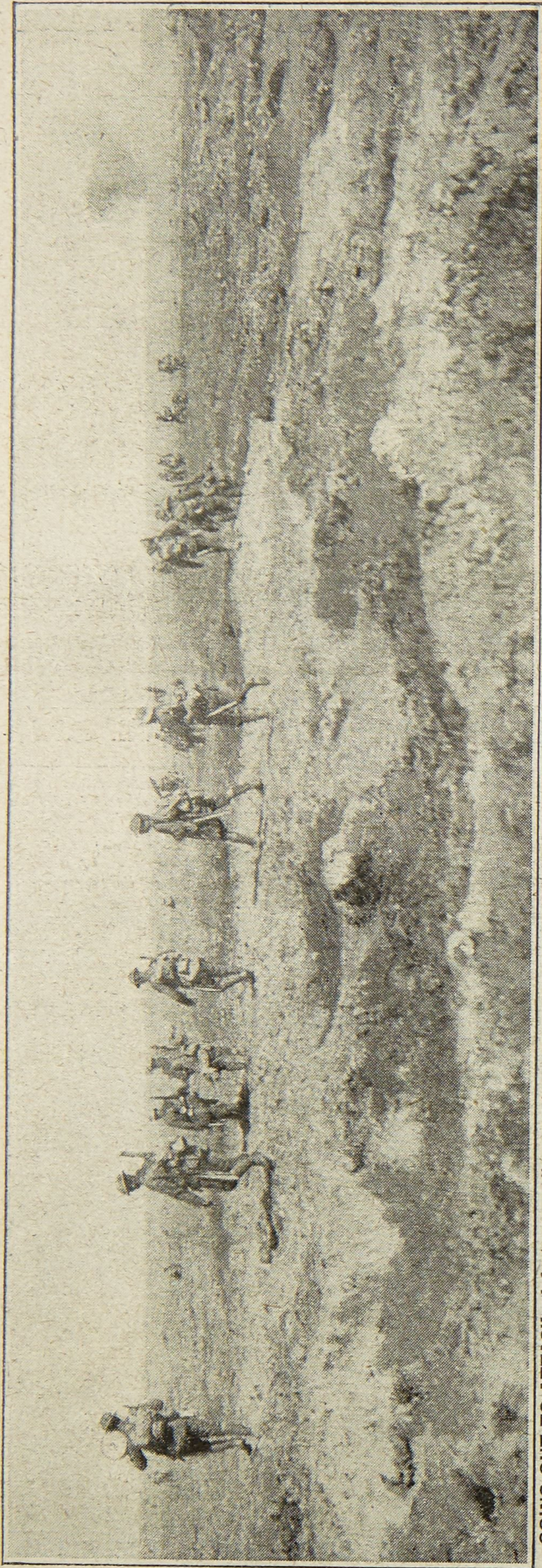
French Official Photographs



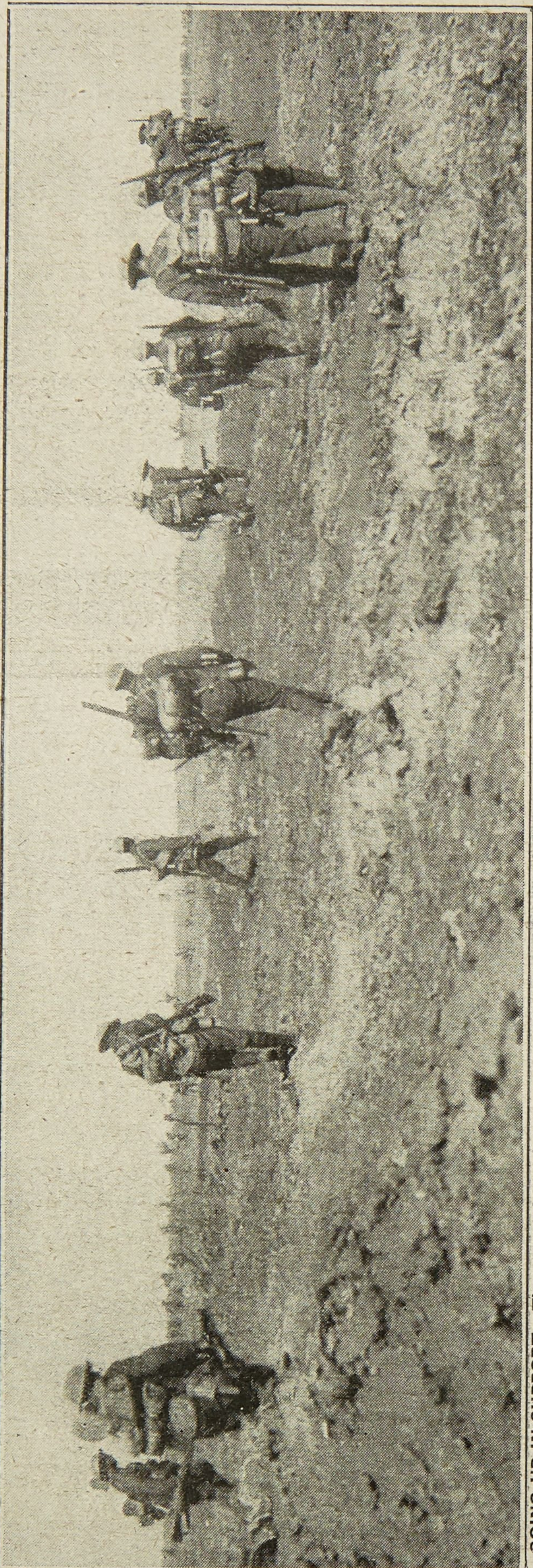
Colonel Christodoulos (in the centre), who resisted the Bulgarian advance at Seres, arriving at Salonika with his men. General Zimbrabakis is on the right.



New Greek regiments of the Insurrectionary Party assembling in the streets of Salonika after throwing in their lot with the Allies, in repudiation of King Constantine's vacillating policy. Inset: Greeks who have joined the new force, showing their uniform and arms.



GOING OUT TO ATTACK.—Infantry spreading out when going up to attack on September 25th, the day when Morval and Lesbœufs fell into our hands. Our troops made three forward bounds between noon and three o'clock, and although they met a heavy barrage in some places and were punished, their losses were not only relatively but actually very light.

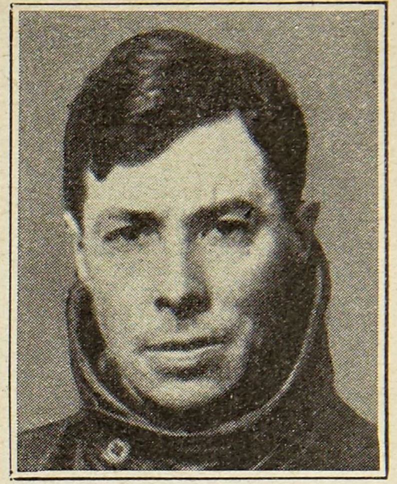


GOING UP IN SUPPORT.—The waves of attack were delivered "with the vigour of the hour of high noon," the men advancing with fine confidence directly our own barrage lifted. As a result of the capture of Morval, and of Fregincourt by the French, Combles was occupied by the Allies on the following day. (Official photographs. Crown copyright reserved.)

With the Royal Flying Corps Zeppelin Strafers

Sec.-Lieut. F. Sowrey, awarded the D.S.O. for attack on a Zeppelin.

Group of R.F.C. officers arm-in-arm, including Lieut. Robinson and Lieut. Sowrey.

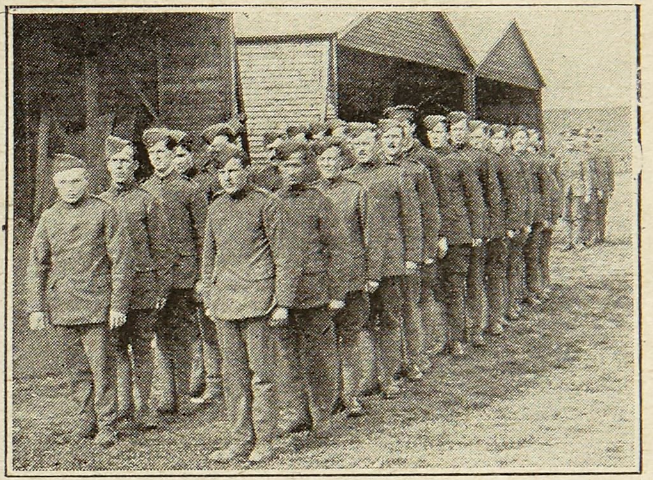


Lieut. Brandon, awarded D.S.O. for attacking enemy air-craft.

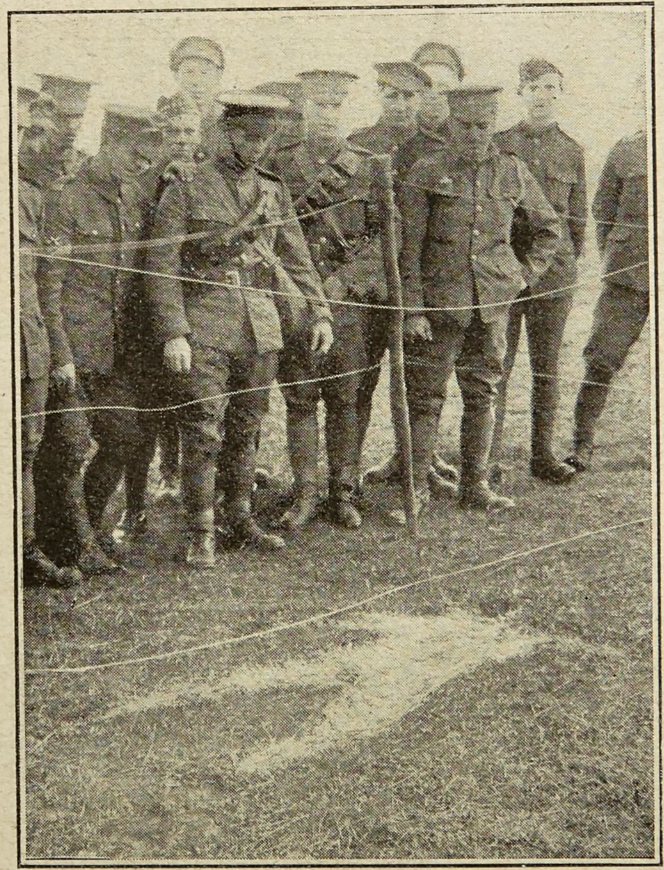
BOTH on the west front and at home have our aviators established permanent ascendancy over the enemy. The fact that four Zeppelins have been brought down in England may induce the Germans to modify their policy of frightfulness, in spite of the ravings of Count Zeppelin.

This notorious German must find it increasingly difficult to justify his hideous invention, and one which has cost his Fatherland several millions—to no real military purpose.

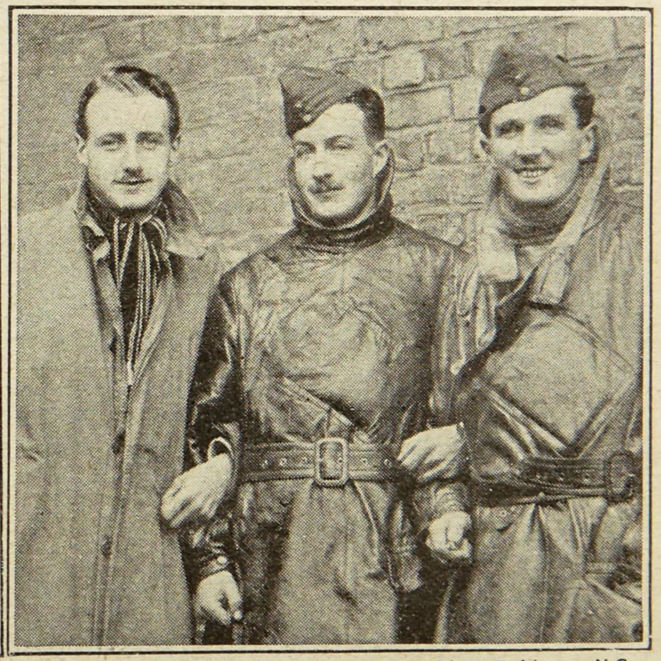
It is significant that where competent German reconnaissance is most needed, on the Somme front, it is conspicuously unsuccessful. Certainly no Zeppelin dare appear over the Franco-British line, for it would be immediately riddled with shells. That is why Paris is immune from the couriers of hate, and, no doubt, with the perfection of London defences the Zeppelin will find it increasingly dangerous to approach the British metropolis.



Lieut. Robinson's squadron of the Royal Flying Corps on parade at headquarters.



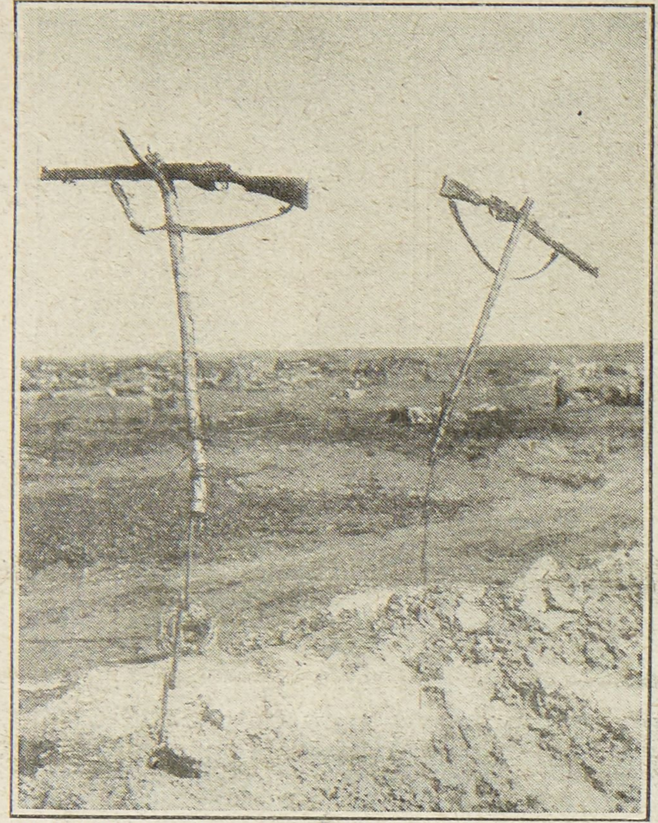
Mark of the Hun! Would-be baby-killer who jumped from Zeppelin at Potter's Bar left this mark on the turf.



Brother heroes of the R.F.C. Left to right: Lieut. Robinson, V.C., Lieut. Tempest, and Sec.-Lieut. Sowrey, D.S.O.

Following the Signposts of the British Progress

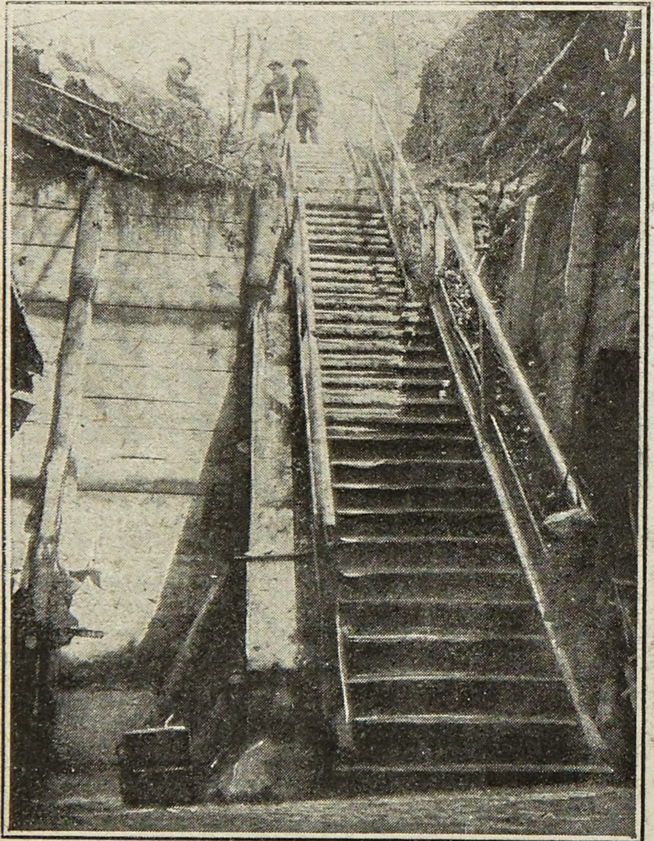
British Official Photographs



Battlefield signposts in France. Obsolete rifles are supported on tree branches which can be manipulated by wires.

At an advanced dressing-station on the west front. Two orderlies have just brought in a wounded man for rapid treatment.

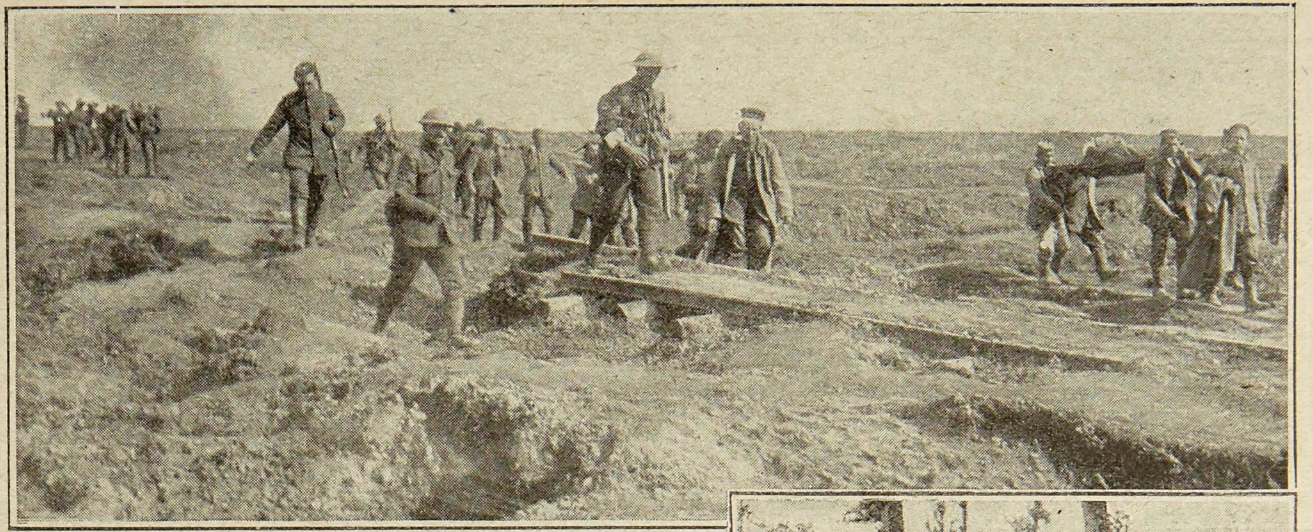
How the splendid R.A.M.C. work. Bringing in wounded under shell fire. Four German prisoners are helping with a stretcher.



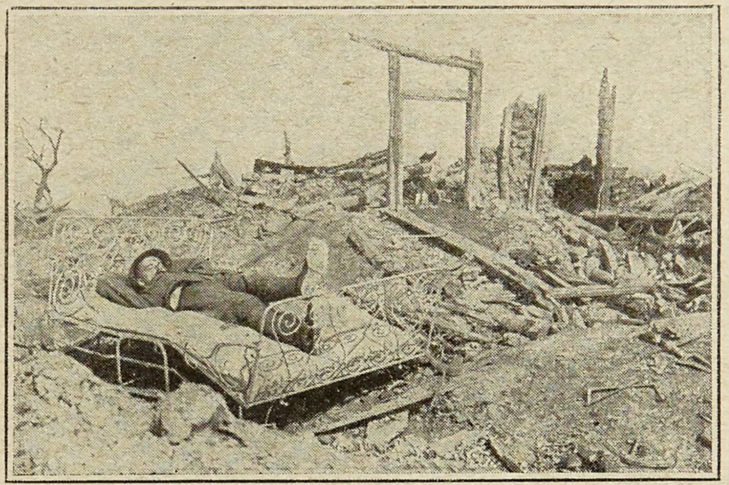
Long flight of steps leading to a German dug-out. An official photograph giving an idea of the depth of the enemy's funk-holes.

Valiant Victors of Morval and Montauban

British Official Photographs



British wounded from an attack on Morval being brought back to our lines by a number of German prisoners. To the left a heavy shell has just exploded.



Luxury amid the debris of shells. British soldier enjoys a comfortable nap on a dug-out bed.

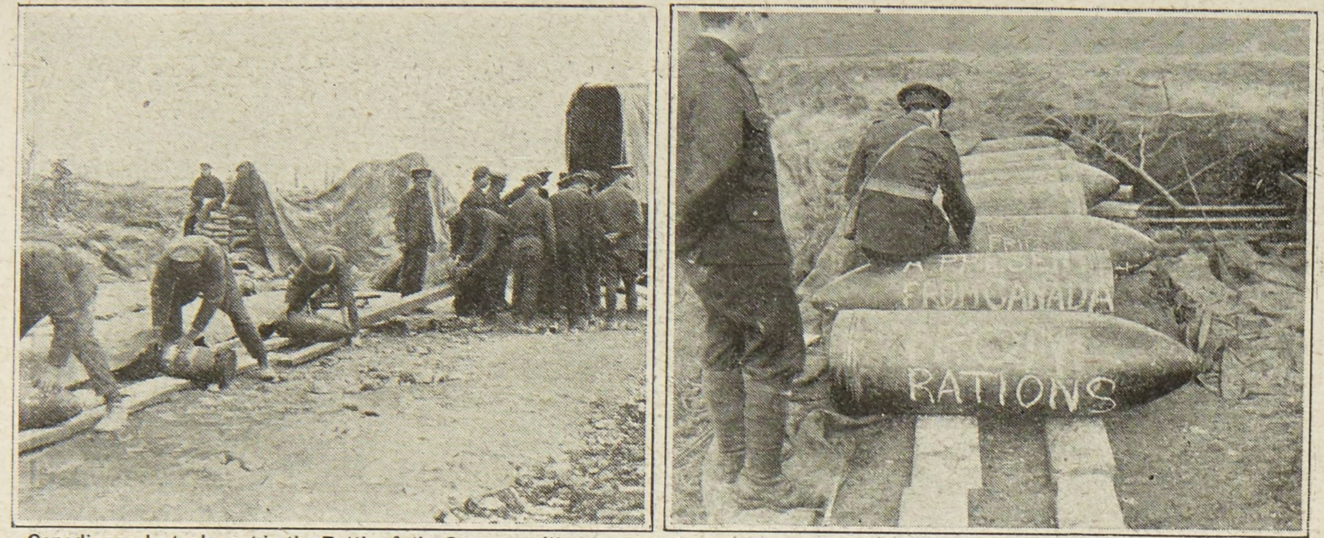
The church-bell of Montauban as a prop for a glance at aircraft through field-glasses.

The fearless gaze of zealous men waiting to go over the top.

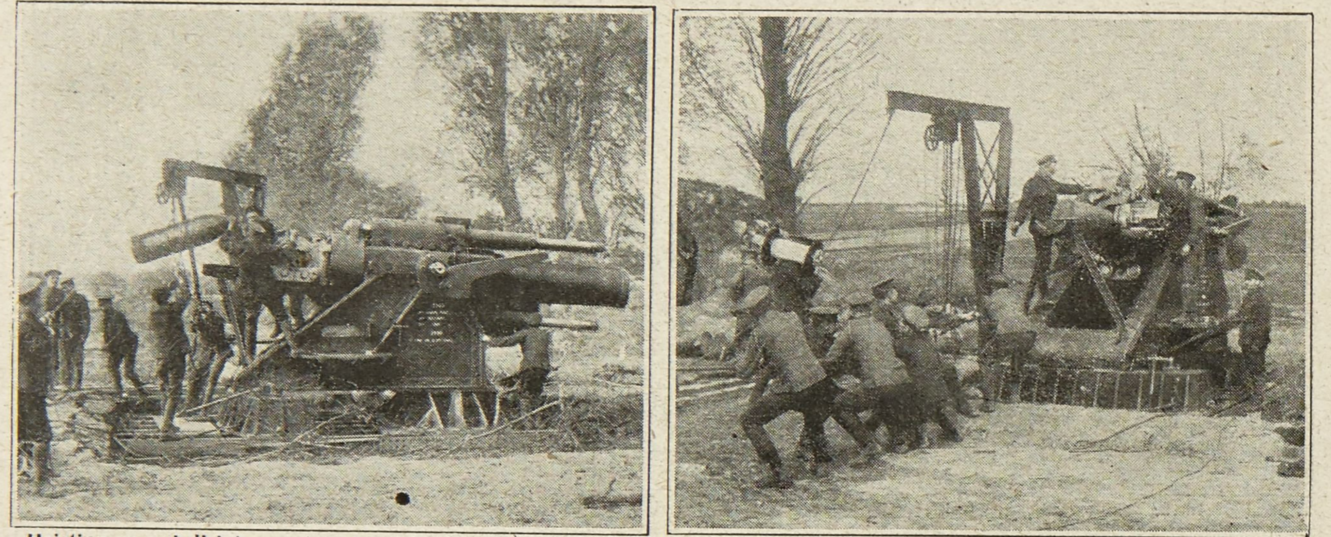
German prisoner doubling towards the British lines. His alacrity is due to the fact that he is still within range of British artillery fire.

Canadians on the Somme Remember Ypres

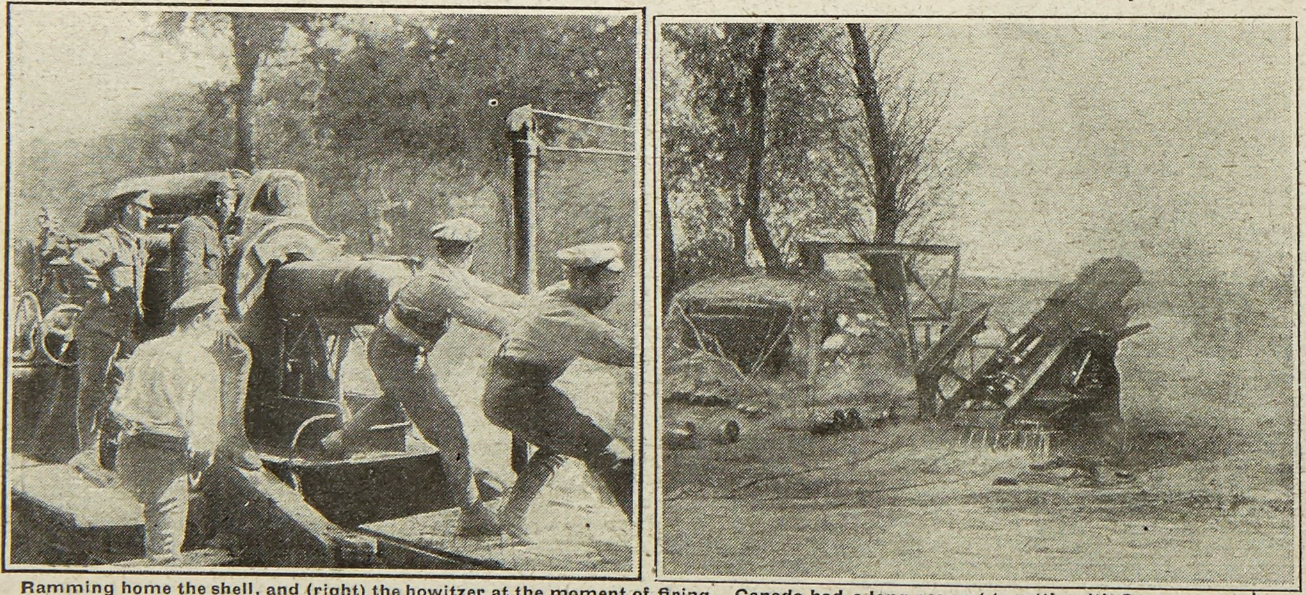
Canadian Government Official Photographs



Canadians who took part in the Battle of the Somme rolling in shells for their heavy guns. Right: Inscribing on 15in. shells messages to the Germans, to whom they were about to be consigned with efficiency and despatch.



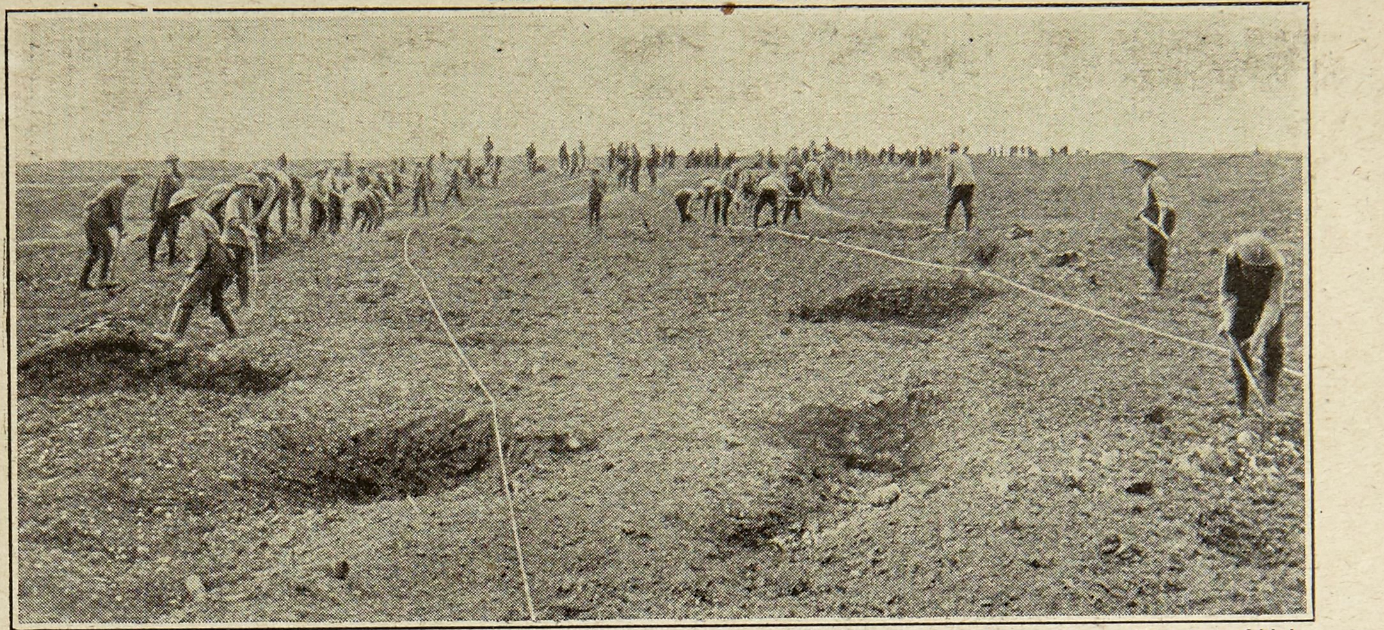
Hoisting up a shell into one of the heavy howitzers, and (right) loading the gun. Canadians were the object of the Germans' special animosity in Belgium, and no troops welcomed the opening of the British offensive in France more than they did.



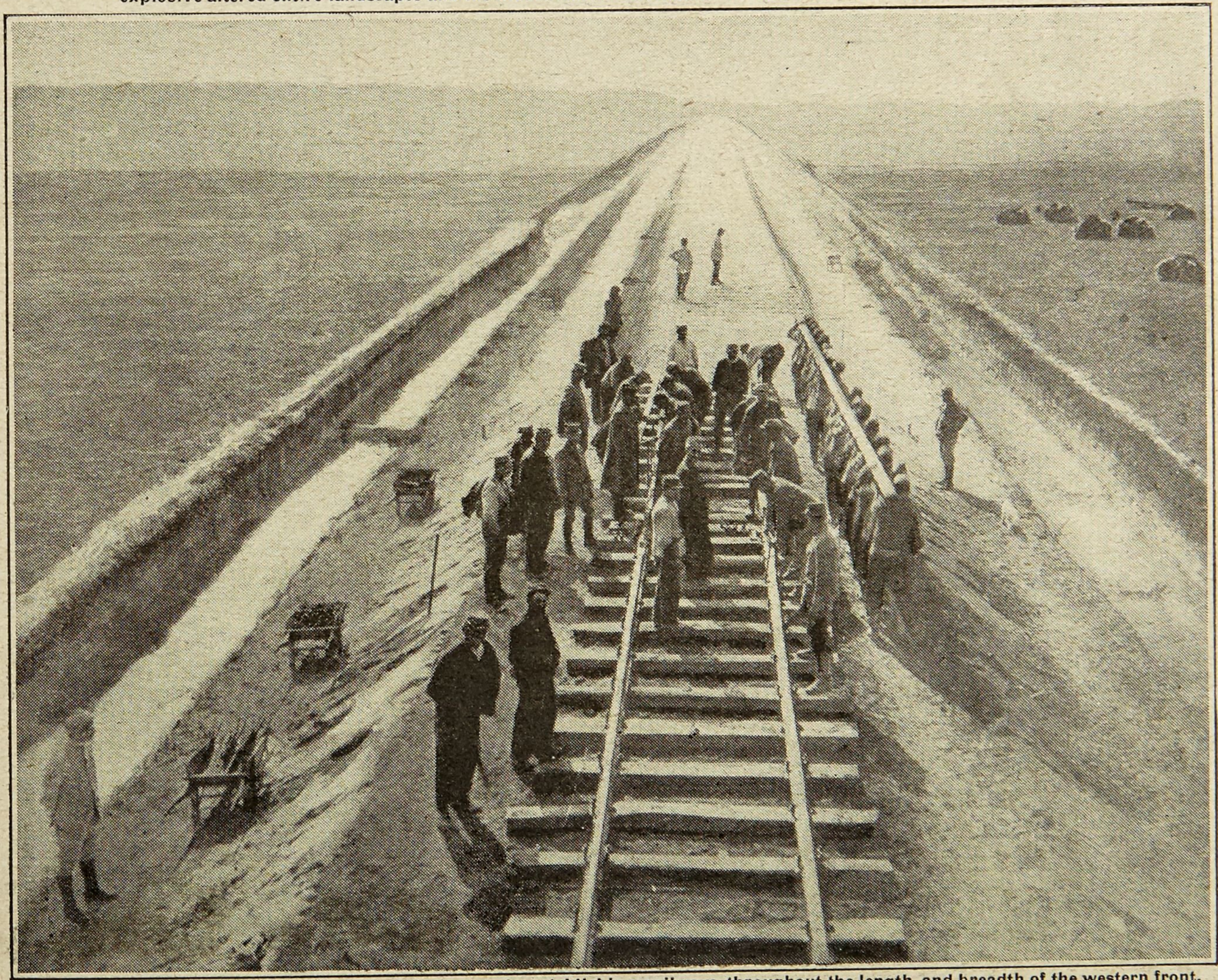
Ramming home the shell, and (right) the howitzer at the moment of firing. Canada had a long account to settle with Germany. In the Battle of the Somme she repaid with interest what she had received in the Battles of Ypres.

Speeding Up the Ways of Allied Triumph

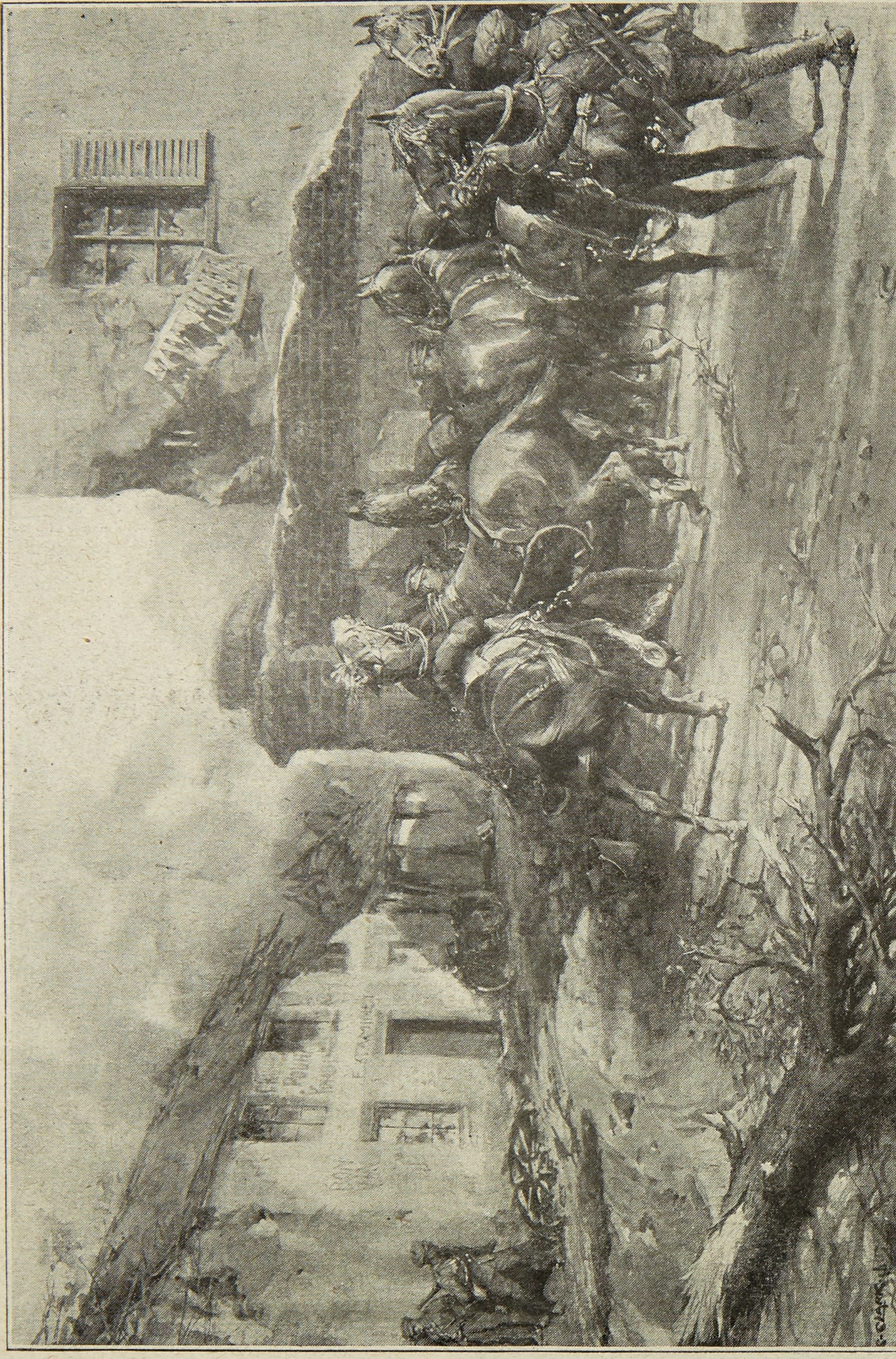
British and French Official Photographs



British troops road-making on the battlefield. Never before has war so changed the features of countries. The terrific power of high explosive altered entire landscapes and the movement of vast armies brought new roads and railways into being.



French pioneers did marvellous work during the war in establishing railways throughout the length and breadth of the western front. Many of these, although originating in temporary requirements of tactics, were of solid construction and designed to be permanent.



THE COURAGE OF DUMB ANIMALS.—Normally horses under shell fire are inclined to stampede, and whether the whole team becomes a struggling mass of confusion depends on the courage of the men in charge. It is a curious fact that a horse will keep quiet in the face of danger so long as his master continues to show a steady nerve. An example of this phenomenon was witnessed recently in a French village along the front. All in the place had passed a comparatively quiet day. Suddenly the German gunners put shell after shell into the village, and some troopers confidently drew their mounts under cover of a wall. The horses went through the ordeal without even once attempting to bolt.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

The Battle of the Abbaye

by Max Pemberton

THE news which reached England on October 2nd and 3rd opened a new page in the story of the Somme adventure. For the first time for many months we heard of green fields and of cavalry. Delighted British troops, looking across this scarred and withered No Man's Land, perceived beyond it the growing crops of sugar-beet and the villages which did not appear to have known war. The great high-road from Bapaume to Albert stood out as a very Route Nationale of the Napoleonic era. Poplars by its side were unscathed, and their leaves rustled in the breezes. Bapaume itself could be seen through powerful glasses, and there were even subalterns who declared that they set their watches by its clock. Not only was this the case, but cavalry patrols started off towards the end of the day to ride over ground where horses could feel their feet, and to amuse themselves with those "little affairs" which are dear to the cavalryman's heart.

All this, be it observed, was remarkable in its way, and bore witness to the attainment of a great purpose. We had achieved beyond question the summit of the ridge and had thrust the enemy below us. There was even some doubt as to the strength in which he held the decline and the points at which he held it. It was a Staff conclusion, early in the morning of October 1st, that many of the trenches in the neighbourhood of Le Sars were in possession of but a handful of men. Eaucourt l'Abbaye, on the other hand, stood for a more difficult proposition, and upon the capture of this Sir Douglas Haig was set.

Shattered Cloisters of Eaucourt l'Abbaye

We read of abbeys and envisage the picturesque. Tintern and Glastonbury and Fountains suggest sylvan scenery and placid streams, and monks singing sweetly as Knut might have heard them. There may have been a time when Eaucourt l'Abbaye would have invited the strolling artist to its doors, and sent him away in some content. On Sunday, when our men looked down upon it—men old in fighting and young, veterans who had battled on the Somme since July 1st, Londoners and troops from the shires who had recently crossed over and were wide-eyed at the spectacle of battle, Canadians all resolute and Guards determined—there was little to suggest the cowl or cloister, or that picturesque environment with which the religious were wont to surround themselves. Seen from the ridge Eaucourt l'Abbaye looked but a rectangle of ruins. Not yet utterly destroyed as the villages behind us which we have pounded to dust, its barns and refectories were nevertheless but tottering walls, and its courtyards but a harbourage for a battalion's débris. The strength of it lay round about in the deep trenches before it to the north; in its cellars, once generous in the red wines of Burgundy, but now rich in the number of its gunners and weapons they housed there. Lying as it does in a little hollow, local tradition speaks of wonderful tunnels below it, here reaching afar almost to Bapaume, there southward towards Flers, and again to the north-west to the village of Le Sars. With these we need not concern ourselves. The Abbaye remained the most redoubtable fortress between Martinpuich and Bapaume, and to take it was Sir Douglas Haig's objective on the first day of October.

No Rest for the Foe

This was a battle beginning, so far as our infantry was concerned, very late in the day. You should know that part of the old German third line ran roughly from Grandcourt, south-eastward through Le Sars, Eaucourt l'Abbaye, and Gueudecourt. The latter place we had some days ago, and Le Sars and l'Abbaye undoubtedly would have shared its fate before the end of September but for the heavy rain upon the last days of the month. Boggy ground and mists lying low over the land forbade offensive operations on the 29th and 30th. October 1st saw us applying our heavy guns to this particular purpose from dawn onwards. To be sure, there never was rest upon that amazing front, and truly has the Boche declared that it is hell behind his lines. Neither day nor night has given him relief. Now it will be a few desultory shots from one or two of the monsters. A lull follows, and is broken by a very avalanche of gigantic shells. They are dispersed over a wide area until the definite moment of action, then they concentrate upon their objective. On Sunday it was the trenches before Le Sars and, when these were done with, the colossal entanglements before the Abbaye and the dug-outs which lay deep down in the earth beyond them.

German Sailors as Infantry

These were bombarded relentlessly until half-past three of the afternoon. Occasionally our aeroplanes, never more conspicuous, were discovering many facts for us. To the north of Courcelette, for instance, there was but a thin wall of men, and it crumbled quickly to the attack. Not so at Le Sars and Eaucourt, where really strong forces held the ground; while between Courcelette and Grandcourt, in what is known as the Regina Trench, there were German sailors from the Belgian coast. Such fellows gave us the best of the hand-to-hand fighting which the Battle of the Abbaye was to witness. The 1st and 2nd Marine Regiments of the 2nd Naval Division had here replaced the 26th Regiment of the 7th Magdeburg Division, and their arrival was significant indeed. Did it mean, as the "Times" correspondent suggests, that sailors would face the terrors of the "tanks" with lighter hearts, or is the Boche so pressed that even the Belgian coast must be denuded of its garrison? We neither know nor care. With the greatest gallantry our men fought their way to the Regina, drove the Marines from it, were themselves on the Monday night driven again out of part of it, and finally on Tuesday stormed the whole position.

Enter the Hungry "Tank"

The sailors certainly had opportunity to test the quality of the "tanks," for they played a big part in the final operations. At one point south of Eaucourt the entanglement was unbroken and our men lay down in the open, lobbing bombs over the wire at Germans lobbing back from the advantageous cover of a trench. Things were becoming critical when some "tanks" slugged solemnly from behind a copse; one "absolutely ate up the wire," and then nosed along the trench, squashing obstructions flat, and leaving a broad wake, along which the infantry followed it. Finally, in an impassable pit, it squatted down, sleepily satisfied with having cleared up the impasse, and its crew emerging from its carcase took an active hand in the fighting outside.

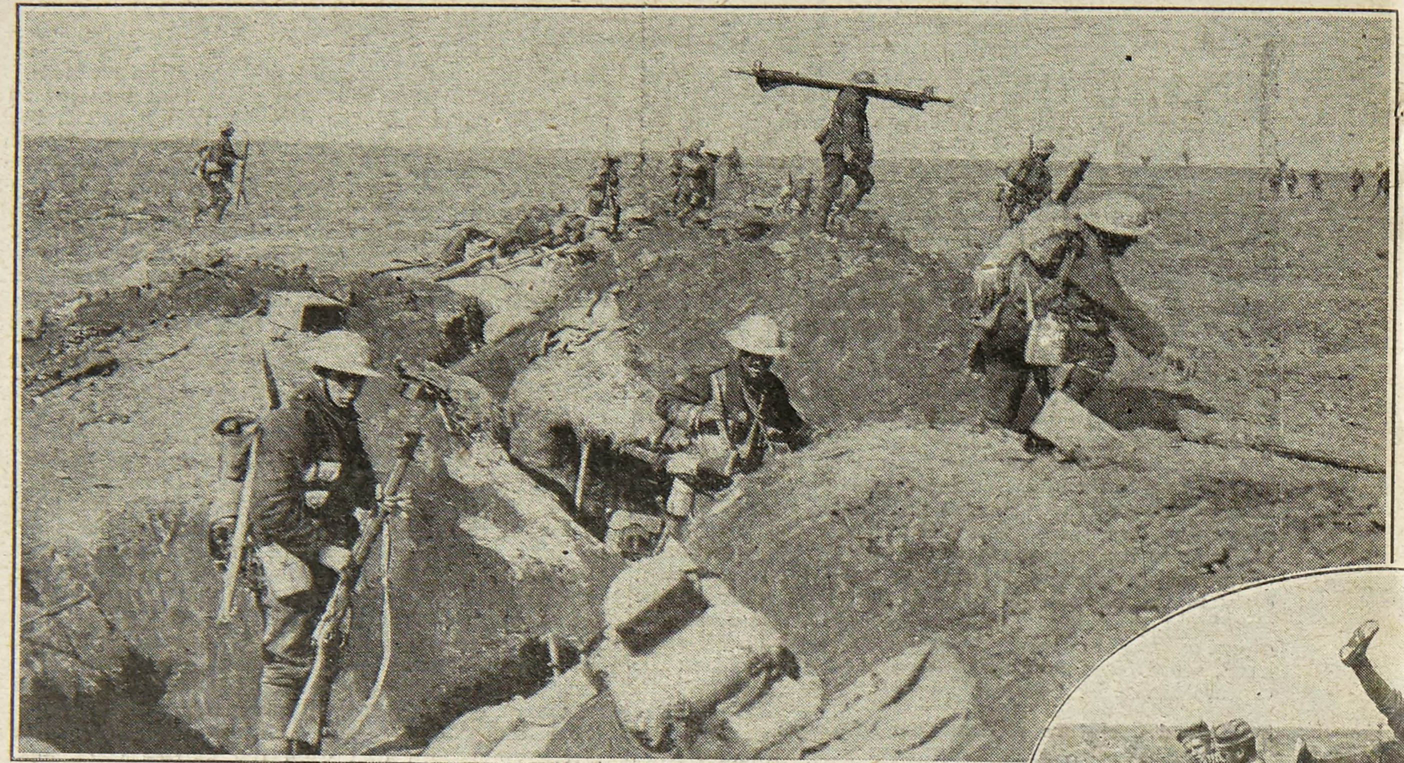
So fierce was the fighting that it degenerated often enough into wild encounters in the open, in which the cheers of the onlookers stimulated the activities of the detached partisans. Germans were seen, we are told, running like hares across the scarred fields. A Guardsman chased one for more than a hundred and fifty yards, caught him upon his bayonet at last, and pitched him high above his shoulder. A private of Territorials elsewhere took bombs in his hand, and caring nothing for the machine-gun which was turned upon him, ran madly along the parapet of a trench and killed the most part of those below him. Here a major takes half a company of Huns at the revolver's point; there a huge Bavarian, nearly seven feet high, falls upon his knees before a tiny subaltern and begs to be spared for the sake of his wife and his ten starving children.

This "scrap" lasted all day, and was still not definite on Monday night. Meanwhile, upon the right, Eaucourt l'Abbaye had practically been encircled and its doom decreed. We lost surprisingly few men in this adventure, though some eight hundred yards of ground had to be

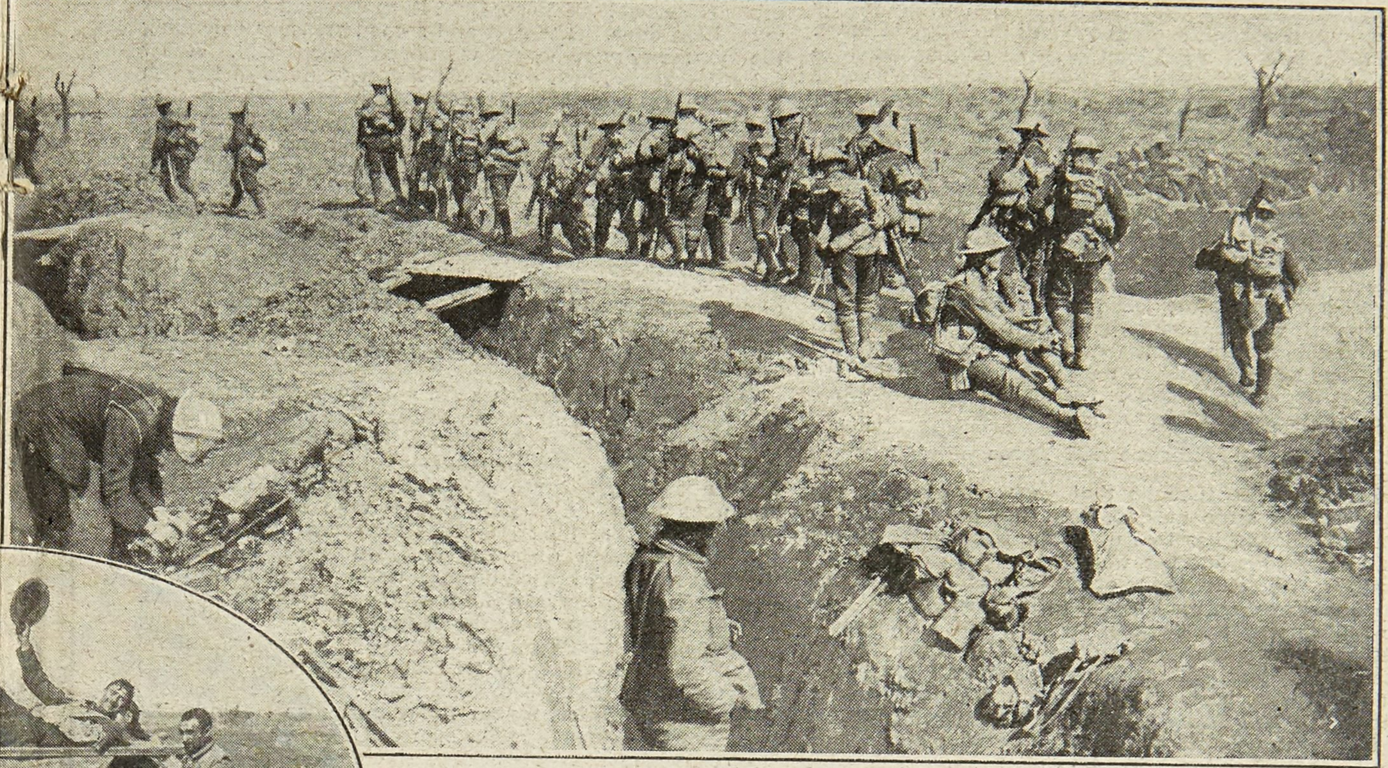
[Continued on page 230

With the Crown Camera Men on the Somme Recording the Greatest Battle of the War

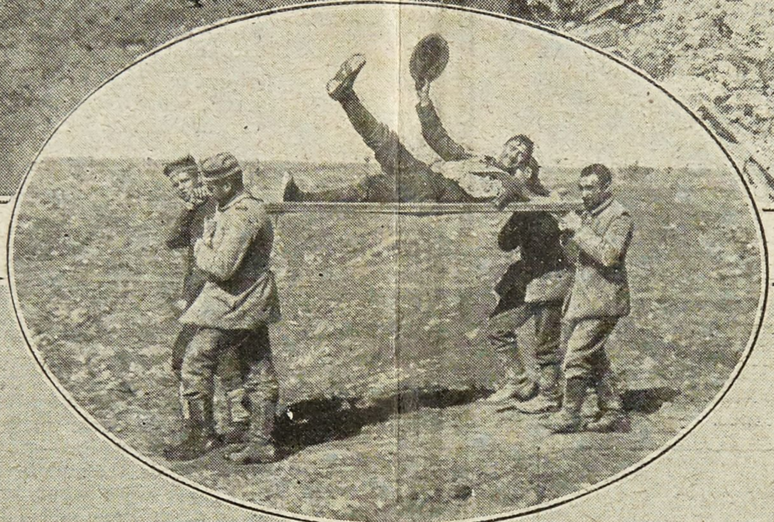
British Official Photographs

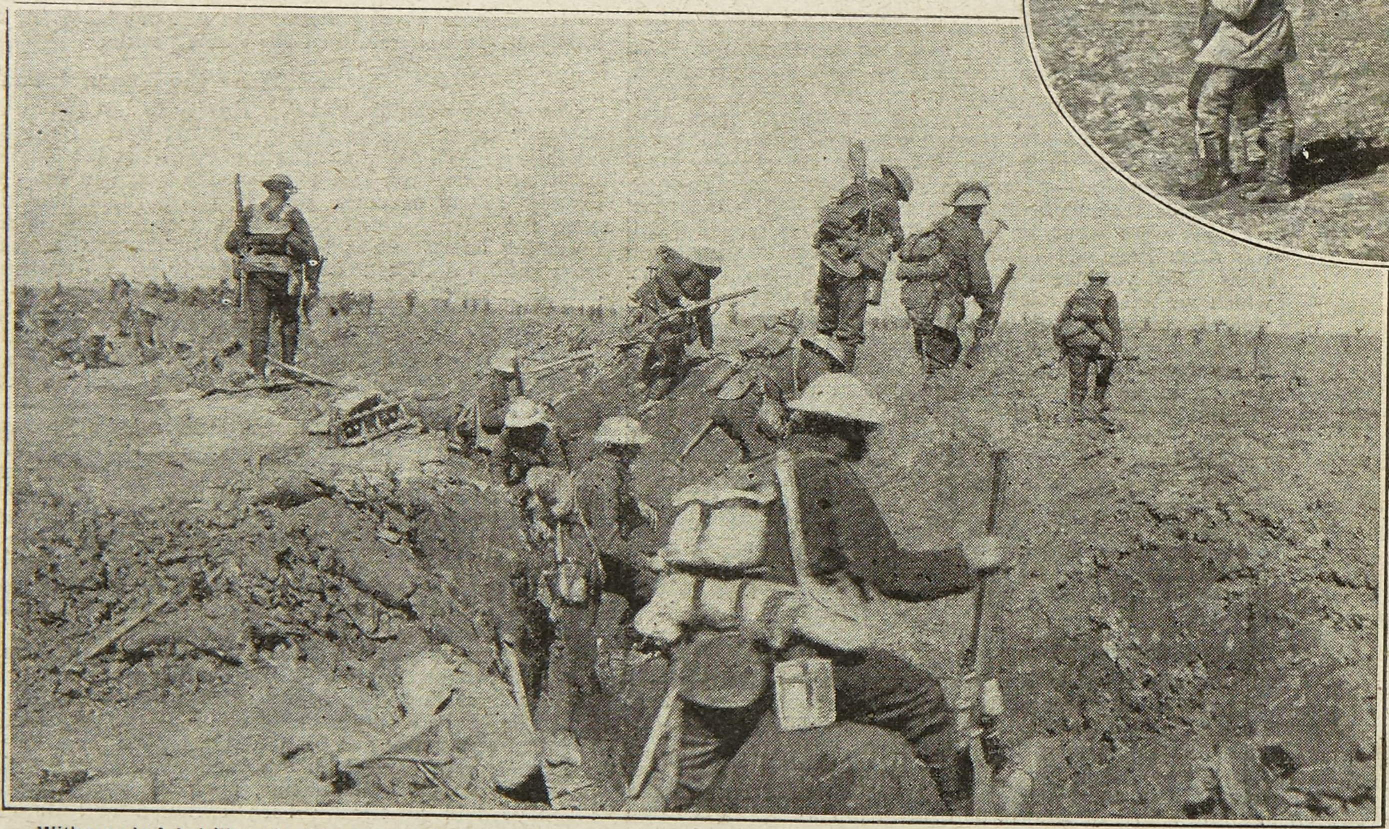


An early morning move against the enemy. Scene in the reserve trenches on September 25th. Infantry fully equipped going forward—bombardiers, men with the bayonets, and stretcher-bearers.

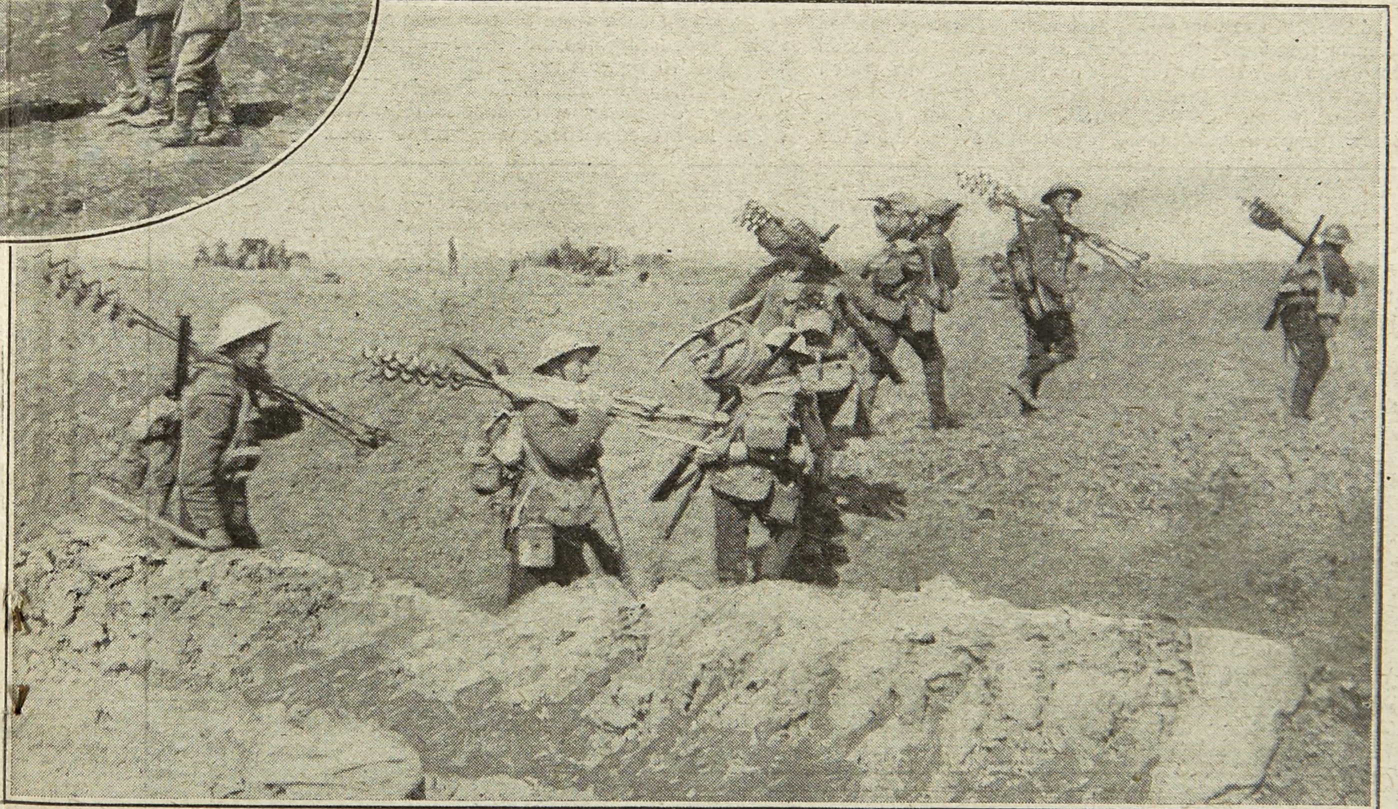


In single file a bombing-party leaves the trenches for a surprise visit to the German dug-outs, carrying enough explosives on them to blow up a small citadel.





With wonderful deliberation, undismayed by heavy fire, British soldiers are clambering over the top. Spreading out in open formation, they went forward on their way to the capture of Morval.



Engineers going forward to wire newly-won positions. Inset: Jubilant, though wounded, a regimental sergeant-major being brought back, on a stretcher, by four German prisoners.

THE BATTLE OF THE ABBAYE

(Contd. from page 227.)

covered in the face of Eaucourt's fire when the word to "Go!" was heard in our trenches. Here the Londoner, just out, proved his mettle with a vengeance. Fearful he may have been of that whirlwind of German shells which shook the earth beneath his feet; scared beyond utterance by the scream of death in the air above and the figure of death in the fields below; awed by the rattle of machine-guns and the bullets which whistled about his ears—but never daunted, pushing on always with pursed lips and eyes which looked straight ahead across the wilderness, and fingers which twitched upon the rifle's butt. By his side were the veterans needlessly bidding him to be of good cheer. Not for him to-day were the horrors of Guillemont or the Trones Wood. So magnificently had our artillery done its work that it needed but one swift assault to drive the enemy from the outposts of Eaucourt. Within the ruined monastery itself there were the unnumbered hosts of hidden Germans, but with these the gunners had still to deal. Yard by yard we fought for the Abbaye gates, burst into the outbuildings, ferreted the dug-outs, and cleaned the ground—but never blindly as men who go to a holocaust, but always under the shelter of the terrible artillery which made our advance possible.

Great Advance by Veterans and Tyros

It should not be thought that such an advance was possible without some mishap. Mr. Philip Gibbs, in an admirable despatch, has told us of the tributes of the old troops to the new, but the word "loss" is not unheard among them. Difficult as the operation was, a gully of the Martinpuich-Eaucourt road added to its hazards; for here in the sunken way the German machine-guns could cover the storming-party and cause even the veterans to pull themselves together. These guns "chattered horribly" as our men swept past. "Lots of 'em dropped," said a veteran of the New Army as he related the circumstance; "but there was no kind of difference between us." Men who had not left London many days went side by side with ancients, who could speak of Loos and Neuve Chapelle, across the gully and the death-pits to the smiling fields beyond. Here was sugar-beet, red if not rosy. Boys made footballs of the vegetables and kicked them on toward the German trenches. "It helped us to forget," they said—and we who hear them may picture the sights from which their eyes were wisely turned. Brave men, down and out, were behind them. Others lay bleeding from wounds. Not a few, in their excitement, would have crawled after the comrades who were going on. Others were already in the stretchers on their way to the dressing-stations. Fitly did No Man's Land offer such a harvest to the reapers.

Our concern is not with these poor fellows. The tide surged past them and reached the Abbaye gates. Not many Germans lived to confront it, so well had our artillery work been done. The first and second trenches defending the monastery were heaped with dead, we are told. A few machine-gunners held on to the last with units of the 6th Bavarian Division brought down from Lille. They shot and would have bayoneted our vanguard, and when they could neither shoot nor stab, they lifted their hands and cried "Kamerad!" "Too late!" we read—and who shall wonder? For we know the Hun by this time, and in the heat of action it is impossible that our men should forget. "Kamerad" must bolt like a rabbit for the shelter of wall and dug-out, and we must fetch him out as we could. It was Tuesday afternoon before we were sure of the cellars of the Abbaye, and many of them are unexplored to this hour.

The Great Part of the Bird-Men

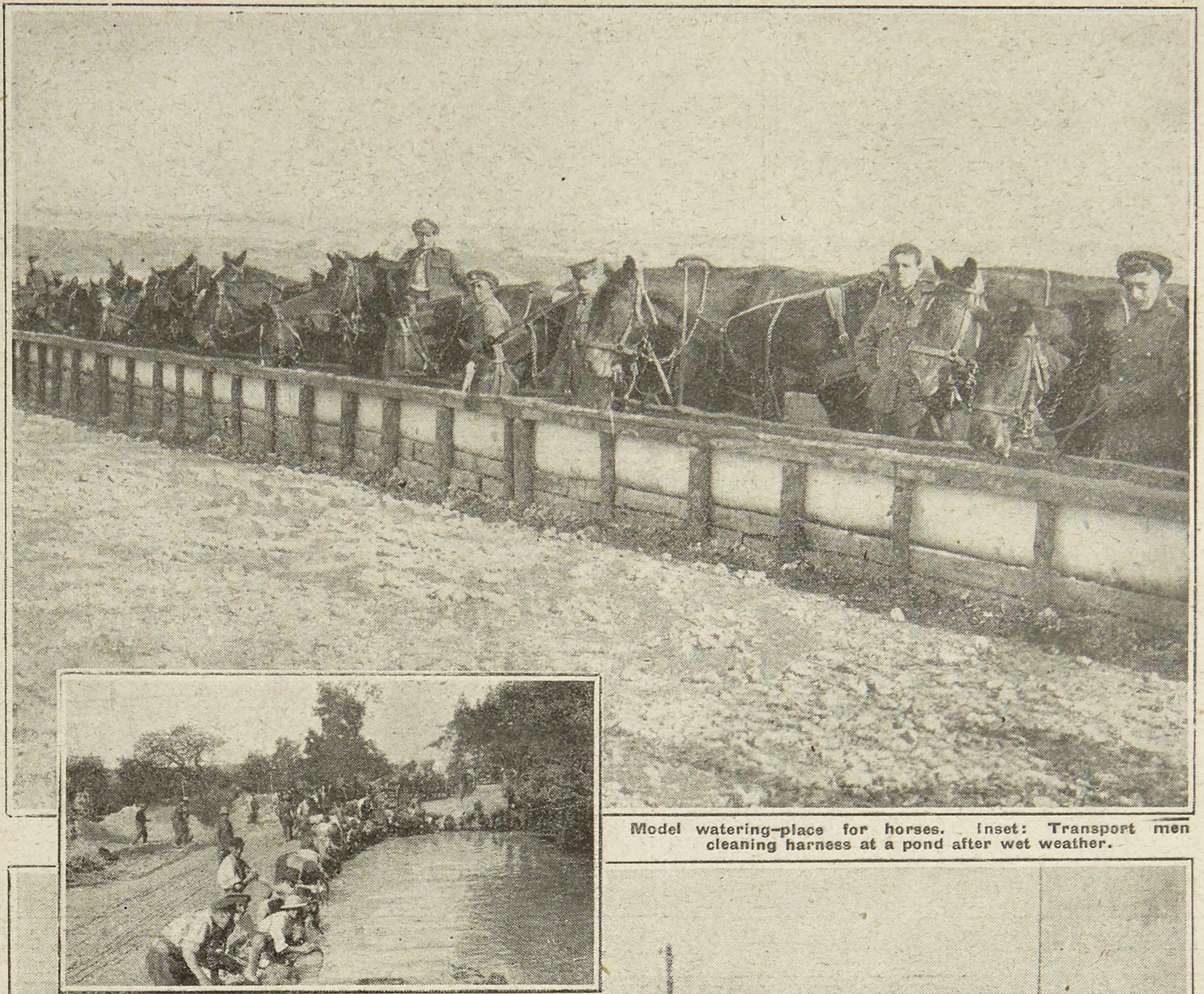
Once again our aeroplanes did yeoman service in all this fighting. Not only in reconnaissance but in actual attack have they proved their valour. One pilot, observing reinforcements on the Bapaume road, dropped to within two hundred feet of the ground and turned his machine-gun upon them. Anti-aircraft guns were boldly attacked from the air and their gunners shot down. Like vultures the 'planes swept over the harassed land, discovering derelicts here and hidden enemies there. They bombed or shot them with a recklessness which was superb. Upon one occasion (says a correspondent) a whole regiment, coming up to reinforce, was scattered by these dauntless adventurers. A great day for them, truly, when it may be said that the enemy's organisation behind the lines was broken up absolutely by our flying men alone. Undoubtedly they contributed to the sum of German losses, which were colossal. Some of the Bavarian companies from Lille lost seventy-five per cent. of their effectives. One went in one hundred and ninety strong, and had sixty whole at the end of the day. The prisoners taken were not many, but in the main they were of a coarser calibre than some captured at Martinpuich and Flers—little men, very dirty, and very glad to be with us.

Upon the other side is Sir Douglas Haig's assurance that our own casualties were surprisingly low in an action to which he attaches the greatest importance.

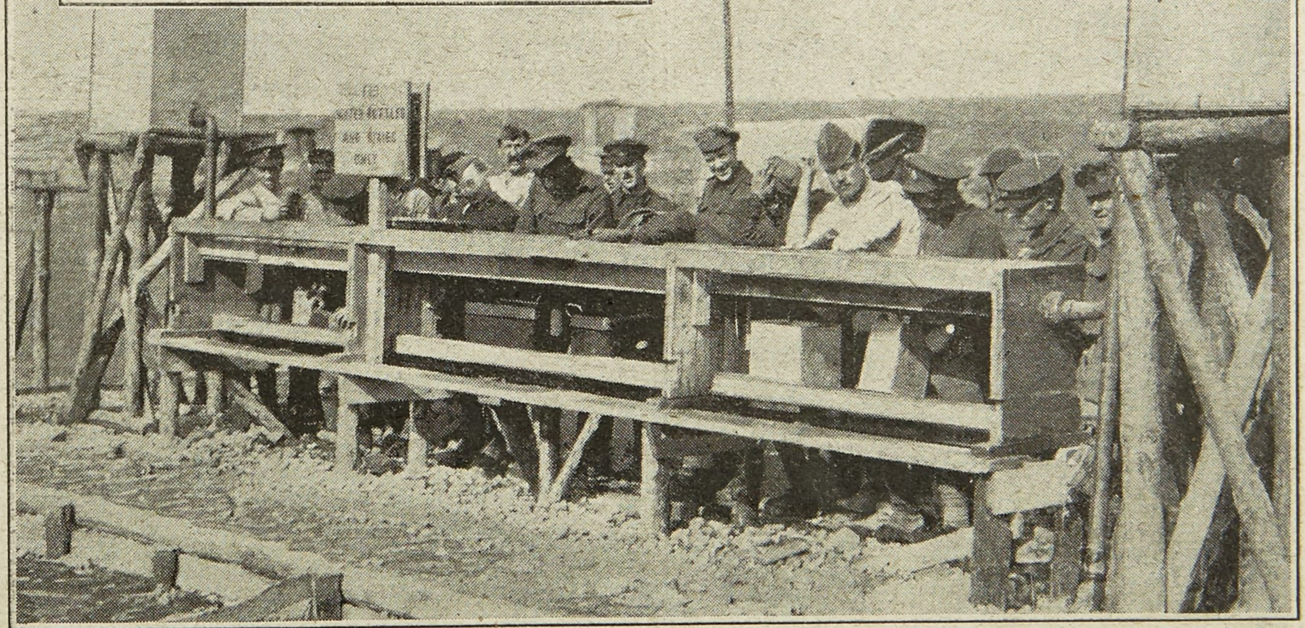
A QUIET JOB FOR A CHANGE.—Guards carrying water to their billets. The Guards, with their superb tradition behind them, have been on their mettle in the great advance, and their fighting at Courcelette and many another point was irresistible. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

Model Water Reservoirs for Horse and Man

British Official. Crown Copyright Reserved

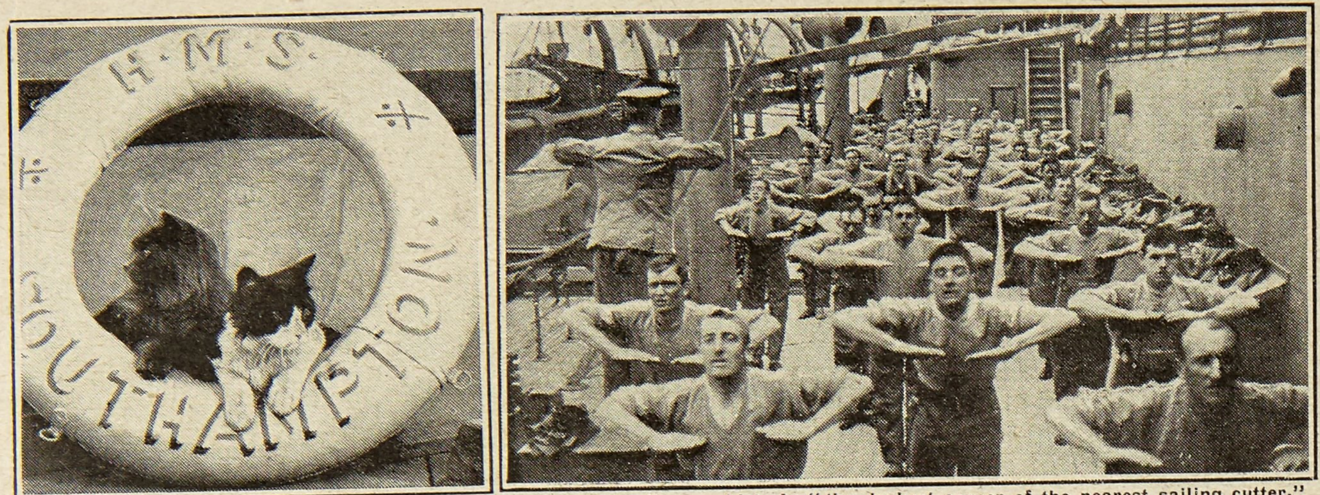


Model watering-place for horses. Inset: Transport men cleaning harness at a pond after wet weather.

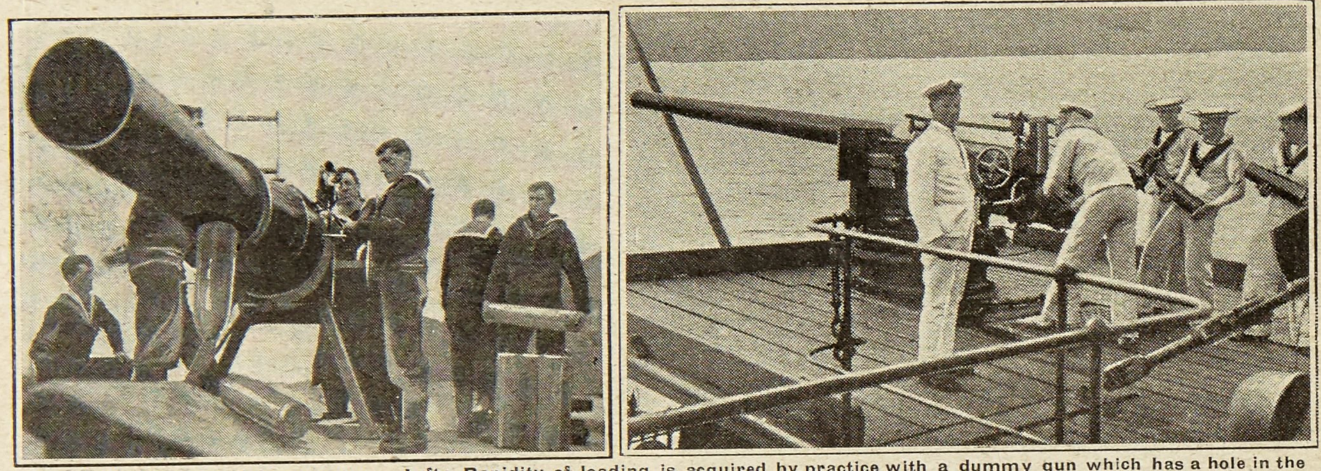


Where there are no restrictions. Drinking-water depot on the west front. The British soldier's care for his horse struck foreign observers particularly, and next to that it was his smartness in adverse circumstances that elicited approbation.

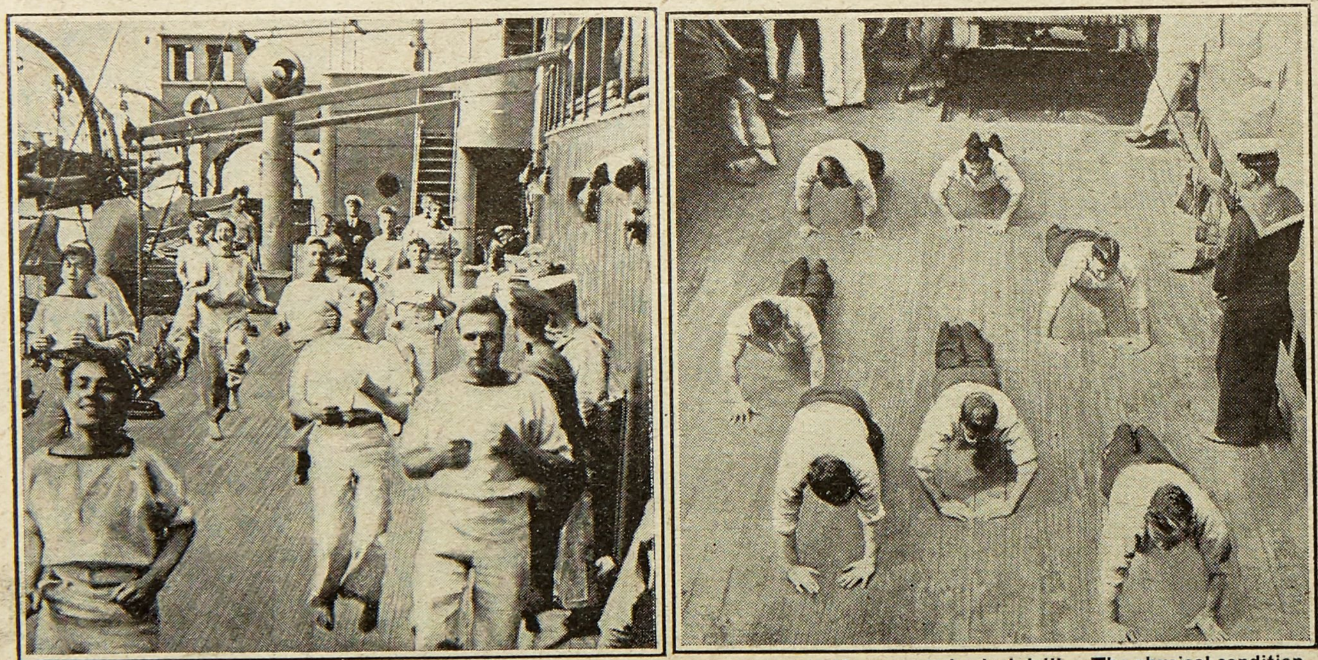
Soldiers and Sailors Training on a Troopship



Mascot kittens of H.M.S. Southampton. Their "action stations" are said to be "the darkest corner of the nearest sailing cutter." Right: Men of a troopship's crew at physical exercise.

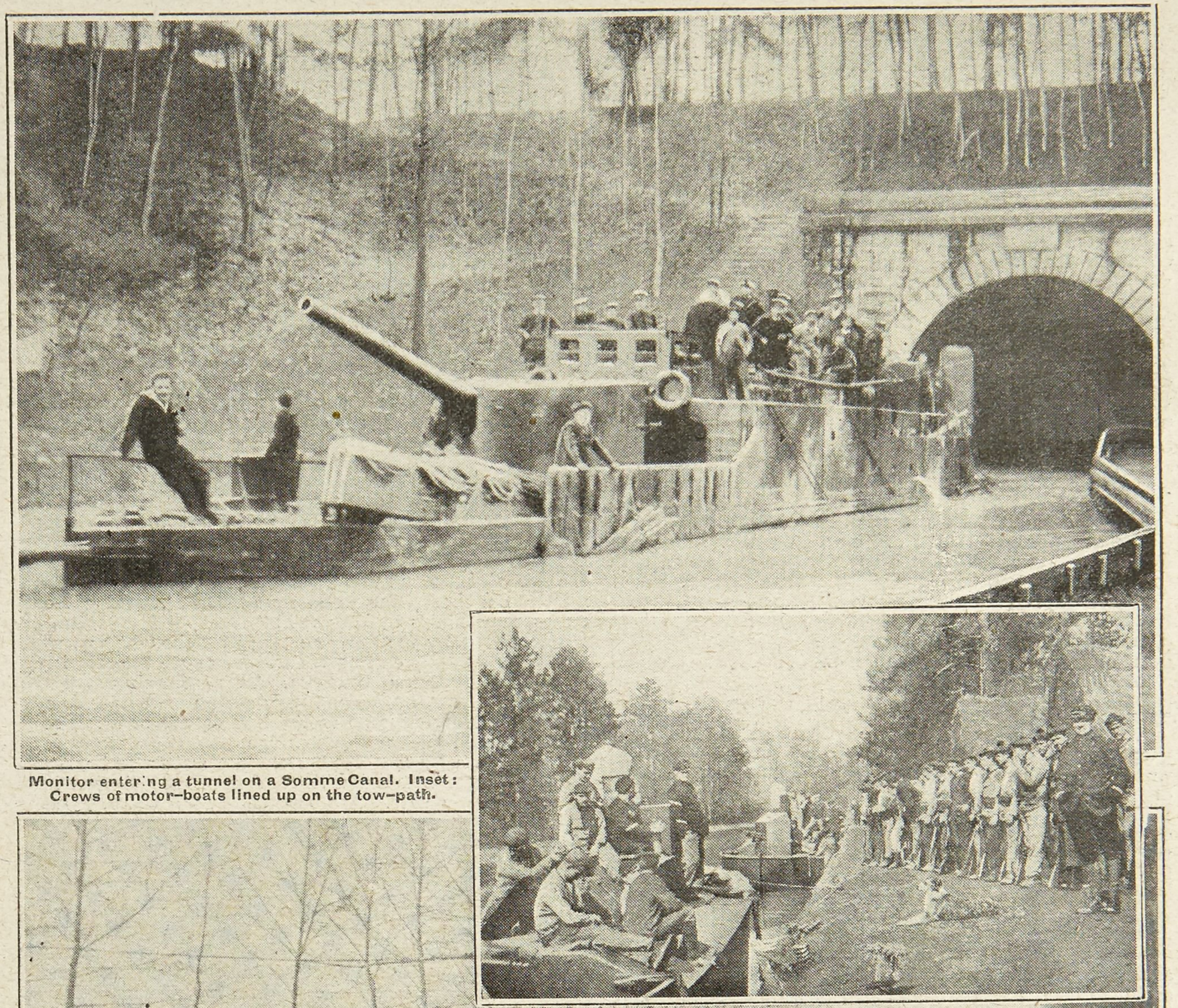


Gun drill with real and dummy guns. Left: Rapidity of loading is acquired by practice with a dummy gun which has a hole in the barrel through which the shell drops automatically when it is "fired." Right: Crew of a troopship at gun drill with the real weapon.

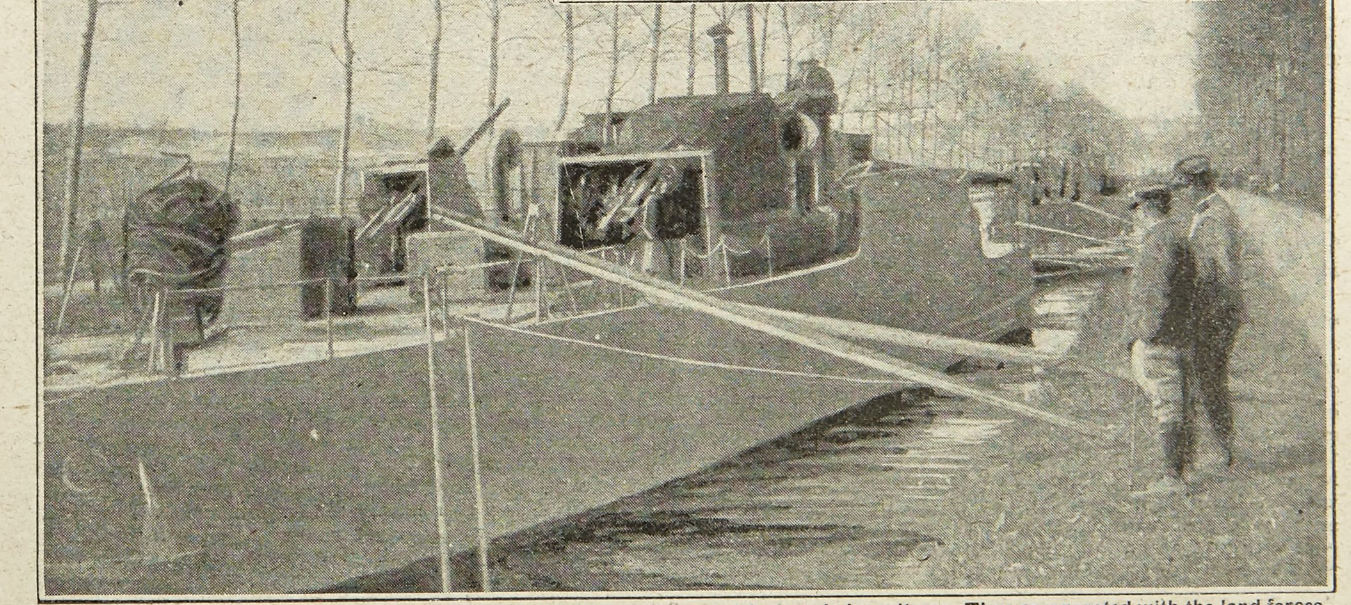


How men aboard our troopships are kept fit. Doubling round the ship, and (right) Marines at physical drill. The physical condition and the consequent mental and nervous alertness of British sailormen are perfect. It is by constant care of this kind they are kept so.

French Ironclads on the Somme Canals



Monitor entering a tunnel on a Somme Canal. Inset: Crews of motor-boats lined up on the tow-path.



There is a network of canals along the Somme, and this is now navigated by ironclad monitors. They co-operated with the land forces in the bombardment of Mont St. Quentin, advancing their positions gradually with the closing in of the land artillery lines.

MY ADVENTURES AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT

WATCHED AND TRACKED

Foiling a Turkish Spy at Constanza

By Basil Clarke

RUMANIA'S entry into the war will no doubt put a stop to the undesirable activities of numerous gentlemen—German, Austrian, and Turkish—who for the last two years or so have lived in Rumania for the purpose of gleaning all the secrets, military, diplomatic, and other, that they could find for the private use of the countries that employed them. These gentry, in short, were spies. Nor did they confine their attentions to Rumania and Rumanians alone, but, as became good servants of their masters, they pried into everything that might by any possible crook have any bearing on the war and the countries engaged in it. As British newspaper correspondents were not over common in Rumania, and as they might reasonably be expected to be putting themselves in the way of getting news, the spies gave them a good deal of attention.

I found, for instance, that my own ways and doings in Bukarest were followed by these folk with a most flattering interest. Little escaped them. My movements, and even my meals in cafés and restaurants, were under their closest surveillance. Did I call on a Rumanian statesman for information or guidance, a spy was pretty sure to be in the neighbourhood. Even my order for afternoon tea at the Café Capsa (the great fashionable café of Bukarest) was listened to as though it might shed light on some great diplomatic secret. I grew in time quite used to one or two particular faces, not always nice ones, that occurred and recurred no matter where I went.

Searching My Pockets

And besides following me about day and night, these people or their agents took occasional peeps into my luggage when I was away from my hotel, and felt in pockets of clothes hanging in my room wardrobe. All these things I discovered by various careful and cunning tests. You can be sure that I left unguarded nothing that would help them, though a good deal of " secret information " which I had concocted for their edification and left where it could be found by them was no doubt carefully copied into pocket-books and duly forwarded to the Kaiserliche Secret Service Bureau.

All this sort of thing was very amusing, till such times arose as I did not wish to be seen by agents of the enemy, and then it became a trial between their wits and mine as to whether I should do my business unseen by them or not.

It so happened that things Rumanian became pretty slack so far as news to send to England was concerned, and as the British landing in Gallipoli had just been effected, and all the world at home was agog for news of it and of Constantinople behind, I thought I would see if I could not get some news of Constantinople. So one fine day, taking all the care I could to give my spies the slip, I took train from Bukarest to Constanza, which is a Rumanian watering-place and a port of some importance on the coast of the Black Sea.

News from Constantinople

And here for a day or two I observed the shipping, looking out with especial care for any ship bound for Constantinople and back again. Eventually a ship so bound made its appearance. I sounded with some care the feelings of certain members of its crew, and finally bartered with one of the most intelligent of them (not a Rumanian), that for sundry pieces of gold he should take careful mental note of things in Constantinople when his ship got there and, returning, tell them to me. This man, an officer, said that without the gold he would willingly do this, for he was as anxious to see the Entente win the war as anyone. Still, gold was gold, and a sailor's pay was sailors' pay—no better than it ought to be. So we shared a bottle of Rumanian wine at a café over the bargain.

As we drank it, a sudden shifting of the eye of a solid-looking Turk sitting near us suggested to me at the time that he was more interested in us than he cared to appear. The foreigner who stares at you frankly is generally harmless enough, for it is noticeable as one travels round the world that the only people who show no curiosity about their fellow-men are British people. But when a foreigner stares at you and then takes some pains to hide his interest, it is a suspicious sign. This man never looked at us again, but went on fingering his little string of amber beads (as is the habit of Turks) with the best appearance of unconcern. I was suspicious, and from that moment realised that my sitting in a public place with a sailor bound for Constantinople was a mistake.

My sailor's ship was due back from Constantinople, I remember, on a Saturday afternoon, and I was down at the quay in good time to see it arrive. So also was friend Turk from the café, though he, for some queer reason, seemed to find it more agreeable to stand out of sight of the incoming ship behind a pile of merchandise on the quay. This looked significant; but more significant still was the look which my friend the mate of the ship gave me from his station near the bow hawsers of the boat as she was coming up to the quayside. It was no more than a look, half a second, maybe, but most clearly and emphatically it said, " Keep clear—something's in the wind ! "

I remained by the quay as long as I thought was warranted by an apparently idle curiosity to see the ship land, and then went back up the town. There are only one or two nice cafés in Constanza, and they are all next door to one another. Everyone goes to his café sooner or later, so I knew I should meet my sailor there.

I ordered a " grenadine " from the waiter and waited. An hour passed. Then a little Turkish boy slipped into the café with a note. A moment later my waiter handed it to me. " See you in your hotel during dinner-time to-night," it ran. " Leave note in hall-rack addressed M. Roumali " (a fictitious name), " giving number of your bed-room. Be in it, and be careful you are not watched."

The Ubiquitous "Mr. Turk"

I had no sooner read the note, torn it up, and put the pieces in my pocket ready to throw away later, than up came the Turk. He sat at a table five yards from me and ordered a drink. Soon I rose, paid for my " grenadine," and left the café. I turned round just before entering my hotel, and sure enough " Turk " was behind. I had lunch. He was outside when I came out again. This would never do. He must not be about at night-time. How was I to shake him off ? The idea came. I sauntered through the town, gazing now and again at shop-windows. He followed a hundred yards behind. Past the post-office and up the hill I took him by the most leisurely walking till we were well on the outskirts of the town, and out of reach of all cabs—for the presence of a cab would have defeated my plans utterly. And then I began to walk my hardest. I walked and walked till I had nearly lost him, and then, giving him just time to get in sight of me again, I walked on and on.

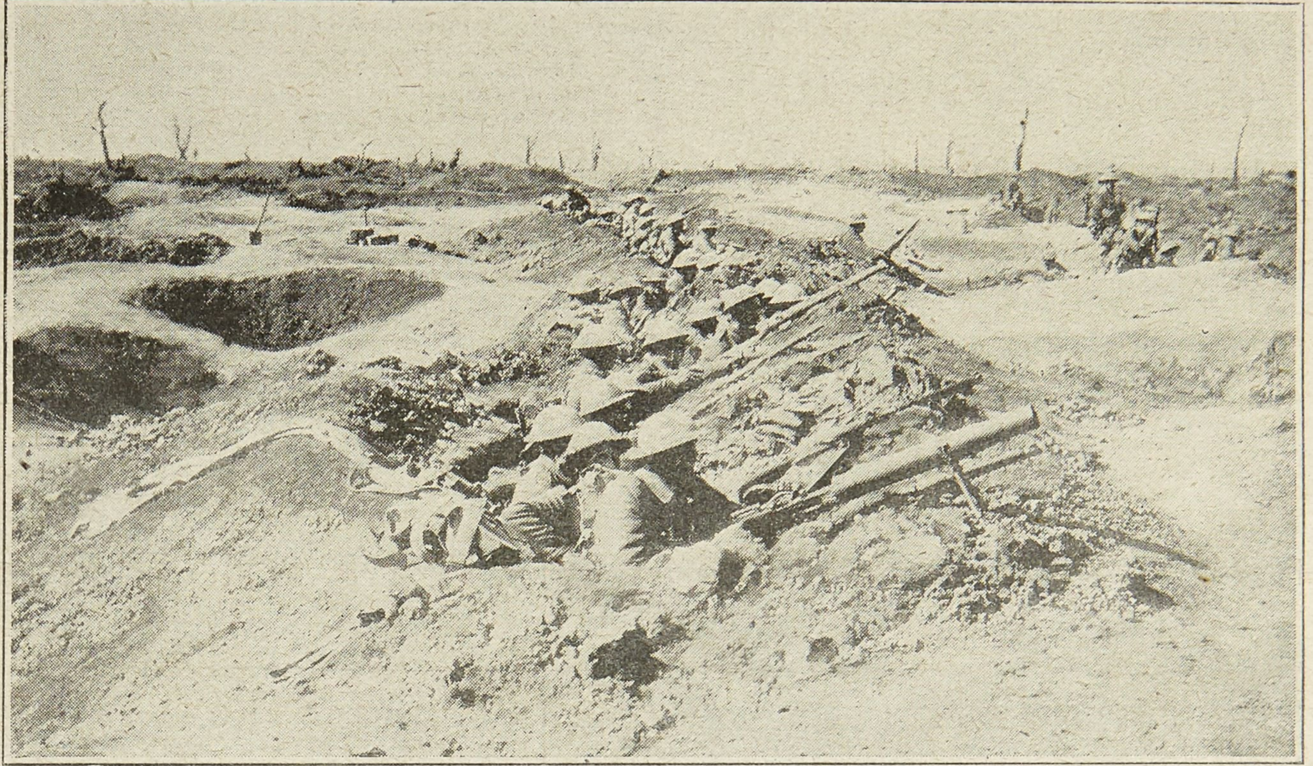
If there is one thing your Turk hates more than another it is walking. Yet he dare not let me out of sight. For all he knew I might have an appointment at one or other of these little wayside public-houses. He plodded on. He was a stoutly-built Turk. It was a broiling hot day, too, though possibly I felt the heat more than he. We walked eight solid kilometres along that dusty road, and a solid eight back again. And I had not spoken to a soul.

It was evening and nearly dinner-time when I walked into Constanza's main street again, my Turk waddling, footsore and weary, behind. I walked past the cafés and on towards my hotel, waiting for a moment in the cover of a gateway to see what happened to the Turk. As I had

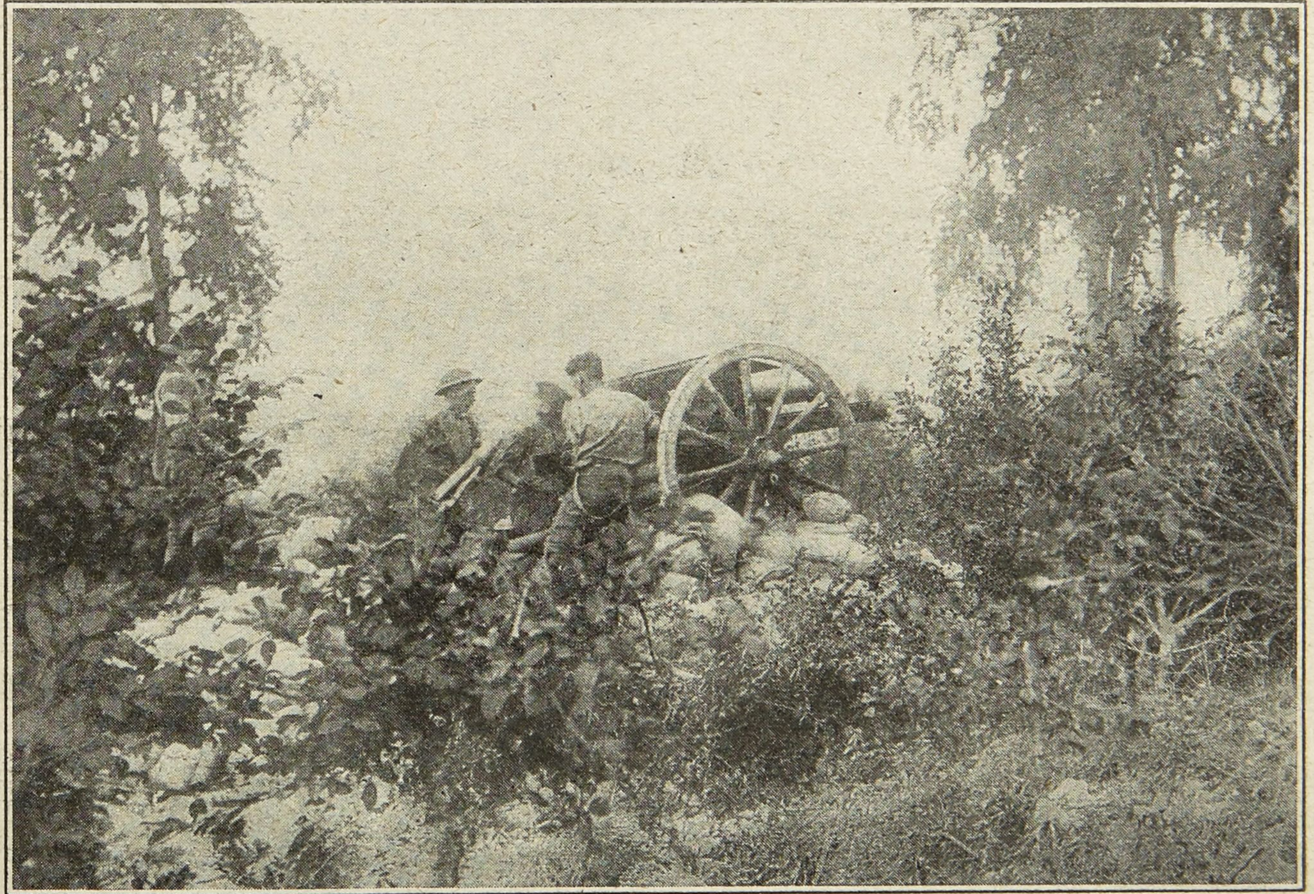
[*Continued on page* 236

Crouched for the Spring in Trench and Brake

British Official. Crown Copyright Reserved



British troops waiting to attack on September 25th, 1916. This was one of the most successful days in the great Somme advance. Six miles of enemy trenches were stormed to a depth of more than a mile, and Morval and Lesbœufs were carried.



Eighteen-pounder gun in action in a tangled brake, where the dappled light and shade made the khaki figures almost invisible. The French "75's" won world-wide reputation in the war, but French gunners expressed admiration for our 18-pounders.

WATCHED AND TRACKED

(Continued from page 234.)

expected, he stopped at the café—literally dropping into one of the seats on the pavement outside it. He was done up. I should be safe from him for some time, at all events.

In my hotel everyone was at dinner. I hurried upstairs, and found the sailor sitting on my bed. He had taken my note from the rack in the hall, and come upstairs without being seen.

"Oh, a nice time I've had!" was his first remark. "I've been followed from start to finish. No sooner did our ship leave Constanza than a wretched little Turkish warship hove in sight and boarded us. When we got to the Bosphorus we were boarded and searched again. They went through my cabin with a small-tooth comb, so to speak, and left never a paper or letter or book unsearched. At Constantinople we were boarded again and overhauled. There was nothing incriminating; but even then they did not seem to be satisfied, and they again searched me from top to toe. There's a Turk on the ship now, and I'm sure he's there to watch me. I've had a job to give him the slip."

The sailor had been in Constantinople for three days, and though he was followed almost everywhere he went, the Turks did not stop him from going about and seeing all there was to be seen. He had seen the Turkish and German wounded being brought home from the Dardanelles, also the warships Goeben and Breslau, about which everyone was talking; also the big ship, moored a hundred yards or more from the shore at Constantinople, in which the German Staff made their headquarters (the German Staff in Constantinople have always seemed to prefer to be housed where they are safe from surprise attack by any hostile crowd).

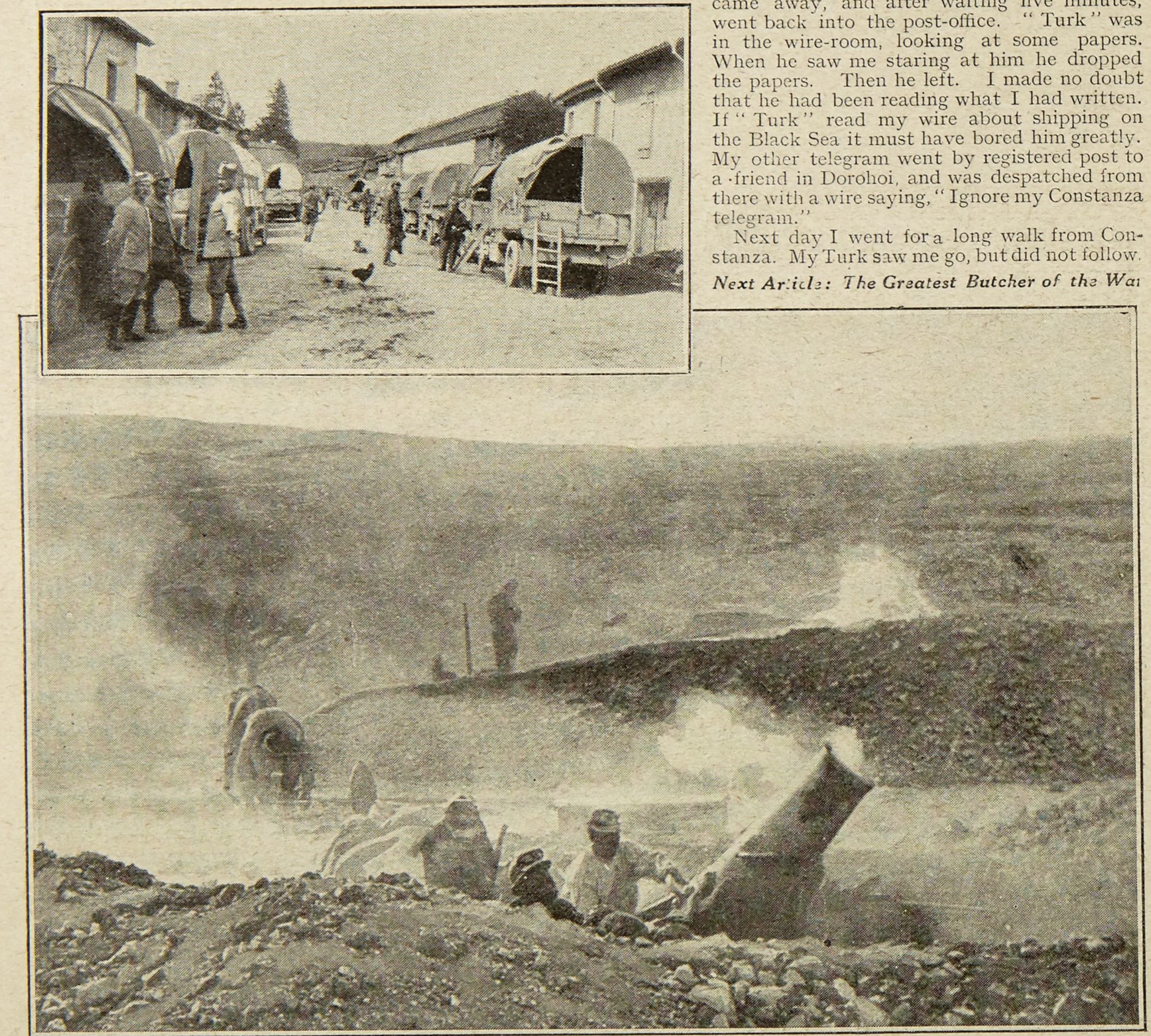
When the day came for the boat to leave for Constanza a file of Turkish soldiers under a German officer came on board, and once more searched the ship high and low. My sailor was taken to his cabin and stripped stark naked. Not only were his clothes looked through, even to the linings, but his body itself was searched. Fortunately, they could not look into his brain, or they might have seen interesting little details about Constantinople that he was bringing home for me—material from which I wrote an interesting article to be telegraphed home to England. The point was how to get it away. I suspected that nothing in the Constanza post-office was sacred from the eyes of these spies, and that anything I wrote would get to their knowledge one way or another. So I wrote two articles. The first was a harmless thing about war-time shipping on the Black Sea; the other described the things in Constantinople which my friend had told me.

Treachery at the Post-Office

It was dark when I left my hotel. My spy was not far from the front door. Sure enough he followed me up to the post-office. The post-office itself was shut, but I took my message up to the wire-room, which is always open, came away, and after waiting five minutes, went back into the post-office. "Turk" was in the wire-room, looking at some papers. When he saw me staring at him he dropped the papers. Then he left. I made no doubt that he had been reading what I had written. If "Turk" read my wire about shipping on the Black Sea it must have bored him greatly. My other telegram went by registered post to a friend in Dorohoi, and was despatched from there with a wire saying, "Ignore my Constanza telegram."

Next day I went for a long walk from Constanza. My Turk saw me go, but did not follow.

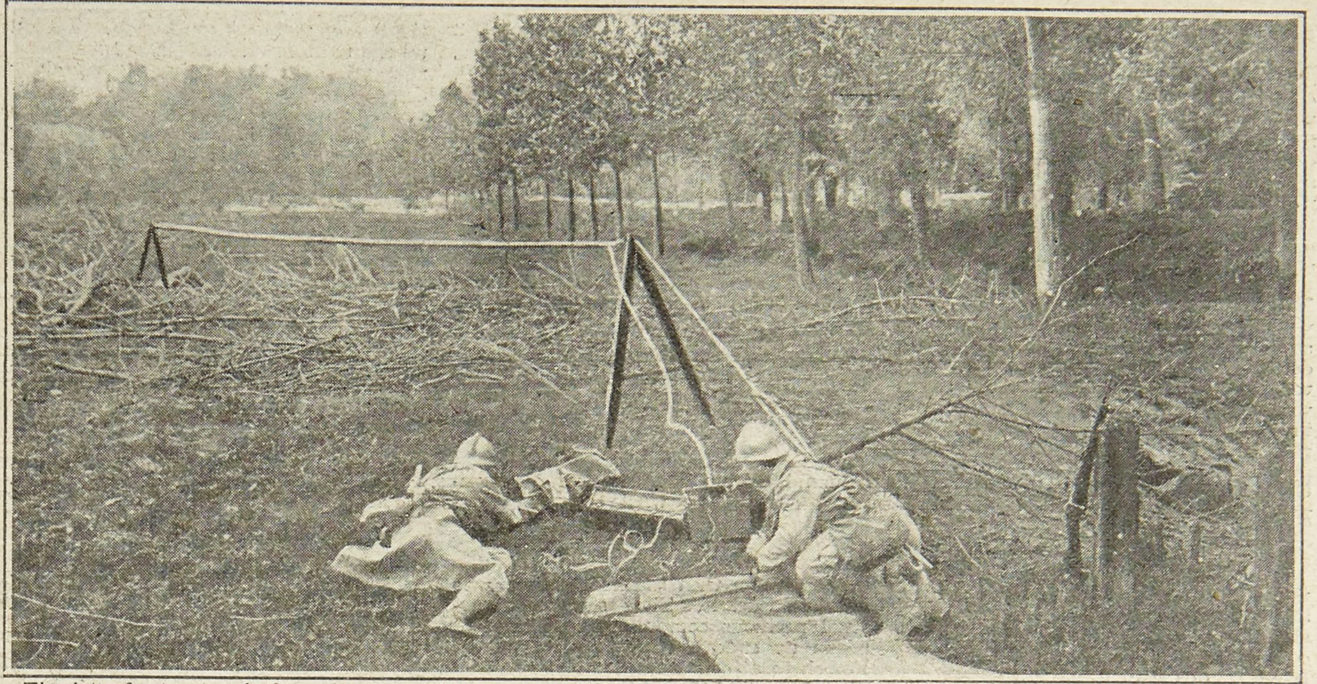
Next Article: The Greatest Butcher of the War



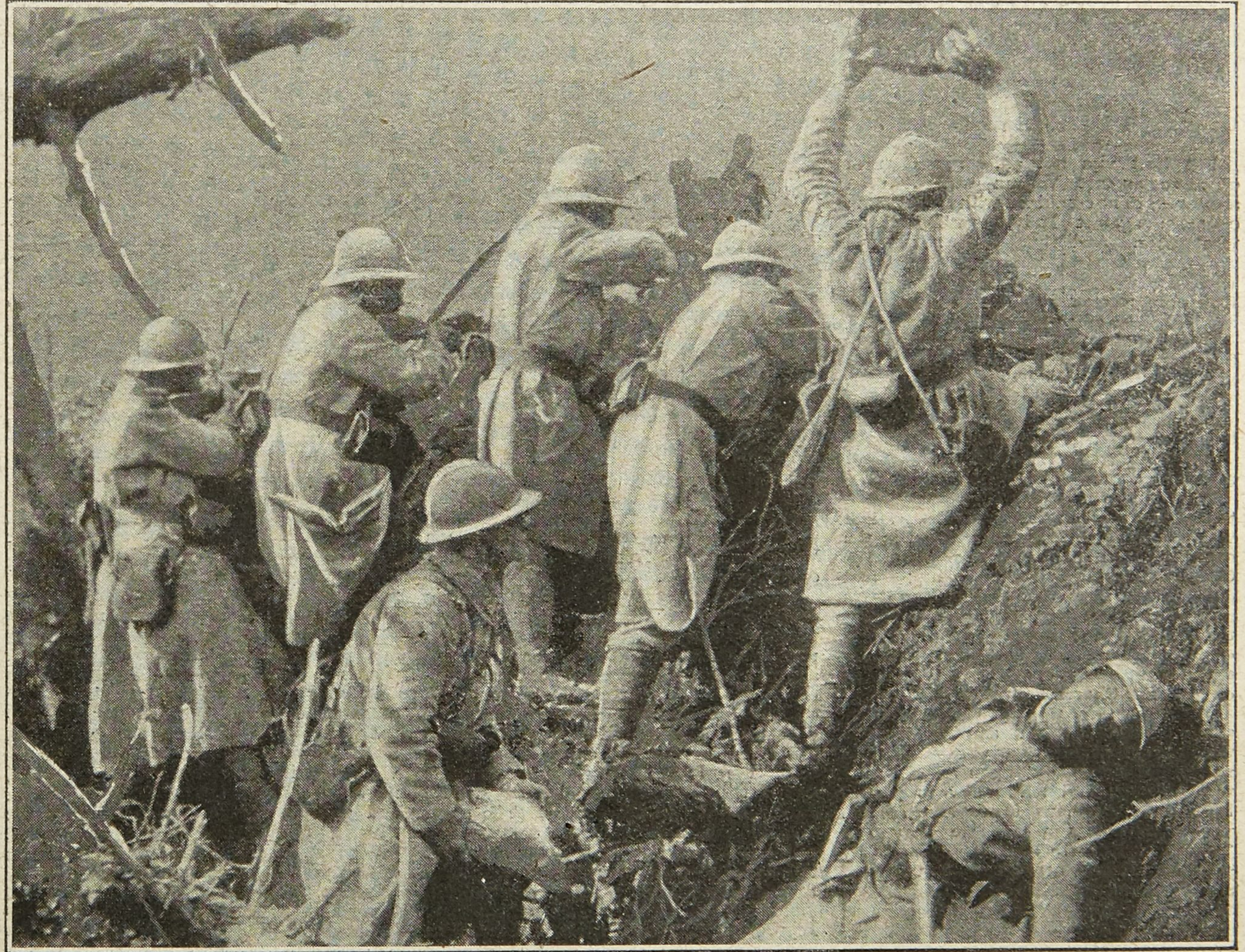
Trench mortars in action in the region of Tahure. They fire a formidable shell that explodes with a terrific noise. Inset: Army supply waggons on service behind the front line on the Meuse, where all the trains are employed solely in the transport of munitions.

Outposts in the Valley and on the Heights

French Official Photographs



The duty of outposts, whether aviators or infantry, is one of heavy responsibility. Apart from following the movements of the enemy, they have to keep a close eye on their own infantry, seeing that they do not advance too rapidly and thus come within range of their own artillery fire. This photograph shows two French scouts working a wireless installation on the Somme.



Remarkable photograph showing a French soldier in the act of hurling a huge boulder on the enemy assaulting a ridge. A second French soldier is about to hand his comrade another stone. To the right of the photograph is a soldier mortally wounded, having just been struck by a bullet from the oncoming Germans.

THE RIGHT VIEW OF VERDUN

By Winston Churchill, M.P.

THE second of the series of articles on "The War by Land and Sea" which Mr. Winston Churchill is contributing to our contemporary, the "London Magazine," appears in the issue for November, just published. It is one of the most remarkable and deeply interesting articles we have read on any phase of the conflict. It shows a wonderful grasp of the complexities of the war, and the ability to convey to the reader something of that clear-eyed view which the writer himself so obviously possesses. Nothing more illuminating could be written about Verdun than Mr. Churchill's summing-up of that tremendous episode of the war in this most noteworthy contribution to the "London." He shows with a deft literary art, that conjures up in a few swift sentences the dubious position of the Allies at the opening of the present year, how great indeed had been Germany's military conquests. He then proceeds to expose the enormity of her strategic mistake in launching the Verdun attack, and writes:

The attack upon Verdun dominated the whole German military policy of 1915, and ruined it. With the decision obstinately persisted in to make a grand offensive against Verdun fell Germany's last hope of escaping unscathed from the astounding adventure into which she had plunged.

A great German offensive in the west had long been the best thing that could happen to the Allies. Never was there a moment when it was more timely or more helpful.

Germany's Fatal Strategy

But that was not all. The German offensive against Verdun was, it soon appeared, to be combined with an Austrian offensive against Italy, opening somewhat later. And thus, both north and south, the Central Powers turned away from the eastern frontiers and, leaving Russia to recover behind them, plunged into desperate adventures in the west.

German armies, backed by artillery fire surpassing all previous record, are launched in mighty strength upon the apex of the French lines in front of Verdun. The high tactical skill of this great operation of war can be admired. But the vast strategic misconception on which it rested was fatal.

Having assembled and contrasted a few of the reasons, true and false, which we may imagine to have operated in the councils which led to the planning of the German attack upon Verdun; and emphasised, first, the wrong strategic impulse towards the west; and, secondly, the attempt to maintain a continuous decisive offensive against armies greatly superior in number and unsurpassed in quality, Mr. Churchill continues:

We may sum up the German enterprise against Verdun as the efficient tactical execution of a wrong strategic policy. It was based upon an organisation of guns and field railways perfect beyond all previous conception against particular points which we may call "anvils." Nevertheless, it opened by surprise. It was at first conducted on a system of limited attacks which minimised as far as possible the superior losses of the assailants. In spite of all this it failed—even locally and tactically. But even had it succeeded locally and tactically, it would have been disastrous to Germany, for in this war tactics, however adroit, cannot redeem misdirection in strategy and policy.

But as the struggle for Verdun developed and the skill of the attack was met by an equally skilful defence, and as the unshakable constancy of the French produced resistances beyond all that had been expected, obstinacy began to clog the wheels of German thought. Reputations of the greatest authorities became first engaged then deeply involved in the fortunes of the enterprise.

Vast Process of Waste

The operation dragged. The scientific methods of the opening were succeeded by much less careful assaults. New floods of human life were poured out for insignificant gains. The whole German campaign in every other quarter was paralysed. The flower of the German armies was cut down.

Desperation then laid hold of those who were responsible. They saw their personal positions compromised. They had begun by endeavouring to persuade the French to attach a fictitious, sentimental importance to the fortress. They very soon began to attach a wholly unreal importance to it themselves. All their great influence and power over the German war direction was now concentrated upon finding new legions to be flung into the attack.

The vast process of waste continued far into the summer, and all the time the French High Command watched the process with increasing confidence, and the British Army gathered its strength. And all the time the Russian power revived and waxed again into a mighty world factor.

Samson's locks had been shorn in the autumn, but by the summer they were grown again. Along every road which was open the ceaseless stream of munitions from the arsenals of so many lands flowed to arm the teeming manhood of the Russian people. And Germany's hour had gone.

It was at this moment that the Austrians chose to engage themselves in a costly offensive in the Trentino.

Offensive and Defensive Losses

We may now consider the German Verdun offensive from the point of view of relative losses.

It is always easy for commanders, in default of more tangible gains, to assert that they have inflicted enormous losses upon the enemy. The Germans are adepts at this. But no assertions of theirs, however brazen, can alter the disproportion of loss between the offensive and the defensive. The defender naturally holds the sector of the line exposed to attack with the fewest troops possible. He knows they are going to be pounded to a jelly by the bombardment. The fewer men he has in or near the trenches exposed to drum fire the less his loss. He therefore keeps no more than are sufficient to compel the enemy to attack in full force, and to support his machine-guns. In the right solution of this problem resides the skill of the defending commander. On a sector of, say, 12,000 yards, one man to the yard will be a fair allowance for the front system of trenches, and an equal number in support and reserve. In other words, two full divisions will, apart from special circumstances, hold the line *as well as it can be held.* To load up the trenches with additional masses of men will only be to give the attacking artillery their heart's desire. The defence will be made no stronger if the trenches were crowded with double or treble their number. On the contrary, their slaughter will only demoralise the rest.

The attack, on the other hand, must have great numbers. To maintain a continuous assault on a 12,000-yard front from eight to twelve divisions or more might be required in a two days' battle. Thus, on a moderate computation, it may be said that five or six men are exposed in offensive action for every one in defence. When and where the attack is successful the losses are very heavy on the defenders of the trenches taken. Many are killed by the bombardment, many are bayoneted by the assailants; some fly, the rest are captured. But the total number of these on any long stretch of front is greatly inferior to the losses of the assault.

When the trenches have been stormed the process of consolidation begins. Here, again, the attackers suffer far more than the original defenders. They are much more numerous, they are in unfamiliar ground.

French Military Skill

All the parapets are in reverse, and in this situation they are exposed to an intense artillery counter-fire by gunners who know every inch of the lines they are firing at.

The attack therefore loses excessively—first, before the assault, by having to keep much larger numbers under bombardment in their own trenches than the enemy; secondly, during the assault by having to pass much larger numbers of men through the barrages and machine-gun fire across No Man's Land; thirdly, after the assault (if successful), by having to consolidate a strange position in crowded confusion under accurate and intense fire.

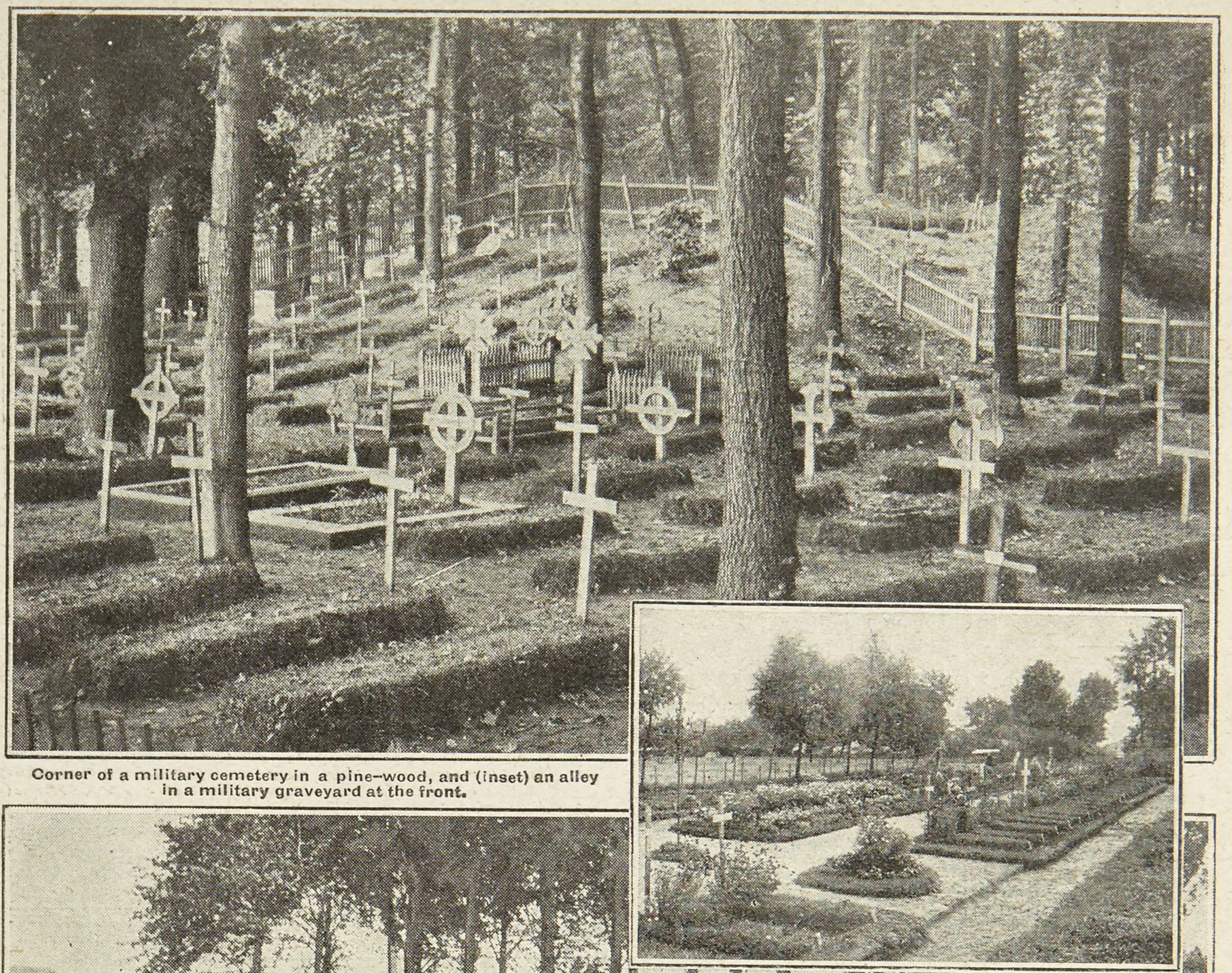
The defence, as we have seen, loses a high proportion of its relatively small numbers when the assault comes home. It also loses almost on the attacking scale when counter-attacks are launched. But the frequency and the weight of counter-attacks depend upon whether the defenders are really determined to win back and hold every part of the ground, and are tied to fixed positions, or whether they are willing to cede a little at a disproportionate cost to their enemies.

The French showed the greatest military skill at Verdun in their defensive operations. But they suffered more than the defence need suffer by their valiant and obstinate retention of particular positions.

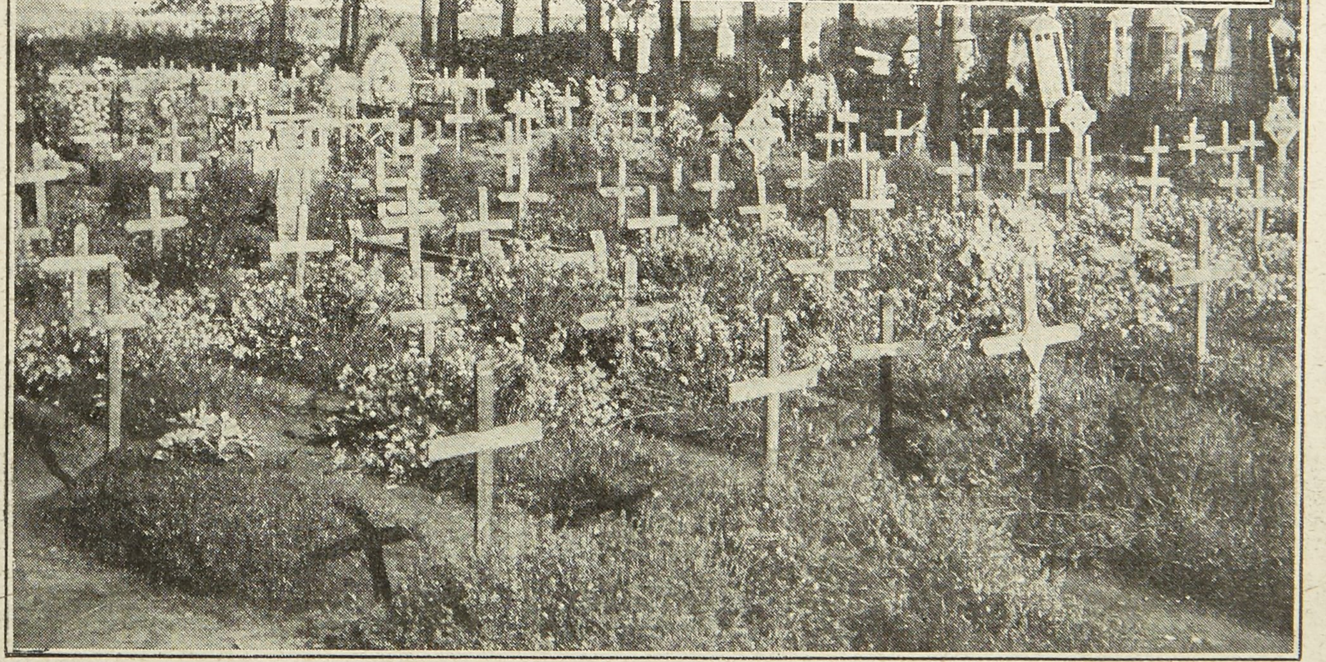
Meeting an artillery attack is like catching a cricket ball. Shock is dissipated by drawing back the hands. A little "give," a little suppleness, and the violence of impact is vastly reduced. Yet, notwithstanding the obstinate ardour and glorious passion for mastery of the French, the German losses at Verdun greatly exceeded theirs. And the excess of German losses would have been sensibly increased if at any time the French had though it right to allow themselves a little more latitude in regard to relinquishing particular positions.

Where Beyond these Voices There is Peace

British Official. Crown Copyright Reserved

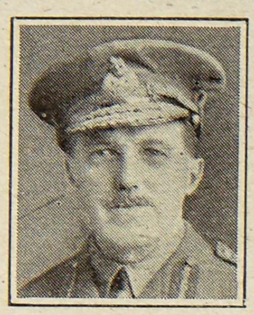


Corner of a military cemetery in a pine-wood, and (inset) an alley in a military graveyard at the front.

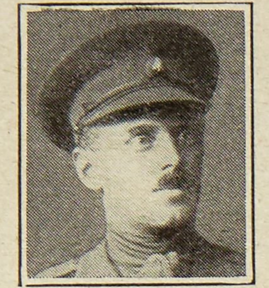


One of the British military cemeteries at the front in charge of the Director of Graves' Registration and Inquiries. The Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. advises on the planting of flowers and shrubs wherever possible.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



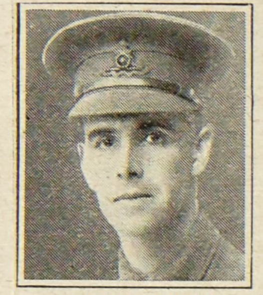
Brig.-Gen. C. E. STEWART, C.M.G., Black Watch.



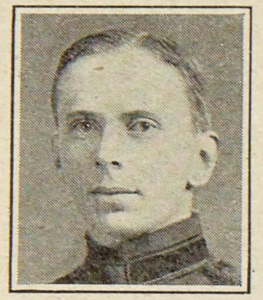
Capt. J. V. HYNDMAN, Royal Irish Rifles.

Capt. F. S. GILLESPIE, Royal Sussex Regt.

Capt. G. E. H. KEESEY, Rifle Brigade.

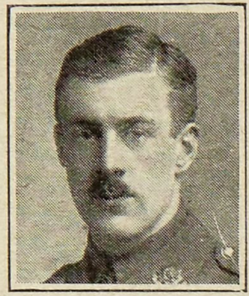


Capt. P. L. LEIGH, R.G.A.

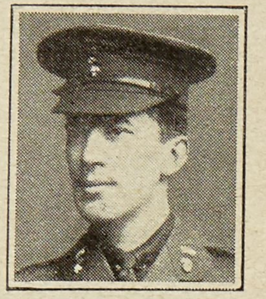


Capt. J. R. SOMERS-SMITH, London Regt.

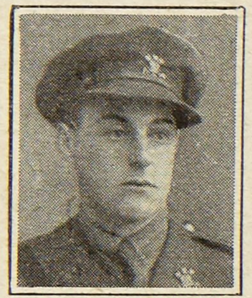
Capt. T. G. GRICE, Scottish Rifles.



Capt. DAVID WILSON, R.F.C.



Capt. G. W. EATON, Royal Irish Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lieut. H. HANDCOCK, Leinster Regt.

Brigadier-General Charles Edward Stewart, C.M.G., Black Watch, entered the Royal Highlanders in 1889. In 1908 he received his majority, and just after the outbreak of war was promoted to lieutenant-colonel. Early in 1916 he was appointed to the Staff, and given command of a brigade. He saw much service in South Africa, notably at Kimberley and Paardeberg, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Queen's and the King's Medals with six clasps. For service in the present war he was made a C.M.G.

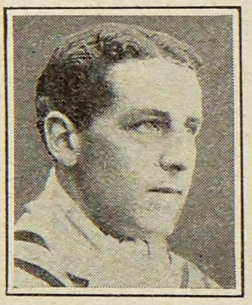
Captain David Wilson, of the Royal Flying Corps, who was a grand-nephew of the first Lord Nunburnholme, gained the Military Cross last May.

Lieutenant Kenneth Lotherington Hutchings, Liverpool Regiment, attached Welsh Regiment, was the famous Kent cricketer, and accredited one of the most remarkable batsmen of the generation. He was a member of the Tonbridge eleven for five years, heading the batting for three seasons in succession, but his most brilliant record was made in 1906, when he was acclaimed by all an England cricketer.

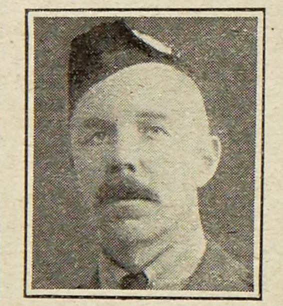
Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur F. Townshend was educated at Haileybury College. He was gazetted to the 2nd Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in 1894, and served with the 4th Scottish Rifles in the South African War. From 1903-6 he was Military Consul in Turkey. In 1915 Lieut.-Colonel Townshend left with his regiment for the front and was twice wounded, and mentioned in despatches on November 30th, 1915. Last January he was appointed to command the Royal West Kent Regiment, and was fatally wounded on the 15th of the same month.

Lieut. H. G. M. MANSEL-PLEYDELL, Dorset Regt.

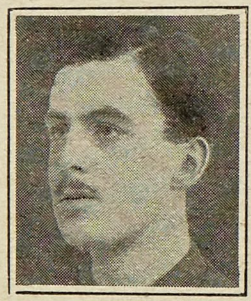
Lieut. R. S. de BLABY, Loyal North Lancs.



Lieut. K. L. HUTCHINGS, Liverpool Regt.



Lt.-Col. A. F. TOWNSHEND, Scottish Rifles.



Sec.-Lt. T. R. H. DORMAN, Royal Munsters.

Sec.-Lieut. J. FISH, Worcester Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. N. H. COLLINS, Royal Inniskillings.

Sec.-Lieut. D. C. O'CONNELL, Connaughts.

Sec.-Lieut. W. DRAKE, R.H.A.

Sec.-Lieut. F. R. HOGGETT, Queen's (R.W. Surreys).

Sec.-Lieut. F. A. J. BROWN, Leinster Regt.

Portraits by Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Hawkins, Brooke Hughes, Lafayette, Swaine.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

ZEPPELINITIS: GERMAN AND BRITISH

ZEPPELINS are so much in the air just now that we need not apologise for choosing them as the point from which to take our view over life and character this week. There is the less reason to apologise inasmuch as they have given occasion for an access of lyrical mendacity on the part of the German authorities, and of consequent hysterical jubilation on the part of the German people, which have provoked expressions of wonder from many neutral onlookers. Seldom has the misrepresentation of facts, which has been a consistent part of German policy, been more complete than in regard to the achievements and the fate of the airships that have taken part in the recent raids over Britain. To anyone not a German, however, it is incredible that truth can be prevented from percolating into Germany, and that conviction of deliberate lying can be anything but most damaging to the German authorities. What, one wonders, is the good of flat falsehood when the truth must come out very soon?

SOMETIMES, and in some cases, one can see that a claim may be jumped. The highly-embroidered account of the Battle off Jutland, which Germany telegraphed all over the world many hours before the British Government published its coldly-accurate statement of British naval losses, was tantamount to a Press victory which undoubtedly impressed neutrals to our disadvantage. But the matter is different when accounts are published of work alleged to have been done by raiding Zeppelins, for the accounts can be checked so speedily by independent witnesses in this country, and the British official reports can be verified and published in neutral countries within a few days. Are we to believe that German organisation is so complete that these amending accounts do not find their way into that credulous land? And if they do, are we to believe that no penalty, if only loss of prestige, will be visited upon a Government convicted of lying? If that is truly so, we must give up all hope of ever being able to effect a working understanding with the German people after we have made an end of their present governing caste.

A WEEK or two ago a paragraph appeared in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED containing quotations from an account published in a Magdeburg paper of the Zeppelin raids that took place on August 1st and 3rd. The German paper gravely asserted that the number of insane in this country had increased so much that there was no room in the lunatic asylums for sick and wounded from the front. The casualty list was variously estimated at 6,000 injured and 15,000 killed. Material damage was assessed at £37,500,000 and alternatively at £1,250,000. Our mental disturbance was suggested by an assertion that every householder examined the staircase leading to the cellar before going to bed, with the result that landlords, tenants, and porters met every night on their way to subterranean regions. Now, in the name of common-sense, what can be the use of making up such utterly preposterous yarns when London is full of Americans and other neutrals who send home accurate accounts of what took place?

WE have not seen the German official report of the raid that was made on October 1st. We know that one man was killed and one woman injured, and that as a set-off a Zeppelin was brought down in flames with the total loss of its crew. We have pretty sure knowledge that a second Zeppelin failed to get home on that occasion, and we know that the airships that "wandered aimlessly" over other parts of Britain did practically no damage at all. We know, too, that the previous week another Zeppelin was brought down in flames with the total loss of the crew, while yet another was destroyed and its crew taken prisoner. We know, in short, that the Zeppelin as a military machine is a failure, and we have learned how to defeat its attacks upon London and how to destroy it. Extension of these methods to other places is only a matter of time. From a military point of view the balance of gains and losses is indubitably in our favour. There remains the question of moral and intellectual damage. What does Zeppelinitis amount to in Britain?

ONE factor in the problem which German advocates of frightfulness have overlooked is the great size of London. It would require a catastrophe as vast as the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in the eighteenth century to create a general panic here. Certainly two Zeppelins could not do it, nor yet eighty-two. For they could not get here unexpected, and it is only the unexpected and the unknown that can cause panic among us. If ever Count Zeppelin sends his advertised fleet of eighty airships to England at one time, those of them that get over London may have a quarter of an hour in which to unload their bombs at random; but all those bombs together, with the added power of flying shell from our own guns, will not destroy in fifteen minutes a city covering between two and three hundred square miles.

HITHERTO, one part of London has had almost no knowledge of a raid being conducted over another part. Consciousness of the great size of the town gives a sense of security which precludes general panic. Without thinking of the matter in terms of mathematical chances, people are aware subconsciously that the odds against their being one of the victims are some millions to a few score at the most. And if sense of personal danger comes to them because the airships are over the district where they live, they take what precautions prudence and opportunity suggest and wait the event with emotions varying according to personal temperament, but all controlled with an effectiveness that is only not meritorious because it is racial. Of course, people feel fear at the time. But it is not the kind of fear that would paralyse them if they were able to retaliate. It has no relation to panic, and what Germany has yet to learn is that she has made an implacable enemy of every individual whom she has affected in that way. Every bomb dropped in London has driven another nail into Germany's coffin.

THE several millions of people in London round whose home bombs and shell have not yet burst are genuinely interested in the Zeppelins. And their interest also has no relation to panic. Zeppelins fly high, for reasons that are intelligible. One result is that when they are fired the spectacle is visible all over London. It is a dramatic spectacle, and, far from going down into cellars, Londoners climb on to roofs in order that they shall not miss it. And when the brilliant blaze has died away, when the monster has dropped to earth, and the star that tells of victory burns steady on the aeroplane in the sky, there rises the sound that is like nothing else on earth, the cheering of a multitude scattered over our hundreds of square miles. If the German people could hear that wide roar they might be excused for knowing panic. The sound is rather awful in its menace. C. M.

The War Illustrated — News Notes and Comments

EVEN the Hun needs books. On the western front, at all events, an extensive circulating-library system is in force, the books provided being mostly paper-bound volumes of pocket size. These books, packed in boxes marked "Field Library," are carried in the field-kitchens, and the boxes circulate in rotation from troop to troop. Generally this literature is by standard German authors. Revelations made by the capture of dug-outs go to prove, however, that the German officer's passion for French novels of the dubious kind continues to be insatiable.

Napoleon's Field Library

NAPOLEON, who began life as an author, shortly before he left France for Egypt drew up a scheme for a travelling library of three hundred and twenty volumes. Later, dissatisfied with the field libraries of the day, he planned a library to be printed in a thousand duodecimo volumes. A further scheme of his was for a library in which history alone would fill 3,000 volumes. It was calculated that by employing one hundred and twenty compositors and twenty-five editors this could be got together in six years at a cost of £163,200, fifty copies of each work being printed. The work was begun, but not carried far. Six years passed, and the broken Emperor was in St. Helena.

Guibert's Famous Essay on Tactics

MR. HERBERT VIVIAN'S researches among the books in Napoleon's library at Elba have brought to light once again the Emperor's love not only for books, but for annotating those that directly appealed to him, notably the "Essai Général de Tactique" of Jacques Antoine Hippolyte, Comte de Guibert, the French general and military writer, which created a sensation throughout Europe in 1770, at a time when tactics were discussed even in the salon. The book gave a broad survey of the existing conditions in Europe, and Napoleon made a number of extracts from it.

Humane Warfare

HERE is a reflection by Guibert which was adapted and repeated by Napoleon in his published writings: "To-day (i.e., in 1770) the whole of Europe is civilised. Wars have become less cruel. Save in combat, no blood is shed; prisoners are respected; towns are no more destroyed; the countryside is no more ravaged. Conquered peoples are only liable to pay some sort of contributions, which are often less heavy than the taxes they paid to their own Sovereign. Protected by the victor, their lot does not grow worse." Goethe has a striking account of the courtesy and consideration of the French officer quartered in the house of his parents in 1759. What contrasts are offered from the stricken fields of Northern France, Belgium, Poland, Serbia and Montenegro in 1916!

Hindenburg, the Idol of Brutality

THE German concentration against Rumania is the only enterprise that Hindenburg has been able to show since he was appointed supreme director of the Central Empires. In this effort the "Old Man of the Lakes" expresses the natural tendencies of the born bully. Surrounded by powerful enemies, he elects to throw his whole weight against the smallest, irrespective of the fact that the German machine on the Somme is being strained to the utmost. Hindenburg's cruelty is proverbial, and the German populace have idolised this arrogant Prussian because they mistake cruelty for strength and sheer bull-headed obstinacy for intellect. The following story serves as an illustration of the German Field-Marshal's inhumanity. During the German victories at Tannenberg in the autumn of 1914, the badly equipped and sorely pressed Russians were compelled to abandon large quantities of stores. As there was no time to burn the food, the Russians poured petrol over it, a perfectly legitimate act of war. When Hindenburg heard of this he was furious, and is alleged to have said: "It is stupid to discuss questions of taste. The Russians like petrol. This bread will serve to nourish the Russian prisoners."

Louvain and Sir Thomas More

AN appeal has been issued on behalf of Louvain, the famous library of which was destroyed by the Huns in the autumn of 1914. The authorities of the Rylands' Library, in Manchester, have collected a nucleus for a reconstruction—so far as reconstruction is possible—of the library; and now the British public are asked to help. A committee has been formed, with Mr. Hugh Butler, librarian of the House of Lords, as secretary, and Lord Muir-Mackenzie as chairman. The appeal is issued on the eve of a notable anniversary—the quater-centenary of the initial publication at Louvain of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia." More, by the way, while incarcerated in the Tower, was denied the solace of books, the few he was at first allowed to have in his cell being taken away from him.

Autumnal Anniversaries

MILITARY history seems to have been largely made in the months of autumn. Harold defeated Tostig at Stamford Bridge, September 28th, 1066. The Black Prince was victorious at Poitiers, September 19th, 1356. Flodden was fought on September 9th, 1513; Pinkie on September 10th, 1547; and Zutphen on September 22nd, 1586. The Cromwellian victory at Rowton Heath was on September 24th, 1645; that at Dunbar on September 3rd, 1650; and that at Worcester on September 3rd, 1651. Malplaquet was fought on September 11th, 1709; the '45 began in September of 1745; and Wolfe's victory at Quebec was gained in September, 1759. Assaye took place on September 23rd, 1803. The Franco-British victory at Alma was won on September 20th, 1854; and Sebastopol was reduced on September 11th, 1855. Delhi was taken from the mutineers on September 20th, 1857; and Havelock and Outram reached Lucknow on September 26th, 1857. Other September anniversaries are the death-day of the Duke of Wellington, and the birthdays of Lord French and Lord Roberts. As to the following month, the Battle of Hastings was fought on October 14th, 1066; Trafalgar (Nelson's death-day) on October 21st, 1805; Navarino on October 20th, 1827; Camperdown on October 11th, 1797; and Balaclava on October 25th, 1854.

General Foch

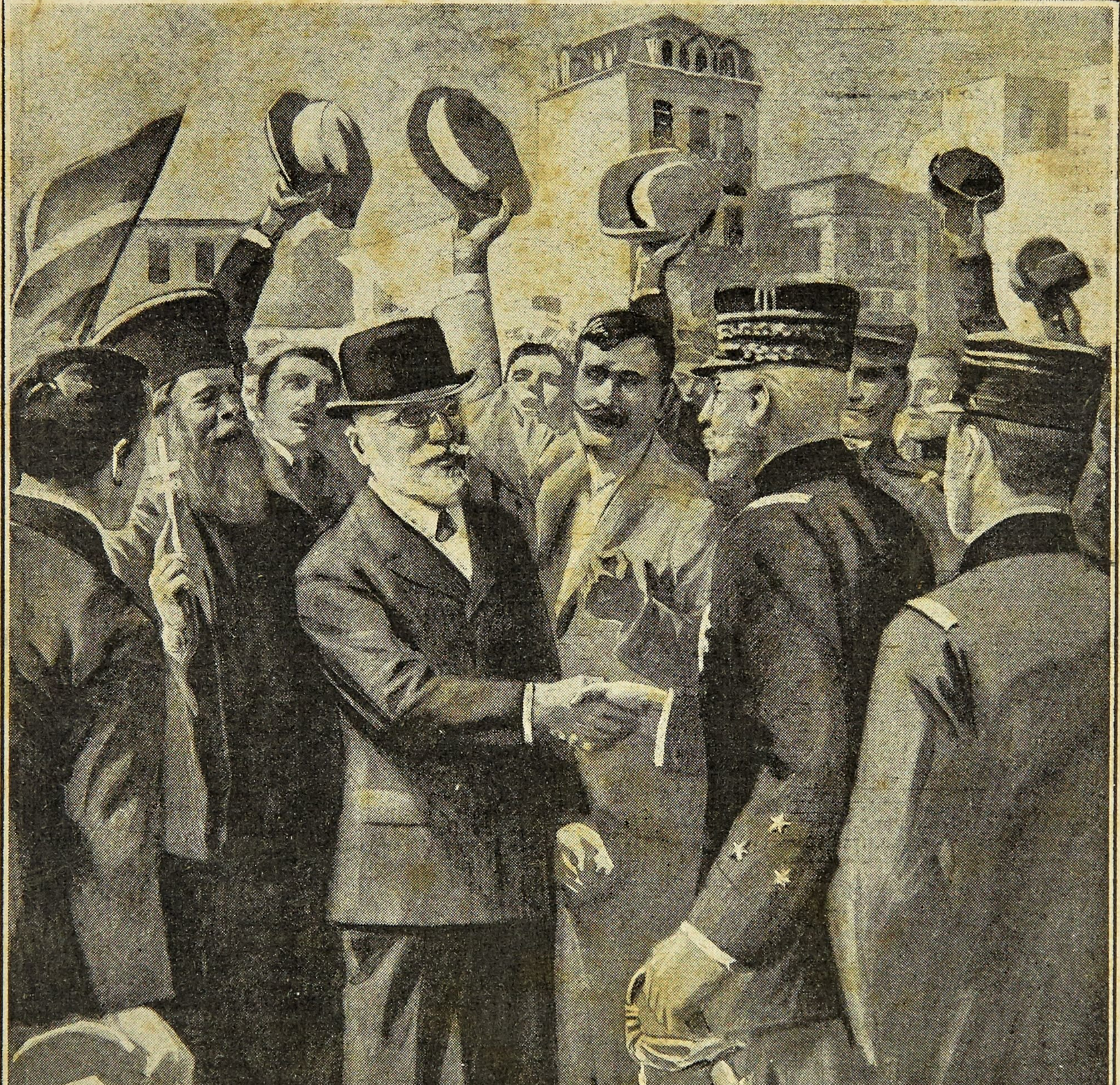
THE French military ordinance fixing the age limit for generals of division at sixty-five years specified that the President may, by special decree, abolish the age limit in favour of generals who have rendered eminent service in the field. Such a decree has been signed by M. Poincaré in favour of General Foch, in recognition of his services at Fère Champenoise and in the defence of Calais.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, October 28th, 1916.
Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Greatest Butcher of the War by Basil Clarke

The War Illustrated
2d. Weekly



Vol. 5 For Greece and the Allies! M. Venizelos and General Sarrail Meet at Salonika **No. 115**

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE situation on the different fronts has been materially affected by the weather, and the autumn rains have slowed down activity in some parts. Yet the advance of the Allies continues in the west, and the situation taken as a whole affords abundant continued reason for encouragement. The British and French on the Somme are still further increasing their armaments. Each day more guns are brought into action. The Italians have again advanced beyond the Isonzo. The situation in Greece has been simplified by decisive action, long delayed, on the part of the Allies. Rumania is the one field where the fortune of war is for the moment running against us.

On the Somme the British are pushing their advance north of Thiepval, and have secured a very marked success in the capture of the Schwaben Redoubt, while the French to the south have secured Génermont, the latest advance giving us 1,450 prisoners. Our artillery are now employing 18 in. guns, weapons so enormous that many expert artillerymen would three years ago have laughed at the possibility of ever constructing or operating them. Just as at an earlier stage of the fighting Combles and Thiepval retarded the general allied advance, so now the two most difficult points that face us are Mont St. Quentin, which dominates Péronne, and Saillisel, the great point almost in the centre of the Bapaume-Péronne ridge. The German defensive here is made more formidable by the great woods close to Saillisel, which appreciably aid the enemy. When Mont St. Quentin is taken, Péronne will almost automatically fall into our hands, and the German lines for some distance will be at our mercy.

German Tradition on the Wane

In estimating the result of our important advances on the Somme it is essential to remember that we have already compelled the Germans to weaken the whole of the rest of their western line to resist us at this point. The finest regiments have been brought one after another to hold back our "contemptible little army." Many of these great regiments, with great traditions stretching from the days of the mighty Frederick, have for the first time tasted defeat.

I have just returned from one portion of the allied line in the west, where I witnessed for myself the process of German weakening that was going on. The German line was as still as death. There were no sharpshooters firing, no big guns at work, no machine-guns active. I was able to study the contour of that part of the German front, not through a periscope or from a hidden position, but with my head above the trenches for a long spell, as though there was no war. The Germans facing us were the remains of a regiment that had been smashed on the Somme—a very famous regiment. They were lying low, cowed and broken, fearful lest we should open out on them. To me it was a first-hand revelation of the change that is coming over the German armies.

Casualties in Comparison

The British and French have captured up to date on the Somme just over 70,000 prisoners, about 340 guns, and 1,100 machine-guns. Figures talk. The total German losses since the beginning of the war have been, according to their own official lists, above three and a half millions, of whom 860,000 have died. The French have lost very heavily, and it will be more and more our duty in the months ahead to back up their armies with all the men we can. Our own losses in the recent fighting have totalled high, although nothing as against the enemy figures. In the first ten days of October our casualties as officially reported were 17,528.

It is obvious that losses such as we are now enduring must be made up. A very able American observer recently declared his belief that the war will last three years more. Many of us hope that two years at the most, and possibly a little less, will definitely see the end. But it is certain that there is a long spell, at the very least a year more, of hard fighting ahead.

Continued success will be impossible unless we have further ample supplies of men. It is necessary for us to find 400,000 fresh recruits during the coming winter if we are to maintain our armies at the front at their full strength a year hence. We must have more men.

Need For More Men

There is still another factor to be borne in mind. After a time soldiers grow stale. The idea that a man is essentially a better fighter after eighteen months continuous work at the front than at the beginning is a mistake and a very bad mistake. Every soldier who has served for long at the front will agree with me. After many months of continual campaigning a soldier finds his dash and his enthusiasm slacken. The only way to keep fresh is for him to have reasonable leave and rest. The British soldier averages fewer holidays than either the French or the German. The only way we can give him more is by sending more troops to the front, and so enabling the commanders to grant more leave. For this again more men are necessary. And they must be young men.

Germany has to-day high hopes of smashing Rumania by an overwhelming blow. The Rumanian armies are still, as I write, fighting desperately in the passes. They have been driven back from Transylvania. General von Falkenhayn has thrown forward a considerable combined German and Austrian force, and is bringing heavy pressure to bear on many scattered points of the long Rumanian frontier. The seriousness of the Rumanian situation can best be judged by the fact that the King has taken over the supreme command of the armies, and has called upon a French general to act as special military adviser. If the Rumanian generals have properly prepared their defensive positions on the principal passes they ought to be able to hold back even very superior enemy forces until reinforcements can reach them from their Allies. It yet remains to be seen how many men can be sent to them, and how the problems of supply in the mountain districts can be solved.

At Salonika and on the Carso

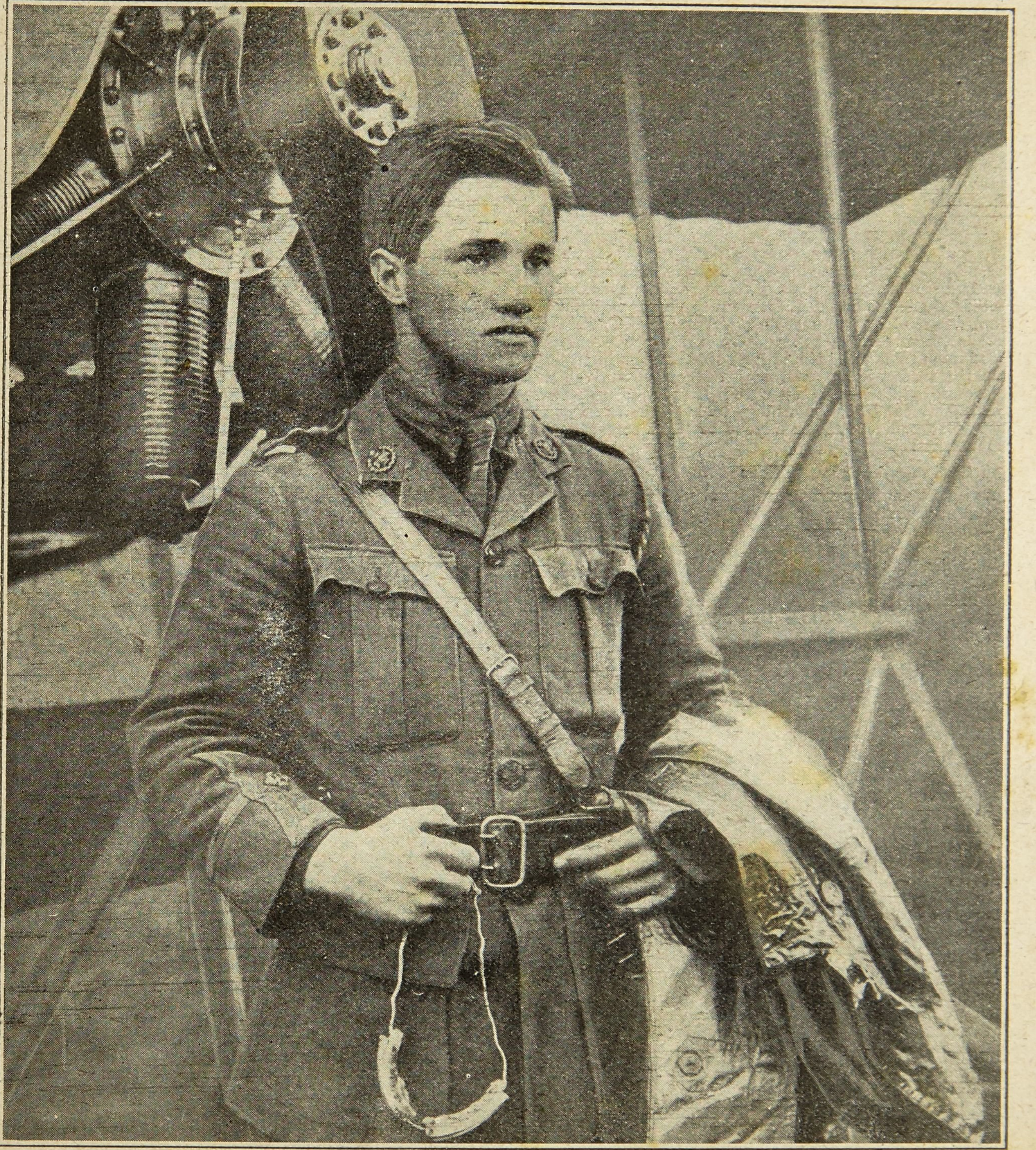
The action of the Allies in demanding the surrender of the Greek Fleet and the control of the Larissa Railway came none too soon. Evidence accumulates that King Constantine has done his utmost to carry Greece over on the side of the enemy. Britain has long been the friend of Greece and has a traditional interest in her prosperity. The British respect for Greece was severely tried by King Constantine's refusal to carry out his treaty obligations to Serbia when Serbia was in desperate need.

The Italians have made a very important advance on the Carso. Three days' heavy fighting resulted in the capture of a long stretch of enemy lines and a farther advance in the direction of Trieste. It is in the Trieste region that we look for the Italian winter campaign and, as I have previously stated, the Italians themselves are confident that this important place will be in their hands before the winter is out. The capture of Trieste would have a far-reaching result on the eastern war, and the Italian activity there will help now to prevent a further concentration of Austrian forces from the west against Rumania.

28th October, 1916. No. 115. Vol. 5.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON



HERO OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS.—Captain and Flight-Commander Ball, D.S.O., Sherwood Foresters, is the champion airman of Britain. He has accounted for about thirty enemy machines, and never a Hun 'plane wings over his sector without finding him a ready and formidable antagonist. Captain Ball is the new type of Briton, a prominent character among that courageous and devoted generation controlling the destinies of Europe and laying the foundation of the new era of victorious peace and prosperity.

MY ADVENTURES AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT

THE GREATEST BUTCHER OF THE WAR

An Adventure with an Austrian Spy in Bukovina

By BASIL CLARKE

"DINNER? Yes, domnule (sir). There is stewed chicken and olives and marmalega to-night."

The landlady of the little Rumanian inn repeated her stock menu with an enthusiasm I could hardly share; for stewed chicken (of the wiry Rumanian peasant breed) when eaten for meal after meal, day after day, is apt to prove wearying fare, even though mitigated by olives and maize pudding—which are excellent.

Still, I was lucky to get anything at all, I realised, in this heart of remoteness, and I leaned back in my chair and waited with as good heart and appetite as might be the coming of my old—and oft-tried—friend the chicken.

What a poor little place it was! The paraffin lamp on my table was the only lighting. It threw flickering rays upon the bare floor of rough-hewn boards and on walls made of mud and logs covered with a drab motley of many different paperings. A door led from this room into the back room of the house—my bed-room. Another door, with glass panels, led to the common room of the inn. You went, I remember, down a little steep stairway of five steps—almost a ladder—to get to it, and once down this ladder the floor boards gave out and you walked on Mother Earth—or on mud if the weather were wet. In this room was another paraffin lamp, and round the mud walls were two wooden benches. On them sat Rumanian peasants in their tall, pointed hats of astrakhan fur, quietly drinking their rye snaps from little cone-shaped glasses. Big, dark-eyed fellows they were; friendly enough to an Englishman, and always willing to bid him the time of day. But bad fellows for anyone to "get across" with, nevertheless.

The Sociable Austrian Officer

As I sat back in my chair, rather tired after a heavy day in the mud and half-melted snow—for the thaw had set in—and listened dreamily to the faint hum of these peasant voices, the glass-panelled door opened and someone stood behind me. I thought it was the landlady, and did not turn. But someone took three military strides and stood stiff before me. He was in uniform, but without sword or revolver. I recognised in a flash the green-grey cloth. It was an Austrian officer.

My heart gave a twitch on its bedplate, because for days, over in the Bukovina, not far away, I had been dodging Austrian patrols, and it did not occur to me for an instant that an Austrian, enemy though he might be, dare not touch me here on neutral territory—in Rumania. Startled though I was, I sat quite still.

"n' Abend!" (good-evening) he said in German.

"n' Abend!" I replied coldly, wondering what he wanted.

"Wiegner," he replied, saluting and clicking his heels together.

I looked at him in surprise.

"Wir kann verkehren zuzammen, nicht wahr?" (We can chat—or associate—together, can't we?), he said smilingly.

And then suddenly I remembered the German and Austrian custom of introducing oneself by name to people one meets in public places, with a view to talking together.

"We are on Neutral Territory"

Here was a curious little quandary! As an Englishman, at war with Austria, and as one who had been chased by Austrian patrols not many days previously, I had no particular keenness to hobnob with this fellow. He stood waiting an answer.

"But," I answered, "what if I tell you that I am English?"

"So?" he replied in surprise. "Pah!" he added—waving his hand—"we are on neutral territory. What does it matter?"

I thought it over. I had in my pocket a special permit given to me by M. Basil Mortzun, the Rumanian Minister of the Interior, permitting me, as an English journalist, to remain on the Rumanian-Bukovina frontier. Rumania's feelings for Austria at that time were too well known to me to leave room for doubt what would be the opinion of the simple Rumanian peasants of the frontier, or even of the officials, if an Englishman were seen hobnobbing with one of the hated Austrian officers. It would be misunderstood entirely. I should be trusted no longer—and rightly.

"I am sorry," I said to him at length. "I think in the circumstances it would be better if we kept apart. Our association might be misunderstood, both in your own case as well as mine."

He paused a moment, then sniggered and turned away. The landlady brought in my meal.

"Another table!" he ordered sharply. She found one from my bed-room behind. He drew a chair to it and sat down noisily. "Wine!" he shouted. I went on with my meal quietly. So we sat for perhaps five minutes. Then the door behind me opened again.

"Come to this table, comrade," said the officer pointedly to some new-comer. "You'll get a better welcome."

Dining with the Enemy

A stranger walked into the room. He, too, was an Austrian officer, but before I could take stock of his face he was sitting down at the table with his back towards me. I could note only his round, heavy shoulders and the curiously livid scarlet of his short, bull neck. They talked in whispers. Once I caught the words "verfluchter Englander" (cursed Englishman) from Wiegner, and gathered that the new-comer was hearing of my little passage with his colleague.

It was a strained position, and my company did not add to the interest of that chicken and maize. But at length there was a clattering on the wooden stairs leading to the room, and in came three Rumanian friends of mine. They were the Customs officer, the Frontier doctor (an official appointed by the State), and the Chief of Police of the district.

They were in great excitement. After one long and indignant stare at the Austrians at the other table, they sat by me and began to whisper into my ears something of what was stirring them so deeply. On my left the doctor, in French, and on my right the police-officer, in German, were pouring out some burning story in which one word, a name, was ever recurring. That name was "Klappa." And at every repetition of the name they nodded head or finger towards the Austrian officer whose back and beef-red neck were turned towards us. "Klappa, the bloody Klappa, the murderer Klappa, the hangman Klappa, the greatest butcher of the war Klappa," had had the effrontery to cross the Rumanian frontier and was sitting there before me. Had I ever heard the like? Could flesh and blood stand so much as having that ruffian, that murderer of good Rumanians, sitting there in peace on Rumanian soil drinking Rumanian wine?

Spy-Hunter and Executioner

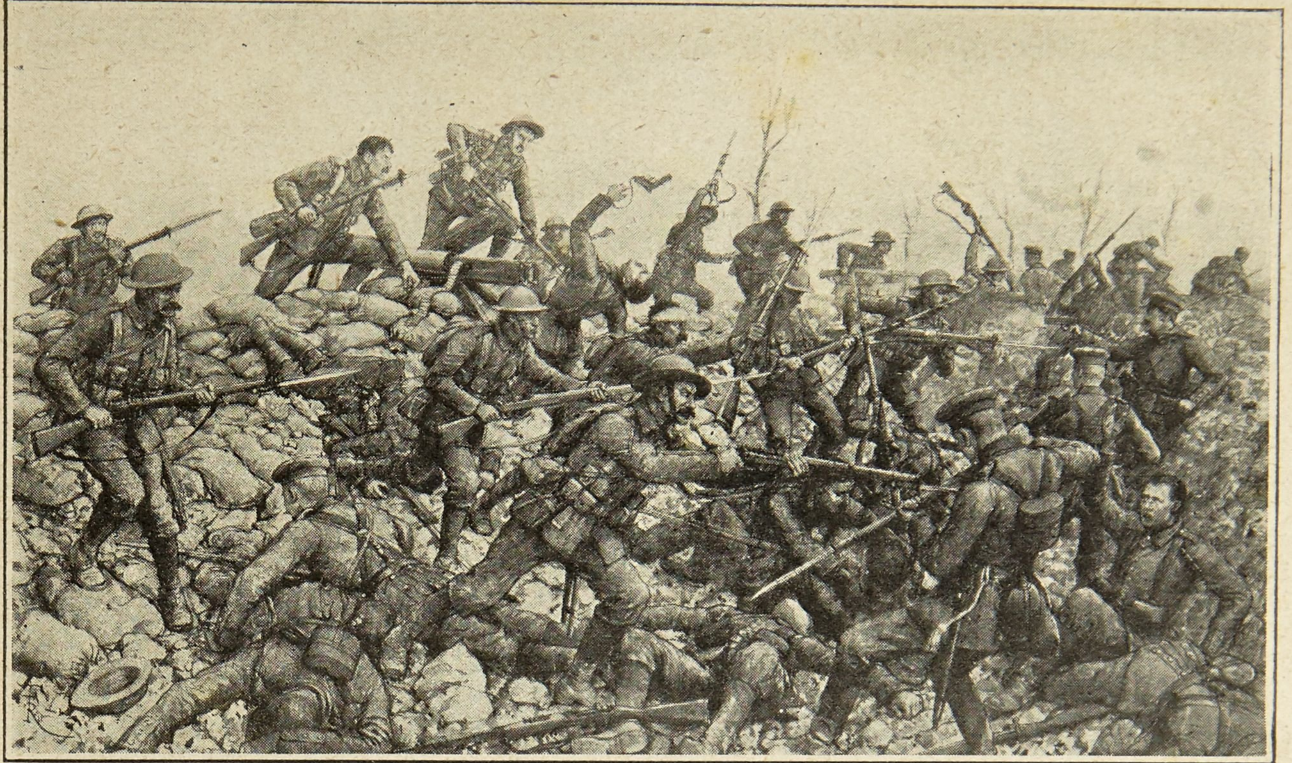
So they sped on in their excitable Rumanian way. But let me translate into cold English the facts they breathlessly retailed to me about that man with the blood-red neck who was sitting there quietly with his back to us.

Of all the names most hated in Rumania that of Klappa comes an easy first. The simple peasant soldiers spit when they repeat it.

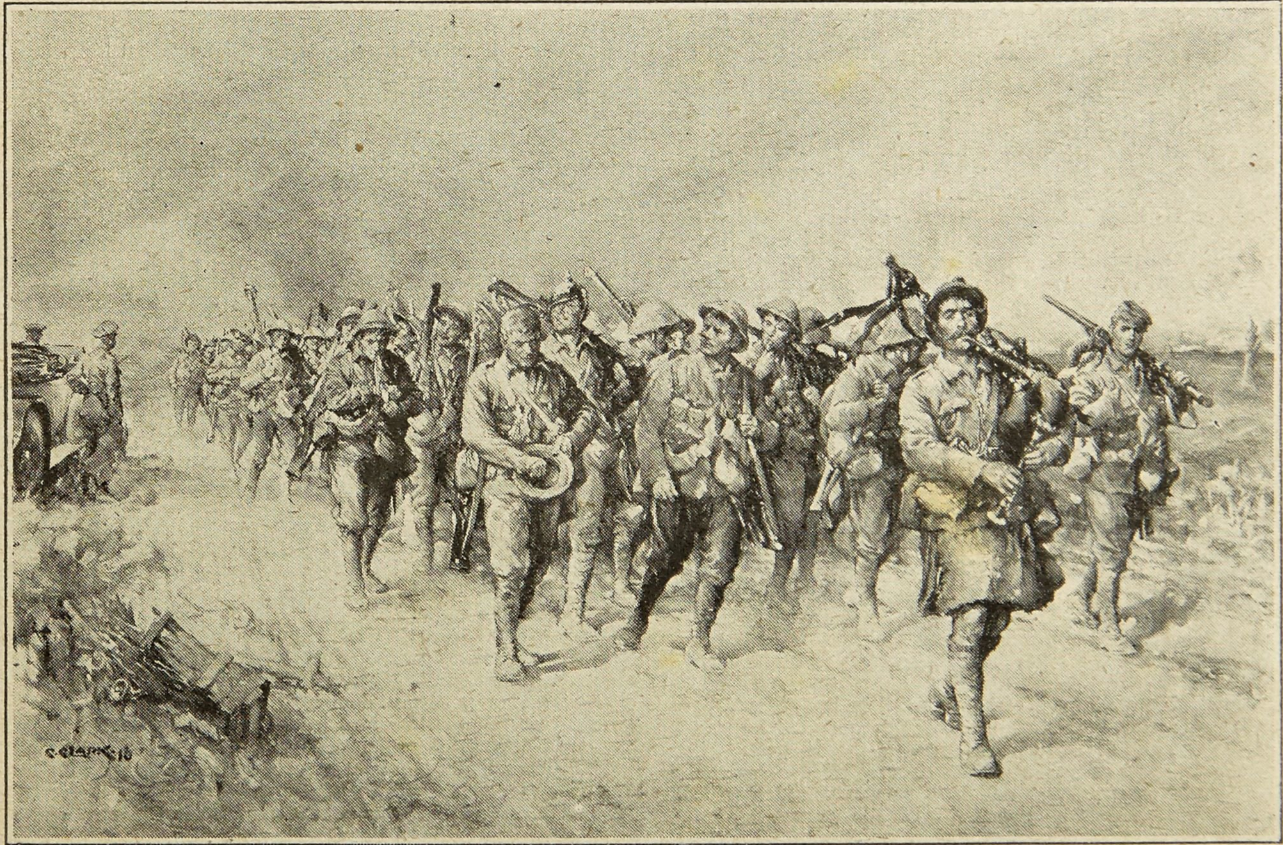
Klappa was once an Austrian *schutzmann*, which in plain English is "policeman." When called to the Colours as a private, he won promotion to the rank of lieutenant for his callous zeal in persecuting the Rumanian inhabitants of Austrian Bukovina and denouncing them as Russian spies. Later he became a sort of spy-hunter in chief to his command, and added to this inglorious function that of executioner; he presided over the gibbet, upon which scores of innocent Rumanians were done to death. "And five Austrian marks," whispered the doctor angrily,

[*Continued on page* 244

The Epic of Ireland in the Victory of Guillemont



The capture of Guillemont was one of the most spirited affairs in the history of the war. It was here that the gallant Irish regiments made history. They fell, a veritable human avalanche, on the German trenches. In one place a machine-gun momentarily stopped their impetus, but the obstacle was swept away, as were a large number of German soldiers, who might as well have tried to hold back the tide as to stop these heroic fighters from Erin.



The return of the Dublins and Munsters from Guillemont and Ginchy was an inspiring scene in the Somme picture. The general motored over to welcome the victorious Celts tramping along with trophies and scars to the music of the pipes. "Eyes right!" called the officer of each company as the men passed the general, who greeted them with a few well-chosen and well-merited words. "Well done—you did gloriously! Bravo, Dublins! You did well—damned well, Munsters, my lads!"

GREATEST BUTCHER OF THE WAR

(Contd. from page 242)

"was the blood-money he earned for each 'spy' hanged. He saw to it that the list of victims did not fail, and that few escaped his rope."

The Austrians, you remember, were driven out of Czernovitz—the capital of the Bukovina, and a town only seven miles from my little inn—by the Russians, who in turn were driven out again by the Austrians. And this capturing and recapturing of the city happened several times. Whenever the Austrians recaptured the city their first task was to seek out for punishment Rumanian citizens of the town, whom they accused of helping the Russians while they occupied it. Klappa presided over this dirty work. Simple Rumanians were hanged on evidence which in any decent court of justice would not have "hanged a flea," as the saying goes. To have given a Russian soldier a glass of beer, or to have sold him a packet of chocolate—even when he might have taken it by force had he been refused—was crime enough for which to hang a Rumanian.

"An old peasant," said the police-officer, "for having driven in his cart a Russian officer who ordered him to give him a lift, was hanged by that brute Klappa for 'helping the Russians.'" A café proprietor, at whose café some Russian soldiers had ordered drinks, was taken away and hanged on the same ridiculous plea. "Any Austrian wastrel," whispered the doctor, "could go to Lieutenant Klappa and say, 'That Rumanian helped the Russians,' and the Rumanian was hanged without more ado. And Klappa pocketed his 'five marks a time,' and gloated in his victims' faces. The butcher! Yes," said the doctor, finishing his excited and angry narrative, "and that man over there is Klappa, the biggest butcher of the war."

His angry whispering had become a little louder in his excitement, and Klappa must have heard the last words, for his neck took even a deeper shade of red, and he slowly turned his heavy shoulders and faced us.

Hangman of Innocent Peasants

The phrase "a shudder of horror" is often used loosely and in exaggeration, but some such shudder passed through me on first seeing that face. It was much the same colour as his neck, but suffused about the cheeks with a purple tinge. His nose was long and cruel. His mouth, but ill-hidden by a ragged, dark moustache, was big and irregular, with great purple lips. His eyes, lying deep underneath a blotchy forehead that sloped obliquely into a black touzle of oily, overhanging hair, were of a browny green, suggesting to me the green film that lies on the top of some brown oils. The right eye had a slight squint and looked awry. Never have I seen such a face. My notes, written the following day, say of it, "Search among all the gargoyles of Europe and you will hardly find such a hideous face."

"Yes, I am Lieutenant Klappa," he said threateningly.

No one took any notice.

"I came over the frontier to buy a few cigarettes and a drink," he went on in a more whining tone, "and this is what I get."

He paused, and then a hideous smile, which may possibly have been intended to be friendly, passed his lips. "Why can't you come over here and have a drink together, all friendly?" he asked with a leer.

"With you?" said the doctor, jumping to his feet with flashing eyes. "My God, I can't even sit in the same room with you!" He seized his hat and hurried out.

The Butcher in a Tight Corner

"Thank you, we'll stop over here," said the police-officer coldly. The Austrian shrugged his heavy shoulders and turned his back. A moment later he jumped to his feet again, his heavy fist clenched, his cruel eyes blazing with rage.

"If you Rumanian swine think——" he began, and then he stopped short and stared as though petrified at something he saw at the door of the room. I turned and looked. At one of the glass panels of the door, dimly revealed by the light of our lamp, was a dark face surmounted by a tall hat of astrakhan fur. It was one of the peasants of the inn's public room, and with a glance which could have no two meanings he was fixing Klappa with his coal-black eyes.

More tall hats of astrakhan came beside the first—hats shaped like dunces' caps, but with dark and angry faces beneath them. And to leave no doubt as to what the peasants were looking at, the door opened slightly, and, carried in on the hiss of their eager whispering, came the one word "Klappa!" Hate and rage—both were expressed in that word, for every peasant in Rumania knew of Klappa the Butcher.

Klappa stood staring for a minute and then his colleague touched him on the sleeve. "Sit," he said anxiously; for he knew, just as well as Klappa and the rest of us knew, why the peasants were so angrily interested.

Klappa sat, his face once more turned away from the glass door. But as he sat the window came within his gaze. Outside, dimly silhouetted against the snow on a neighbouring cottage roof and against the deep purple of a night sky, were more big hats of astrakhan fur, and under the first of them, just appearing over the level of the window ledge, were a pair of savage black eyes into which the lamp of our room threw yet an angrier glitter.

Angry Eyes and Rough Voices

"Curses!" said Lieutenant Wiegner. "The swine are all round the place."

Klappa turned anxiously to the door, then to the window again. Then his eyes took a quick look round the room as though looking for any other meant of exit. His fingers twitched in their hold on his chair-back. The blood ran black in the big veins of his hand. He was scared. His face twitched with fright.

"I come over the frontier without arms," he began in a whining appeal to us, "and this is what I get."

"Klappa!" "Klappa the Butcher!" (the shouts were translated for me later) came floating in through the door on the crest of the ever-growing hum of peasants' voices.

Then from the second crowd about the window came, like an echo, the same shout: "Klappa the Butcher!" followed by the significant words (as new-comers were told the news); "We've *got* him in here!"

Faces jostled one another at the window for a peep at him. Klappa's eyes glared round the room like those of some hunted animal. His blotchy forehead began to glisten with sweat.

The door opened farther. Such was the press of peasants behind the first man that he had been pushed into the room. (If you knew the timid modesty and deference of the Rumanian peasantry towards people a little better off or a little better educated than themselves, it would help you to realise the stress these men must have been under to make them invade the privacy of the "better room" in this way.)

Klappa's Timely Escape

Their remarks were now plainly audible through the open door. They wanted Klappa, Klappa the Butcher. Had he been among them they would have torn him limb from limb. They hesitated as yet to root him out of the sanctuary of the "better room." But they were gradually coming nearer and nearer. Two men already stood within the room itself, and others were pressing behind. It could not last much longer.

Klappa realised this as well as anyone. His craven and flinching eyes were going round the room and from side to side. His face had gone a dark purple, like his lips. His forehead was wet. Then with a snarl, like some hunted animal's, he jumped to his feet. In two strides he had crossed the room and entered the little room where I slept. There was a bang as its tiny window was slid aside, and when I walked into the room not ten seconds later it was empty; he had gone.

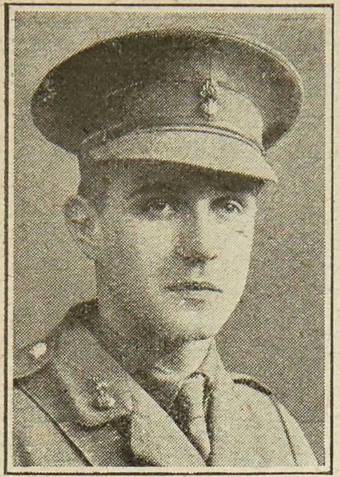
With a howl of rage the peasants sped from the room, out of the inn door and round into the maize fields behind. Their shouts came fainter and fainter over the snow.

They never got him. He had run across the fields, waded through a little stream that divides Austria from Rumania at this point, and so got back to the Austrian lines. His coat and helmet were carried back for him by his colleague.

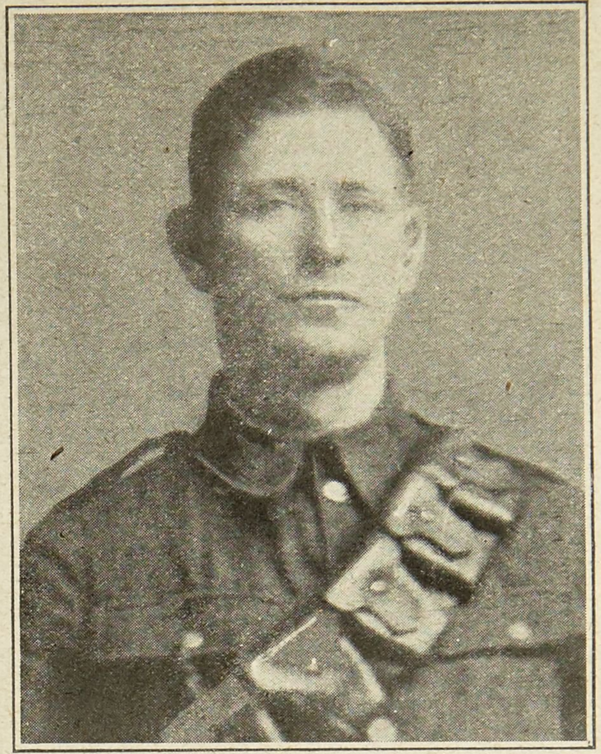
"Tell Klappa," said one peasant to him in German, as he left, "that Rumania is not healthy for him. He'd better not come again."

Next Article: On the Thorny Road to Calais

New British Heroes of the Cross of Courage

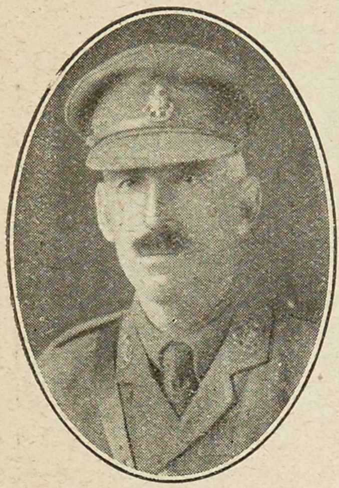


Capt. E. N. F. BELL, V.C., late Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. With bomb and rifle stayed counter-attacks single-handed, and "gave his life in supreme devotion to duty."



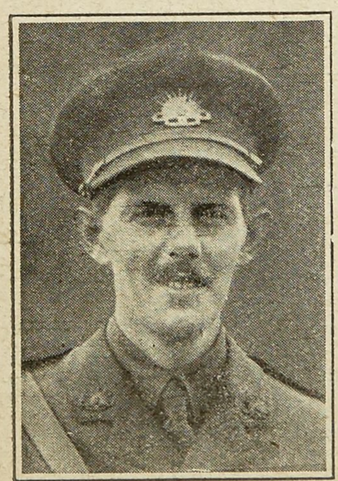
Driver TOM SPENCER, R.G.A., now in a trench-mortar battery. In our issue of July 29th we published a photograph of this gallant soldier carrying a wounded comrade out of danger. It was officially announced that he saved twenty men this way, but his name had not then been made public.

Capt. J. WILKIE SCOTT, M.D., R.A.M.C. Awarded the Military Cross for devoted attention to wounded under heavy fire, and organising the defences of an advanced trench.

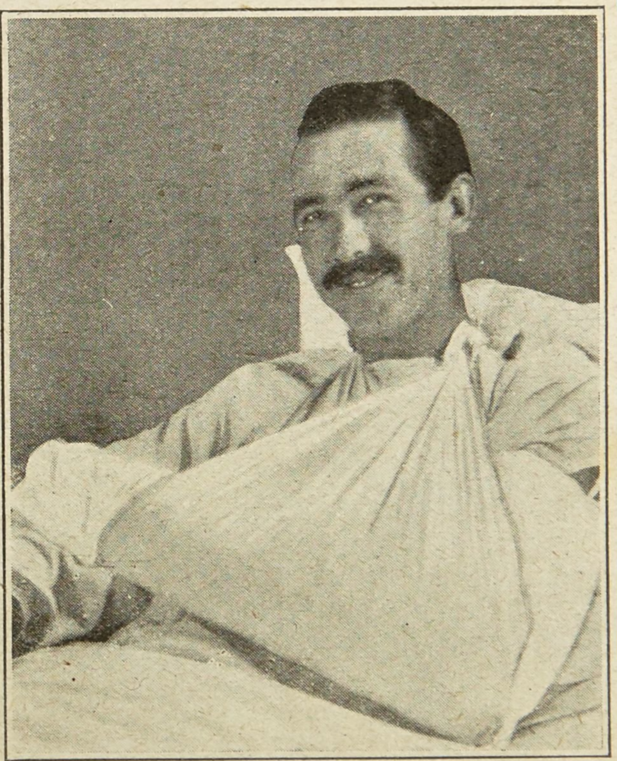


Regt.-Sergt.-Maj. L. BONNEY. Awarded D.C.M. for coolness and perseverance in repulsing attacks on a trench for four days, and for devotion and self-sacrifice.

Coy.-Sergt.-Maj. D. COOPER, London Regt. Awarded the Military Cross for rescue of wounded under difficult circumstances after the explosion of an enemy bomb.



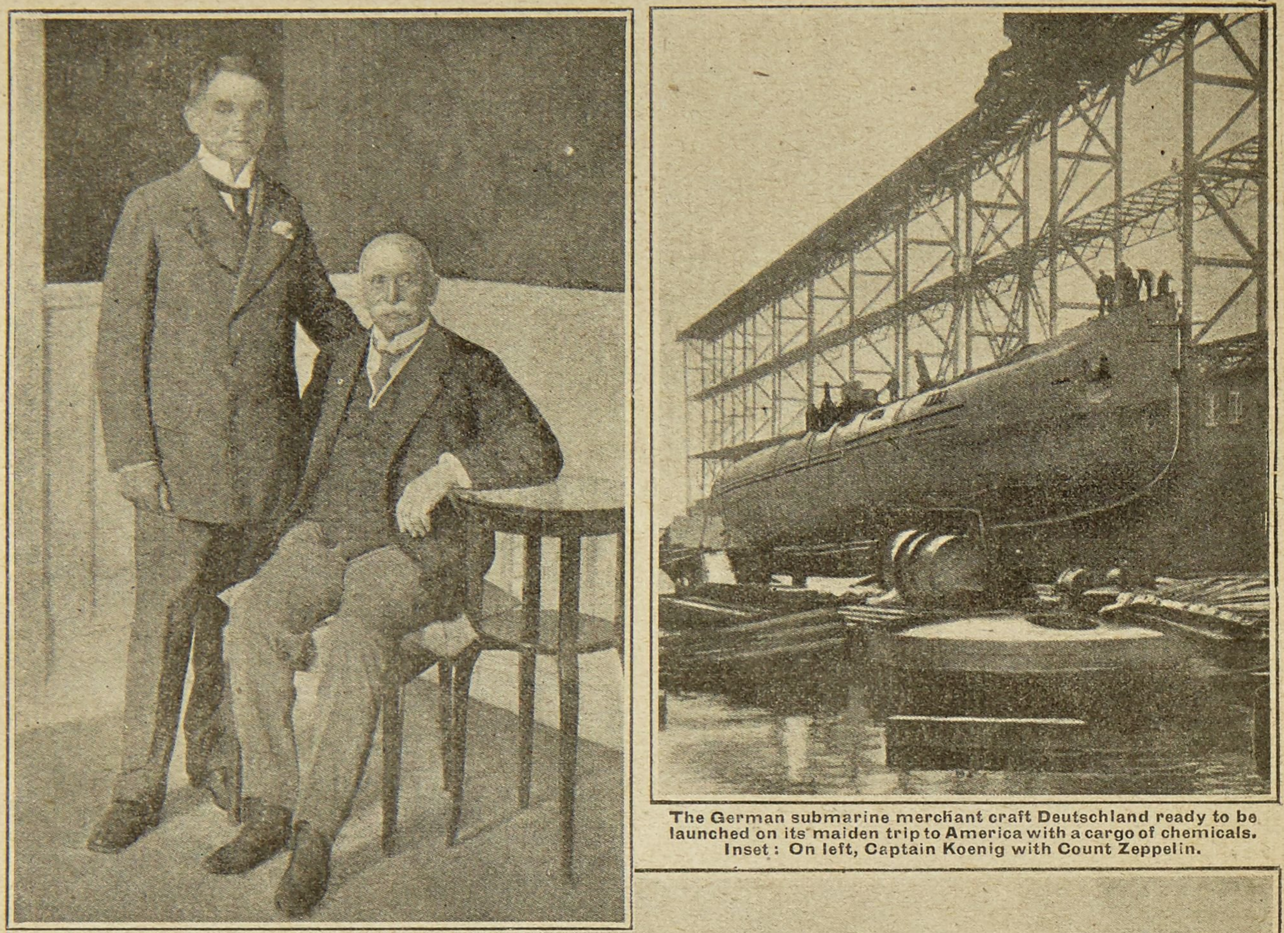
Sec.-Lieut. A. S. BLACKBURN, V.C., Australian Infantry. By dogged determination he carried nearly four hundred yards of enemy trench and established communication.



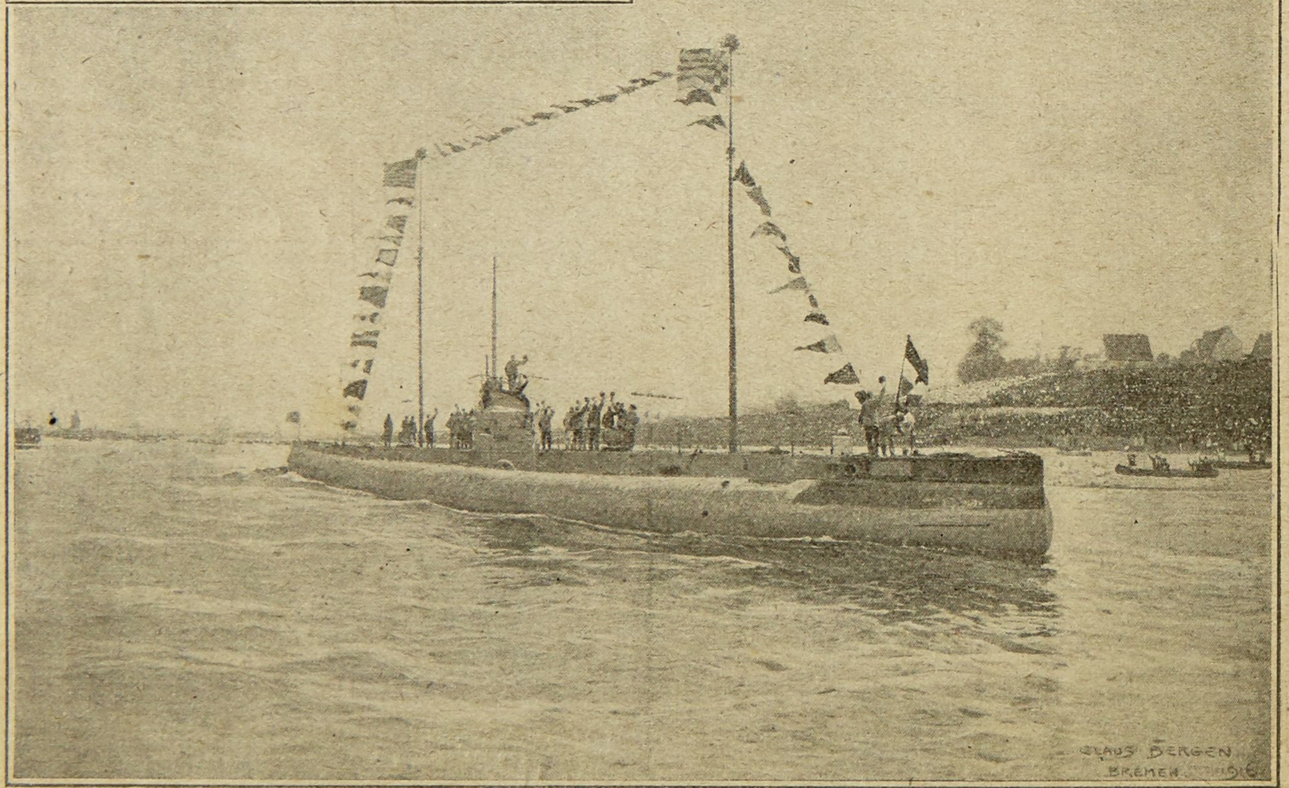
Sergt.-Maj. DELANEY, D.C.M., Royal Irish Fusiliers. Awarded a bar to his medal for leading his regiment into Ginchy, September 8th, 1916. He had the extraordinary experience of being struck on the neck by a German bomb which fell and exploded almost at his feet.

Capt. WILLIAM JOHNSON, M.D., R.A.M.C. Awarded the Military Cross for leading the bearer division of his unit for seven days in heavy fighting, and rescuing wounded under fire.

Deutschland, Deutschland Unter Alles:

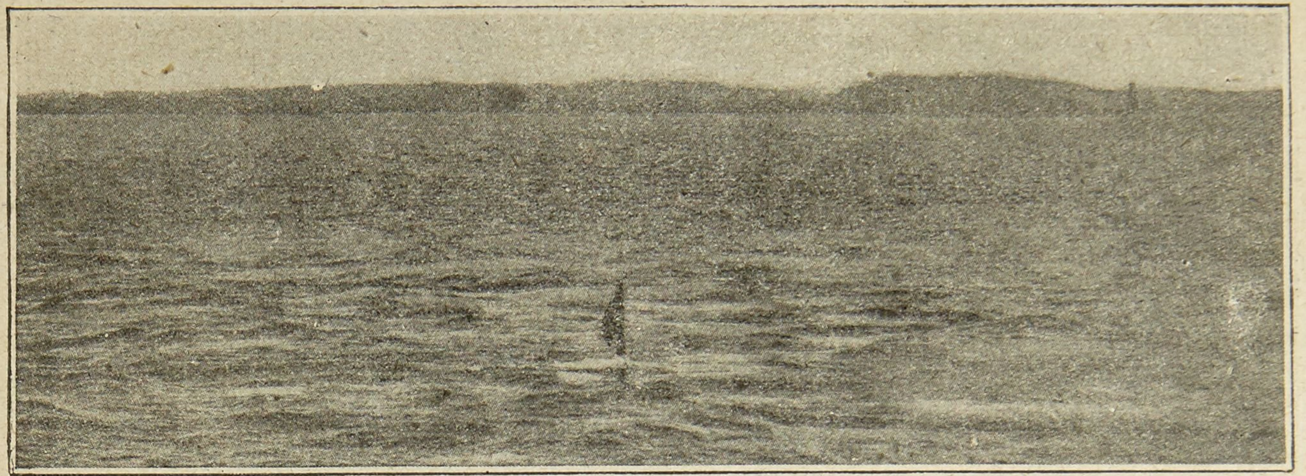


The German submarine merchant craft Deutschland ready to be launched on its maiden trip to America with a cargo of chemicals. Inset: On left, Captain Koenig with Count Zeppelin.

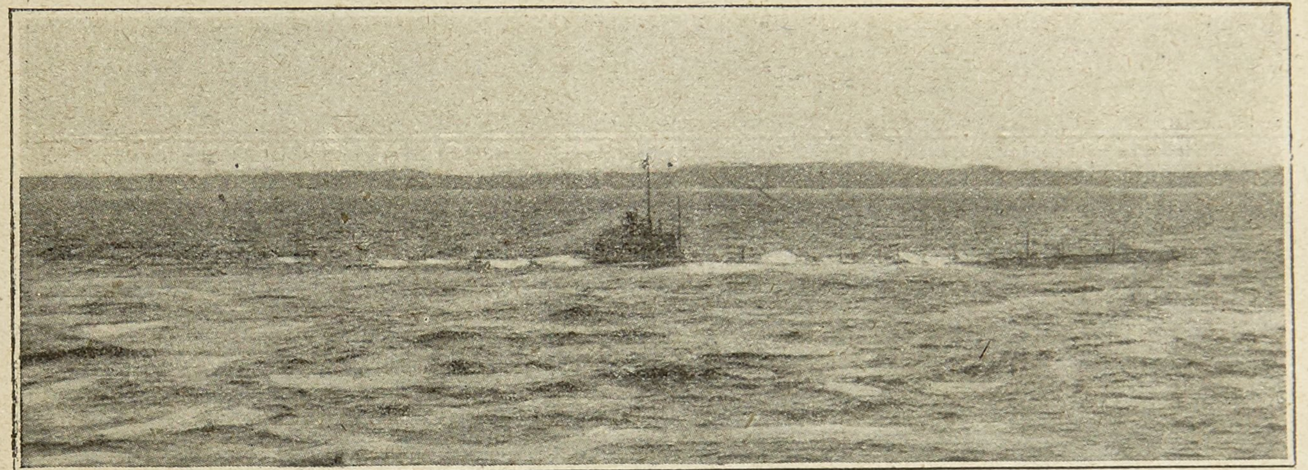


The return of the Deutschland to German waters, showing the German populace greeting the super U boat on its journey from Wesermundung to Bremen in the morning of August 25th. (Reproduced from an enemy painting.)

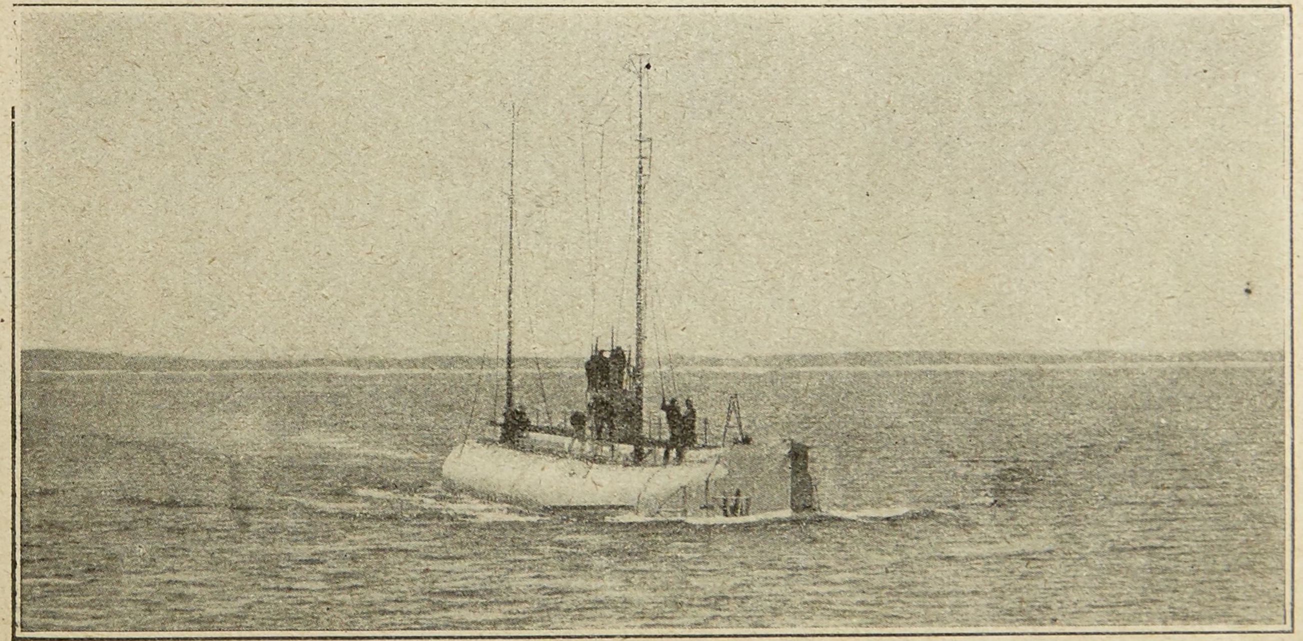
The Crafty Submarine Liner Returns to Port



The discreet appearance of the German submarine Deutschland on its preliminary journey to America. The super-underwater craft was built at Bremen for Transatlantic service.



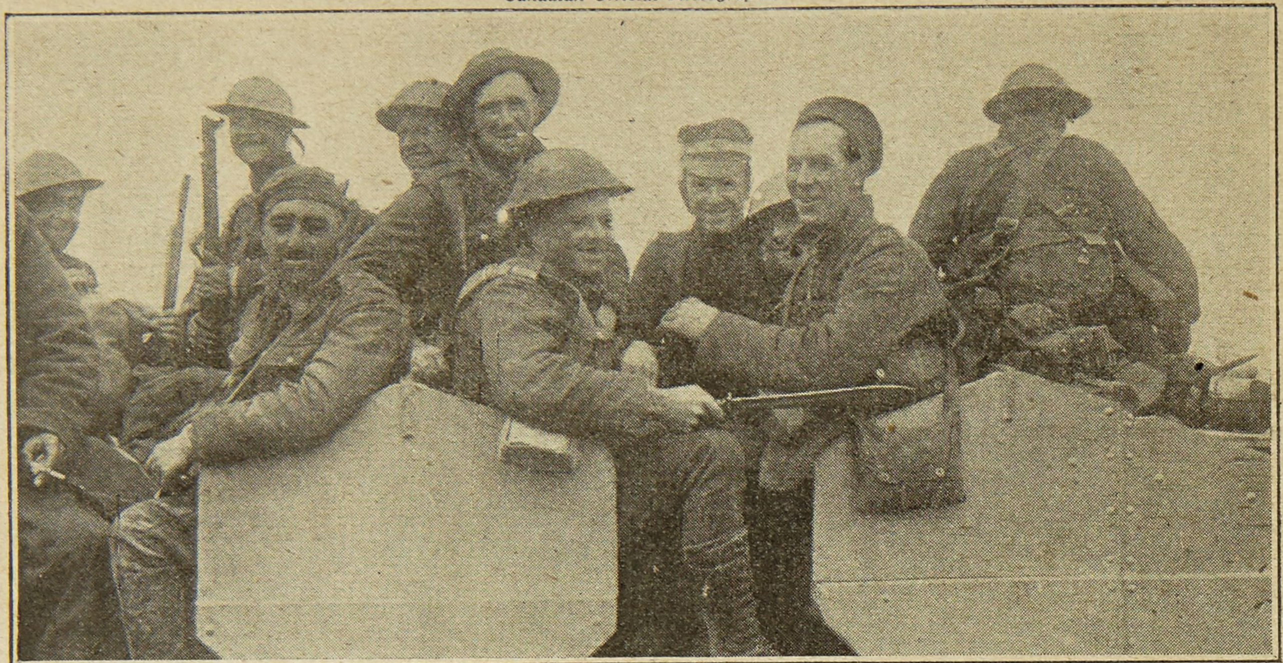
Impression of the Deutschland submerging. The submarine is driven by two Diesel engines, is three hundred and fifteen feet long, and has an underwater speed of twelve knots and a surface speed of eighteen knots.



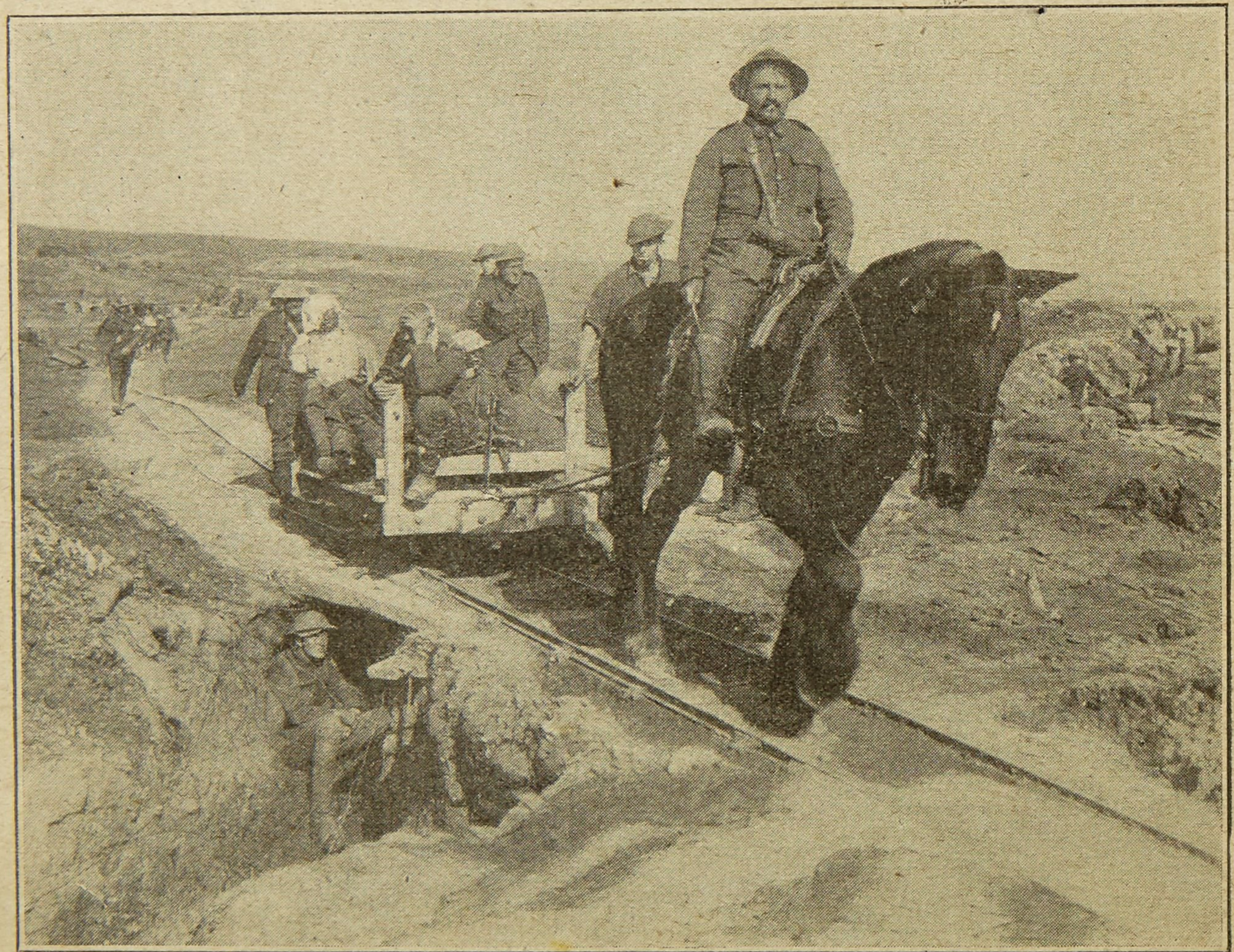
The Deutschland on the surface. She carries a crew of twenty-nine, and is alleged to hold seven hundred and fifty tons of cargo. According to Captain Koenig, the Deutschland cost £100,000 to build and her first cargo to the States was worth £200,000.

Back from the Firing-Line by Road and Rail

Canadian Official Photographs.



Canadian infantry just out of an advance oblige the photographer by "looking pleasant." In the recent Somme fighting the Canadians gave a demonstration of dash and courage which have inspiring significance, and which absolutely established their ascendancy in battle.



Canadian wounded coming down from the firing-line to the first dressing-station. On October 8th, battalions from Ontario, British Columbia, and Alberta attacked German positions on a front of two miles, and experienced some exceptionally heavy fighting.

Fife, Drum and Pipe Proclaim a Triumph

French Official Photographs

British troops who took part in the occupation of Lesbœufs on September 25th marching to the music of fife and drum.

Scottish soldiers with drums and pipes, and (inset above) men of an English regiment who shared with them in the triumph of Lesbœufs. This strongly-fortified village marked a flanking spur of the famous ridge in the Somme Valley.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

A TRUE STORY OF THE TANKS

BY LANCE-CORPORAL HARRY RAYNER

I SHALL never forget the roar of laughter that went up from all the boys when we first saw the armoured-motors which have eventually come to be called "tanks." We were distinctly scornful of what they would do, and expected to see them crunched up in no time by the German artillery. The names that were attached to them in the first place would fill a book, and most of them have appeared in various papers. But there are one or two more that aren't quite common property yet. For instance, the Canadians call the machines "The Land Navy"; while the north-country regiments refer to them as "The New Infantry." "The Caterpillars," and "Kelly's Eye" are others, the last coming from a game called "House," where number one is always called out in this way.

My Leave Stopped

I have been out in France for twenty-two months, and through the whole of the Somme offensive. This latter started just as it was about my turn to return to "Blighty" for a few days' leave, and I can tell you that when we first started the "big push" I strafed more than a bit at my bad luck in missing my run home. But I'm glad I didn't go then—I should have missed two glorious sights if I had: the "tanks" and the charge of the Guards. These were worth stopping out here another year for.

I never saw the lads in the trenches so eager to go over the top as they were on that day when the "tanks" first appeared. We all wanted to see Fritz in a real fright, and I think we all got what we were wanting.

Fun in a Crater

One of the "tanks" came and stationed itself in front of my platoon, and we were told to advance astern of it, and to take advantage of all possible cover as we went. We could hardly advance for laughing at its antics. The ground was soft and slushy, and in one place the "tank" went walking down the side of an enormous crater made by three or four "Jack Johnsons" which exploded pretty well together. As it went down it was squirming all over the shop, and the wheels would slip round and round in the soft ground, throwing big chunks of it out astern on top of us lads. Then it tried to back pedal, and slithered still farther down, and at the bottom it side-slipped three yards, and nearly collared me. I had to jump quick or the wheels would have grabbed me and rubbed my nose in the mud.

But it was when it started to climb the other side that the fun started in real earnest. It was like the old tale of the snail who climbed up the side of a wall three feet and then slipped back two feet. That was exactly what was happening, and every time "Black Bertha" made a big dash and climbed partly up the crater side, only to slip back as soon as her stroke was exhausted, we nearly convulsed with laughter. We lay in that shell-hole holding our sides; we actually couldn't stand for laughing.

At last, with a supreme effort, "Bertha" reached the rim of the crater, and with a final cough dragged herself out on to comparatively level ground. Then the German machine-guns started taking aim at her, but the bullets only slithered harmlessly off her thick hide with little blue flames.

Getting Behind "Bertha"

Where "Bertha" was there the fire was hottest; she seemed to draw machine-gun bullets like a magnet. Most of the troops gave the "tanks" as wide a berth as possible, but my platoon satisfied themselves with getting behind Bertha as she trudged on, and thus we dodged all the bullets that came our way.

Every time we saw a German we would yell out, in unison, "Kelly's Eye!" and the "tank" would turn her machine-guns on and strafe him. "Bertha" accounted for a great many Germans that day. And at last we got into the village of Flers, and what we had laughed at before was child's play to what happened there. "Bertha" swung into her stride, and made down the main street, with us close under her lee out of the way, and her guns walloping into the Germans at the rate of several hundred bullets per minute.

At last we cleared the street, and got to the far end again, where fallen masonry blocked our way. The Germans sniped at us from the upper windows as we went on, and we thought we should have had to turn back and run the gauntlet again, on our way out of the town. But we hadn't reckoned on "Bertha."

We made for the German trenches next, and the shells started falling all round "Bertha." Evidently somebody was keeping a watch on her movements, for we found it unhealthy to stick too close to her. So we dropped back about two hundred yards, ready to take a hand in the fighting if we were wanted.

Futile Bavarian Charge

She got to the trench, where about four companies of Saxons and Bavarians were massed ready for a counter-attack. They charged at her, but they couldn't stop her. She turned on all her guns and strafed them as they came. But they were evidently annoyed, for in spite of the carnage she was doing, they raced up to her, while all the time their machine-guns were firing over their heads. And the bullets glanced off and went among their own troops, while the others went down before "Bertha's" advance like ripe corn.

And then, suddenly, there came a big shell over the town and dropped clean in front of "Bertha," hiding her from sight with smoke and dirt and stones. We thought the dear old lady had been done in, but when the rough stuff cleared away she was perched across the German trench, talking to them quite loudly and trying to get her own back for the insult they had put on her.

She wasn't moving, and the Germans thought she was a capture, and with loud yells of "Hoch!" they started to scramble all over her outside. This was where we came in, for we lay in a friendly shell-hole, and did a good bit of sniping on our own.

And then the machine-guns inside "Bertha" stopped firing, and we thought the old lady was done for.

"Come on, lads!" I yelled. "We can't let them take her prisoner like that! Charge!"

We started out across that two hundred yards of ground, but before we had gone fifty "Bertha" started to move, and, though she was running all over the place and steering very wildly, she was certainly moving towards the other German lines.

Shaking Off the Hun

The Germans on her back went slipping and sprawling all over the show, and fell off as she went on. Then her guns spoke again, and they raced for cover like rabbits. We followed her up again, and when we reached the fifth German line we thought we should have had a scrap of our own, but the Germans had received enough. They surrendered to us, and we sent them over the top under charge of two wounded lads.

"Bertha" was still going ahead, and large batches of Germans with their hands in the air doing the "Kamerad" trick were coming down. Suddenly she stopped again, and a man got out of her. He approached a wounded British soldier on the ground, and we thought that, after all, the Germans had captured her. We thought that he was going to kill the wounded chap off.

Mistaken for Fritz

"Hi, there!" I yelled. "Come out of that! Put your hands up!"

I had him covered with my rifle, and walked up to him, making him keep his arms up all the time.

"What's up with you?" he asked. "Gone loopy, or what?"

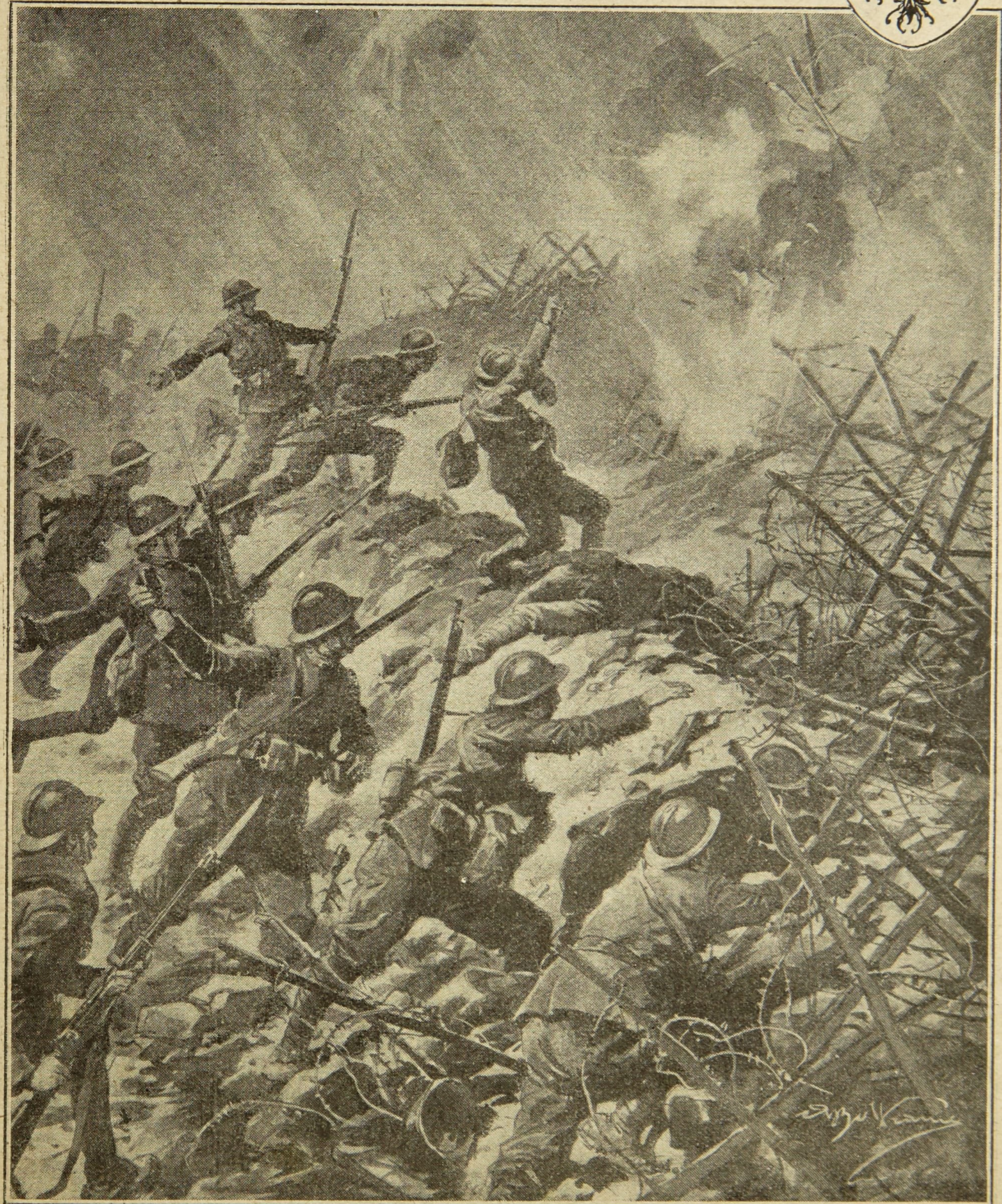
He spoke broad Lancashire, and I stared hard at him.

"Well, I'm damned!" I said. "I thought you were a Fritz, and that they had captured the old waggon there."

And there were a couple of lads in my platoon who even then wouldn't believe that he was one of our own Tommies, until at last he fished his pay-book out of his breast pocket and showed us his name, fully convincing us by comparing it with his identity disc.

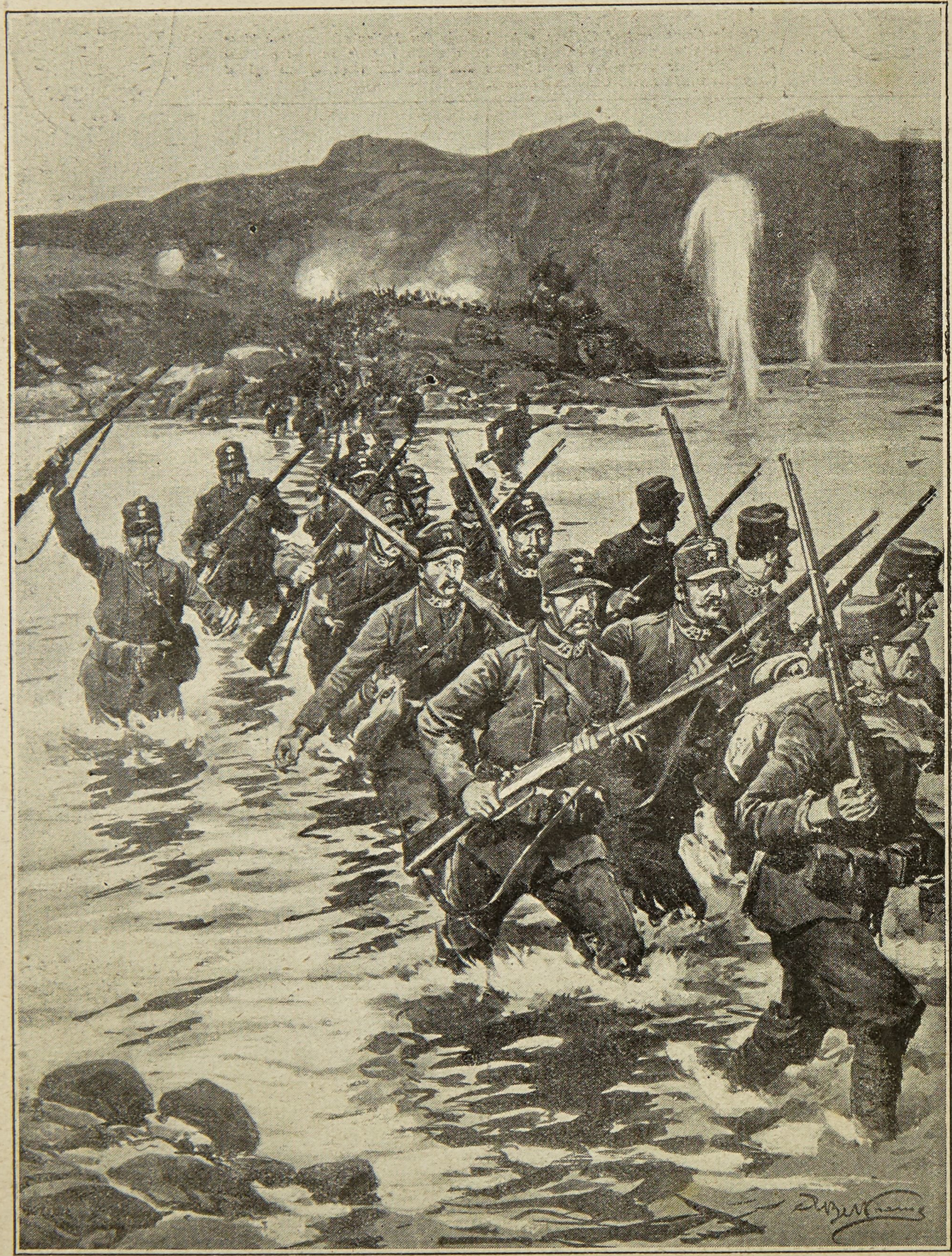
With Italy Victorious

On the Carso, east of Vallone, a particularly fine Italian advance took place at the beginning of October. The pictures which appear in this and the succeeding three pages are the vigorous and authentic work of an official illustrator with General Cadorna's armies.



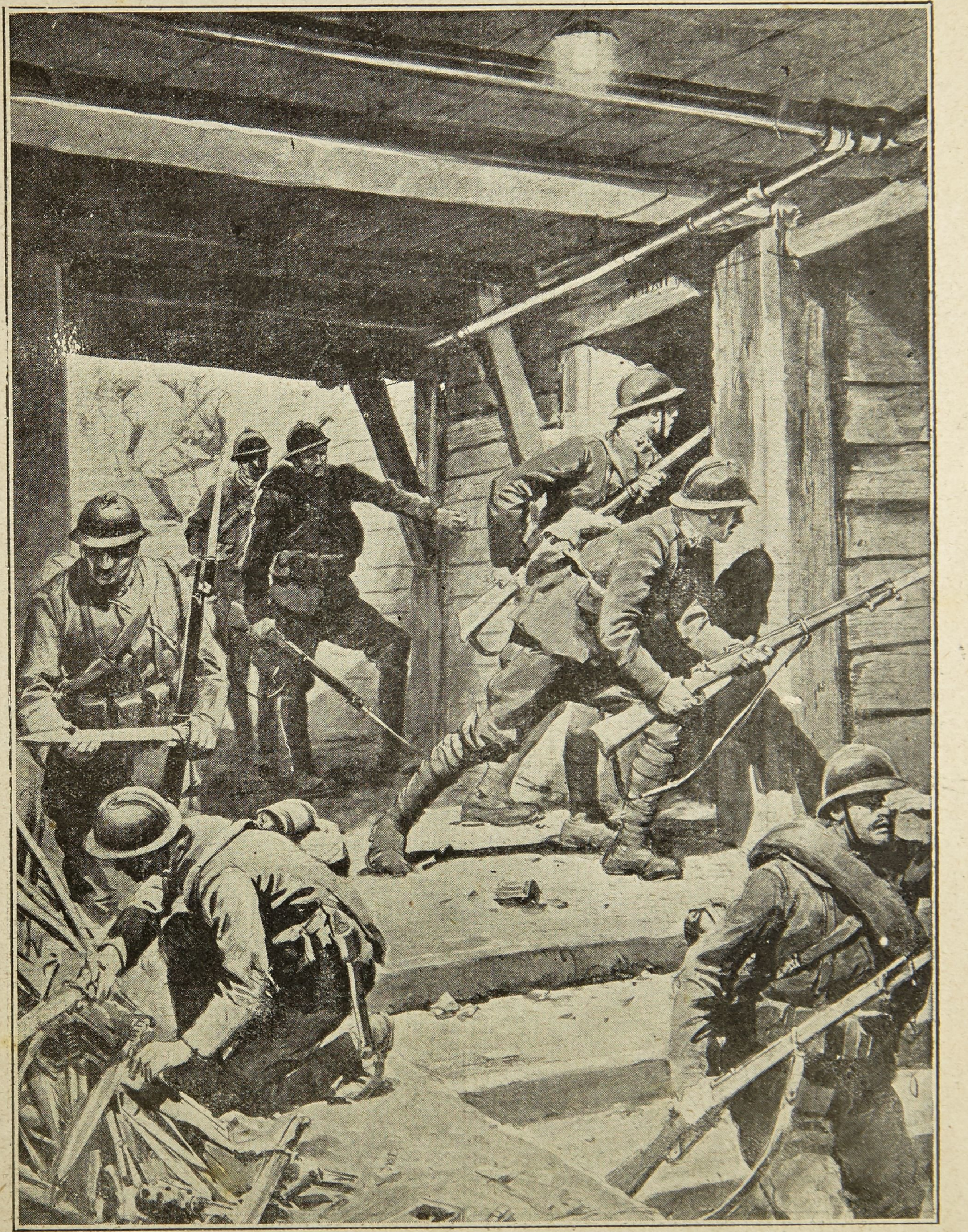
Through a shrapnel storm and a deluge of rain the splendid Italian infantry are advancing to capture a peak on the Isonzo front. The time of the attack is somewhere near midnight, but the light from exploding shells has given the scene a supernatural glow.

Italian Territorials Make Headway in Albania



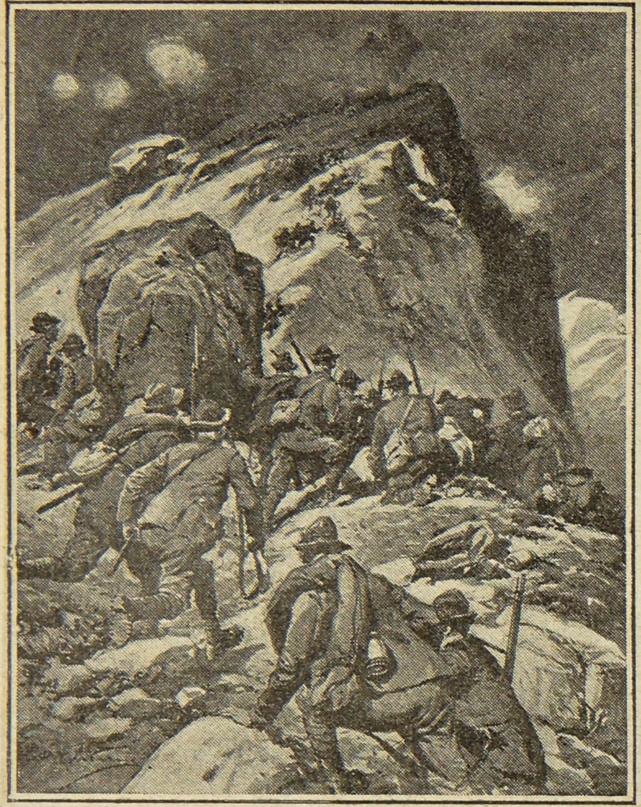
In Albania as well as in the Trentino and on the Isonzo the Italians are advancing with marked success. A troop of seasoned Territorials are here seen crossing the Vojussa to attack the village of Kuta.

The Victor Enters the Stronghold of the Foe

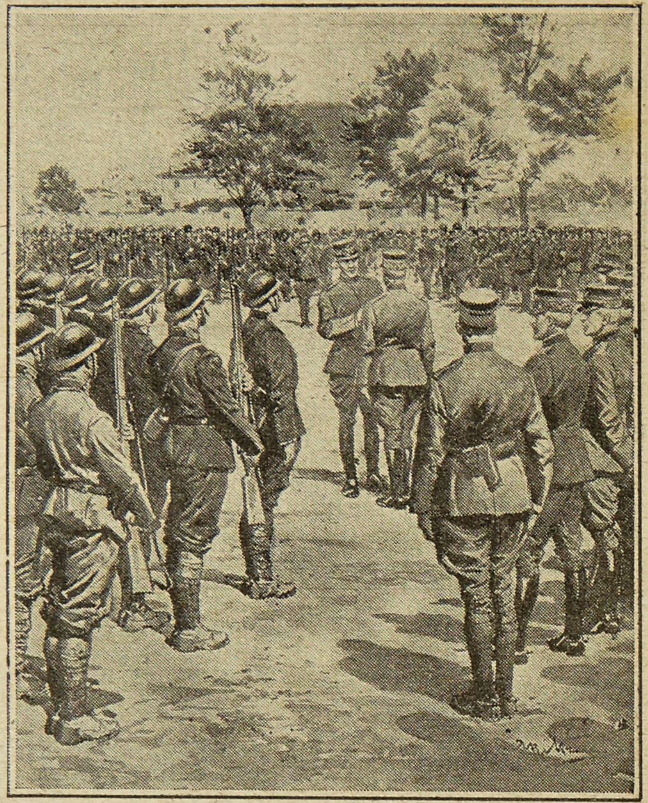


Italian soldiers taking possession of an Austrian dug-out and a collection of arms, among which were spiked clubs and other barbaric instruments. Two ardent Romans are penetrating, with bayonets fixed, into the enemy's funk-holes.

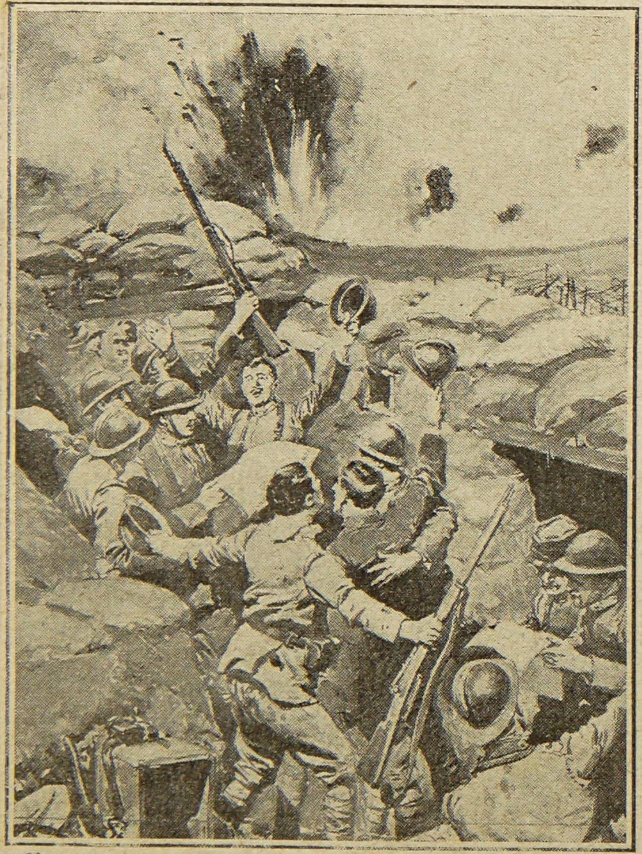
How Italy is Winning Her Way to Trieste



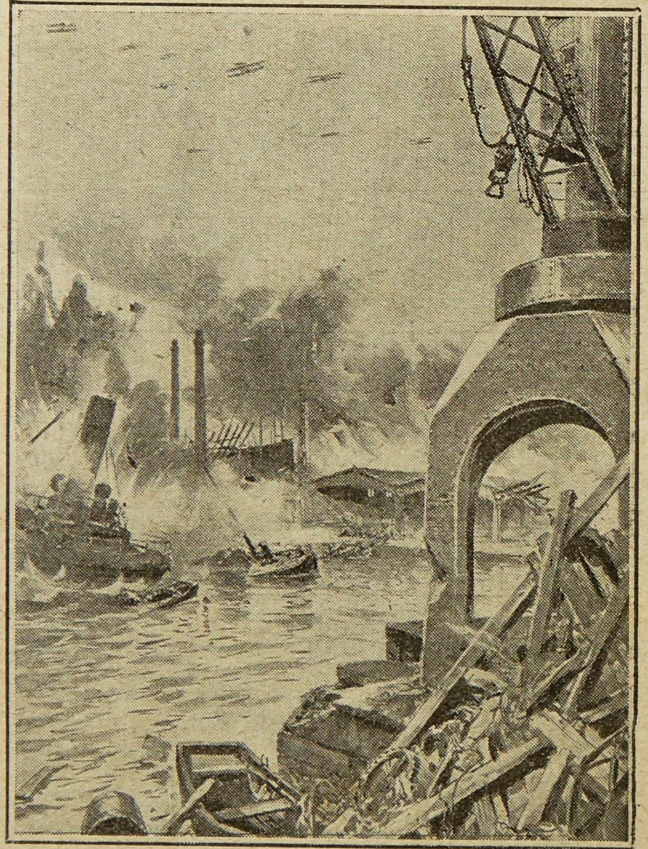
To capture such a position as this, Mount Cauriole, exacts more than the usual nerve and skill of ordinary combatants.



Duke of Aosta decorating General Tettoni, who signally distinguished himself in the capture of Gorizia, August 9th, 1916.



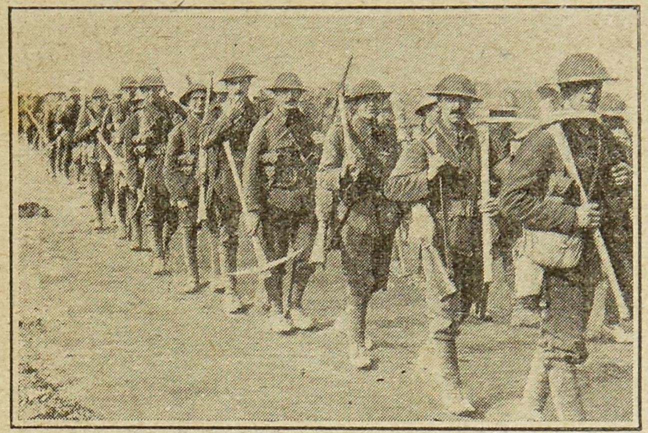
Cheering the preliminary successes of the Rumanians as the news is read out from the papers just arrived in trenches.



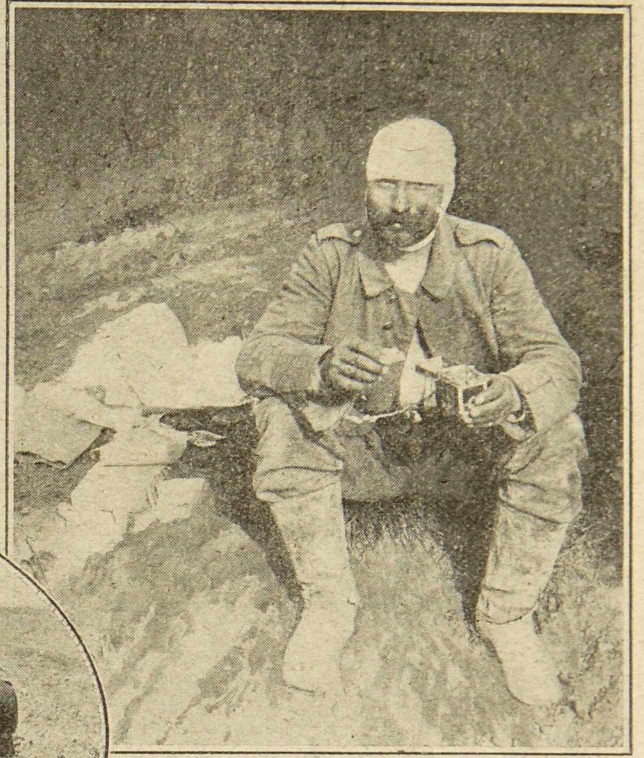
Lloyd's Arsenal and adjacent hangars, Trieste, at the moment of being subjected to a bomb attack from Italian aircraft.

Imperial Warriors Most Feared by the Prussian

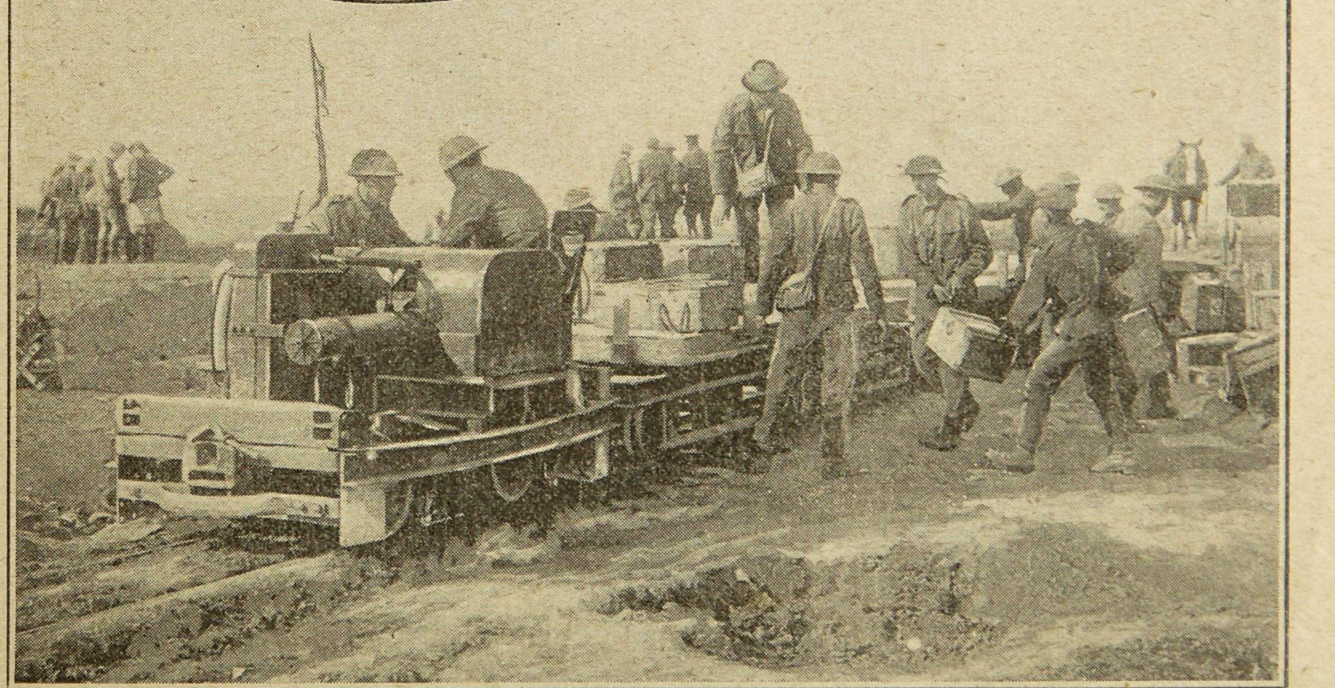
British and Canadian Official Photographs



After the bayonet the pick. Sturdy warriors from the Golden West on their way to consolidate new Somme gains.

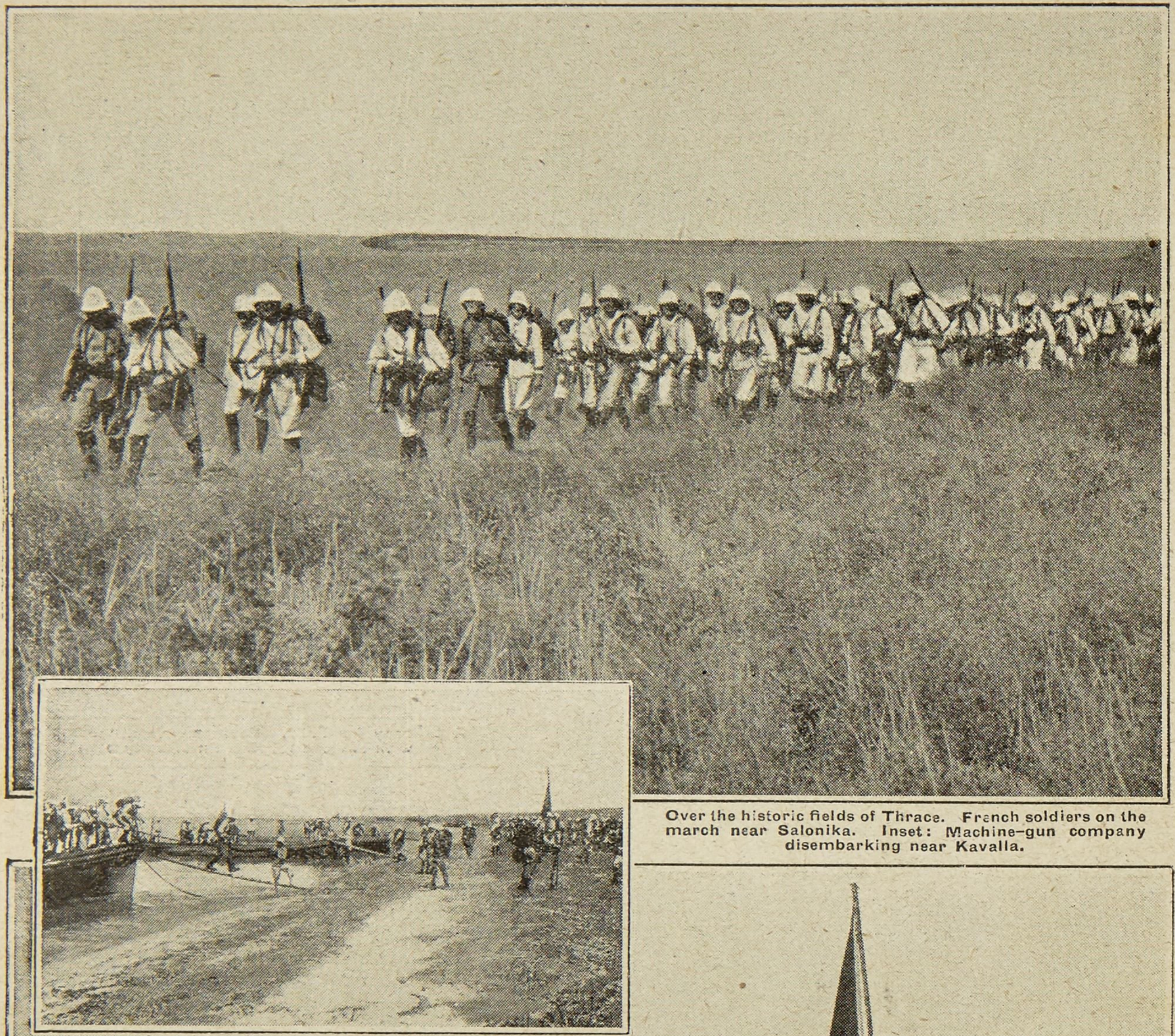


A delicacy for Fritz. German prisoner sampling with obvious relish a tin of bully beef.

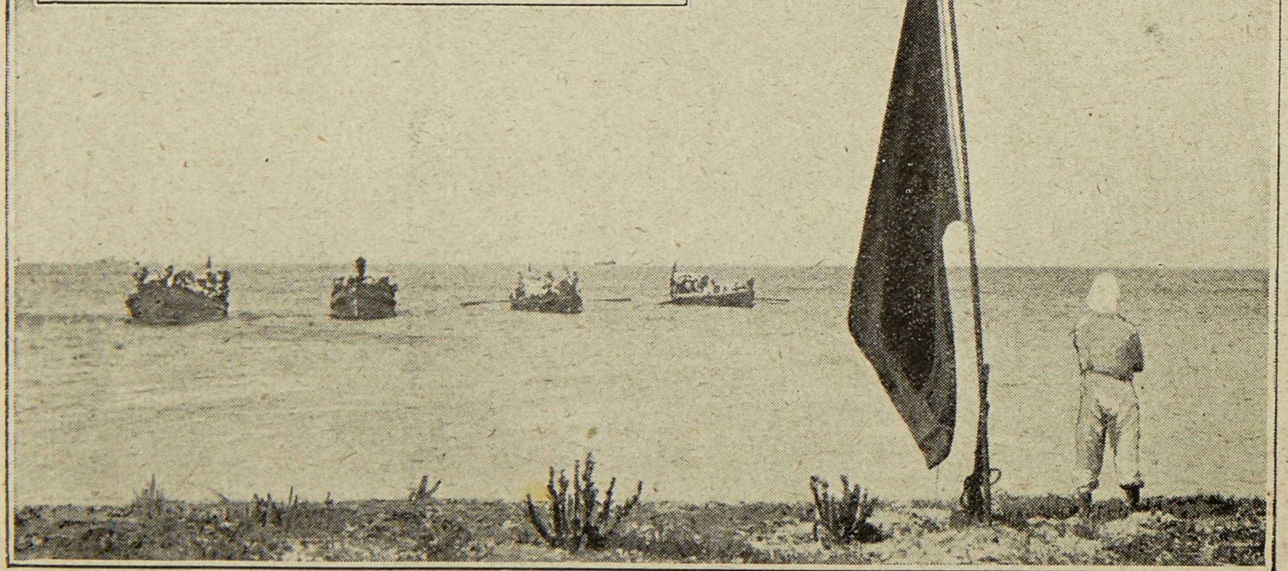


Canadians loading ammunition on to an auto-train. Inset: Canadian official photographers gathering Somme films, while two artillery observers are spotting for their gunners. From authentic accounts the Prussians considerably respect the fighting power of Canada.

Latin Legions Land on the Greek Coast

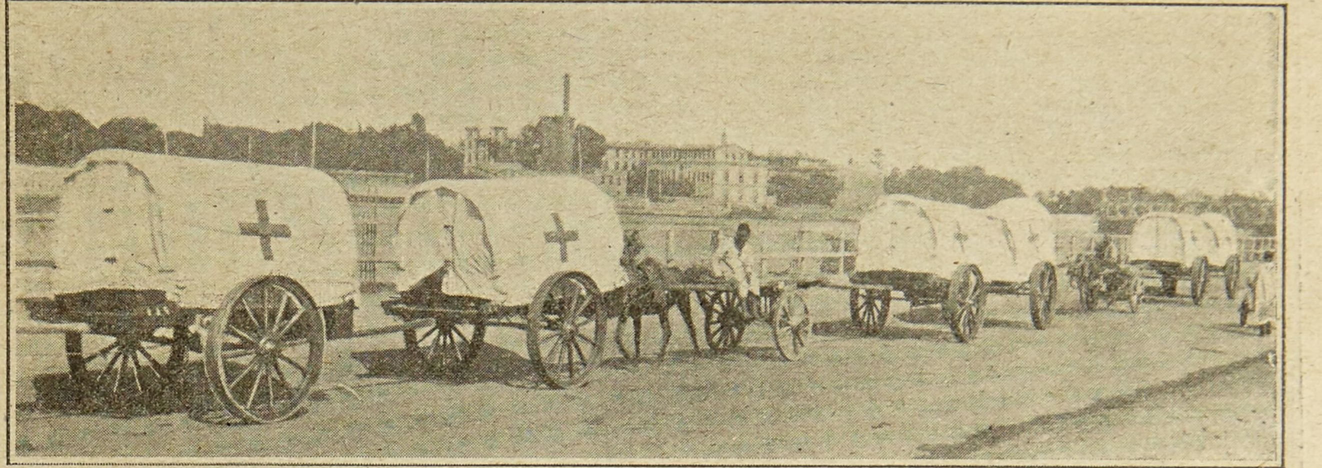


Over the historic fields of Thrace. French soldiers on the march near Salonika. Inset: Machine-gun company disembarking near Kavalla.

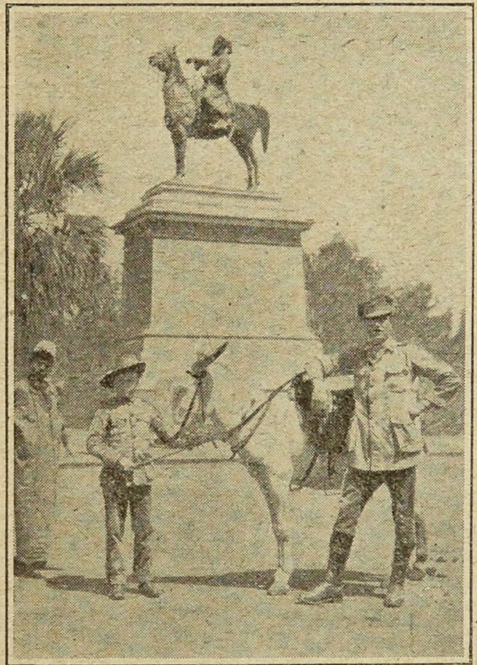


French troops disembarking on the Greek coast. A flag indicated the point at which each company landed. A year ago the first handful of allied troops landed at Salonika. Now no fewer than six nations, representing a colossal army, are fighting shoulder to shoulder for the overthrow of the Central Powers.

Empire Warriors Rest and Recuperate at Cairo



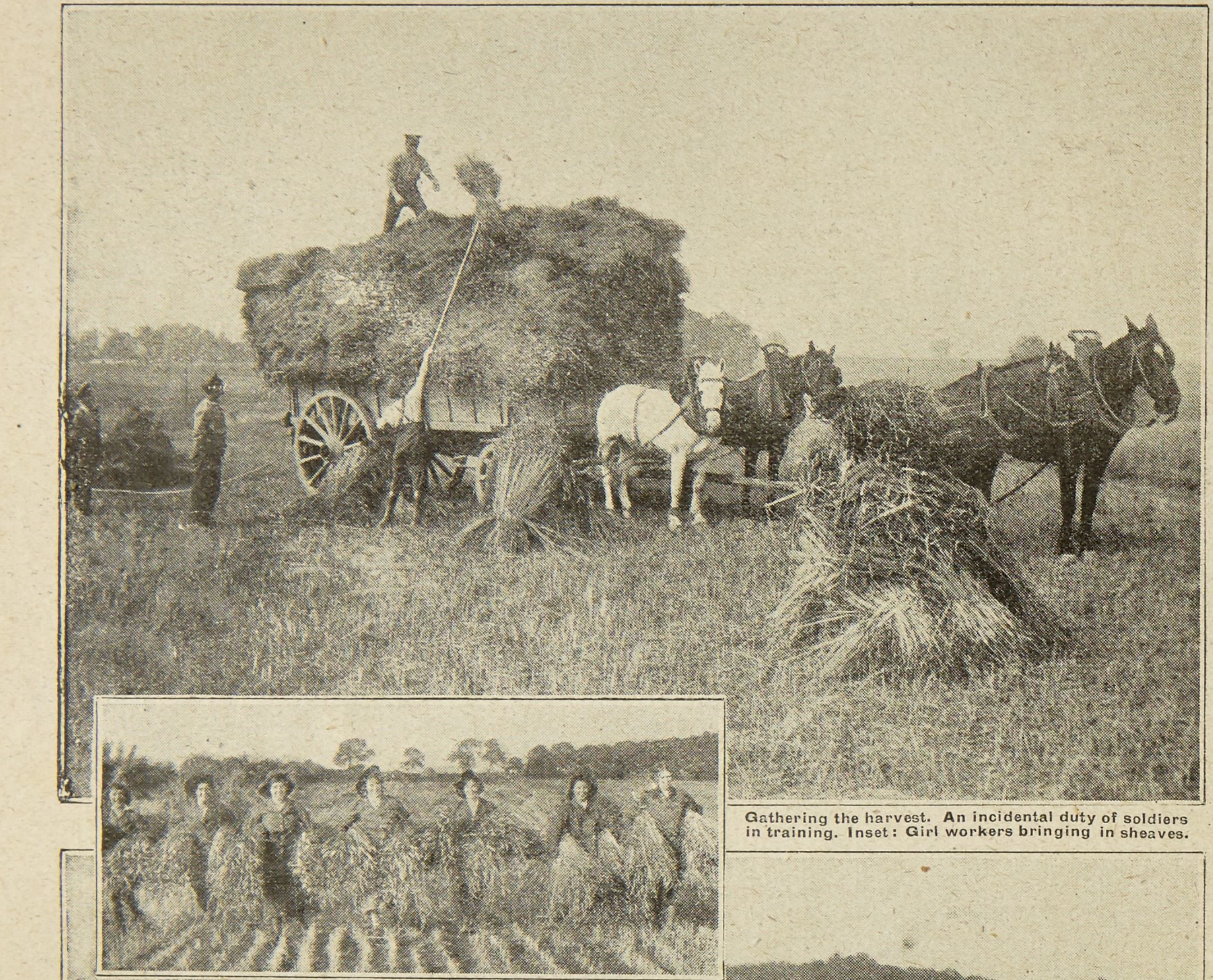
Red Cross ambulances for use in the Desert of Sinai. They are fitted with broad wheels to prevent their sinking too deep into the sand, and have a spring flooring constructed on the principle of the wire-mattress.



A group of British West Indian soldiers in Cairo. Native Colonial troops, both British and French, have rendered magnificent service in the fighting in Europe.

Convalescent Indian soldiers from Gallipoli visiting the Pyramids. Inset above: Reggie Wood, the youngest Australian with the forces, in Opera Square, Cairo. Only ten years old, he ran away from his home, and arrived in Egypt with the 11th Battalion.

The Golden Harvest in Fields Immune from War



Gathering the harvest. An incidental duty of soldiers in training. Inset: Girl workers bringing in sheaves.

Women at work in the cornfields. Pupils who are studying farming at Colston Bassett, under the auspices of the Nottingham Education Committee. A large number of women have already shown great actitude in farm work in the absence of men called to the Colours.

"DOING THEIR BIT"

THE 'BUS CONDUCTOR

By One of Them

MY husband was one of the old regular soldiers who went out with the first Expeditionary Force in August, 1914, and so far, I am glad to say, he has come off without a scratch. We hadn't been married very long when the war broke out, and it was rather lonely living at home by myself. My man was against me working too hard because, as he said, I had the Government separation allowance and if I took a job, somebody else, who might stand in much greater need of it, would be done out of it.

In Place of Men

I did a few odd jobs in the way of domestic help, getting in a day's work occasionally, and the rest of the time I spent helping to make bandages and splints at our local Red Cross headquarters. But when I saw that every man would be wanted, and that women would be required to take their places, I determined to "do my bit."

Coming home one day I happened to pass the garage of one of the big motor-'bus companies, and outside I saw a notice saying that so many women were wanted as conductors to take the place of men who were leaving for the front. That struck me as the very thing I was after. I should be really helping to relieve a soldier from his civil employment, and, what was more, I should be doing a work that was absolutely necessary—for just try to imagine what London would be like without its 'buses for one day! Let alone the loss of temper, think of the amount of money that would be wasted by people being unable to get from one point to another quickly!

I went straight away and applied for the job. Fortunately I bethought myself to take my Registration Card and my War Office papers with me, because those, as it turned out, helped me a lot. You see the company were giving preference to the wives of soldiers.

That same day I got measured for my uniform. You all know what it's like—navy blue cloth, with a coat of semi-military cut—not unlike the jacket soldiers wear—a short skirt, and an Anzac hat of the same colour. I couldn't help laughing at myself when I put it on, and I went straight away and had my photograph taken and sent it out to my man at the front. The next morning I went on duty for the first time.

Not Easy Work

You'd think being a conductor on a 'bus was a simple job, but it isn't so easy as it looks. For the first few trips I had one of the old hands to assist me and show me what to do, and I soon tumbled to the fact that I'd got to be careful. Supposing, for example, you are a conductor on a London Bridge and Hendon 'bus and there is a rush, and one passenger wants to go to Ludgate Hill, another to Child's Hill, and another to Oxford Circus, and you've got to give all these tickets in a hurry, besides changing perhaps a ten-shilling note—well, it takes some doing to keep your head. It isn't easy, until you've had a good deal of practice, to remember all the fares from one point to another.

On my second day the inspectors were always boarding the 'bus, and though I thought I'd been very clever and made no mistakes, I found that I was allowing over a dozen passengers to travel for a penny a distance for which twopence ought to have been charged. You can see from this illustration that it wouldn't be very hard for an inexperienced conductor to lose a lot of money for the company in one day if she weren't watched.

I don't know what other 'bus companies are doing, but in the 'bus company for which I work the women conductors are paid as much as the men were—that's only fair, seeing that they do exactly the same work for the same hours. We get our pay on a mileage scale—so much a mile—and we work for something like ten hours each day.

Daily Routine

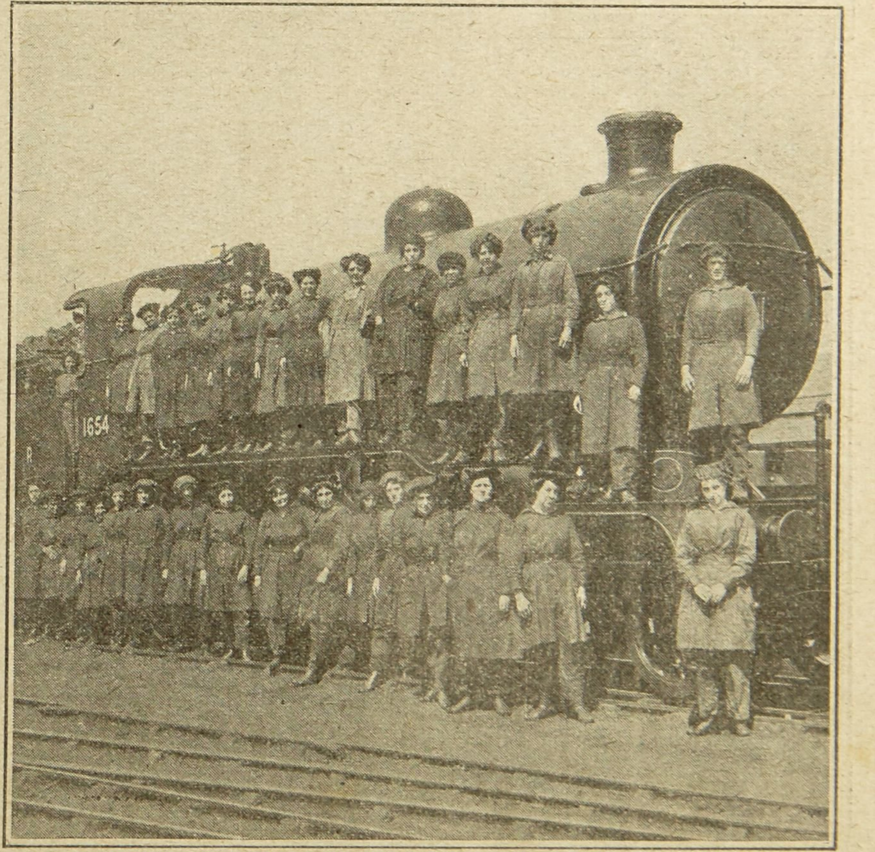
I like the early shifts best myself, because you are finished then in good time for a quiet evening. When I get to the yard in the morning the first thing I do is to sign on, and then I receive my box which contains the tickets and the punching machine. After that I board my 'bus and we start off. We are kept as much as possible to the same route, so that we may not make mistakes with regard to distances and the prices we charge. When we reach the terminus we have to show our tickets to the inspector on duty there, who checks and signs the sheet with which we are supplied. At the end of the day—in some cases oftener—we have to account for the tickets we have sold and hand over the corresponding amount of cash.

I have heard that some clever people are laughing at us, saying that we only undertake this sort of job for the sake of wearing the uniform. But a uniform isn't much of an attraction to a woman who cares about dress after she has worn it for a few weeks on a motor-'bus. It gets rubbed against the sides of the 'bus, and on a wet day it is soon splashed with mud, and though you may try ever so hard to keep it presentable, it isn't a wonderfully fetching rig-out at the finish. I know mine, though still serviceable, looks as if it had been in the trenches.

Besides, being a lady conductor isn't play. I know; for during the first few weeks I was hard put to it not to throw it up, and only the thought that I was doing something useful made me stick to it. You are on your feet most of the time, running up and down stairs, and, what is worst of all, there's always that jolting and vibration which, until you're used to it, makes you feel more than a little funny in the head. You've got to be trained for the job as you've got to be trained for everything else.

Appreciation and Civility

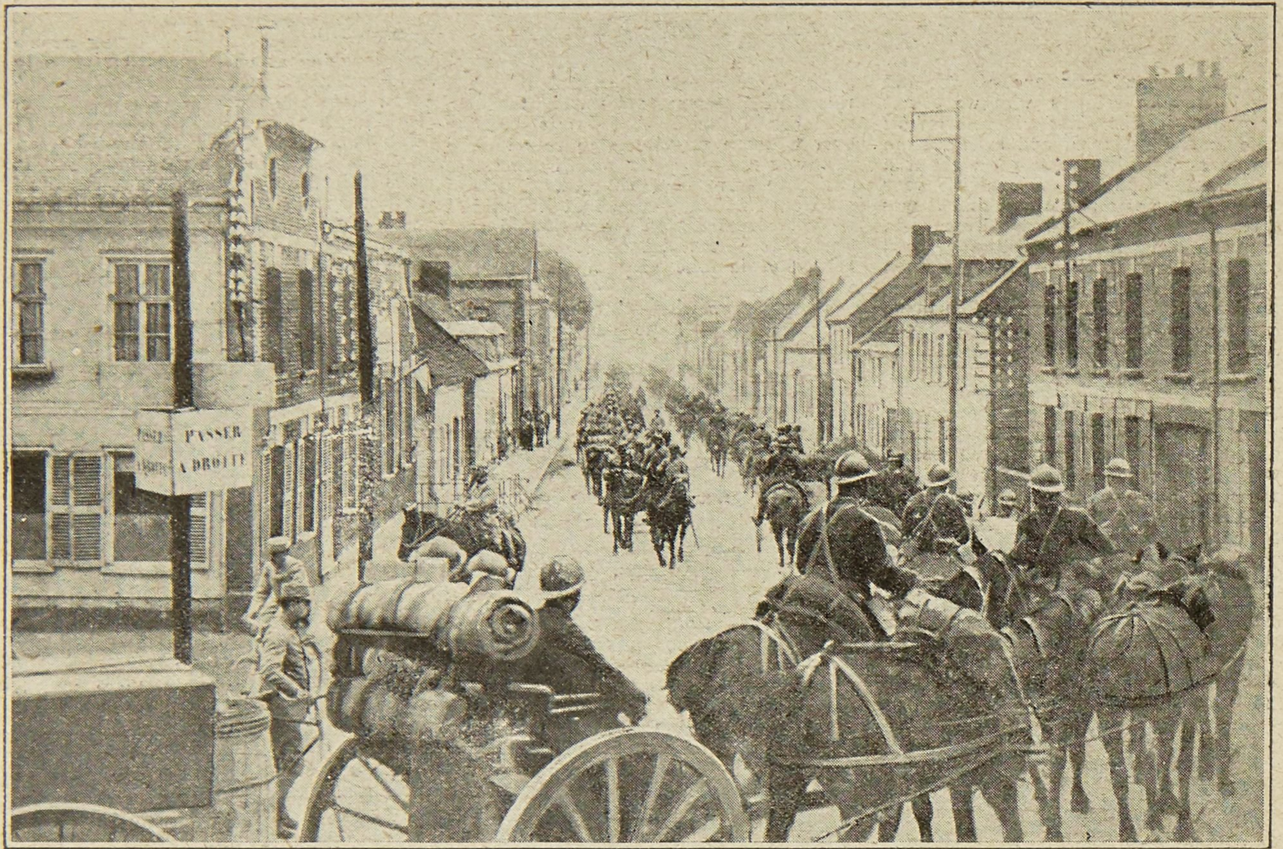
Oddly enough, what lets the average woman conductor down at first is giving the right change. I was always making mistakes, especially when there was a halfpenny in the fare. Standing on a moving 'bus in a very cramped position is not the best situation in which to do quick mental arithmetic. But I don't make many mistakes now.



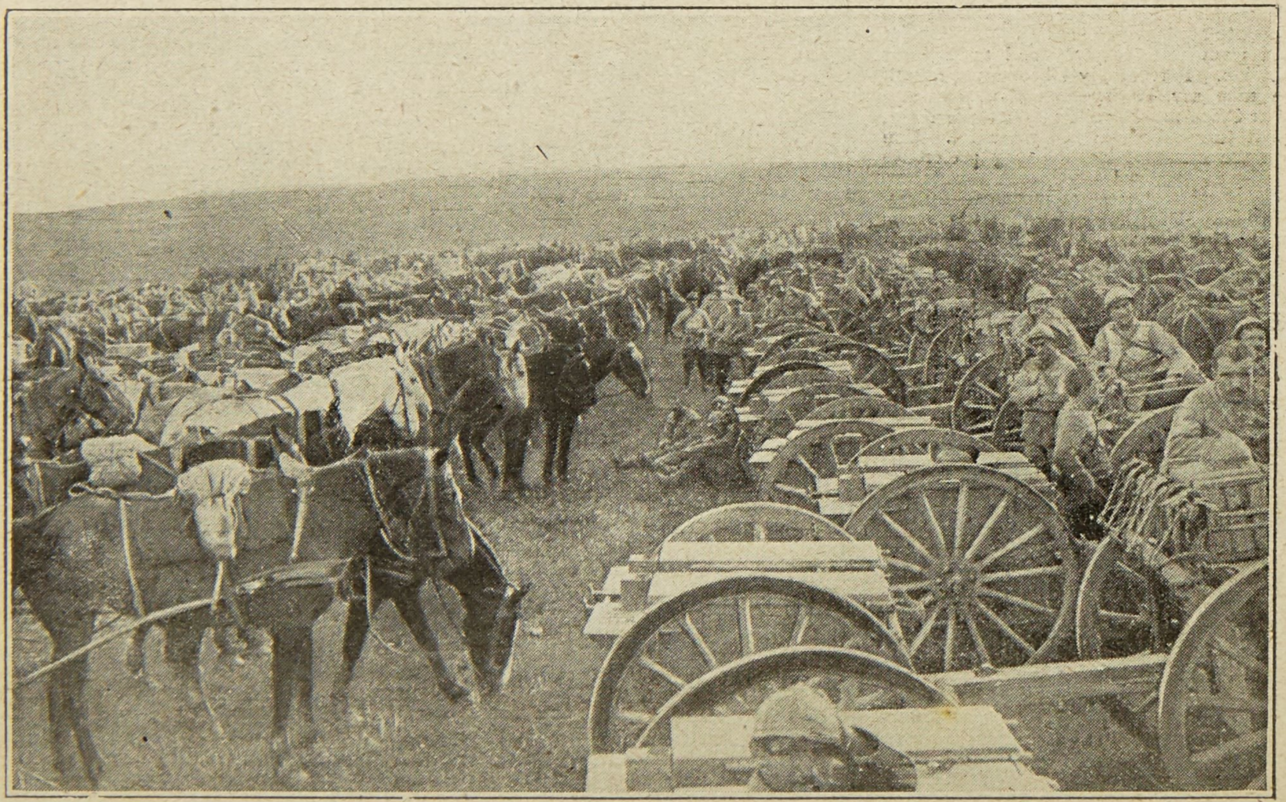
Women members of the Great Northern Railway Company's engine-cleaning staff attached to King's Cross. The employment of women in this kind of work is a war measure, and, indeed, can only be justified by the entirely abnormal conditions now prevailing. Their work is stated to be very satisfactory. They have adopted a costume which, if not picturesque, is exceedingly practical.

New French Recruits to Advancing Batteries

French Official Photographs

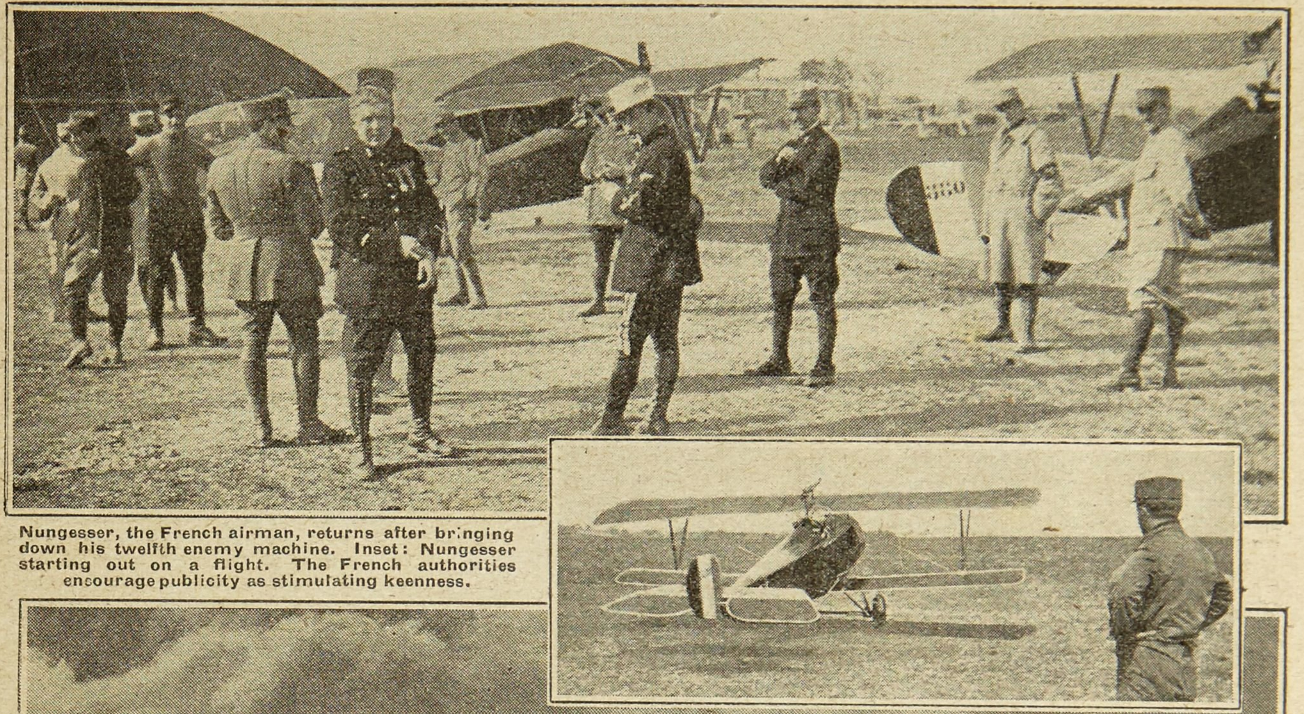


A Somme village with French artillery batteries on the way to the front lines. The convoy coming in the opposite direction consists of ammunition waggons returning empty after lodging their loads at the various batteries during the night.

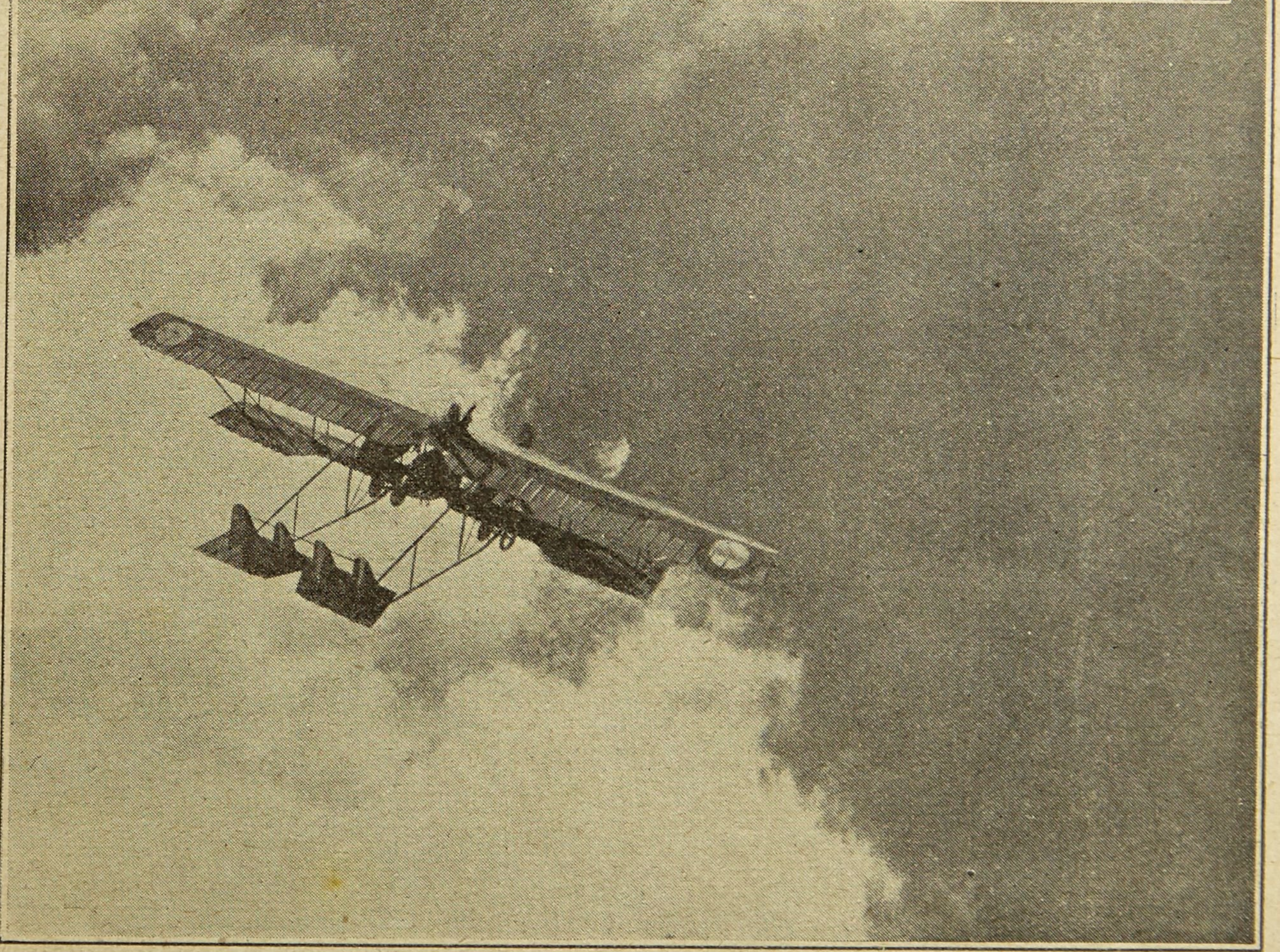


Artillery waggons waiting behind the front for night to fall, when they will proceed to their batteries with fresh supplies of ammunition. This, of course, represents only part of a single night's supply at one point on the French front.

Men and Machines that Hold Mastery of the Air



Nungesser, the French airman, returns after bringing down his twelfth enemy machine. Inset: Nungesser starting out on a flight. The French authorities encourage publicity as stimulating keenness.



One of the Allies' new aeroplanes approaching the German trenches from behind a cloud. The observer, who works the guns, sits in a kind of fighting-top above the planes. Before the great advance on the Somme began the Allies left nothing undone to secure the mastery of the air, and it is now absolutely theirs.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XXII.—The Scots Guards

> *" By this, though deep the evening fell,*
> *Still rose the battle's deadly swell ;*
> *For still the Scots, around their king,*
> *Unbroken, fought in desperate ring."*
> Sir Walter Scott. (" Marmion.")

VERY early in the morning of Sunday, May 16th, 1915, long before the church bells in peaceful England had begun to peal, the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards were awake, dressed and ready for battle, waiting only for the signal to advance. Soon it came, and officers and men dashed forward. The British plan was to attack the German position near Festubert, this being what is now called by everyone a salient, and the part allotted to the 20th Brigade, in which the Scots were, was to advance southward from Rue du Bois, where their trenches then were. The attack was a complete success, and Sir John French was able to telegraph home that the enemy's line had been broken " over the greater part of a two-mile front."

Where the 20th and 22nd Brigades attacked our success was especially marked. Near La Quinque Rue over half a mile of German trenches was quickly taken and then, pushing rapidly on, the men seized another six hundred yards farther to the south, doing this by bombing the enemy out of them. Finally, they crossed the road running between Festubert and La Quinque Rue, and advanced for a mile into the German lines.

A Ring of Dead

It was during the third stage of this attack that the 2nd Scots Guards gained great glory. Past the first line, past the second line, they dashed furiously on, and still advancing the men of one of their companies found themselves right in front of all their comrades. Soon they were cut off from all the others, and surrounded by Germans they must choose between surrender and death. When the attack closed and the roll was called, all that was known of them was that they were missing ; the full story came a day or two later.

On the 18th, the following Tuesday, our men made a fresh advance and managed to seize the cross-roads at La Quinque Rue and some other ground thereby. There and then they saw, silent and stiff upon the earth, the bodies of the missing Scots, and around them a ring of dead Germans. Clearly the Scots had refused to surrender, and bayonet in hand had fought on, fought till they fell and died. Everyone who read the story of their heroism must have been reminded of those earlier Scots who fought and died at Flodden four hundred years ago.

The Scots Guards sent two battalions to fight early in the Great War. The 1st went to France at the beginning and fought at Mons and in the Retreat, afterwards sharing in the Battles of the Marne and the Aisne. Transferred to Flanders, they were at Ypres, where day after day they formed part of the thin line which kept the Germans from Calais. When, on November 11th, their General, Charles Fitzclarence, V.C., was killed and the battle came to an end, the four battalions under him, one of which was the 1st Scots, only numbered eight officers and five hundred men altogether.

On New Year's Day, 1915, the 1st Scots were in trenches in the brickfields at Cuinchy, and the wet clay was anything but pleasant as a home. However, it failed to depress their spirits, and when the Germans came on they found the Guards as ready as ever to meet them. At a critical moment the Hon. R. Coke led forward one company just in time to save the day, while Sergeant A. McPherson took command of another when all its officers had been put out of action.

A Scottish Charge

The 2nd Battalion began as part of the 7th Division which, from Zeebrugge and Ostend, marched across Belgium and then took such a glorious part in the First Battle of Ypres. In the earlier days of that grim struggle they were in some trenches near Kruseik, and there on October 24th they had a terrible time. The Germans broke through the British line, and from reserve the Scots were ordered to drive them back. Dashing up, they made it impossible for the enemy to retreat, and, owing to the coolness and resource of Captain C. V. Fox, two hundred Germans, including five officers, were forced to surrender. But this was not the end. Next morning the Germans came on again in great force and drove back the Scots a little way. For some hours the battle swayed to and fro, and when the cavalry came up to help, the Scots Guards had almost all been killed or wounded, and the splendid battalion reduced to less than a hundred men.

A V.C. Won

The battalion was next heard of in December when, having been reinforced from home, it was at Rouges Bancs. There, under Sergeant A. James, some 2nd Scots captured a German trench, and there also one of their privates, James MacKenzie, won the Victoria Cross for his gallant efforts to save wounded men. Unfortunately, like so many of these heroes, he was killed while earning it. At Neuve Chapelle the Scots fought desperately around Pietre Mill, but they had little to do in the Second Battle of Ypres. Then came their heroic deeds at Festubert.

During the summer the Scots and the rest of the Guards enjoyed a certain amount of rest, well-earned rest it was, too, but they took their turn at trench work from time to time. In July, for instance, the 1st Scots were in trenches near Cambrin, and about this time one of their officers, Sec.-Lieutenant G. A. Boyd-Rochfort, won another V.C. for the regiment. A mortar-bomb came flying over the parapet and landed near him. Without a moment's hesitation he picked it up and hurled it back again, shouting to his men to get out of the way of the explosion.

Before the autumn offensive the Guards had been strengthened and reorganised. A new division, roughly 16,000 men, was made up entirely of them, and in the 2nd Brigade of this were the 1st Scots, the 2nd Scots being in the 3rd Brigade. The first part of the Battle of Loos had passed off quite successfully, but then came a check, and Sir John French sent up the Guards from reserve to restore the situation.

The 1st Scots were told off to attack a colliery called Pit 4, and while pressing up a slight slope their colonel was wounded and several other officers killed. However, they won the ground and under Captain Cuthbert cleared the Germans out of the houses around it, but before night—this was on September 27th—they had to fall back a little way, so they threw up some trenches and made their homes therein.

The Fight for " Big Willie "

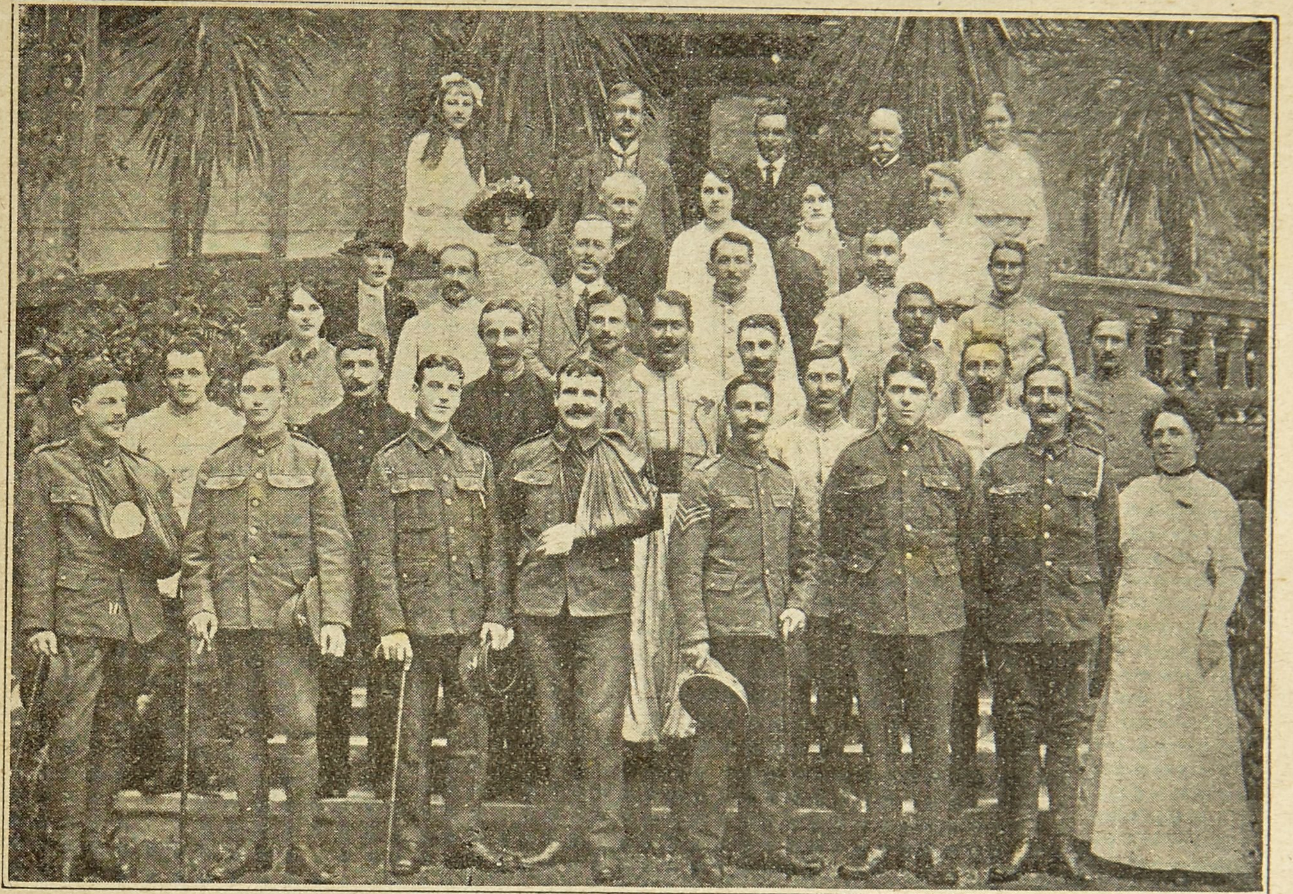
The 2nd Scots with the other battalions of the 3rd Brigade were sent through Loos against Hill 70. They reached the town, swept easily through it, and then made for the hill. They got right on to it, but the top was too much exposed, so, like their comrades in the 2nd Brigade, they fell back a few yards and dug trenches on the slopes. A fortnight or more later the 1st Scots were sent to the Hohenzollern Redoubt, and there they were in some severe fighting for the possession of the trench called " Big Willie."

For a long time after Loos little was heard of the Guards, and they took no part whatever in the opening stages of the " big push " on the Somme. On September 15th, however, our men and the French were still pushing, and there was a very stiff bit of work to be done near Thiepval. This gave the Guards their chance, and they and the " tanks " entered the field on the same day. They did what they were asked to do, but at a great price, of which the papers on Friday, October 13th, gave some idea, for on that day a memorial service was held in London for the fallen Scots, when four captains, ten subalterns, and many of the rank and file were commemorated.

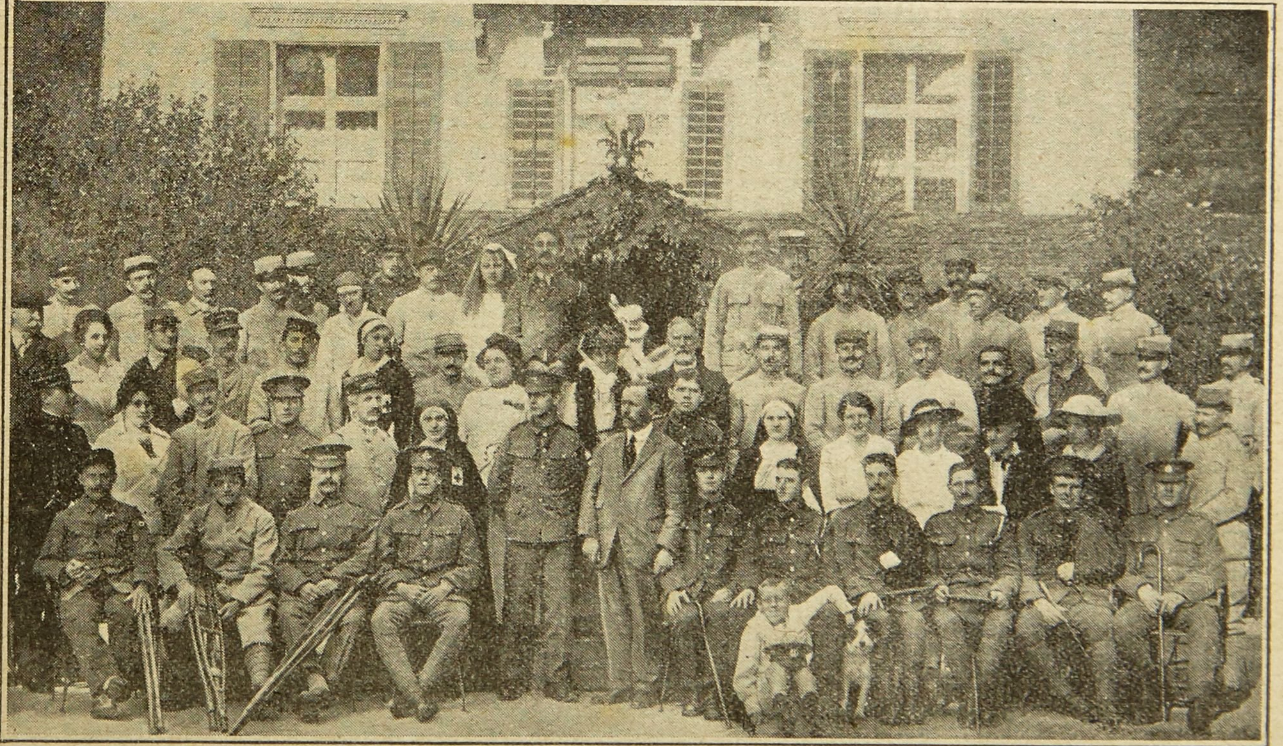
The Scots Guards, long known as the 3rd Foot Guards, date from 1662, although a regiment called the Scots Guards was in existence before that date. They first fought abroad under William of Orange, afterwards serving in Spain, under General Stanhope. At Fontenoy their gallantry was most noticeable, and in Egypt in 1801 they lost very heavily in officers and men. At Talavera the regiment was almost destroyed, but it fought on under Wellington, who had great faith in the Guards. At Waterloo two hundred and forty of the Scots fell upon the field, and at the Alma and at Inkerman their losses were nearly as heavy. At that time (1854) they were called the Scots Fusilier Guards, but in 1877 they received their present name. As Scots Guards they fought in Egypt and in South Africa, and as Scots Guards their gallantry is known far and wide.

A. W. Holland

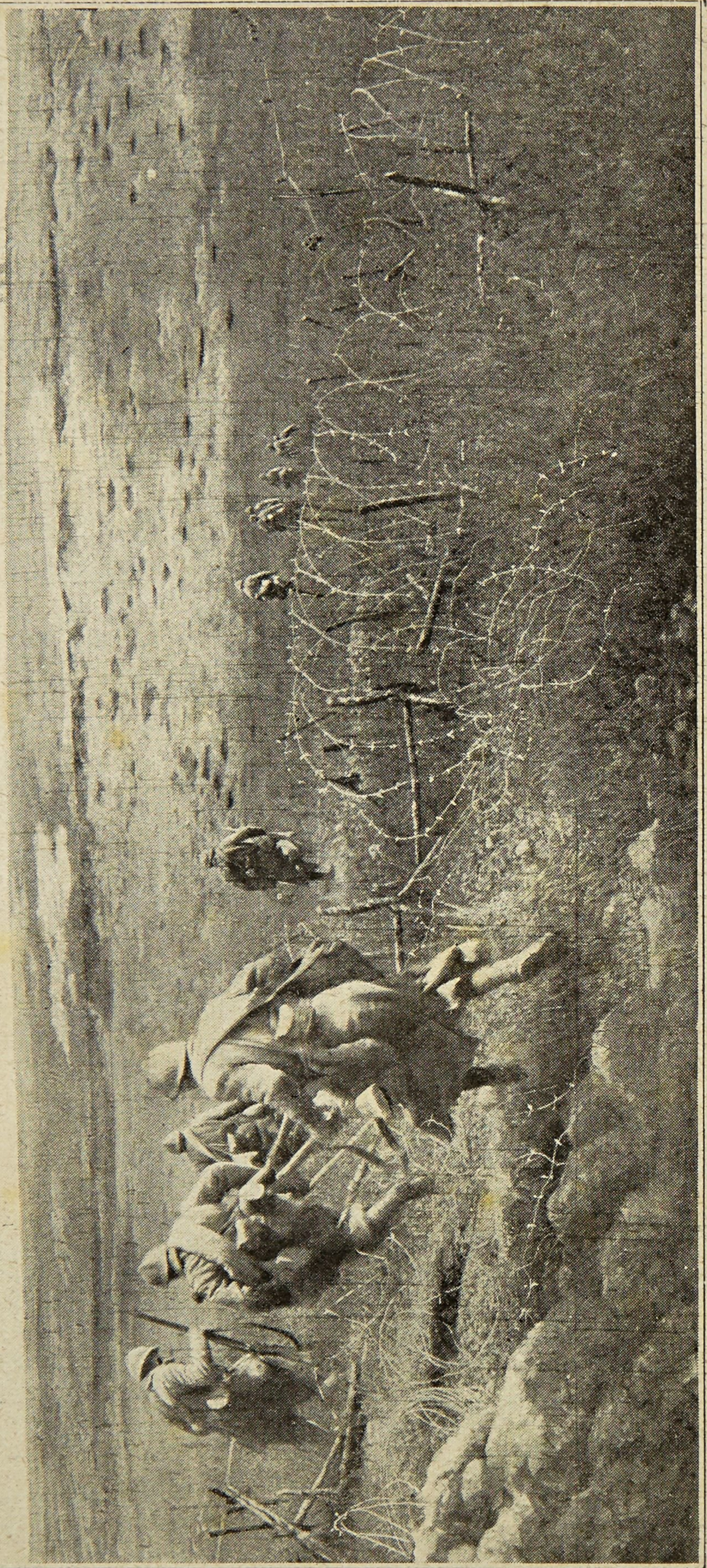
In Lovely Lucerne After Trenches and Prison



British and French soldiers interned in Switzerland being entertained at the Polytechnic Chalets, Seeburg, Lucerne. These men were undergoing treatment at the Lucerne Hospital, which was specially arranged for operations rendered necessary by German maltreatment when the men were taken prisoners and interned in Germany.



Group of interned Britons entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell at the Polytechnic Chalets, with some French Red Cross nurses who were taking a brief rest as guests of the Hotel Schweizerhof, Lucerne. The party had just completed a trip on the Lake of Lucerne.



THROUGH WICKED WIRE ACROSS THE POCK-MARKED PLAIN.—Ever since the allied movement, which began on July 1st, the French and British have advanced nearer the goal. All military progress, however well the plans are prepared, is subject to occasional checks, but the main object has been all along strictly adhered to, and it is safe to say that the Germans can never again win the initiative in the west. The elan of the French and determination of the British daily send the enemy back an appreciable distance, in spite of his most strenuous efforts at defence. This photograph of a charge along the Somme symbolises the spirit of France at a period in the war when conditions never looked more hopeful.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

THE FULL TIDE OF FEELING

If you have ever lived near the coast you must often have observed a condition, tidal or weather or both, when the sea gives one an impression of having an exceptional quantity of water in it. It looks "full." No doubt the phrase is dreadfully unscientific, but it is descriptive. Generally the phenomenon arouses an uneasy sense of foreboding in the observer. It occurs, of course, at high tide, and the sea is at the high-water mark, where it lies sullen and quiet, but patently not asleep. The air is still also and the atmosphere oppressive, and you leave the shore and go indoors expecting thunderstorms and general disturbance. Most often the expectation is not realised, and next morning the sea is its own self again, blue and riant and breaking in happy little waves, or rolling in vigorous waves with "white horses" shaking their manes as they charge in succeeding lines towards the land. But you remember the uncanny feeling aroused in your mind yesterday by the condition of tumescence which you saw and did not understand.

POETS in plenty have used figures taken from the sea to adorn their literary exercises on the subject of human life. This figure of the tide of life that ebbs and flows in city streets is very worn, but it is apt to the subject in our mind. For often lately, walking through the streets of London, we have had a similar curious impression of the sea of life being abnormally full. People coming to London after a long absence or visiting it for the first time might be surprised to see so little outward evidence that a war is going on. There is, of course, the khaki, and there is the hospital blue, and the number of women dressed in black may be noticeably large to eyes not grown accustomed to the sight. But the noise of the city is much the same, the sound of many feet upon the pavements, the penetrating cry of the newspaper-sellers, the tinkle of bells and hoot of horns from motor-omnibuses, and all the blent clamour of voices and roar of traffic. Not until evening falls, and London is seen in her unfamiliar but very lovely vesture of darkness, does consciousness of the existence of war come home sharply to a superficial onlooker at life.

NEVERTHELESS, a man who is in, and of, London is aware of deep change. Very likely the simple explanation of the idea that there are more people in the streets is that it is a fact. Thousands of people are working now who never worked before, and if one's walks are taken chiefly in streets used by working men and women, and at times when these are coming to their work or leaving it, one naturally sees them at their fullest moments. But that does not explain the sense of something ominous; psychology is concerned in that, not numbers merely. The noise of the city may be as great as before the war, but it is no contradiction to say that the cumulative sound of voices in conversation is less than it used to be. Men and women have developed a new taciturnity.

THAT man over there you have known for years as a pleasant acquaintance though not an intimate friend. If two years ago you had met him after an interval of a month or so you would have invited him to have a drink, inquired cheerily how things were wagging, and asked if he had seen old so-and-so lately. Now you cannot offer him a drink, you know things cannot be bright with him, and old so-and-so was named in the Roll of Honour only the other day. So you just wireless to one another and go your respective ways. That woman coming straight towards you, whom there is not time to avoid, has a husband or a son or sons whom you know out at the front, and you have heard nothing about them for months. Courtesy compels you to stop, if she shows any inclination to speak, and you are afraid to ask the only question that comes into your mind. She is braver than you. If all is still well with her beloved, she tells you unemotionally that she heard from him last week. "Yes, thanks, quite all right." And then you switch off to Shakespeare and the musical glasses. Alternatively she says, "Have you heard ?" And then you speak whatever words may be given to you; the fewest possible, for really there is nothing to say. And so it goes on. Casual conversation is impossible because trivialities have ceased to interest anyone, and to touch on serious things is so likely to make new wounds bleed afresh.

QUIETER, then, the sea of life in London most certainly is, and we think more sullen, too. People in Germany may draw what inference they please from the word. The truth is that London is deeply moved at last; stirred to the very bottom of its soul by the long tale of infamy practised by the enemy, and so intensely determined to make him pay in full that it simply cannot trust itself to talk. Every single day brings its new outrage. People of our temper and temperament refrain from talking about it. But a movement goes through the entire body corporate, another heavy surge of pressure on the already heavily-pressed enemy, and again one becomes conscious of the tremendous force that is latent in the full and sullen sea.

THE analogy extends to the atmosphere of oppression which hangs over the city like a pall. Analysing it, one finds that it is due chiefly to resentment against the enemy for this intensity of feeling which he has aroused in ourselves. We expected anxiety on behalf of our fighting men, sorrow for the fallen, and material care due to loss of means and increase in the cost of living; these are all part of the burden of war and we bear them bravely enough. But we were not prepared for hellish warfare with poisoned gas and fire-sprayers, and germs of loathsome diseases, and the adoption of these methods by the enemy has made us aware of a capacity for hatred and detestation in ourselves which we never suspected and which makes us almost afraid of ourselves. Germany has sown the seed of something new in our nature—a loathing for everything Teutonic, which will never be quite eradicated, and we are oppressed by sense of the presence of this new and ugly emotion in our hearts. Our oppression is subjective only, due to this resentment at the introduction of horrors which add gratuitously to the difficulty of finding mental distraction in anything.

CIVILIANS suffer from these things far more than the soldiers who actually wage the war. The fact which Germany will have to face some day is that she has made irreconcilable enemies of the entire British people. By the time she has made that discovery she will have learnt how formidable and invincible we were. Our soldiers will have beaten her. In this period, before the victory is won, London is occupied only by non-combatants, and it is on to the sea of life on which these are borne that we are looking out now. Full and sullen, it will overwhelm and utterly destroy the Teutonic evil some day. C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

VERY striking and full of interest is the footnote to history provided by Mr. Edward Law in his new book on Thomas Wolsey, who was not only cardinal, courtier, and diplomatist, but a great naval and military administrator—in fact, "England's first great War Minister." When, in 1513, Henry VIII. landed at Calais to conduct a campaign in Picardy and Flanders, he had with him a force of 40,000 men, the largest that had ever crossed the Channel until Sir John French went over at the head of the British Expeditionary Force in 1914.

A Tudor Kitchener

THIS campaign, though it 'led to no definite military results, nor to any permanent political changes," offered the first occasion for a King of England to fight on the Continent, with allies, for a distinctly international and European purpose, instead of—as at Crécy and Agincourt—for dynastic aims and territorial gain; and it presents many points of analogy with the campaign now being waged in alliance with our former ever-chivalrous foes over an identical area of country.

Minister of Munitions

BEFORE Wolsey, succeeding the pacific Richard Fox and Warham, took control at the War Office, there had been the familiar outcry against muddle and incompetency. "Of 8,000 bowmen, not 200 were properly armed," one critic had alleged. Wolsey not only raised a new army from every part of England, but secured unity of action among officers who had never served together before. He assembled shipping from different ports, ascertained the tonnage and sailing capacity of the transports, made the necessary provision of beef, bread, and beer, placed all on board without confusion, and carried them across the Channel without the loss of a single life.

NO PATCHED-UP PEACE

IN my judgment and in the judgment of his Majesty's Government, this is not the moment for faltering purpose or wavering counsel. War is, as we now know too well, terrible in its waste of life, justified only by the greatness of its cause. That greatness is measured not merely by the costliness of the sacrifices which the nation is ready to incur, but more by the worthiness of the end for which those sacrifices are poured out. The strain which the war imposes on ourselves and our Allies, the hardships which we freely admit it involves to some of those who are not directly concerned in the struggle, the upheaval of trade, the devastation of territory, the loss of irreplaceable lives; this long and sombre procession of cruelty and suffering, lighted up as it is by deathless examples of heroism and chivalry, cannot be allowed to end in some patched-up, precarious, dishonouring compromise, masquerading under the name of peace. No one desires to prolong for a single unnecessary day the tragic spectacle of bloodshed and destruction, but we owe it to those who have given their lives for us in the flower of their youth, in the hope and promise of the future, that their supreme sacrifice shall not be in vain. The ends of the Allies are well known; they have been frequently and precisely stated. They are not selfish ends; they are not vindictive ends; but they require that there should be adequate reparation for the past, and adequate security for the future. On their achievement we in this country honestly believe depend the best hopes of humanity.—*Mr. Asquith, in House of Commons, Oct. 11th, 1916.*

Sixteenth-Century Ordnance

NOT only had Wolsey to find men and money, but he had to provide also munitions for Navy and Army. We read of him placing big contracts for armour with Italy, for ships and guns with Spain, and for artillery with Germany. The ordnance then cast for the King of England, and sent via Malines or Brussels to Calais, included "Serpentines" (guns weighing, when for field use, about 1,200 lb.), "murderers" (small swivel guns), brass "curtals" (heavy guns of some 3,000 lb., used mainly as siege pieces but also mounted on ships), "bombards" (mortars), "falcons" (light cannon, "having 800 lb. and two inches and a half within the mouth"), and "culverins" (great siege pieces which required fourteen horses to draw them).

As Mr. Law reminds us, foundries for great guns and cannon-ball were then, for the first time in English history, established in this country by the enterprise and foresight of Henry's great Minister. How valuable this lead was to be in the future the great struggle with Spain at the close of the sixteenth century proved.

Prodigality with the Mark

MUCH criticism has been directed against those British work-people who are alleged to be squandering the inflated salaries now obtainable for munition-making and kindred trades. War, of course, creates utter confusion in the industrial situation, and a few trades are bound to flourish at the expense of others. There is no question that certain communities have vastly profited by these unique industrial circumstances. It is interesting to note, however, that temporary extravagance is by no means confined to this proverbially thriftless country. On the contrary, according to Mr. Thomas Curtin, the "Daily Mail's" special commissioner to Germany, the enemy's munitioneers are spending money lavishly. The music-halls are full, and diamonds and pearls were never more in demand. Even horse-racing and gambling continue, and Berlin is a blaze of light.

British War Doctors

THE story of the British war doctors transcends in grandeur any other chapter in the war. Their anxiety to get to the scene of hostilities in the early days, giving up valuable practices and the pleasures of material success for the duty of tending their fellow-men in distress is, in itself, a wonderful example of self-sacrifice. The casualties afford pathetic evidence of the devotion of the R.A.M.C., no fewer than fifty-three officers and two hundred and sixty non-commissioned officers and men having been killed during the three months ending October 4th.

R.A.M.C. Grievances

IT is generally agreed (writes J. G. R., in the "Daily Mail") that at the conclusion of the war many radical changes will have to be made, and one of the most needed is the rescue of the Royal Army Medical Corps from the position of inferiority which has been its lot for many years back, and which, it is feared, will not be removed except on the demand of public opinion. The following grievances are probably quite unknown to the general public:

1. An officer of the R.A.M.C. can only attain the titular rank of colonel, after which he becomes a surgeon-general, ranking, it is true, as a major-general, but not granted the title.
2. The highest rank to which an R.A.M.C. officer can attain is that of lieutenant-general, and there is only one of the corps—the director-general—who can attain this rank.
3. No officer of the R.A.M.C. has ever been granted the Grand Cross of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, or other orders, though in other branches of the Service such distinctions are given indiscriminately.
4. Officers of the R.A.M.C. are studiously omitted from invitations to Court functions, where every other branch of the Service is represented.

Green Light

MOTOR-AMBULANCES are now adopting green lights instead of the usual shaded white lights. This has given rise to the suggestion that our cities might be sufficiently lighted with green light, and yet be invisible to a Zeppelin at the usual height. If green glass is scarce or dear, the difficulty thus presented is surely not insuperable.

"Battle Pictures"

SO many readers will miss Mr. Pemberton's "Battle Picture" from this issue that we think we should explain that he has not found one that lends itself peculiarly well to his very individual treatment. While the war provides many stirring incidents, it is not always that one will catch a particular imagination, and Mr. Pemberton is too conscientious an artist to write perfunctorily on any subject.

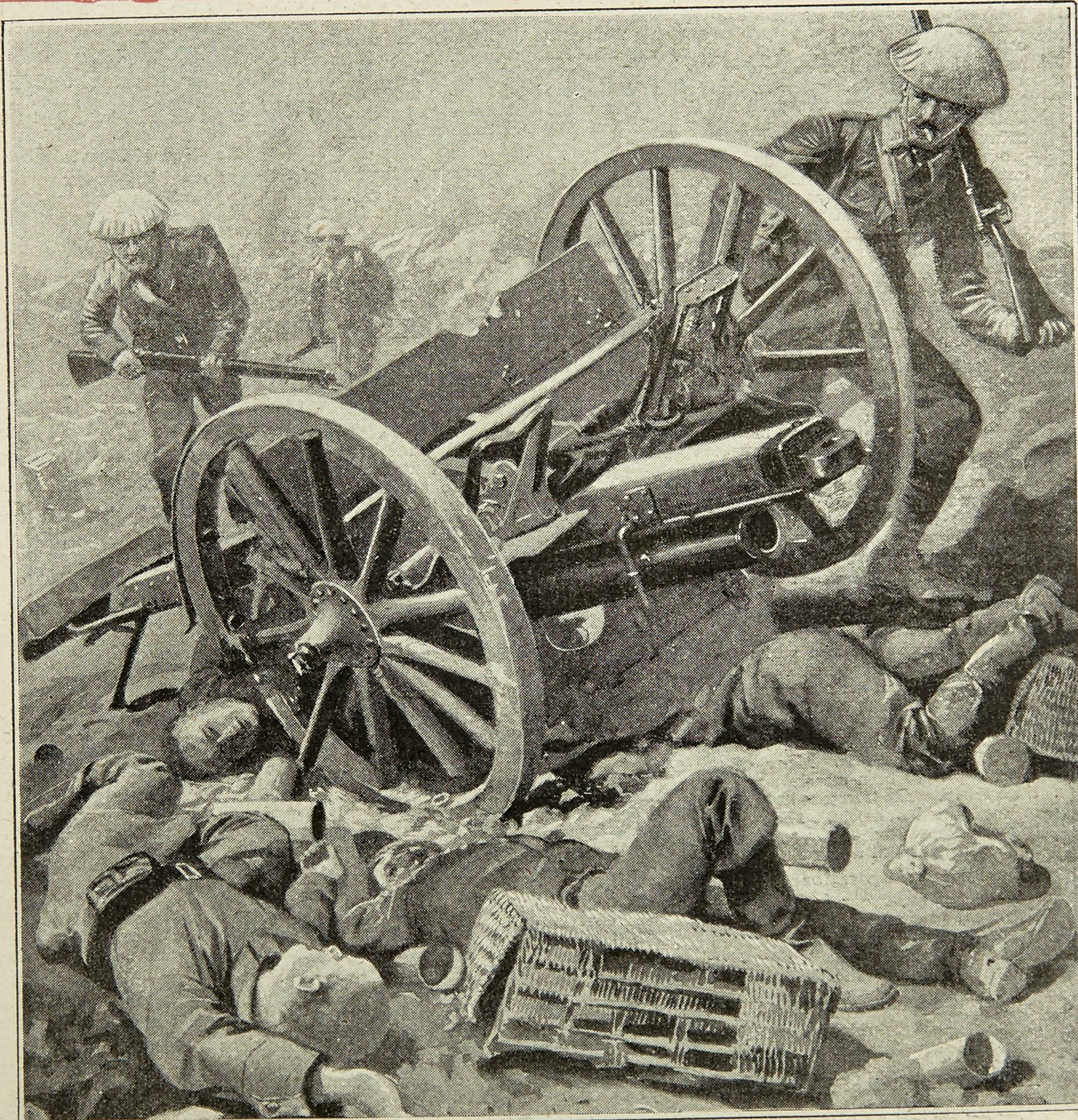
Printed and published by the Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, November 4th, 1916.
Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Fight for the Warrens, by Max Pemberton

The War Illustrated

2D.
Weekly



Vol. 5

After the Knock-out Blow: Taking Possession of an Overturned German Gun

No. 116

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THERE are two great tendencies to be avoided in war time—complacency and pessimism. At first we British people were over-complacent. We plumed ourselves on minor triumphs; we were confident that, whatever happened, things must go well with us, and we underrated the enemy. To-day, when we have every reason for cheerfulness, there is a marked tendency in some quarters towards pessimism. Men who, two years ago, hailed a successful skirmish or rearguard action as a decisive victory, refuse to-day to recognise the really vital nature of the triumphs of our men and the French on the Somme. "After all," they say, "we have only gained a few square miles of territory, and that at a very heavy cost. Winter is coming on, the weather is holding us up, and the essential front remains unchanged."

It is necessary to emphasise, week after week—even though some readers weary of it—the fact that the Battle of the Somme has already transformed the entire military situation on the western front. It has proved that the German defensive barrier is not impregnable. We have already broken through the three main sets of German permanent defences on the Somme, and are well through the fourth. We hold commanding positions far beyond the original main ridge that first faced us. The important capture of Sailly-Saillisel enables the French to isolate Bapaume as Combles was isolated. The German occupation of Péronne depends on their holding one mountain position behind the town, a position the French are steadily approaching.

A Great Tug-of-War

Advance is of necessity slow, up to a point. The Germans have undoubtedly concentrated on this point all their available men and guns on the western front. But the French and ourselves have advanced since this concentration took place. The enemy have been aided by the very bad weather, which checked our forward movement; but at the first glimpse of fine days we have gone forward again. Every few days bring tidings of fresh advances—now at Sailly, now at Chaulnes, now at Schwaben or Le Sars.

The position may well be compared with a great tug-of-war. There is a time of strain, when either side, striving its utmost, moves very little. Gradually you notice one side beginning to yield inch by inch. They redouble their efforts and pull up. Again comes the yielding, a few inches more. A third time the thing is repeated. Then the observer knows that all is over. When one side loses a little, time after time, without once really mastering the other, the end of the fight is assured. In this Battle of the Somme all the yielding has been on one side. Many of the finest German regiments have been smashed and the strongest positions taken. The Germans have brought up fresh men in unexpected numbers. Their demoralised corps are being replaced by others, and their worn-out guns replaced. But still we go on.

Where Winter Operations are Possible

How far must our advance continue before the Germans are compelled to abandon the Noyon salient and fall back? How many rear lines of defences have they prepared? These are questions which cannot be answered yet. The idea that winter will compel the stoppage of our offensive is, I believe, an error. Operations are possible on the uplands between the Péronne-Bapaume ridge and St. Quentin that could not be attempted in the sodden lowlands of Flanders.

The great problem of this war is men, not munitions. With men, supplies of munitions can always be had. Without men, the best supplies are useless. The wastage that is going on among both sides is almost incredible. France to maintain her armies has freely offered her sons wholesale. It is no secret that to-day Indo-Chinese labourers are coming into France to do manual work at the docks and elsewhere, while the Frenchman fights. This is in accordance with France's ancient knightly traditions.

Some figures recently issued semi-officially by Italy help us to realise the amazing casualty lists of Austria-Hungary. In that country every able-bodied man from 18 to 50 has been enrolled in the fighting army, while men up to 55 are employed on such services as transport, etc. No less than 7,400,000 men have been enlisted. Out of these five million men have been killed, wounded, invalided, or taken prisoners. Out of this five million, 600,000 slightly wounded men have returned to their duty, leaving a total remaining force of three million men.

Position of Rumania

There is at the time of writing no real improvement in the position of Rumania, but rather the contrary. Our ally is threatened from all sides. To the west and north a very large Austro-German army, under Von Falkenhayn, has driven her armies back from Transylvania, and is attempting an invasion over the mountain passes. To the east, in the delta region of the Dobrudja, a Russo-Rumanian force that was advancing southwards to attack Bulgaria has been held by a German-Turco-Bulgarian counter-attack. To the south the Bulgarians await their opportunity to wreak a long-desired vengeance.

After some local successes in the Dobrudja, the Allies have again been forced back and, so far as can be judged, have lost some important positions. On the 23rd ult. it was reported that Constanza had fallen, and that the Rumanians had retired immediately to the south of the Tchernavoda-Constanza railway, a line of almost vital importance for them. It was over this line that Russian troops could journey from Odessa by sea. To the west and north the German pressure continues, and it is evident that the Rumanians are being called upon to use their utmost exertions to keep back the enemy flood.

Whence Relief Must Come

Every day of delay on this field is a gain for us. The Allies fully realise the importance of preventing Rumania from sharing the fate of Serbia or Belgium. Considerable reinforcements are hurrying to the Rumanian fronts. The Rumanians have not been able to hold all their passes. Relief for Rumania must come from the north and not from the south. There is no hope that General Sarrail's Salonika armies can effect a diversion that will do more than keep part of the Bulgarians busy. According to German accounts, the Allies have at Salonika close on half a million of men.

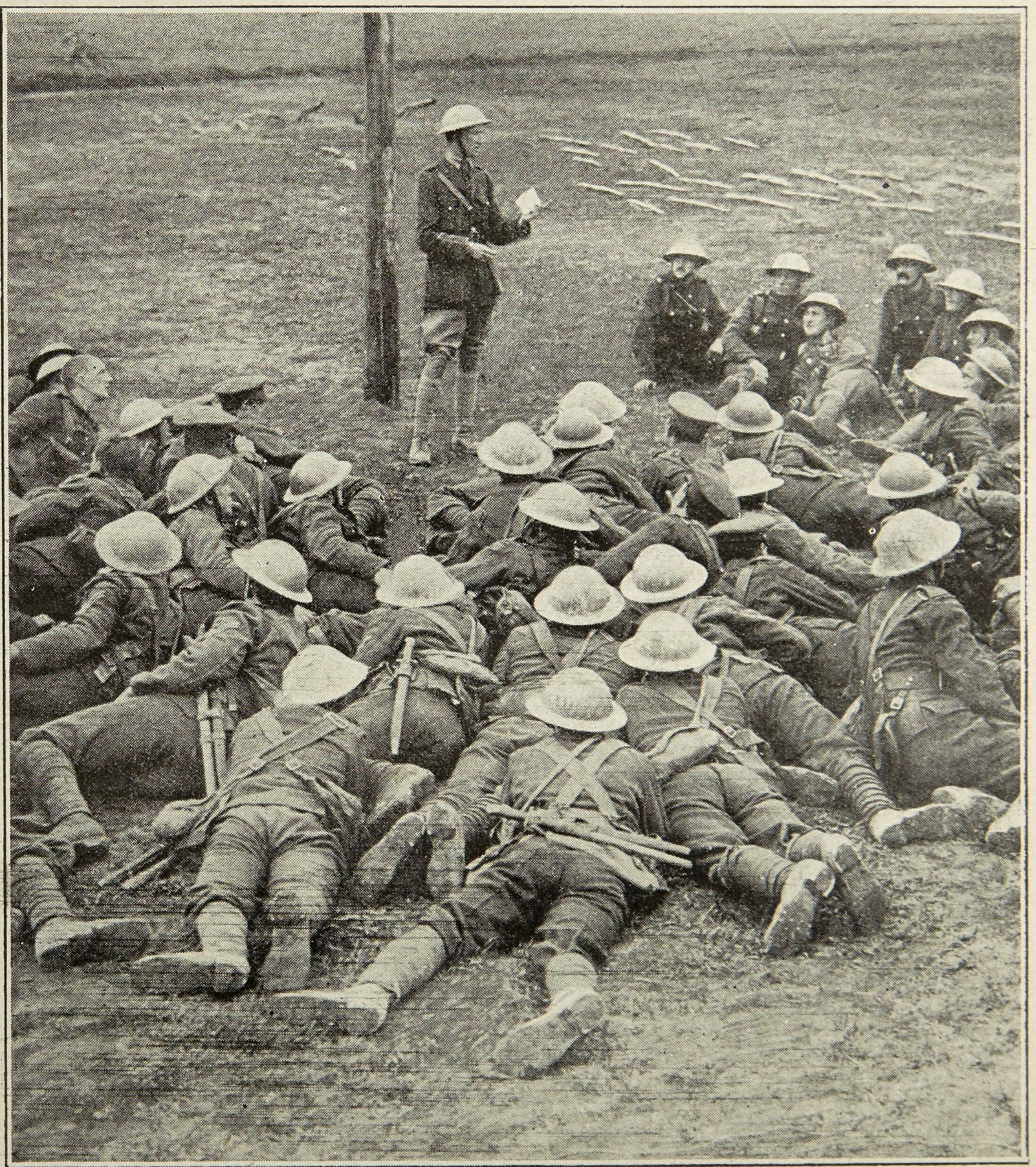
Whether this is true or not I have no opportunity of judging. But even half a million men, faced by the enormous difficulties of transport and supplies in the Balkans in the winter, must go slowly. It is conceivable that the time to strike from Salonika was three months ago. We lost that opportunity and may have to wait for some months before equally favourable weather conditions come.

The coming of winter has already affected the operations around the Pripet Marshes, where little more can be looked for from the Russians while autumn and early winter rains and slush continue. When winter fully comes the Russian troops may find a fresh opportunity.

4th November, 1916. No. 116. Vol. 5.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



"AND DON'T FORGET——" A young officer giving his men some final instructions and advice before the actual moment arrives for them to go into the battle. The smiles on the attentive faces of the men are so many auguries of victory. (Canadian official.)

MY ADVENTURES AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ROAD TO CALAIS

British Surprise that Turned the Tide in Flanders

By BASIL CLARKE

HAVE you ever lived for days on tenterhooks that kept your brain and thoughts on the stretch all day and made your very wakening in the morning a return to a sort of nightmare—a nightmare of anxiety and foreboding ?

The people of this country, owing to an all-embracing censorship, were spared these tenterhooks, but over in Flanders in the early days of the war there was no merciful anæsthetic of this sort, and people there, who were in close touch with affairs, knew the whole cruel truth. It was touch-and-go with our Army, the French Army, and the Belgian Army; they were near the end of their tether. Any day might see them flung forward before the German hordes and into the sea. There is no secret much about this now. The splendid story of the Battles of the Yser and Ypres has been told, and this fact has clearly emerged. I will not tell this story again, but will only add to it a section which has been overlooked by many of the writers on this great theme.

The Germans, you remember, were sweeping on towards Ypres and Furnes and Dunkirk and Calais. They overweighted the three Allies in guns and in men by many to one. We were stubbornly defending positions to which we clung only for want of better. Night after night I used to lean out of my bed-room window in Dunkirk listening to the booming of the guns and watching the flashes in the sky and the glare of burning homesteads, and wonder whether or not some spot in that twinkling line of fires might not at that very moment be giving way and letting the Germans pour in. Night after night came the German attacks on the Yser Canal, and by the time I arrived on its banks in the morning neither the bodies nor the blood had washed away.

A Nightmare of Anxiety

Man after man fell out—killed or wounded or dazed and demented with hardship and loss of sleep. Night by night our lines grew thinner; yet night after night the Germans came on again in never-lessening waves—waves of men flushed with success, certain of further victory; men in whose minds the very idea that Germany's legions could ever be withstood by mortal man had never yet been born. (They know different now.)

Wounded men were poured into Dunkirk and Calais, but no reserves or fresh troops went out to take their places. No troops were available. Guns with barrels worn smooth of rifling answered the brand-new guns of heavier calibre which the Germans were bringing to bear on every allied position. These poor old guns were one to six of the German guns, yet no new guns came along to replace the old or to make good the shortage. It could not last, it seemed.

Civilians in Dunkirk, though knowing but half the truth, began to look to their loopholes for escape. I saw a Dunkirk jeweller and his wife one morning returning from a day-dawn expedition along the sands of the seashore. The woman carried a shovel. He had been burying his stock in a safe place among the sand-dunes. He and his wife alone knew the place. Later in the day I was not far from the docks when an officer friend stopped me. "You are a reasonably discreet sort of person," he said, with rather a grim smile, "and it would be unpleasant for you if the Germans collared you." I looked at him and waited.

"There is a little steam-tug over at the sea-wall there," he went on. "See! You can see her long funnel from here. Her name is the Conqueror. She's British. If the Boches are here to-night slip along down there and get aboard 'slick.' She'll ferry you over the water and out of harm's way. She's had steam up day and night for a day or two now. I've not mentioned it to you before, but I thought I'd better to-day because the Germans are on the move. They are coming down the coast road towards the place."

He said all this very coolly and in that matter-of-fact, almost cheery, sort of way in which most of our officers greet trouble.

That afternoon I saw a Belgian officer (a Canadian) arrive in Dunkirk with a bleeding head and mudded from head to toe. I spoke to him. "Yes," he said shakily, "it's pretty well all over. My poor devils have been licked to hell. They're through."

And that night I looked with even a greater anxiety out of my window at the Arcades Hotel. There were only the fires to see and the flashes. But they seemed nearer than the previous night. I went on the roof of the hotel. Yes, they were much nearer. Morning came.

Enemy Over the Yser

I went downstairs and met an old friend of the Belgian Flying Corps—as fine a lot of fellows as one could wish to meet. "Yes," he said, "the Germans have got through in one or two places. It is a question now of whether we can cut off those who have got through and stop more coming through, or whether they will overrun us. It looks like a 'bad egg,' as your boys say."

Noon brought me the news that many Germans had broken over the Yser and that others were coming in great numbers along the coast road towards Furnes and Dunkirk. The resistance at the northern end of the line would stand no longer. I kept awake that night. Before dawn I climbed the tall tower of the cathedral at Dunkirk—a tower hundreds of years old, built by the Spaniards during their occupation of Flanders. Its little gate leading to the street below had by some luck been left open. From the north-eastern corner of its summit I looked towards Nieuport and La Panne and the flat plains of the one remaining strip of Flanders which the Germans had failed to take. They would take it soon. They were piling somewhere along that road which I could see stretching out like a ribbon towards the north-east. I could not see them. It was too far away for that. But soon, perhaps, they would be coming into sight. I would wait.

Then a thin mist came, blotting out the farther sea and beet-fields, and the smoke of the distant guns. I could see only the red roofs of Dunkirk below and, more faintly, those of the neighbouring hamlets. The Boches might heave into sight at any moment. I might have to be "slick," as the officer had said. I took a look towards the sea-wall. Yes, the little Conqueror was there all right. A faint wisp of yellow-black smoke was curling upwards from her long, thin funnel.

A Voice from the Sea

And then, amid the jumbled notes of the distant guns, there came suddenly a new and fresh note—a sharp, booming note, as clearly distinguishable amid the dull, leaden boom of the remoter guns as a chink of light in a dark room.

"Hear that ?" I exclaimed to the tower watchman, a dear old fellow with a beard. (Every three hours, day and night, he blows a little trumpet from the tower-top—first north, then south, then east and west, as has been done from the tower-top of Dunkirk for endless years.)

The old man jumped from his seat. "Mais non, monsieur. Qu'est que ça," he said, as he hobbled out of his little shelter of glass built in a corner of the tower-top.

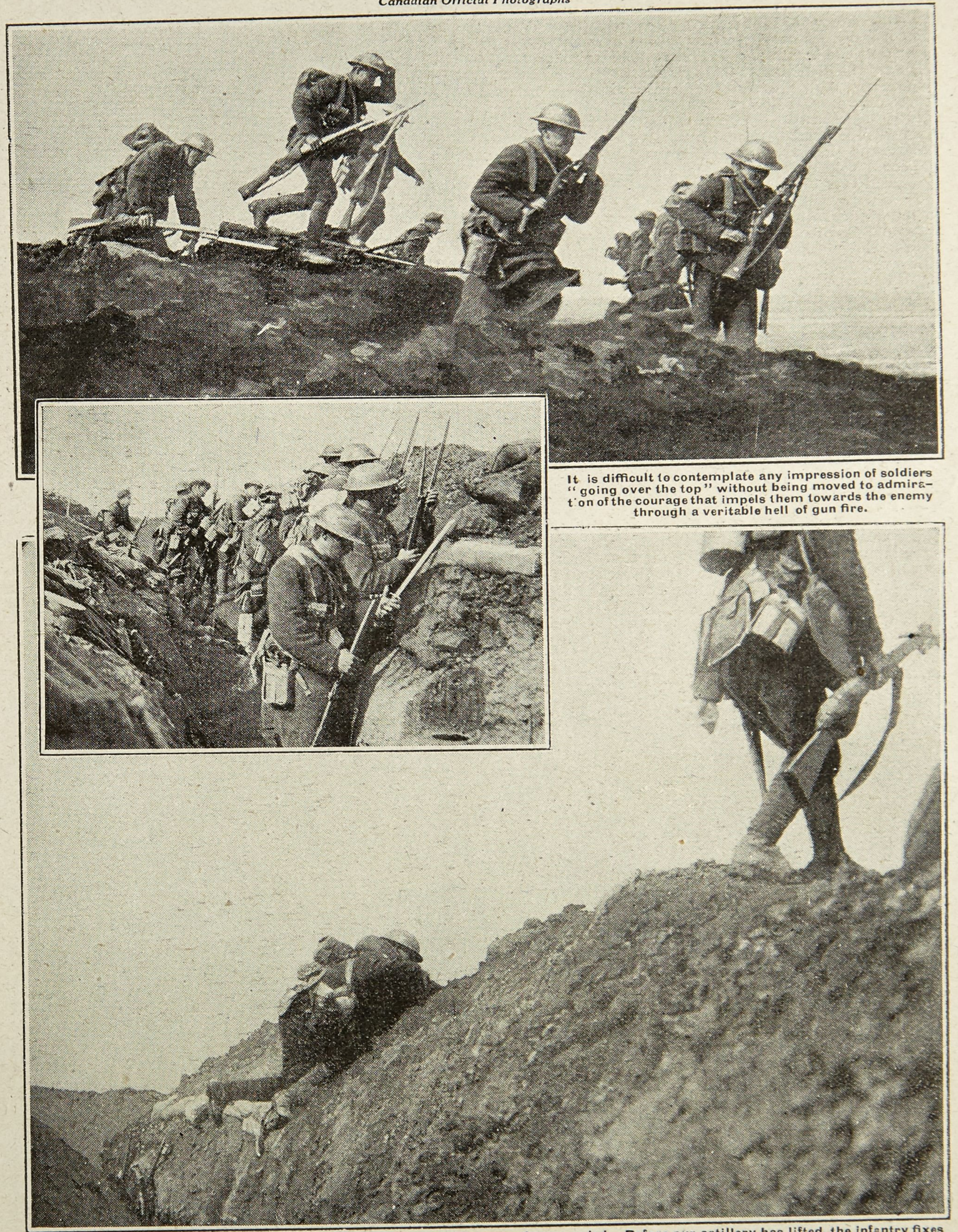
"Did you not hear a new gun somewhere out there, much nearer and much sharper than all the others ? Listen ! There it is again quite clearly. Oh, bless the mist, why does it not clear !" For all I knew they might be German guns arrived on the outskirts of Dunkirk.

The new gun barked away. Another gun of similar bark added its voice, then another, then another. There

[*Continued on page* 268

Canadians Answer the Signal on the Somme

Canadian Official Photographs



It is difficult to contemplate any impression of soldiers "going over the top" without being moved to admiration of the courage that impels them towards the enemy through a veritable hell of gun fire.

The last men to leave the trenches. Inset : The whistle for the advance has sounded. Before our artillery has lifted, the infantry fixes bayonets and moves forward. The supreme moment of each man's life has struck, but no sign of anxiety seems visible in the expressions or attitudes of these splendidly disciplined fighters.

ON THE ROAD TO CALAIS

(Continued from page 266.)

were many guns all barking in a new place. To be up here on the tower and able to see nothing was tantalising beyond words. Summoning all my patience, I waited.

And suddenly the mist cleared, a new wind from the east blew it away. I could see it trundling over the waves in great rolls like blankets, coiled blankets being rolled across a floor. The distant mist thinned, too, and through it now came sharp flashes, each of them a stab of white flame, followed by a boom that showed it to be the flash of a gun. The flashes seemed to be coming out of the very sea itself—from what source I could not see. But clearer and clearer became the air, and at last, faintly, and then more clearly, one could make out three of the queerest-looking little craft you could ever think to set eyes upon.

They were squat and flat, like the little boats that boys sometimes make out of a piece of board. So low in the water did they look from my tower-top as to seem no more than floating decks with funnels and masts stuck on them. And every time their guns fired the jets of white flame seemed to issue from the water itself.

The old watchman rushed into his shelter, and emerged with a prehistoric telescope, which he passed to me. Steadying it against the corner turret of the tower, I got the ships focused. They were banging away at something on the shore; at what, one could not see, for they were too far away. But unmistakable among their masts flew flags bearing the brave little red cross on a white ground—the Cross of St. George and Great Britain.

British Monitors at Work

I nearly dropped the telescope in delight. "Bravo, mon vieux!" I exclaimed to the old man. "They are British ships of war, and they are having a smack at the Boches!"

Leaving the old one to finish his hornpipe of joy alone, I hurried down the tower, found a conveyance driven by soldier friends which was bound for Furnes, and before many minutes I was dashing along the Furnes road in the hope of getting a nearer view of those little ships and their work. At Adinkerke I left the main road, and hurried on foot up a little road towards the sea past the village of La Panne. And here from the seashore I watched those little boats spurting lead in half tons at the shore from points opposite Nieuport and Westende.

They were the British monitors Mersey, Humber, and Severn. The Germans had been coming down the coast road from Ostend. Men, bag and baggage had been filing along this road in solid mass. The ships' gunners were now planting shell after shell right among them. Details I learnt later. The German column was smashed up with the first handful of shots.

And the three little ships were cruising at full speed, mostly parallel to the shore, but zigzagging about so as not to offer a steady mark for any German gun. I could see the white feathers of water and spray at each fore-foot. They fired as they went.

The Coast Road Blocked

That day they stopped the rush on Calais and Dunkirk. Great shell-holes in the road alone made further progress impossible for the Germans. The following day the monitors were joined by other ships of all sizes, one so big that she had to stand a few miles off shore to find water enough; another so little that every time she fired her one and only gun the little ship jumped half out of the water. This ship, I believe, was a small dockyard ship, the Buzzard. She happened to have had a big gun fitted for some demonstration purposes, and when the call came for low-draught ships to bombard the Flanders coast the Buzzard, trailing her big gun over her stern, had "chipped in" with the rest and scurried across the water. How she got over the water and how her crew of bluejackets managed to work her is not known. Her work must be added to the long list of daring British enterprises.

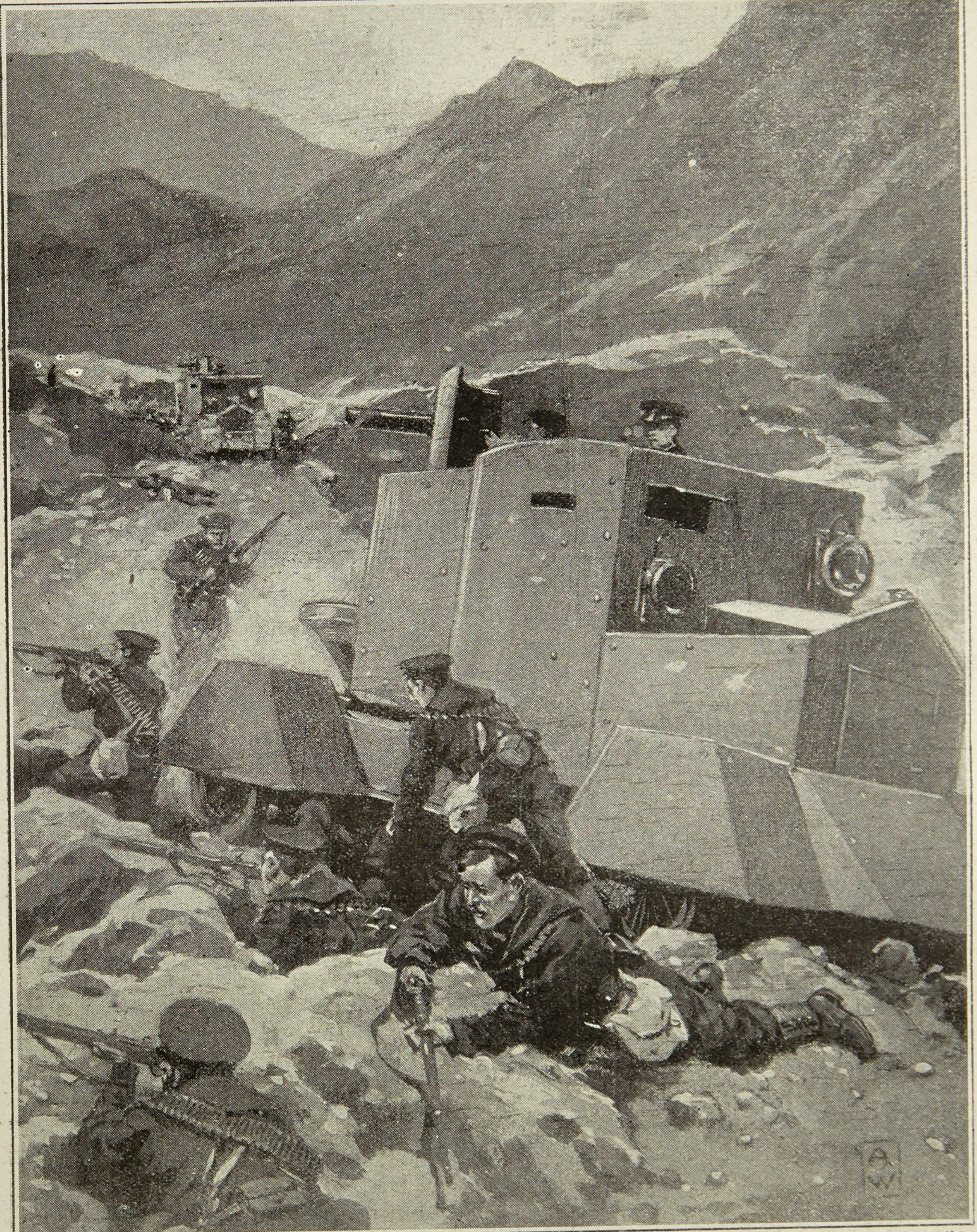
Soon the Germans got shore batteries posted to reply to those guns from the sea. They got one or two shots "home," one of which took a ship under the bridge, killing the officer in charge and some fourteen men all at once. But those German military batteries were no real match for the British sea gunners. The Germans had to send for naval gunners before they could hope for success. And before those gunners could do much good their batteries were smashed to bits, the guns put out of action.

The Germans had to give up that coast road to Furnes and Calais. It did not pay. They have been trying to find a new road ever since. They will not find it now. But how well it is that those three little British ships came along that day!

Next article: Getting to the Front

ON THEIR WAY TO LESBŒUFS.—Striking camera impression by the French official photographer of an interesting scene during the Franco-British advance on the Somme. These British troops are seen entering the roomy motor-waggons which whirled them away to the action which resulted in the capture and occupation by the Allies of the strongly-fortified village of Lesbœufs.

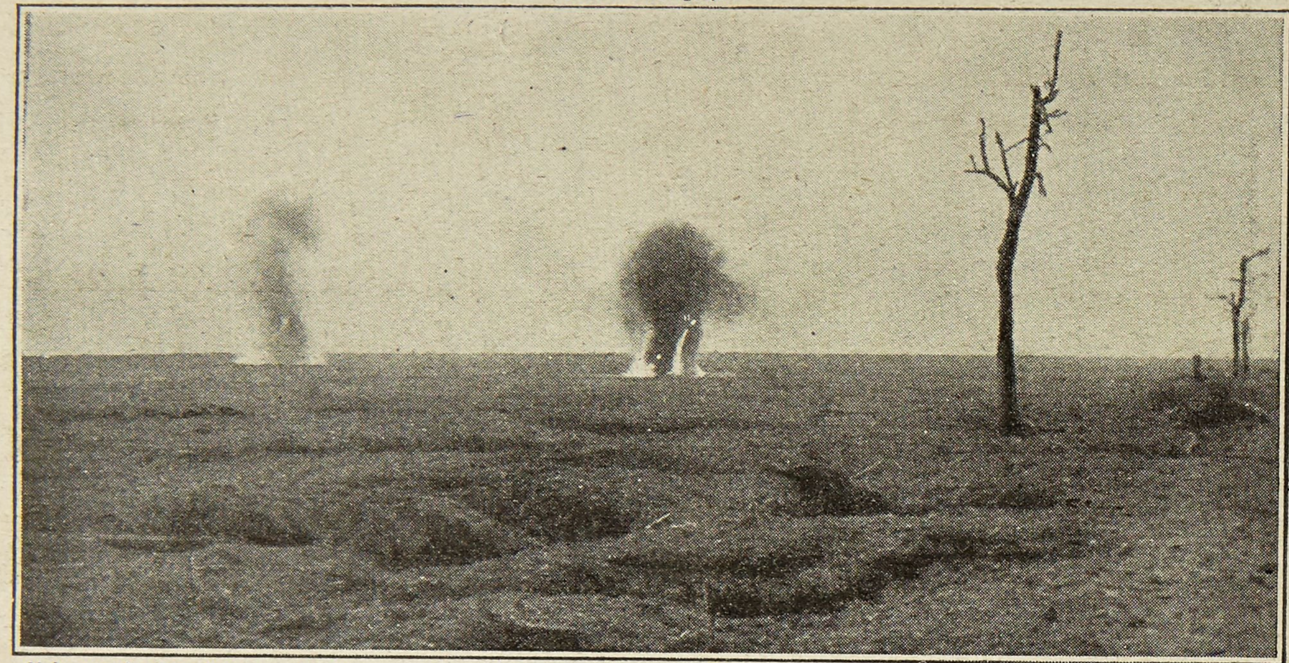
British Naval Men Win Honour in the Caucasus



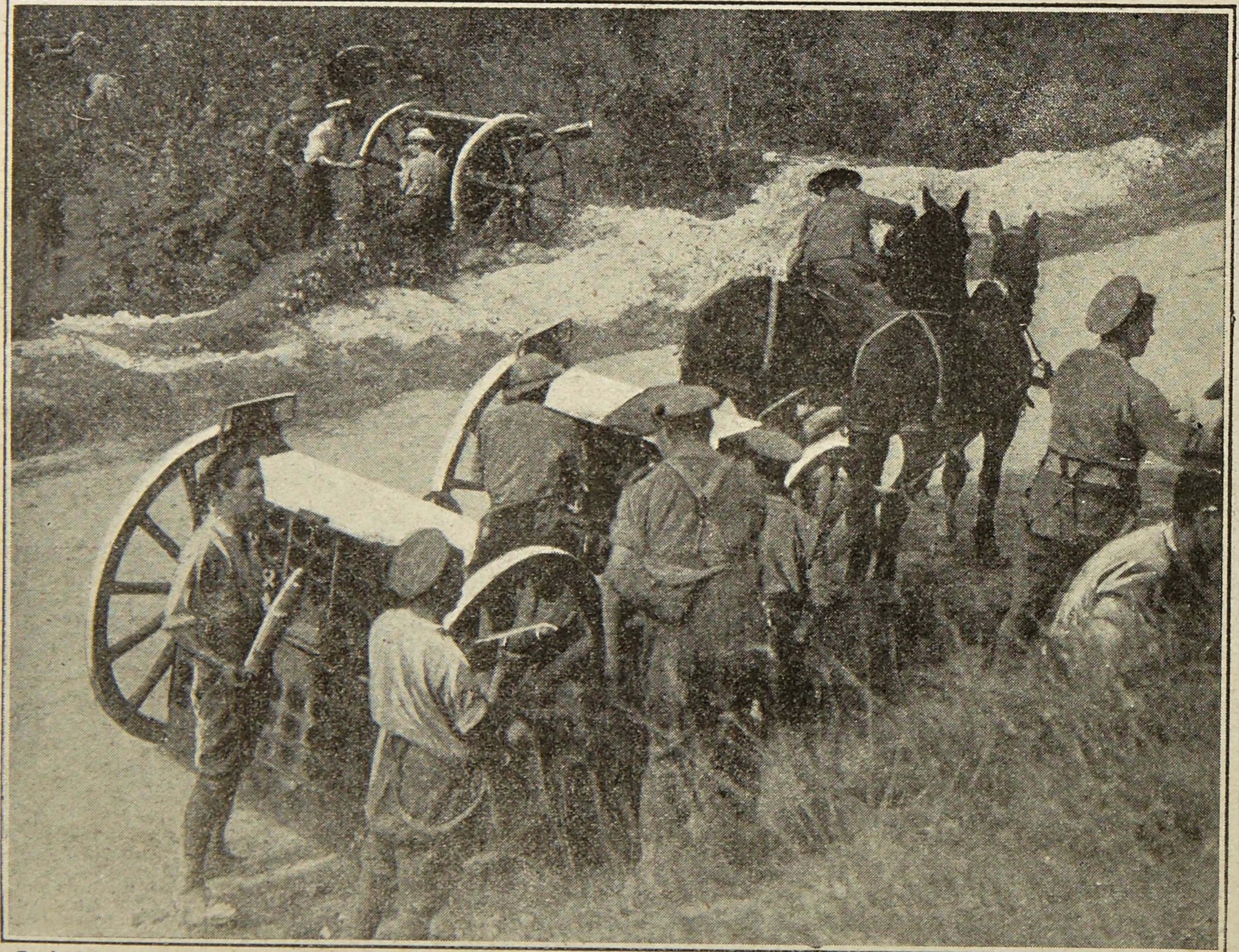
A story which recalls the romance of the naval expedition from the Thames, through Equatorial Africa, to Lake Tanganyika is that of Commander Locker-Lampson's journey with his contingent of armoured-cars to the Caucasus. The whole expedition was held up last winter in the Arctic ice. In the spring it proceeded to Russia, and, travelling from the north to the extreme south of the Tsar's realm, found its way to the Caucasian front, where it distinguished itself fighting the Turks and Kurds in the mountain passes. Commander Locker-Lampson and several of his men have been the recipients of Russian honours.

Prussian Poison Shells Explode Near the Parapet

Official Photographs



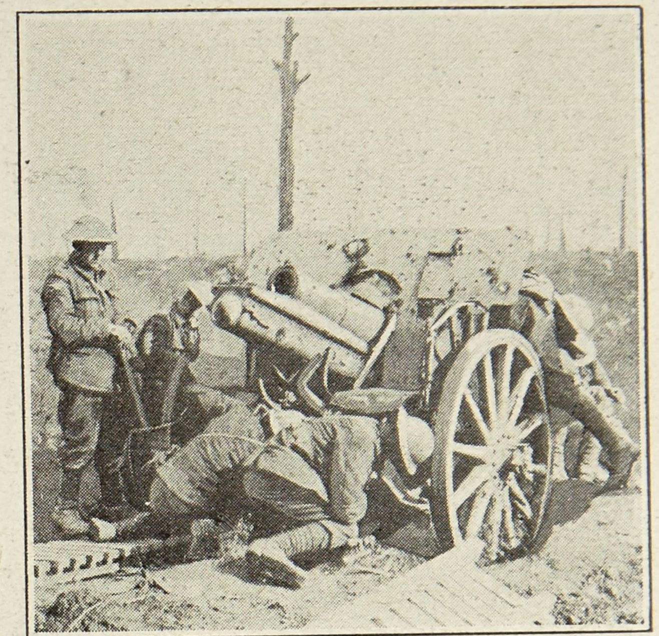
Volumes of poison-laden smoke, lit here and there by tongues of fire. Remarkable near impression of two German gas-shells exploding within a few yards of the Canadian lines. The foreground has been churned up by similar projectiles.



Replenishing their stock of shells. An ammunition waggon just arrived at a British roadside battery. Guns are in action from each side of the road, and some are hidden in the thick brushwood.

Germany's Irreplaceable Wastage in Guns

Canadians testing a German machine-gun which they had captured. (Canadian Government copyright reserved.)

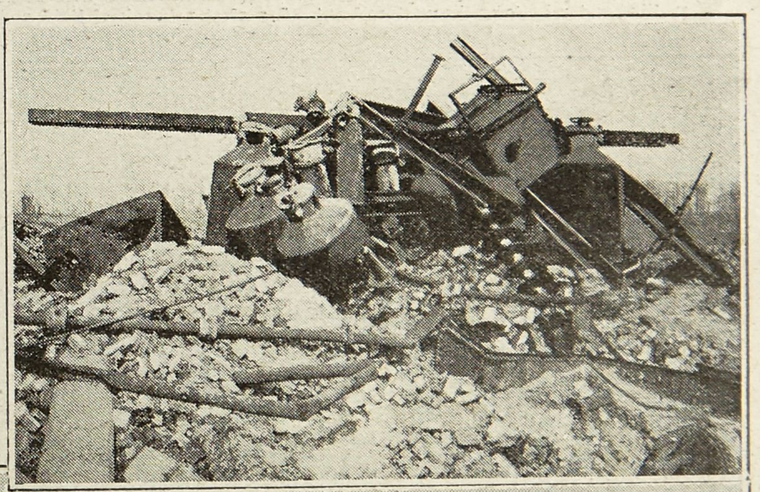


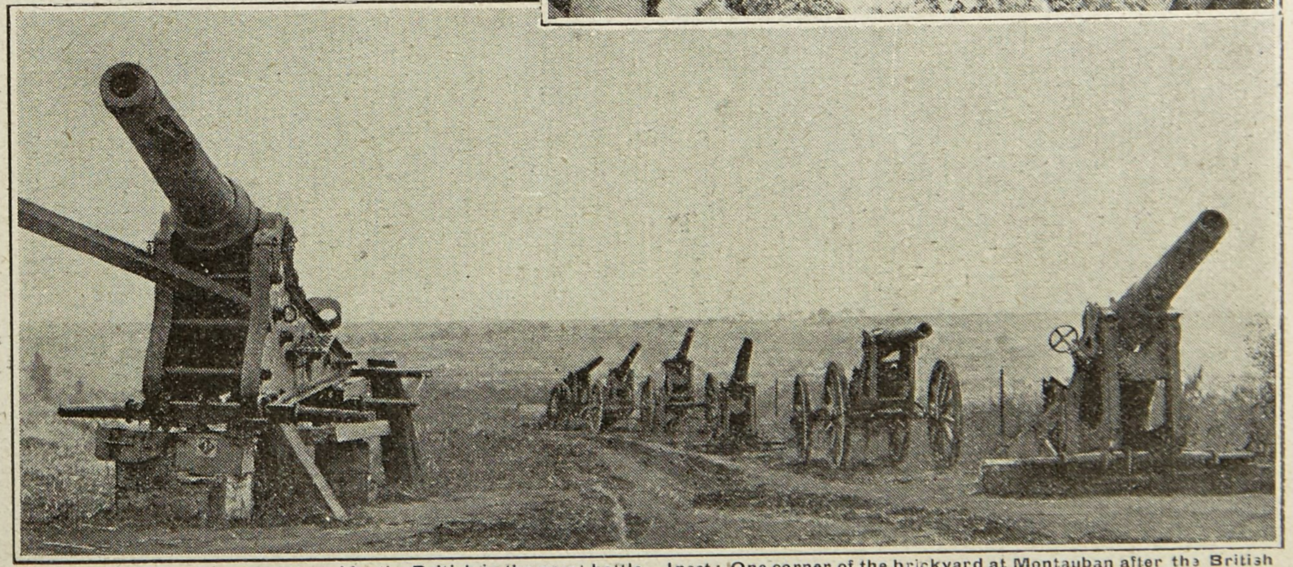
Digging out a captured German howitzer somewhere on the Somme front. (Official photograph.)

ON the German Somme front there has been anxiety among generals as to waste of guns. Two Army Orders addressed to the troops of Von Gallwitz and Von Below have been found, insisting on economy in material, and deploring carelessness responsible for the breakage of gun-tubes. The German Minister of War has even stated that an increase in the supply of cannon is no longer possible.

Since the great Somme offensive began the enemy have lost a large number of guns, and the photographs on this page illustrate but a few of the weapons that have fallen into British hands.

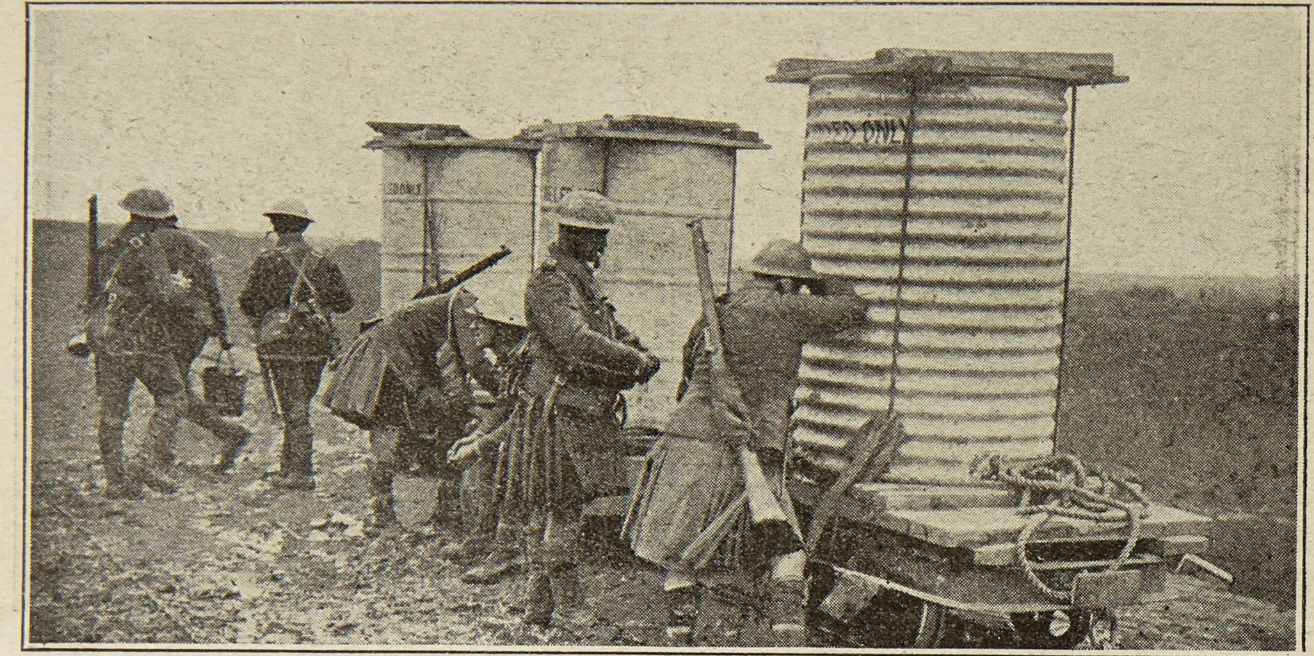
Only guns and shells will win this war, but it must not be imagined from the two Army Orders that there is actually a famine in material behind the German lines. They are only significant of a certain uneasiness prevailing as to future supply, but this is gratifying when one realises that, though it has taken two years, the Allies are now vastly superior to the foe in ordnance, munitions, and—of course—money.



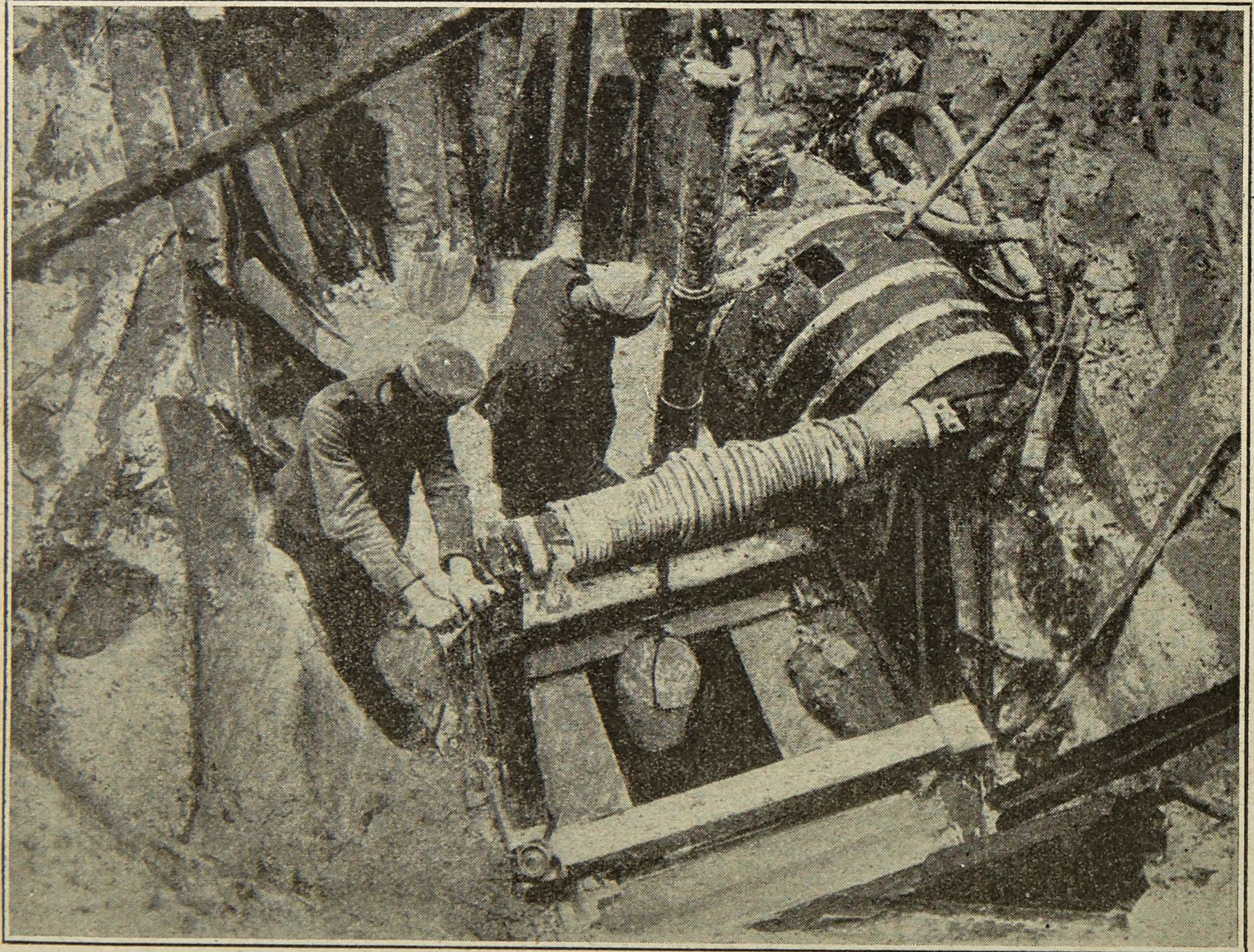


A few of the Germanguns captured by the British in the great battle. Inset: One corner of the brickyard at Montauban after the British artillery had finished with it. The enemy regarded this position as impregnable, but it was absolutely pulverised.

Highlanders at the Butts · Huns at the Shaft

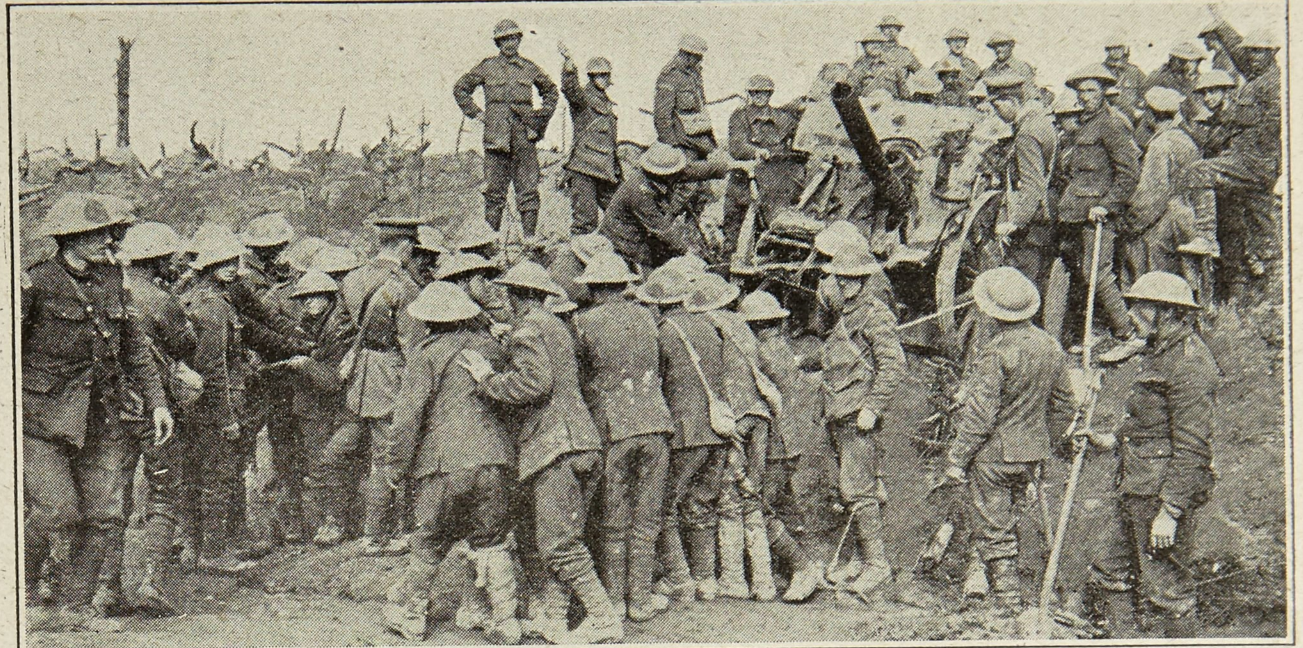


Travelling water–butts on the western front. A perfect network of light railways covers the whole area of operations for conveying supplies of all kinds to the troops and for carrying the wounded. (Official photograph.)

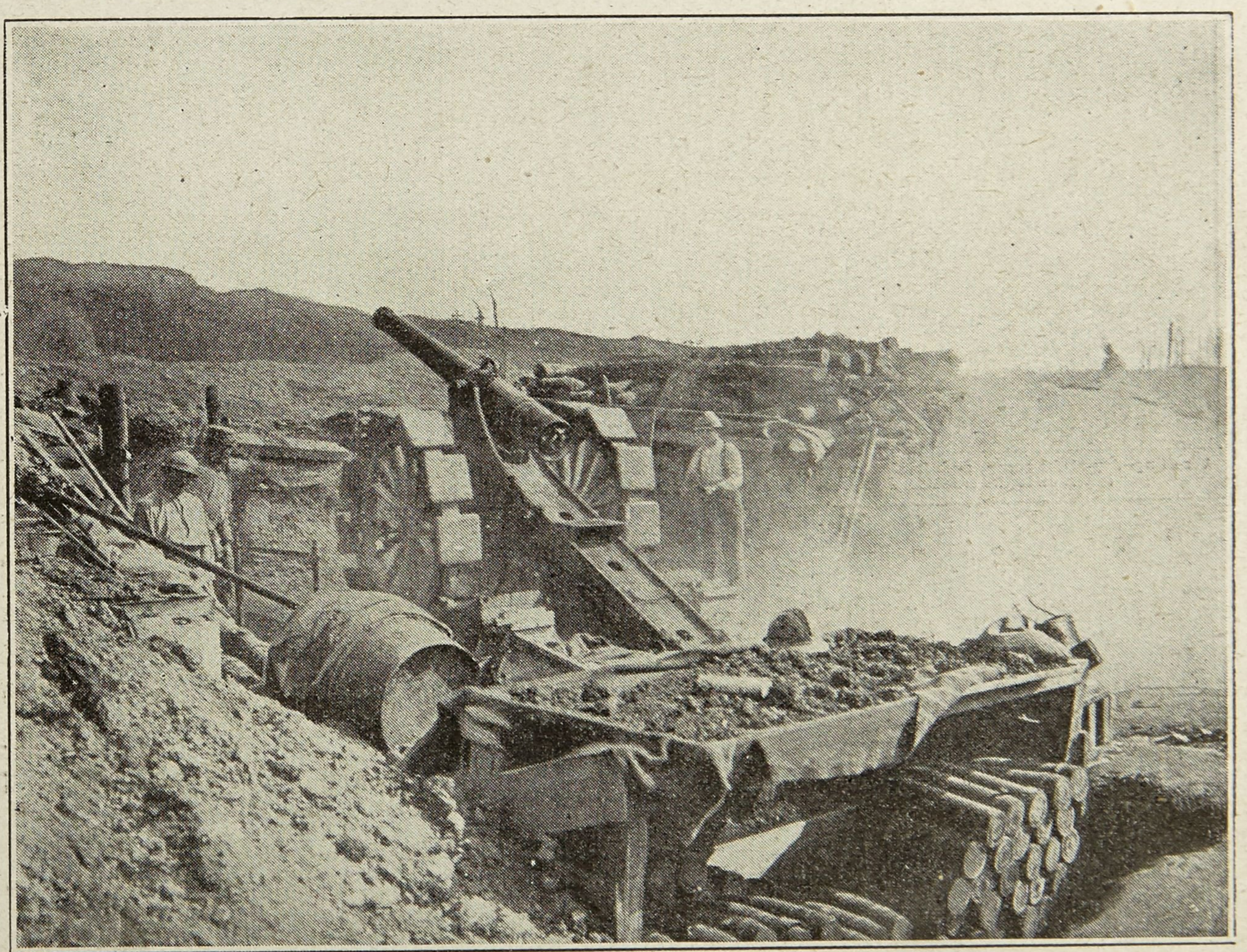


Germans hauling water out of a mine shaft. Down below miners are driving a tunnel towards the British lines which they intend to mine. Many of these tunnels descend on a steep gradient thirty feet below the surface, and the miners face actual danger of drowning.

Bringing Back a Trophy from High Wood

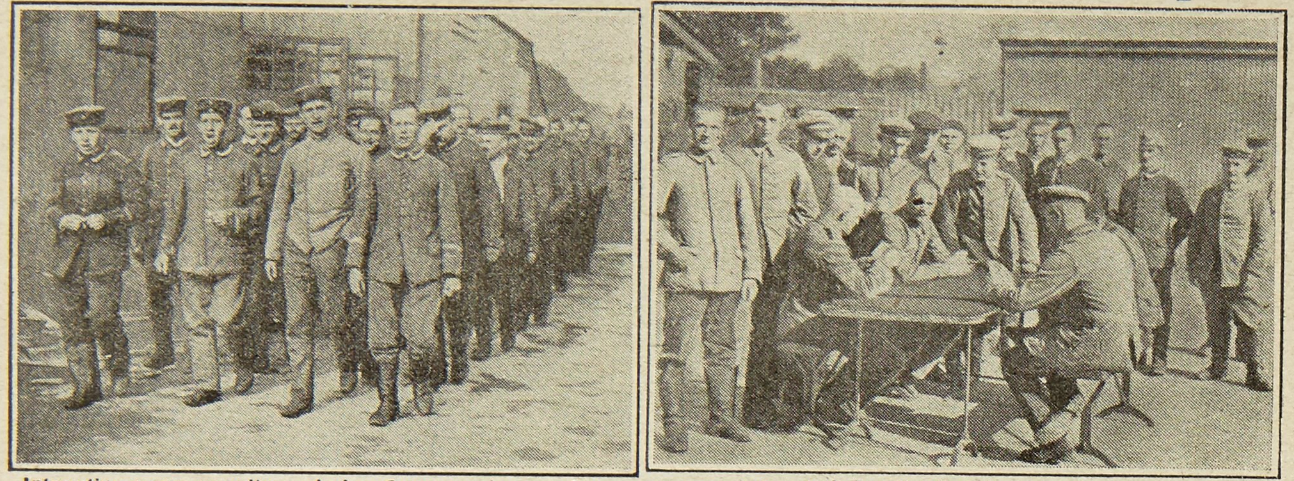


Bringing back a captured German gun from High Wood. In the first eleven weeks of the Somme advance the British captured one hundred and nine guns, besides two hundred and twenty–three machine–guns, and the tally grows. (Official photograph.)

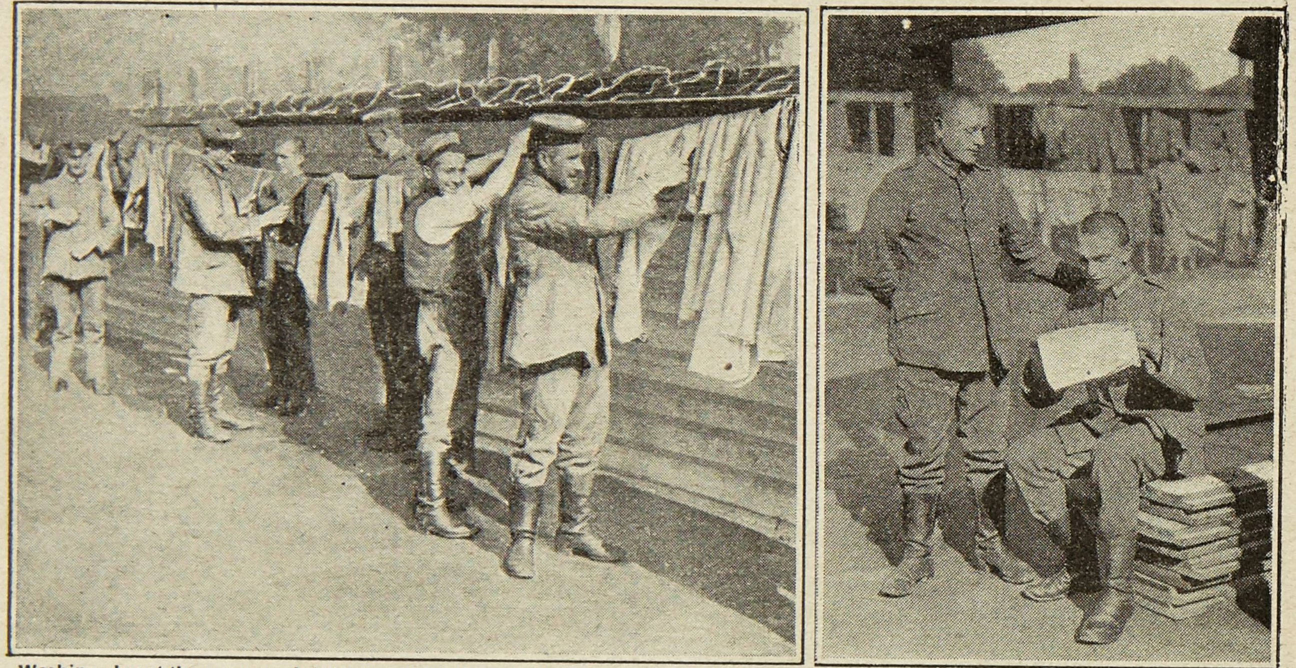


A French 4·8 in. gun battery. The long range and great shell power of these weapons permit of their being dispersed in batteries, and even in sections of two guns, along the front of an army without forfeiting the power of concentrating their fire on any point.

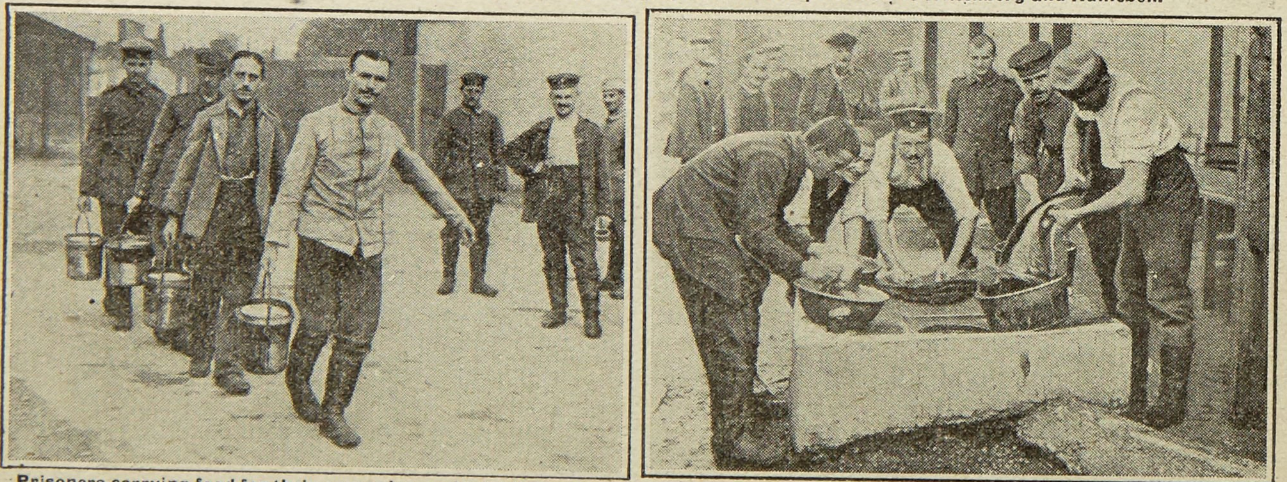
German Prisoners 'At Home' in Southampton



Interesting scenes are witnessed when German prisoners of war arrive preparatory to being distributed among the various detention camps in the country. The photograph on the left shows a batch of prisoners marching into the camp, and (right) a game of cards.



Washing-day at the camp, and (right) a prisoner reading an English newspaper to a comrade. The smiling faces are in striking contrast to the emaciated expressions revealed by photographs of British prisoners at Wittenberg and Ruhleben.



Prisoners carrying food for their comrades, and (right) another glimpse of washing-day. Clean and well fed, these men are Britain's reply to the ill-treatment and starvation, to which prisoners of war in Germany have been subjected at Wittenberg and other camps.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

The Fight for the Warrens

by Max Pemberton

THE week ending October 14th was for the most part quiet upon the western front. The Saturday, however, witnessed two pretty little battles, which in their effect were as important as anything done recently in the neighbourhood of Thiepval. We took both the Schwaben and the Stuff Redoubts upon that occasion, and took them with a loss which was inconsiderable. They were the very last of the really formidable subterranean fortresses between our front and Bapaume, and their possession has given our artillery a domination which is unquestionable. Henceforth our powers of observation are supreme. The redoubts alone had qualified them these many days.

To understand rightly the import of this success, a contour map is necessary. We all know by this time that we have fought for and won a position upon a ridge which the German Staff chose deliberately after the Battle of the Marne as the strongest it could find between the French and the Belgian plains. Beyond the ridge there is no other elevation of a similar height between us and Cambrai—none with an altitude of 500 feet, which this attains, and none which offers such unique opportunities of subterranean fortification. Everywhere from the summit, by Schwaben, the ground slopes down toward Bapaume.

Great Guns on the Heights

The Valley of the Ancre is below Thiepval, upon our extreme left. Our centre shows a rolling decline from High Wood through Flers and Gueudecourt. Upon the right there is the high ground beyond Ginchy and the more favourable inclination towards the Bapaume Road. In the old days an army which won the complete possession of this range of heights would have descended upon its enemy with a momentum which might have been irresistible. To-day it is not for the purpose of a massed attack that we have fought the fierce battles of the summit, but for the domination of the artillery of which I have already spoken.

Thiepval itself, as we know, lies upon the height of the ridge, but is in a hollow. Beyond it the ground rises for some thousand yards to the very summit of the range. It was upon this summit that the Germans had entrenched themselves in the Schwaben Redoubt. Here their old first-line trench used to run, and they have used that trench for many months as one of the high-roads to their labyrinth. The redoubt itself appears to have been of extraordinary strength. It was a maze of pits and cellars; its surface broken and pock-marked with shells, while below it there was a series of subterranean works which were almost as remarkable as those of Combles.

The redoubt covered an area, the "Times" tells us, of nearly 700 yards in its longest diameter. We have been for some time in possession of the greater part of its western trenches, but the enemy has clung desperately to the entrenched positions upon the north. So, despite our success along the whole ridge from Thiepval to Combles, he has still been able to hamper the sure advance upon Bapaume and has maintained at the crest an artillery observation-post with the greatest advantage to him. This Sir Douglas Haig determined finally to destroy on the morning of October 14th not only the Schwaben, but beyond it, a thousand yards farther on to the east, its twin brother, the Stuff Redoubt, whose defences were almost as formidable.

Wonderful Artillery and Infantry Co-operation

This appears to have been a very pretty little battle. We began, of course, with an inevitable and truly terrible bombardment. From quite early in the day the great guns behind the British lines were concentrating upon the Schwaben and the Stuff, and put a barrage between them which must have been singularly destructive to the Hun reinforcements groping along their battered trenches. So close were our troops to this barrage of fire that the greatest confidence in our own gunners was needed to maintain them there. But nothing has been more remarkable latterly than the fine shooting of the British artillery, and its reputation did not suffer upon this occasion. A good deal it is true, we owed to our aeroplanes, which never had done better work.

Very early in the morning, we are told, the sky was alive with the daring airmen who have long since ceased to pay any attention to the Huns' attack, and are grown as bold as the warriors of the fables. Happily, the weather favoured them from the outset. There had been much rain earlier in the week, but the Saturday was a fair day of a typical autumn. A cloudless sky showed a sun which shone brightly upon the desolation of No Man's Land, while a gentle wind made trick-flying necessary, but not dangerous—conditions which favoured the airman.

Wings of Splendid Valour

No longer, we may remark, is that brave fellow content merely to take a flight over the enemy's lines and to signal to the artillery which is watching him. He has himself become a combatant. Daringly he swoops down like some ravenous eagle upon the Germans hunched in their trenches. Nothing for many miles behind the line is safe while such an intrepid adventurer is on the wing. He will attack a railway siding with a sang-froid which is matchless; swoop upon a regiment marching, and scatter it headlong; face a park of artillery and defy the gunners to touch him. Some, unhappily, pay with their lives the penalty of this daring, but the terror they inspire is not to be estimated in words, and the services they are rendering us are priceless.

The air was full of them on the morning of Saturday, and our fellows below watched them with an admiration which was natural. They themselves were waiting for the signal to be up and out, and waiting with that expectancy they have often described for us. To men bunched in a trench, with long hours of delay before them, time is an enemy indeed. Nothing matters but the work they have in hand. They are like lightly-clad runners who shiver at the post until the word for the race is given, but who shiver with impatience rather than with fear. The perils of the intervening hours may then be realised, even by the bravest. We do not hurl these countless shells upon the German lines without a quick reply, and just as the British eye can follow the flame and smoke of the devastation upon the enemy line, so may hostile eyes witness it in our own. Great guns hurl their monstrous projectiles, and those in the trenches hear them bursting all about.

Bombs Ready and Bayonets Fixed

Here and there a shot will fall into the trench itself, and the stretcher-bearers will creep forward and their ghastly burdens be carried gently to the rear. In the main, however, the shells across the Schwaben did us little damage, and already our men began to understand what artillery domination was meaning to them. There was no such wild firing as this at Guillemont or Trones, or even in Leuze Wood. Then the Germans were masters of the ridge; theirs was the advantage, ours the stern task of assaulting lines so advantageous.

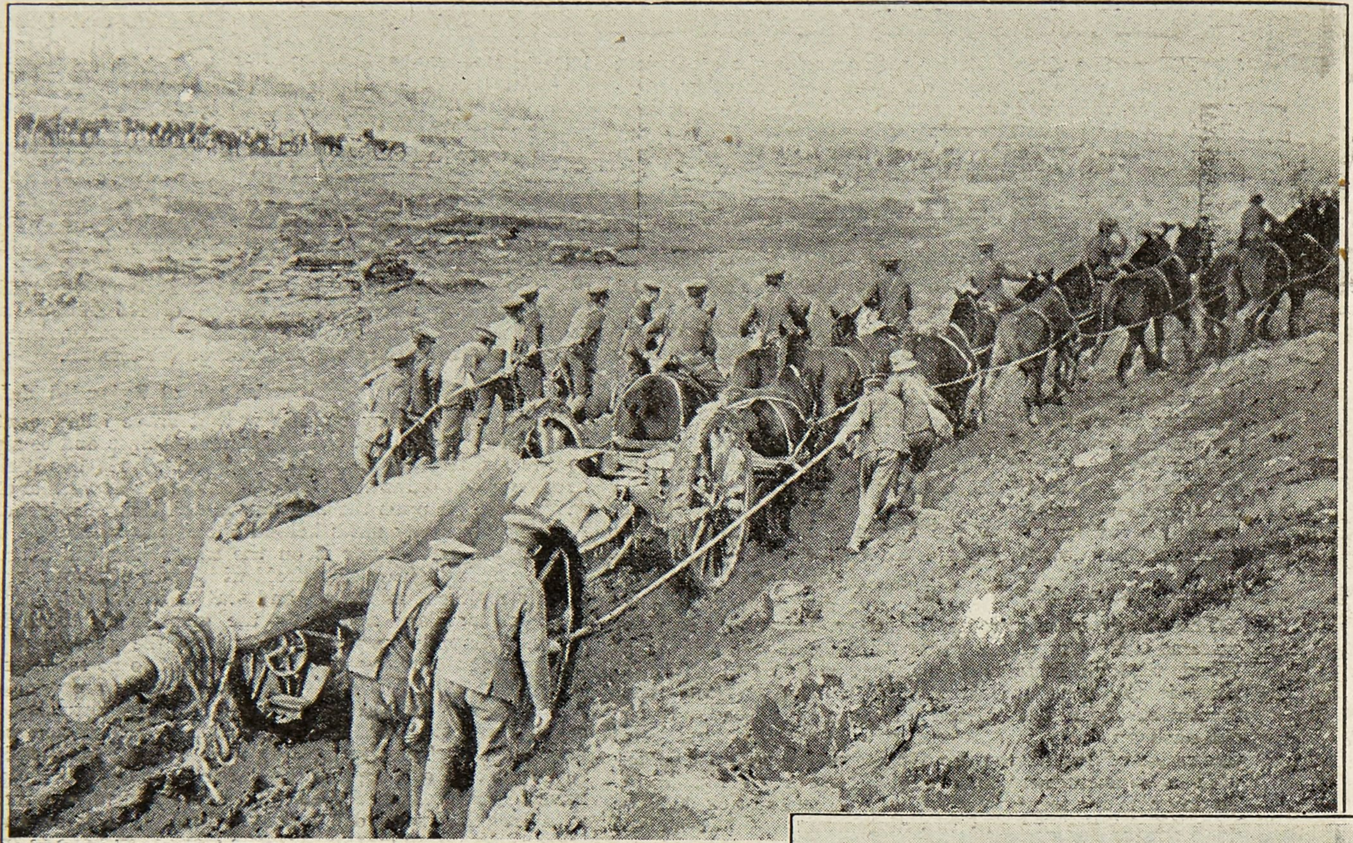
We suffered, then, comparatively little by shell fire before the Schwaben, and our men were in high spirits enough when the afternoon brought the long-expected order to advance. Now the bombers made ready and the bayonets were fixed. This was not to be any orderly fight of mass against mass, regiments advancing here, platoons there, to objects clearly perceived. Schwaben, they tell us, was like a human warren. Our men burst into the labyrinth and instantly found themselves looking for the enemy whom the cellars had swallowed up. We knew that the 110th and 111th Bavarian Regiments were holding the place, but few of them we saw until the bombs had fetched them out.

Then came the duels *a outrance*—fierce fights apart and individual scraps; man hunting man out of touch with his

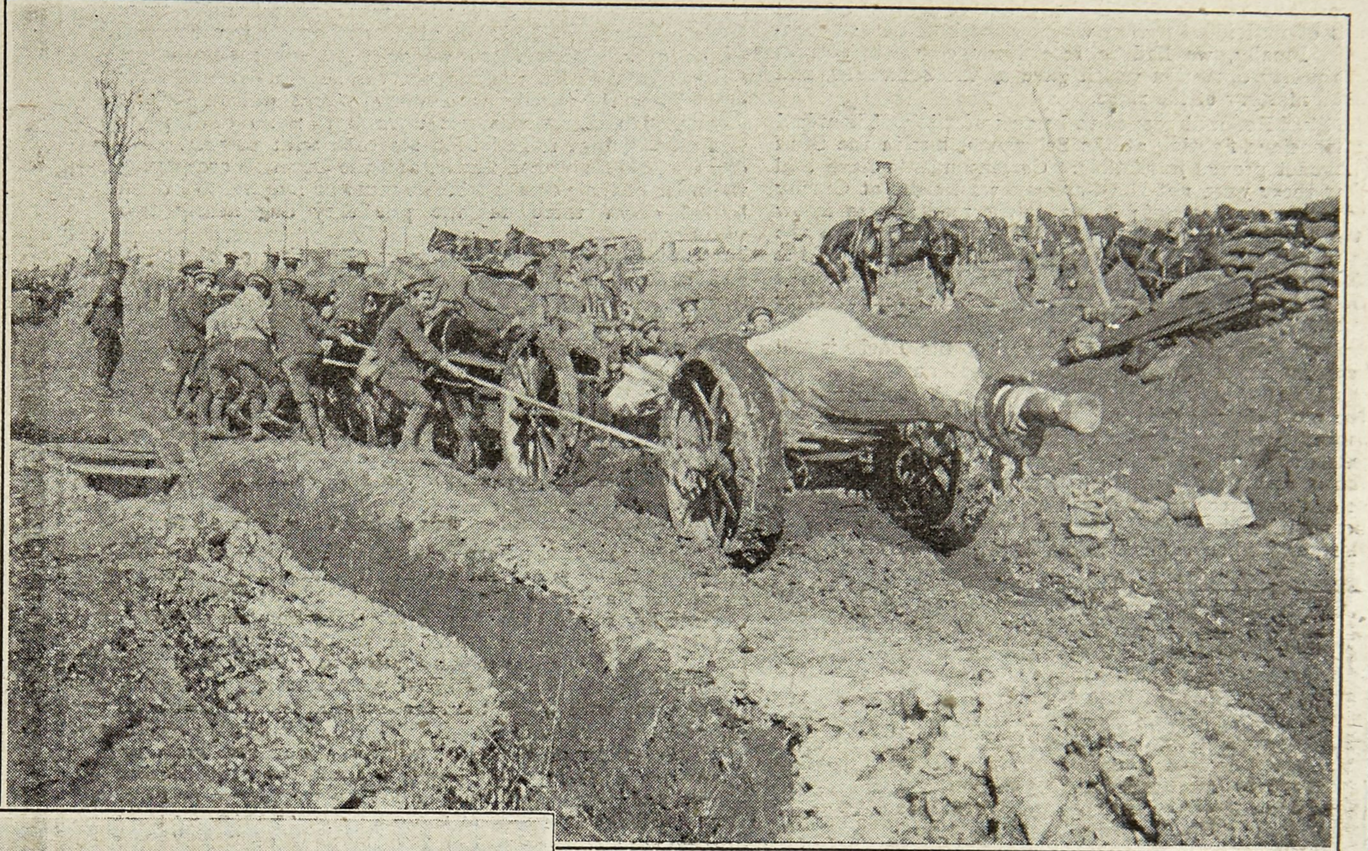
[*Continued on page* 278

Ceaseless Pageant of British Gun-Power on the Mud-Clogged Ridges of the Somme

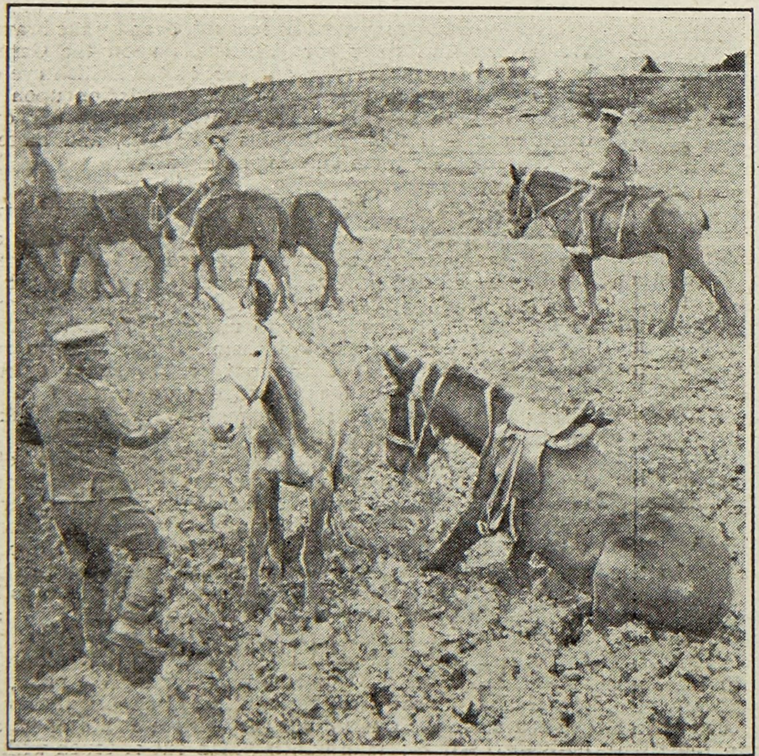
British Official Photographs



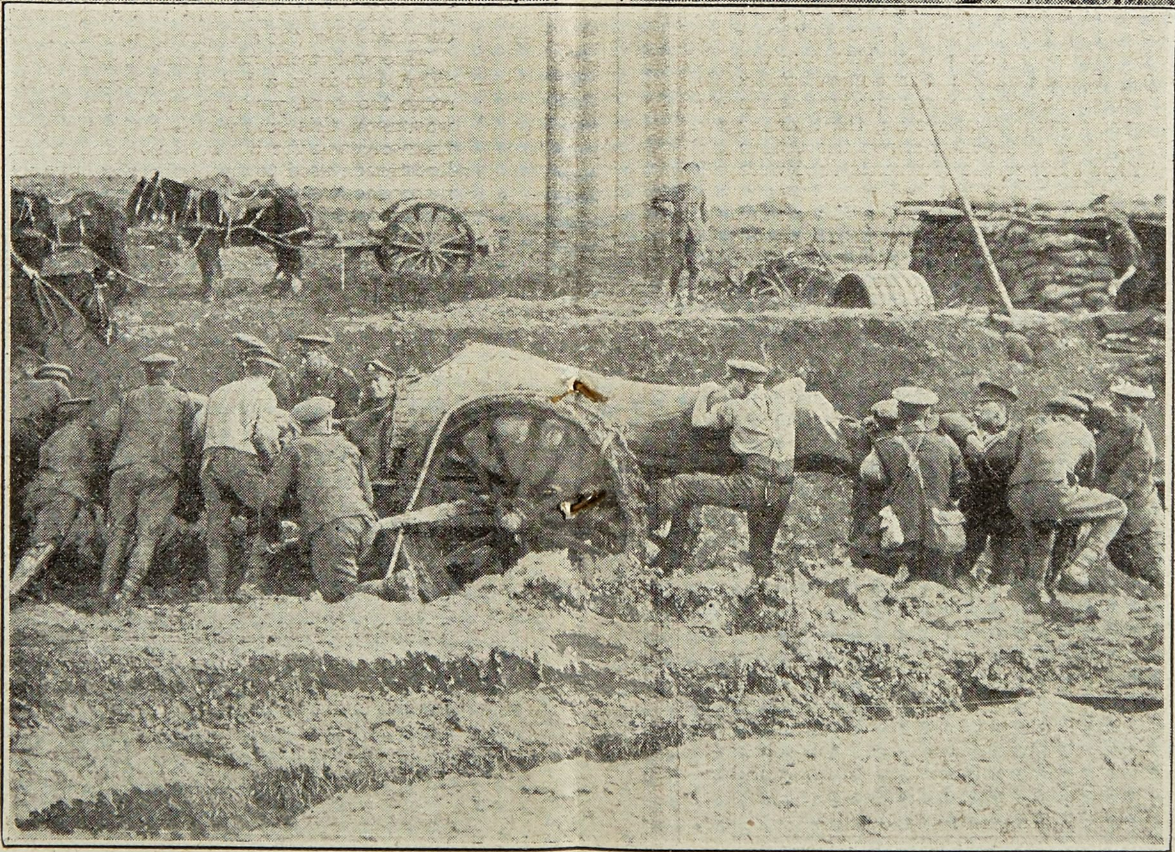
Forward, artillery! Great British gun shrouded with a tarpaulin labouring up an incline behind twelve powerful horses on the devastated front.



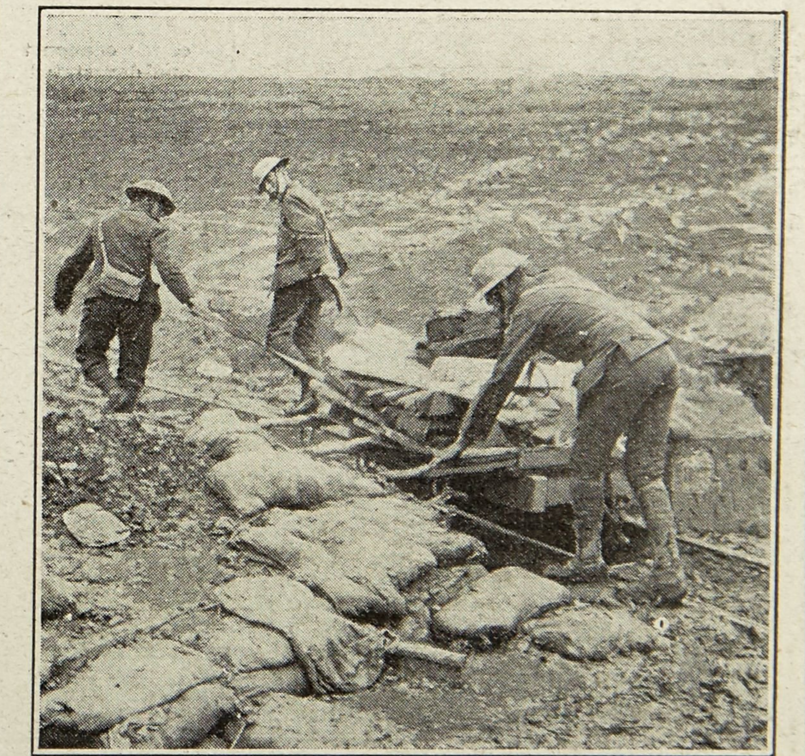
Even twelve Shire thorougbreds and twenty brawny arms experience no little difficulty in hauling the heavy weapon to the front through a Somme quagmire.



Transport mules floundering in a sea of mud, one of the additional difficulties engineered by the weather clerk.



The gun, having arrived at its new point on the front, is swung round into position, and will soon be pounding a way for an infantry advance. The gunners' dug-out is seen on the right of this illustration.



Up to the advanced dressing-station by light railway. Medical stores for the Somme front arriving on an improvised truck.

THE FIGHT FOR THE WARRENS

(Contd. from page 275

fellows; bayonet exercise in dark places—a very hue-and-cry in the bowels of the earth. So successful was it that we had three hundred prisoners before the night had fallen. Our losses were returned as comparatively light. We heard again of the splendid behaviour of the new troops; of acts of individual daring which have become commonplace. Finally, we had to record the complete success of this pretty operation which gave us the Schwaben, and the final mastery of the ridge.

The Stuff Redoubt proved to be an easier job. There had been tenacious fighting at the Schwaben, but in the Stuff the bayonet proved irresistible. Correspondents have told us that these were not the Germans we fought at Ginchy and Combles, and certain it is that the readiness to throw up the hands and cry "Kamerad!" was greatly to the taste of our fellows. Here again we have evidence of the terrible effects of that ceaseless bombardment of the German lines which our guns have undertaken since July 1st.

It may be true to say that the moral of the Boche is still magnificent upon occasion, but that vast numbers of his troops are shaken, no sane judge can doubt. Soldiers give us the most diverting anecdotes of some of these stricken warriors. We hear of men running as hard as they can, bayonets at their backs, their hands waving like the fins of a walrus, and their cries for mercy rending the very air. Some of them creep forward on their knees, that there shall be no mistake about it. And yet they are treacherous to the last, and when we had taken Schwaben we had by no means done with it. Machine-guns would appear suddenly in some crater where they had not been ten minutes previously. Snipers hid themselves in any odd crevice and opened fire upon any unsuspecting group they saw near by.

There were sudden sorties from deep cellars, resurrections of men who had come like moles from the depths of the earth—new and violent attacks when all was thought to be over. With these we wrestled for many hours. Going stealthily from pit to pit, the bombers hurled their grenades and waited, as Tommy would put it, for the groans. No depth was left unexplored; no dark place was passed until it had been searched with powder. To-day we hold Schwaben firmly, and the Germans are paying the price of their defeat. There must be hundreds of them buried down there in the pits they dug nearly two years ago.

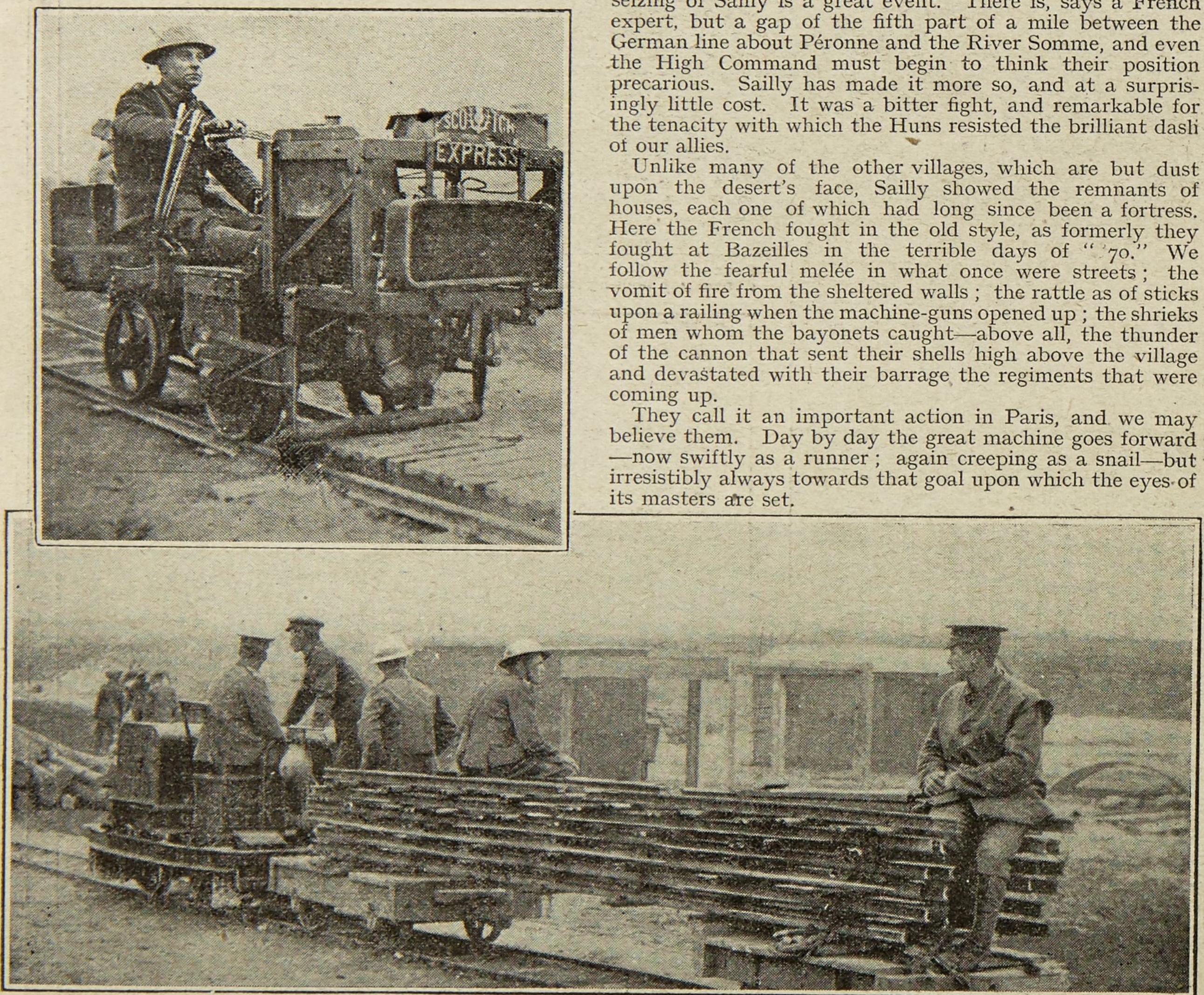
We took four hundred prisoners altogether on the 14th, and suffered little by way of counter-attack until the Sunday. The weather broke for a spell after we had concluded this successful advance, and the night of the 15th was pitch black and rainy. Some sort of a massed German attack, which was instantly broken, was the only event of the Sabbath. But as usual the night brought the ceaseless flashes of fire upon the horizon and the booming message of the artillery which never rests. All this means that we have consolidated the position of Schwaben and are moving the great machine forward for the next act in this colossal drama.

Our Ally Victorious at Sailly

Upon our right the French have not been less busy. The seizing of Sailly is a great event. There is, says a French expert, but a gap of the fifth part of a mile between the German line about Péronne and the River Somme, and even the High Command must begin to think their position precarious. Sailly has made it more so, and at a surprisingly little cost. It was a bitter fight, and remarkable for the tenacity with which the Huns resisted the brilliant dash of our allies.

Unlike many of the other villages, which are but dust upon the desert's face, Sailly showed the remnants of houses, each one of which had long since been a fortress. Here the French fought in the old style, as formerly they fought at Bazeilles in the terrible days of "'70." We follow the fearful melée in what once were streets; the vomit of fire from the sheltered walls; the rattle as of sticks upon a railing when the machine-guns opened up; the shrieks of men whom the bayonets caught—above all, the thunder of the cannon that sent their shells high above the village and devastated with their barrage the regiments that were coming up.

They call it an important action in Paris, and we may believe them. Day by day the great machine goes forward—now swiftly as a runner; again creeping as a snail—but irresistibly always towards that goal upon which the eyes of its masters are set.

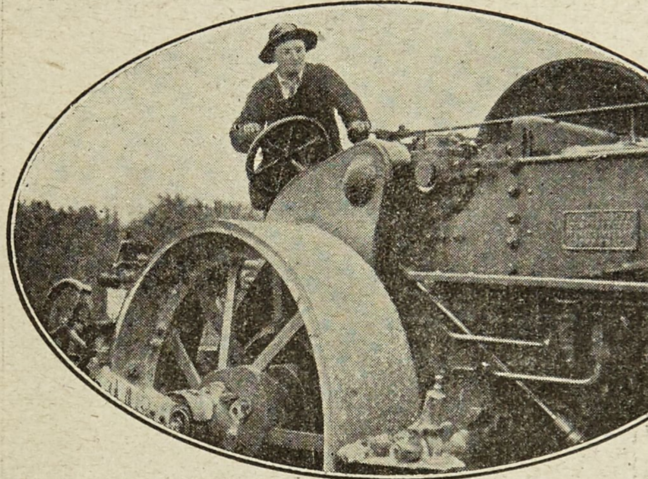


A "SCOTCH EXPRESS" IN FLANDERS. Light railway engine constructed from parts of a broken-down automobile. Inset: Conveying rails to lengthen the transport line just behind the British front. (Official photographs.)

Practical Womanhood in War-time Pursuits

Cooks at the headquarters of the Scottish Women's Hospital on the Serbian front tasting a stew of their own making.

A fair bugler of the Scottish Women's Hospital installed at the Serbian front.

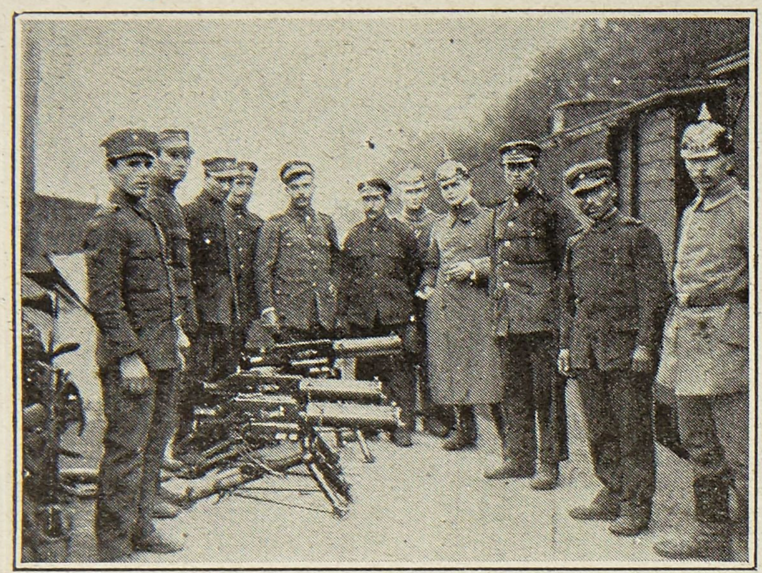


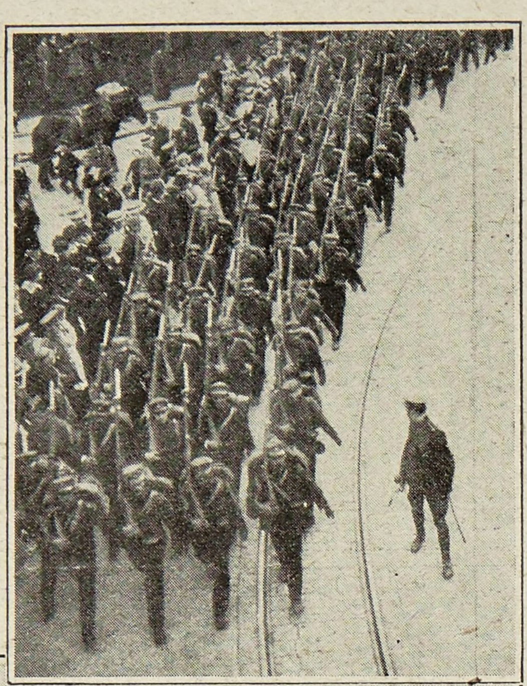
At the wheel of a road-maker. A woman driving a steam-roller on the Cornish roads.

Some of the British Red Cross nurses who were decorated by the King at a recent heroes' investiture at Buckingham Palace.

Charity in the name of the Red Cross. A French nurse collecting alms in a first-class railway carriage at a Paris terminus.

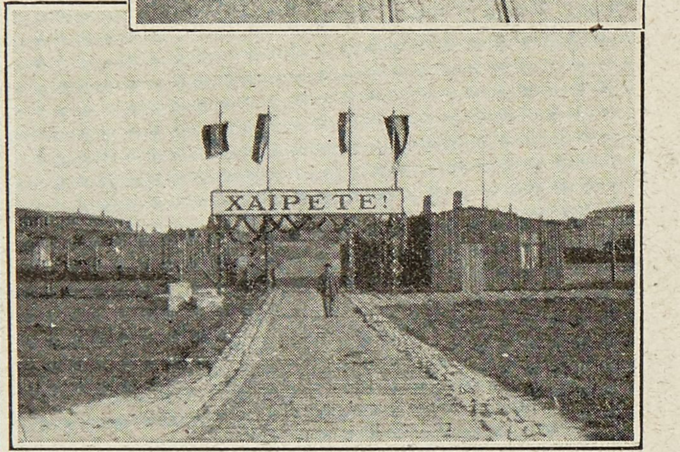
King Tino's Legion Lost in the Fatherland



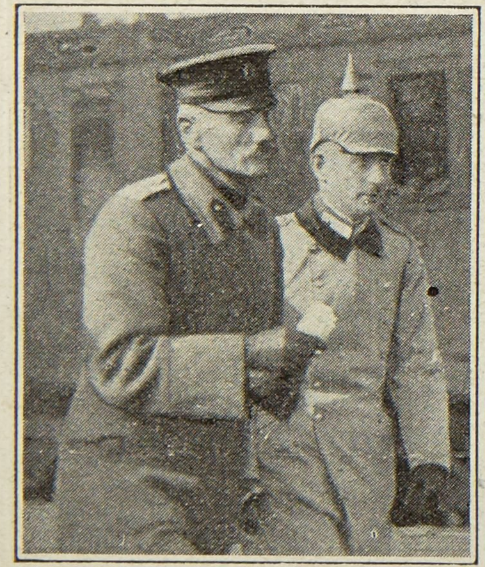


Members of the Greek army corps at Gorlitz. Caught between the allied and enemy lines at Kavalla, they allowed themselves to be interned in Germany rather than break neutrality. Right: Greeks marching through Gorlitz.

Leaving the railway station at Gorlitz to be the "guests" of the Fatherland until the end of the war.



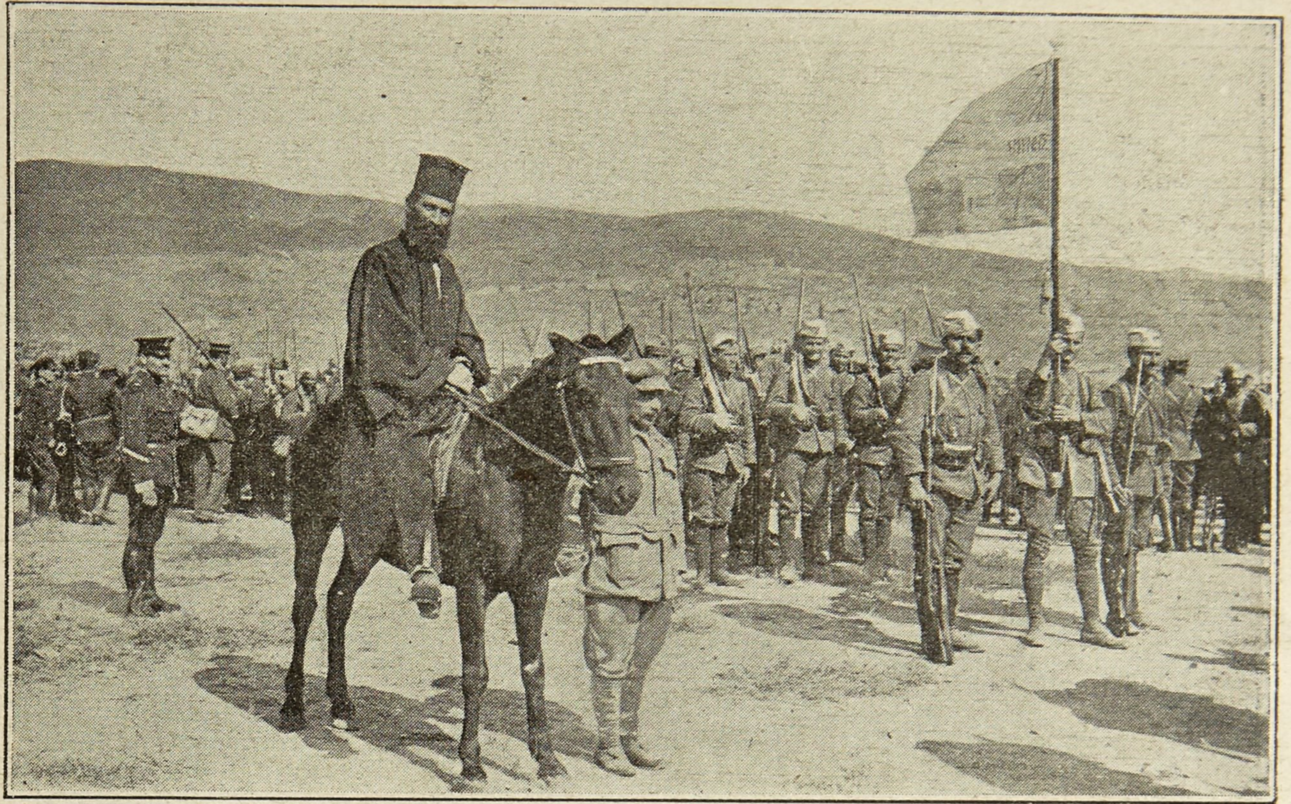
Entrance to the Greek camp at Gorlitz, where a number of Tino's soldiers are interned behind the sign which reads "Welcome!"



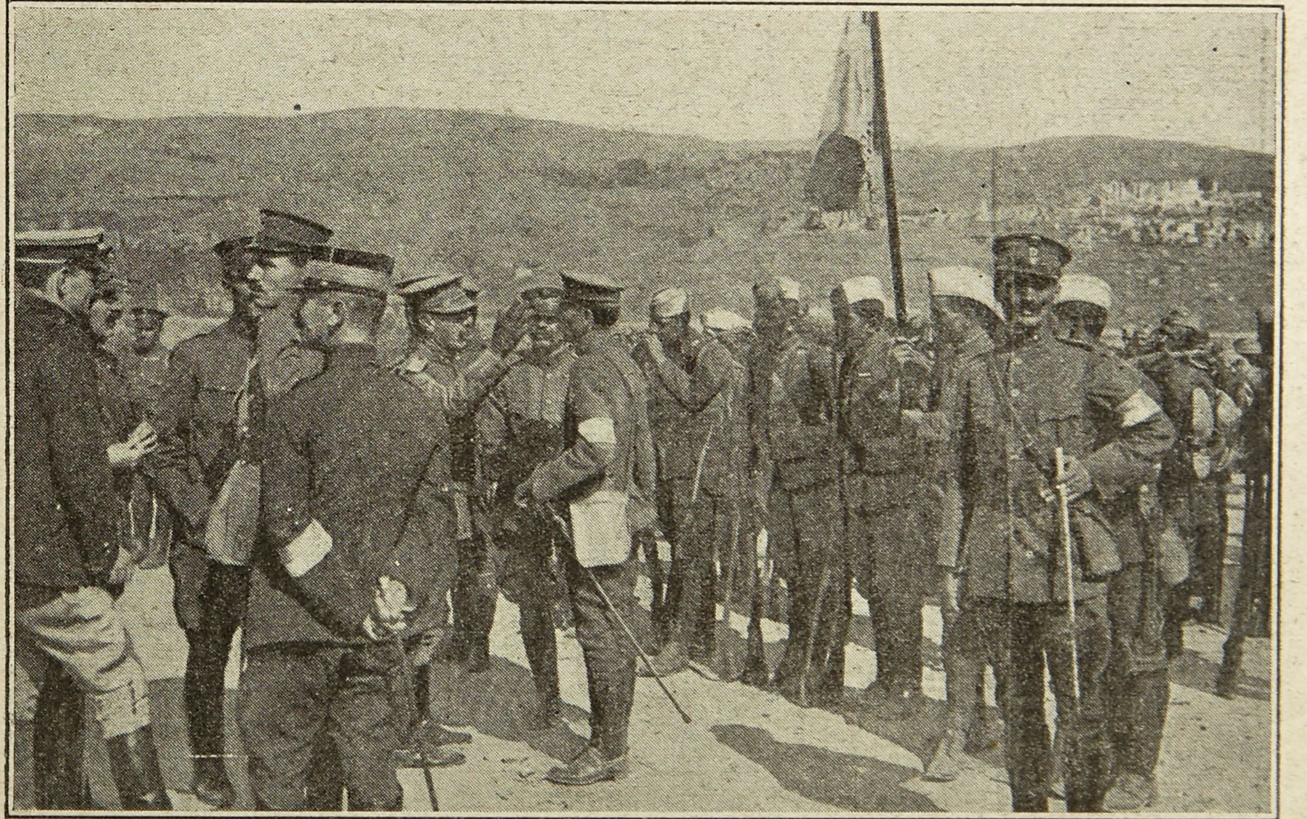
Colonel Karakallos, of the interned troops, walking with a German officer at Gorlitz.

Some of the Greek officers outside the barracks at Gorlitz. The King of Greece has asked for the return of his legion (25,000 men) in vain.

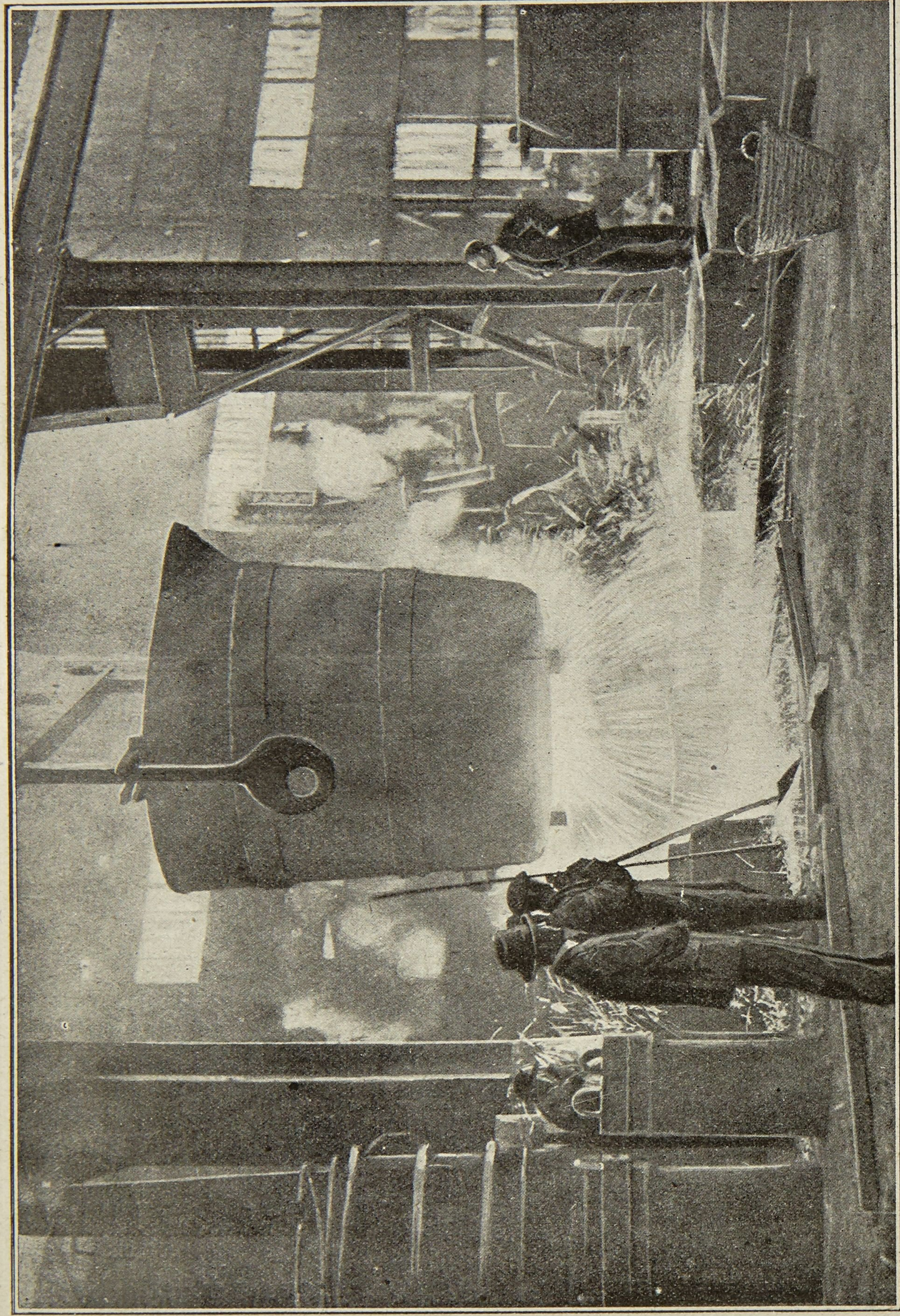
Greek Army Corps to Fight With the Allies



The 1st Battalion of the Greek Volunteers with their regimental colours and their Pope. One complete army corps of Volunteers was ready to take the field in October, fully equipped and eager to co-operate with the contingents from the Allied Powers already represented in the Salonika Expeditionary Force.



General Zimbrabakis (in centre with hand uplifted) in conversation with some of the officers after reviewing a body of Greek Volunteers. General Zimbrabakis was appointed Minister of War in the new Provisional Government by M. Venizelos when that patriotic statesman definitely cast in his lot with the Allies.



THE CRUCIBLE OF VICTORY.—Interior of one of the vast works that have been established in Italy for the production of guns and munitions of war, showing a crucible of molten metal for big gun manufacture. In common with Great Britain and all the Allies, Italy suffered from shortage of guns and shells when she first entered the war, but by almost superhuman energy she repaired her situation in this respect, as Austria learned to her cost in the great artillery duels of the Trentino and the Carso.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

WITH THE GUARDS AT COURCELETTE

BY SERGEANT T. RUFFORD, COLDSTREAM GUARDS

BY no means the least brilliant part of the operations subsequent to the "big push" was that played by the Guards at Courcelette.

The night before we attacked we were marched up to the trenches, with our band playing "The British Grenadiers." The boys were humming the tune under their breath, and later on whistling it. There wasn't much singing; the old strains gave one a tight feeling about the chest and a constant succession of lumps in the throat.

We knew well in advance that we were going to charge next day, if there was any chance of doing so, and we fully intended to show the regiments who followed us that we hadn't forgotten our old traditions.

And in the morning we went over the parapet in line, with bayonets fixed, and a determination to either slice up the Huns in front or be sliced up ourselves. One could see cold determination in the eyes of the lads.

Charge of the Guards

Before we had gone two hundred yards we came under the enfilade fire of massed machine-guns. We were swept and raked by rifle and machine-gun fire from all directions—except behind—and the shells fell thick and fast all around us. For the next quarter of a mile the blast of the firing was enough to have stopped an express train, but it didn't stop us. Men fell in dozens, but the ranks remained unbroken, for as the gaps were made so the men closed up. The wounded did not shout and groan and yell with pain; they simply rolled over on their stomachs—those who could move at all—and cheered the rest of us on. It was "Get at 'em! Shake 'em up!" from all the poor chaps who caught it early in the charge.

We went on at full speed, rushing as fast as possible, and yet slow enough to preserve an unbroken line over that shell and bullet swept ground. And as we went, out of the crumpled earth grey-clad Germans rose and fled in terror at our approach. They knew from the way we went on that we were determined to win through, and they expected no quarter whatever from us. So they went—quickly.

Then, all of a sudden, we came across the remains of a trench, full of the enemy, and it was here that they tried to give us our first check. They were desperate men, and they fought hard, knowing that it was either they or we to go under. They fired rifles off while they were almost touching our lads; they slung bombs into us as fast as they could.

Down went our bayonet points—we hadn't fired a single round up to now—and we gave them the cold, white steel for their red fire. They carried on, serving their machine-guns, which were enfilading us from both sides; they fought like fiends, and refused to surrender. And all the time you could hear the swish of the steel and the dull thud as the rifle muzzle met a breast-bone, together with the hoarse cry as the man at the right end of the rifle pulled his steel out.

Every man of our side got his man, and lots of the lads got more than their fair share. I have an idea that seven Boches fell to my toothpick, and I know that when at last this bloody hour was over my arms ached as though they were bruised.

Rout of the Enemy

The enemy didn't stop in the battered trench to fight, either. They came out into the open, and we fought them body to body, hand to hand—stabbing, hitting with the clenched fist, even wrestling.

And then, while we fought in this primitive manner, there went up such a shout behind us that it seemed to drown the thunder of the guns. It was the reinforcements coming up behind us to take their part. Officers and men, doctors and stretcher men, even the artillery observers joined in that yell, and the note of admiration in it made us all the more determined to show what stuff we were made of.

The enemy had thought he was in sufficient numbers to stop us, but he hadn't reckoned on our fighting like we did. It was the steel that he didn't like; and just after the other regiments mingled in the fun, the Boches realised they'd had enough. As if by a preconcerted signal, they turned and fled like rabbits.

Then a voice that we all knew and loved sent us off after the Huns at top speed.

The Germans who could not escape and who surrendered we packed off to the rear in a trice. We didn't trouble about giving them any escort, we just turned them towards our reserves, told them to run, and they went at the gallop, glad to have a rest. They had fought well, but they didn't want any more.

Three Notable Incidents

The chase and the fight went on till past noon, and in the afternoon as well. Germans rose from mysterious shell-holes and picked off individual men. One of the lance-corporals of my platoon fought a steady duel with one Boche. They fired three rounds each, at sixty yards range, and alternately. The Bavarian sniper loosed off first, then while he was loading the lance-corporal fired, and at the third attempt he got his opponent through the head.

One shell burst at the feet of the officer commanding my half-company. He rolled over and went down to the bottom of a shell-hole. About three minutes afterwards he got out again and came up to me.

"Hallo!" he said. "Are you killed, too?"

I stared at him.

"Not yet, sir," I said. "Why?"

"You're not?" he said in amazement. "But I am, aren't I?"

"You don't look like it, sir," I answered.

"Well, that's funny!" he replied. "I don't seem able to feel anything, and I certainly can't hear the shells and the guns firing, though I can hear you speaking."

He was stone-deaf to gun fire, though he could hear orders and conversation all right; and he came home to hospital in "Blighty" after the scrap, though he hasn't got a single scratch.

Then, suddenly, we were told that the troops on the right had been held up, and that our flank was "in the air." So we decided to dig ourselves in where we were, and to hold on to the ground we had captured. Here one of our officers would constantly get out of his cover and race over to the German trench, fire off the rounds in his revolver, bash a few Germans with his stick, and then race back again. After he'd done this five times he got caught with a bullet, but we could see him lying on the ground and sniping at ten yards range with his revolver.

Mickey's Daring Feat

A Guard—a big, herculean chap—didn't like to see him lying there, so he went over and picked him up. A machine-gun in the German trench played bullets all round him as he came back, but they didn't score a single hit. Mickey was annoyed, however, and swore he'd get even.

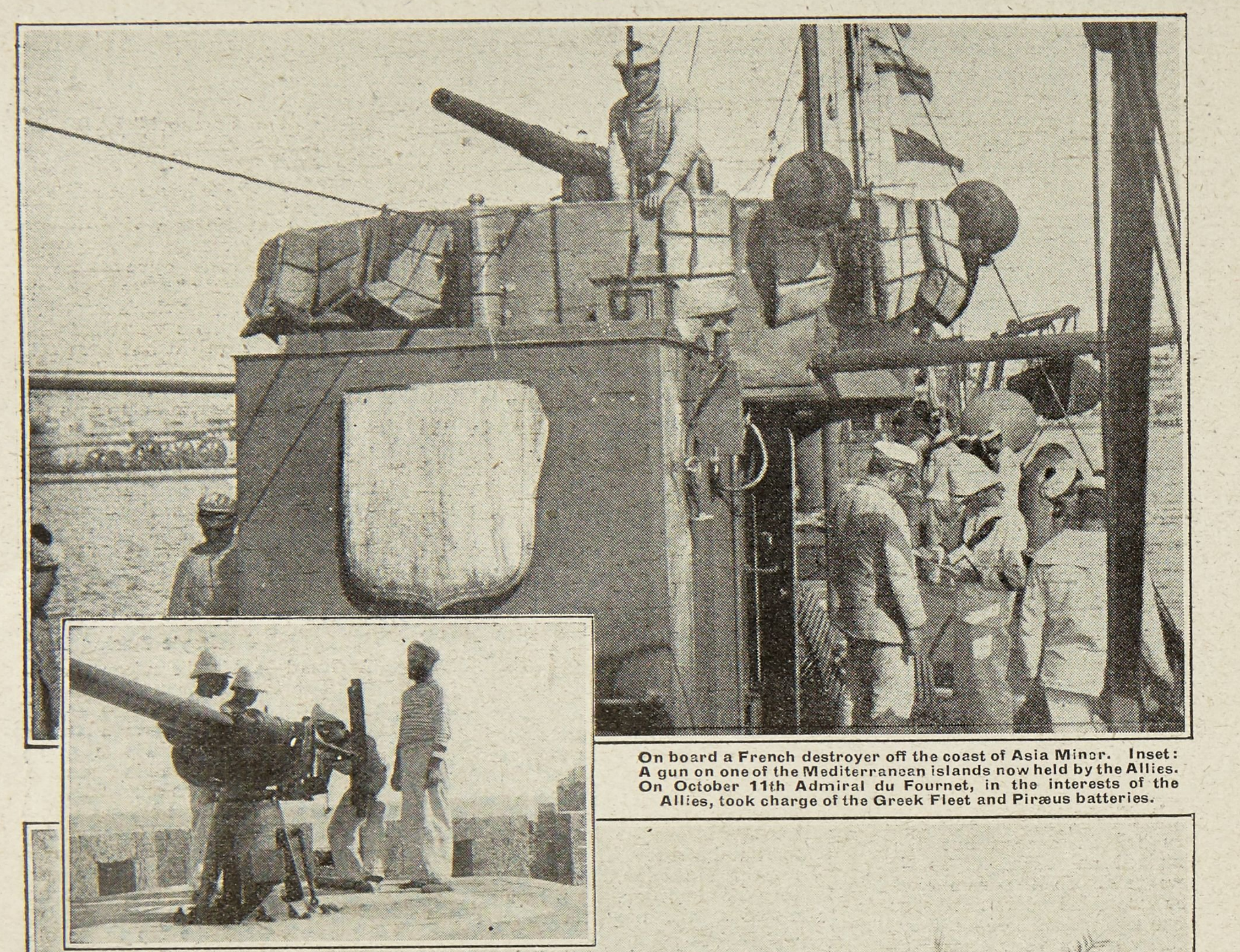
So, when he'd deposited the wounded officer in a shell-hole, he jumped over the parapet again, and with his bayoneted rifle in his hand went for that machine-gun. He shot two of the gunners from the hip as he approached, bayoneted a third, and clumped the fourth with his fist. Then he picked up the gun, stand and cartridge-belt and all, turned it round, and sprayed the remainder of the bullets down the German trench. This done, he chucked it over his shoulder, and brought it back across that bullet-swept fifty yards of ground, and at last he got the gun into his trench. He delivered it personally to the officer of his company.

"Here y'are, sir," he said, with a grin. "Ye'd better look after it, or them thievin' Grenadiers will be after claiming it."

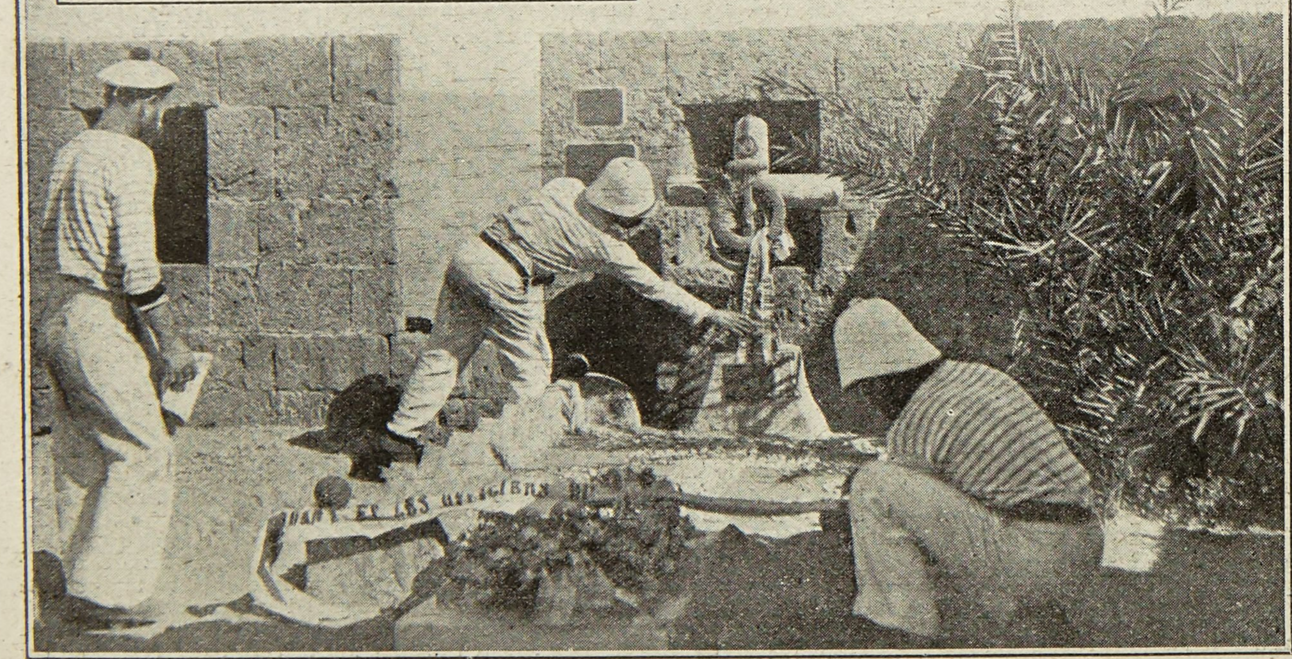
He fell ten minutes later, shot through the head by a sniper.

And so all day and all night we lay in the hastily-dug trenches, holding on, beating back counter-attacks, and cheering each other up as best we could. We'd lost a large number of men—but we had not had a single one taken prisoner. Our artillery at length eased the pressure on us, and we sent out patrols for the night to prevent surprises and counter-attacks. Food was brought up to us, and, as the great shells whistled over our heads, we lay down and slept the sleep of the victorious fighting man, which is sound and sweet.

Under the French Ensign in the Mediterranean

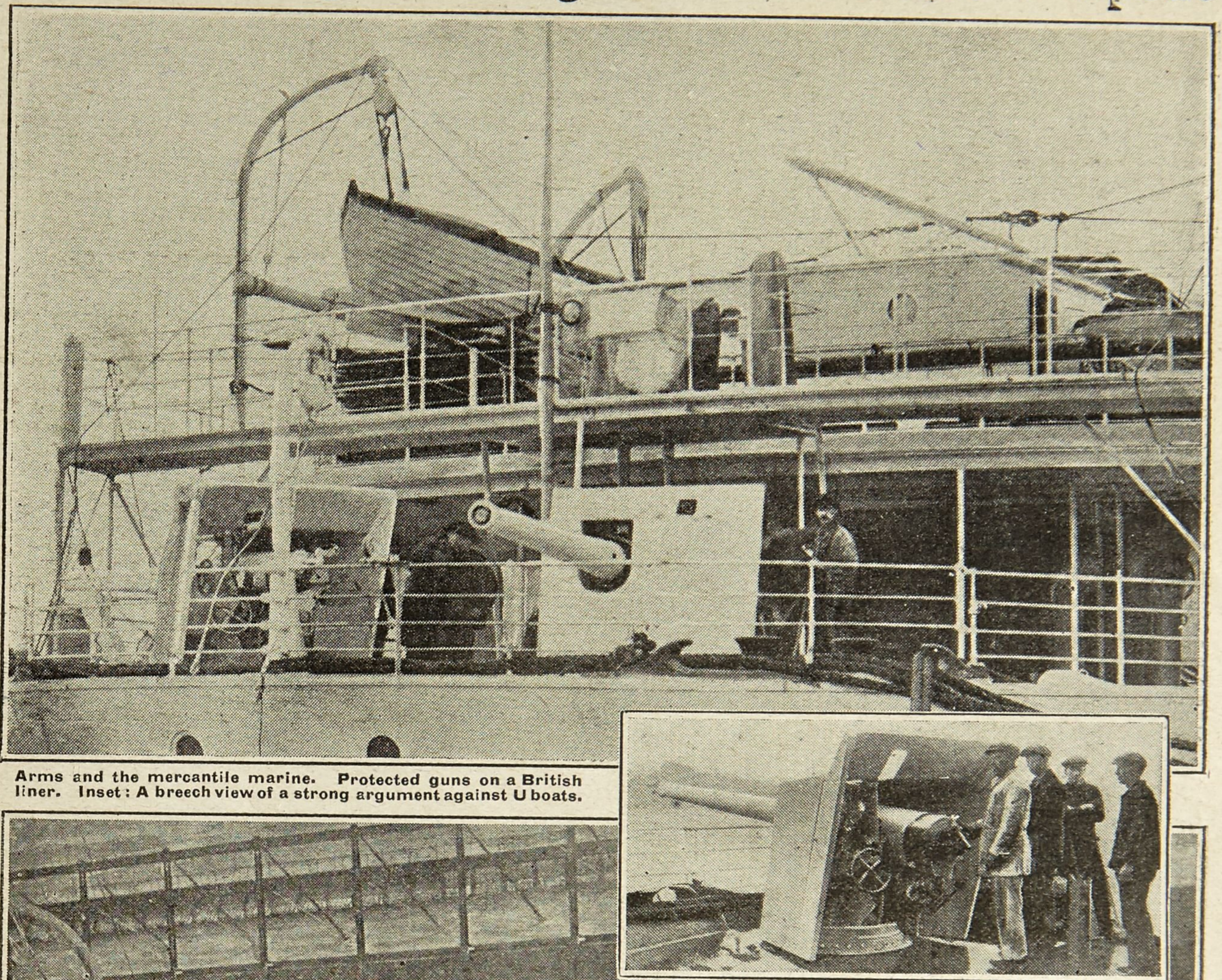


On board a French destroyer off the coast of Asia Minor. Inset: A gun on one of the Mediterranean islands now held by the Allies. On October 11th Admiral du Fournet, in the interests of the Allies, took charge of the Greek Fleet and Piræus batteries.

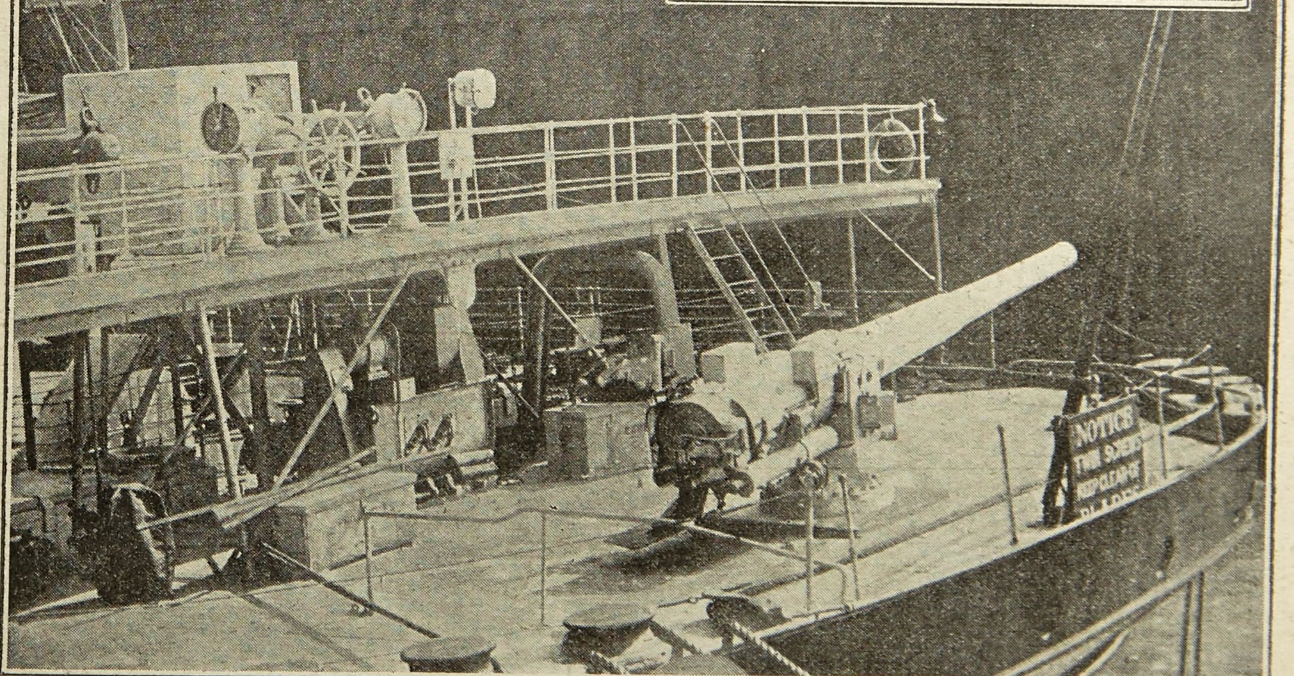


Touching evidence of the reverent care bestowed upon the graves of men who have died on active service abroad for their country. French sailors decking with the Tricolour ribbon and with palms a comrade's grave on one of the Mediterranean islands.

The Only Argument Against the Pirates' Torpedo



Arms and the mercantile marine. Protected guns on a British liner. Inset: A breech view of a strong argument against U boats.



Heavy gun mounted in the stern of a large liner lying in a New York harbour. Piracy has given the most peacefully-inclined Transatlantic liner a bellicose turn, and the U boat only attacks her quarry at considerable risk.

"DOING THEIR BIT"

LONDON AMBULANCE COLUMN

By a Member

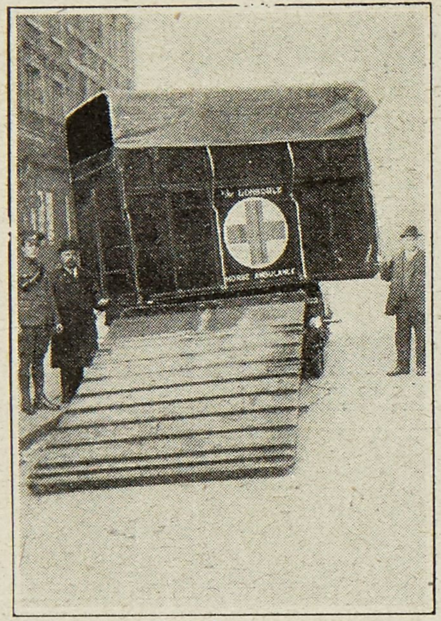
IT is by the cruelty rather than the glory of war that a Red Cross orderly is most impressed as he handles the men who have been brought home broken in battle. And yet he sees some of the glory, too—glory of spirit unbroken by suffering. On the forehead of some of these men the perspiration of agony stands in great beads, but in their eyes is a light which speaks of the unconquerable soul. Their cheerful courage, their brave smile, their gratitude for the care bestowed upon them, are rich reward for the service, both tiring and distressing, that he can render them.

When the war-cloud burst, the British Red Cross Society, with remarkable adaptability, set in motion its elaborate and effective machinery, so that the various Voluntary Aid Detachments of London were brought into use for meeting the ambulance trains arriving in London. The system has undergone some modifications since, whereby a composite body, comprising representatives of the London detachments, numbering about 300, has been organised into the "London Ambulance Column." The men have first-aid and home-nursing qualifications, are ineligible for military service, and must be prepared to be called from business during two days of each week.

Instructions by Telephone

The Column is divided into three, so that 100 are responsible for detraining the wounded at the stations and unloading the ambulances at the hospitals on two days a week, and also do duty on one Sunday in three. When a train is expected we receive a telephone message at our business house, giving the station and time of the train and instructions to report at the station at least fifteen minutes before the train is due, in order to prepare the stretchers. On Sundays we remain at our headquarters, and are sent from there to our various duties.

We, of course, feel the effect in London of the "offensive," sometimes having as much as twenty-two and twenty-four hours of continuous work, with, perhaps, a break of an hour or two when we have curled up on a platform seat and slept. The wonderful cheerfulness and fortitude of the patients are the stimulating tonic which enables us to continue the Red Cross work. It involves a great strain, both physical and mental, but when one sees the stoical manner in which the wounded bear themselves, fresh vigour is imparted to us, and we feel almost ashamed of any temporary weakness.



Great care has to be exercised in the handling of the patients, but I do not think there has been a single accident while the work of removal from the trains to the hospital wards has been in progress, and many thousands of cases have been dealt with. The work must of necessity be done expeditiously as well as carefully, for some of the wounded have come direct from the firing-line, while others have been perhaps two or three days in the base hospital; but in either case the journey has been a trying experience, and it is a matter of the first importance to get the men quickly into bed.

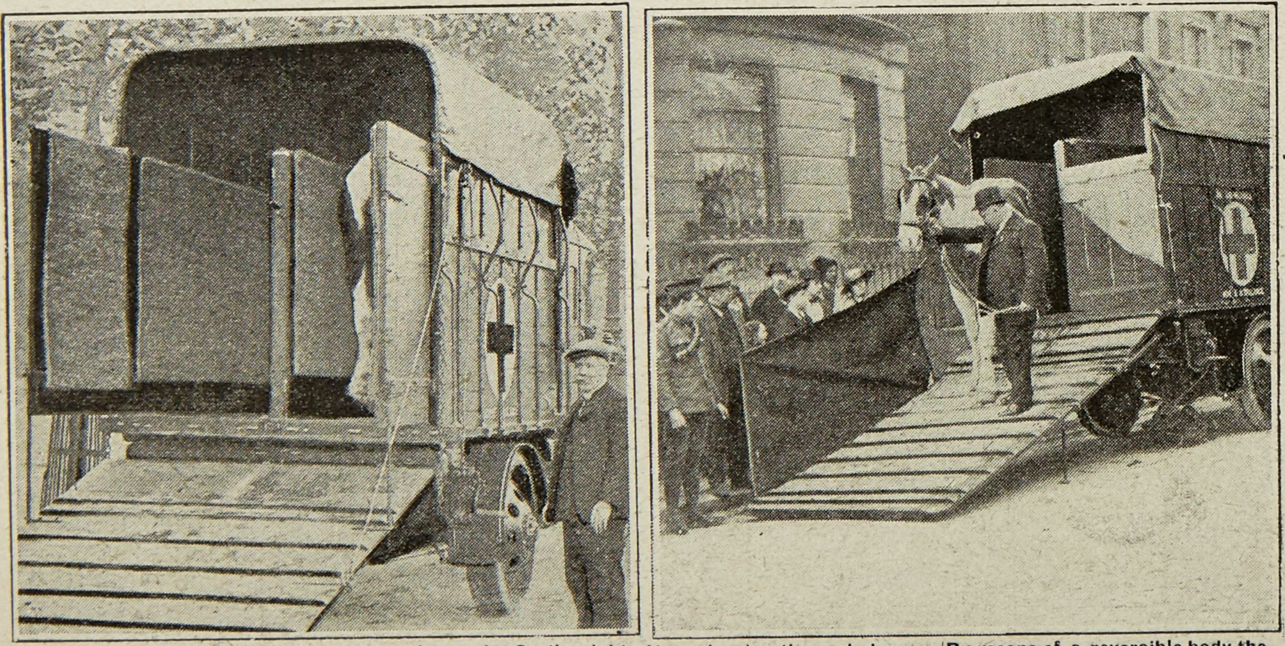
From the moment they were picked up wounded until they are landed safe in hospital here they have continually been "moved on." First they were passed through the base hospital, then by ambulance to the station in France, then a train journey to the port of embarkation, the passage across, then the train journey to London, the transfer from the train to the ambulance, and eventually the final unloading at the hospital. With what a pathetic sigh of relief do they lie down in the spotless beds! At last they can lie quiet without fear of further movement.

It is rather amusing to see the opened-mouth interest with which the other patients in the ward watch the new arrivals; they seem to have forgotten that it was quite recently that they were carried in themselves.

Stretcher Difficulties

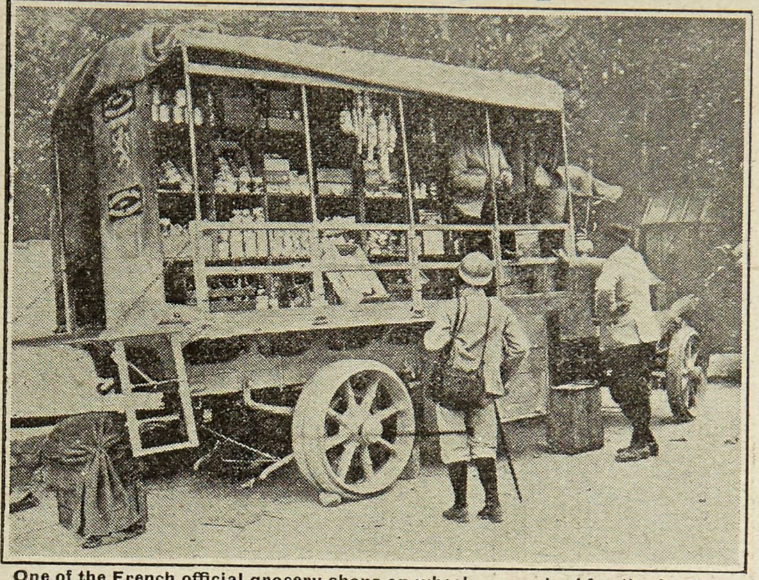
In some private hospitals it is rather a work of art to navigate the awkward staircases, for it is no easy or simple matter to carry a loaded stretcher up two or three flights of narrow staircase with sharp turns and small landings; but the patients recognise the difficulty, and are so appreciative of the care shown to them that they even apologise for being so heavy.

All of them are animated by a spirit that is quite unquenchable. It is an honour to minister to such men.

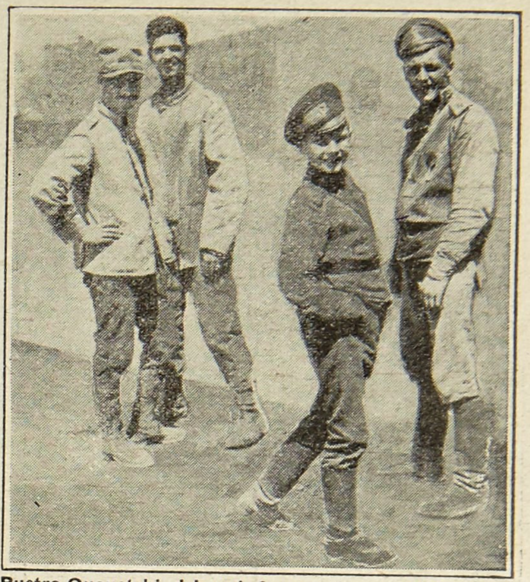


Lonsdale horse ambulance, with platform lowered. On the right: Horse leaving the ambulance. By means of a reversible body the quadruped is always able to leave the ambulance by walking forward. Above: The ambulance, which is the invention of a British private and was inspected by the King at Buckingham Palace, swinging round on its pivot to unload a horse.

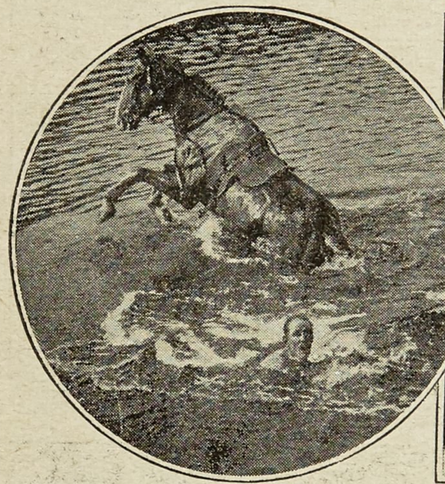
Picture Paragraphs of Martial Interest



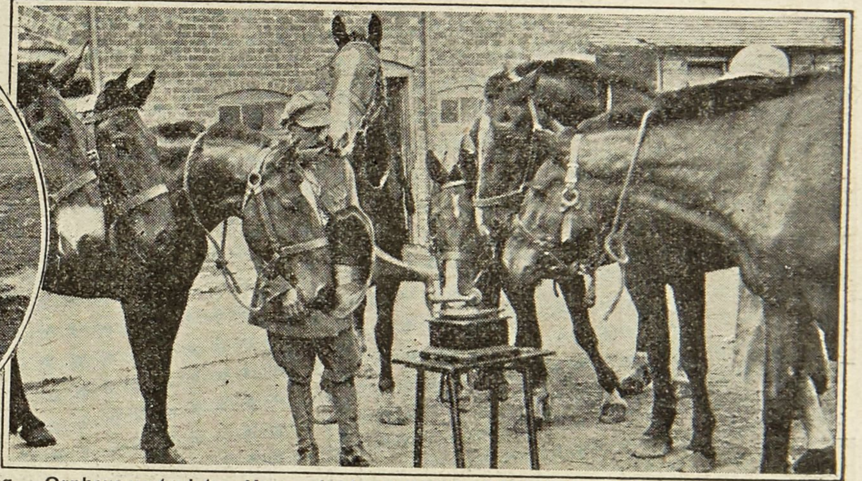
One of the French official grocery shops on wheels, organised for the front to protect soldiers from exorbitant prices of first-line profiteers.



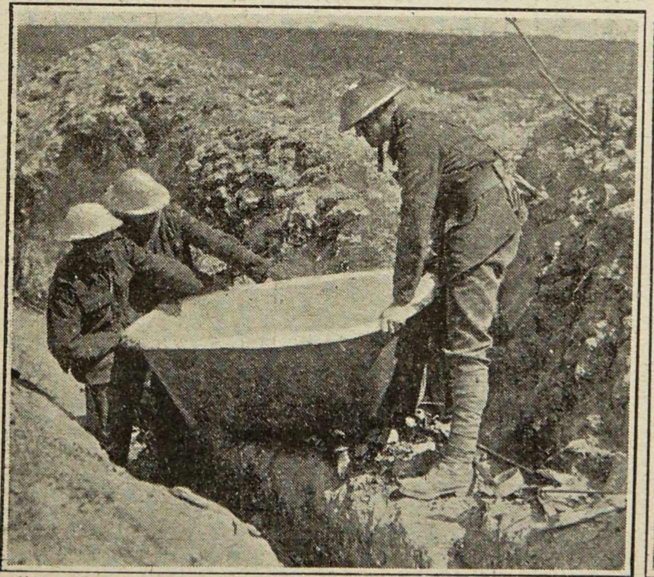
Puetro Quovetski, debonair fourteen-year-old Russian, with a machine-gun battery at Salonika.



Lieut. Remington, trainer of horses, swimming with an incorrigible "broncho."



Orpheus up to date. Horses, broken in by Lieut. Remington at Shrewsbury, listening to a gramophone.

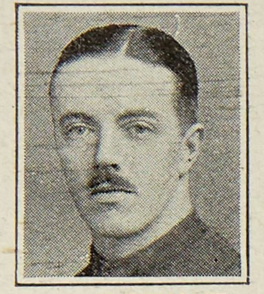


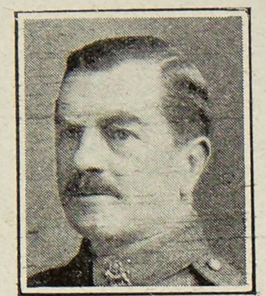
"Hot and cold water and every convenience." A discovery in a German dug-out.

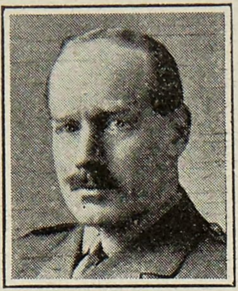
"Ici on parle Australian." Two handsome Anzacs greeting a pretty French girl in a town behind the lines.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

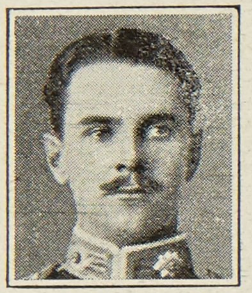
Capt. CHARLES NEVILLE, Sherwood Foresters.

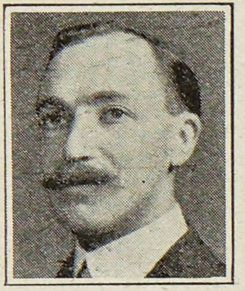

Capt. C. H. WOOLLATT, Queen's (R. W. Surreys).


Lt.-Col. A. J. B. ADDISON, York & Lancaster Regt.

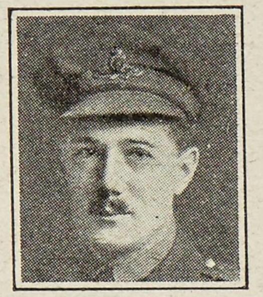

Lt.-Col. C. P. MURTEN, West Yorks Regt.

Capt. H. E. F. CREED, South African Infantry.


Capt. and Adjt. G. R. LANE, Coldstream Guards.


Capt. Hon. R. P. STANHOPE, Grenadier Guards.

Capt. G. G. HERMON-HODGE, R.F.A.


Lieut. C. P. COTTON, Canadian Artillery.

Lieut. A. H. BROWN, South African Infantry.

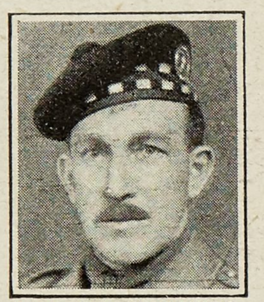
Captain Claud Humpston Woollatt was the second son of the late Randal Woollatt and Mrs. Woollatt, of Ditton Hill, Surbiton. He was educated at Cheltenham College, and joined the Army at the beginning of the war. His younger brother, Sec.-Lieut. P. R. Woollatt, who was also in the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment), was killed five weeks earlier.

Captain George Ronald Lane was the only son of Major-General Sir Ronald Lane, of Carleton Hall, Saxmundham. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he was gazetted to the Coldstream Guards as second-lieutenant in 1913; he went to the front in September, 1914, and was wounded at the Battle of the Aisne. Promoted captain in March, 1916, and passed fit for active service, he went out again in August, and was killed in action on September 15th. Captain Lane was a Page of Honour to King Edward VII.

Captain the Hon. Richard Philip Stanhope, killed in action September 24th, was brother of Earl Stanhope and heir-presumptive to the title. In 1914 he married Lady Beryl le Poer Trench, daughter of the Earl of Clancarty.

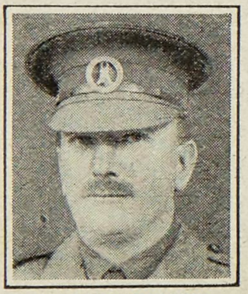
Lieutenant Joseph Lamb, New Zealand Engineers, had been with the N.Z. forces since August 21st, 1914, and saw service in Egypt, Gallipoli, and France. He was mortally wounded on his twenty-fourth birthday, and died the following day.

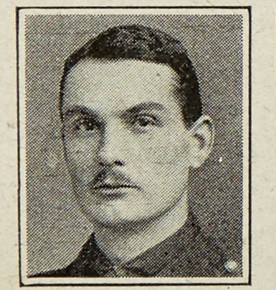
Sec.-Lieut. T. O. Whitlock, Northumberland Fusiliers, was son of Mr. T. T. Whitlock, of Nottingham. He was attached to the Tyneside Scottish as Lewis-gun officer, and was killed in action on August 24th.

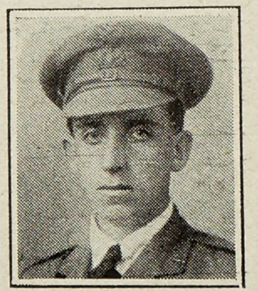

Lieut. R. B. THORBURN, South African Infantry.

Lt. H. H. C. WILLIAMSON, Coldstream Guards.

Lieut. M. M. GRONDIN, Canadian Infantry.

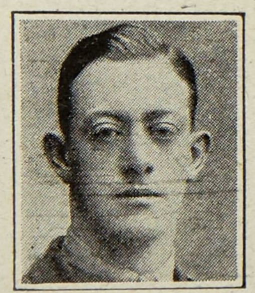

Lieut. H. M. HIRTZEL, South African Infantry.

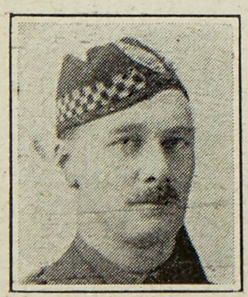

Lt. and Adjt. W. E. DAVY, Cheshire Regt.


Lieut. J. O. LATER, Machine-Gun Corps.

Lieut. JOSEPH LAMB, New Zealand Engineers.

Sec.-Lt. G. V. NOAKS, Northamptonshire Regt.


Sec.-Lieut. N. L. GIDDY, Northamptonshire Regt.

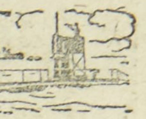

Sec.-Lieut. G. THOMSON, Argyll & Sutherland Highrs.

Sec.-Lt. T. O. WHITLOCK, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Portraits by Walter Barnett, Elliott & Fry, Hills & Saunders, Lafayette, and Swaine.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character



THAT FELLOWSHIP AGAIN

TALKING about that fellowship again, which having been discovered by men at war is to be brought into the world at peace if some of our dreams come true, did you see that article by James Sherliker in the "Daily Mail," entitled "Meet Your Men"? It was the report of a conversation about the relations between Capital and Labour likely to obtain after the war, which he had had with a soldier who had left an arm in France. The soldier, thus placed in an entirely disinterested position, suggested the adaptation by employers in dealing with their men of some of the methods in use between officers and their men, and he proceeded to indicate in a quite detached temper the blessing of human association between employers and employed with occasional heart-to-heart talks between man and man.

HUMAN association, mark you, not military organisation. The paradoxical part of the matter is that a war was required to show the least militarist people in the world the possibility of sympathetic understanding almost amounting to affection between widely-separated social classes. In order to avoid any charge of introducing "politics" into this non-controversial corner, let us hasten to observe that there is nothing new about the idea. It is as old as the feudal system, as old as the patriarchal system; and so it may commend itself to extremists on both sides who find magic value in a name—to Conservatives because it is feudal and to Radicals because it is revolutionary. To the rest of us average Britons it should commend itself because it is good.

IN these little essays we do no more than fasten on incidents that occur in life or on features that are revealed of character which seem to be fertile in suggestion, leaving it to sociologists and moralists to work out the practical use of them, and hoping that the simple will find something in them of help and comfort. Filled to overflowing with wonder and admiration of the beautiful self-sacrifice of the men in our Navy and Army, of the complete understanding that exists between the different ranks, of the utter disappearance of all difference of opinion on things that do not matter and the unanimity on things that do, we plead for the preservation in times of peace of a spirit that is not new but has been rediscovered in this time of war. And it is we civilians who, debarred by age or sex from doing active military work abroad, are carrying on things at home who have the power to preserve it or to relegate it once more to the shades of a forgotten past.

CYNICS may sneer and observe that in times of emotion good resolutions are as plentiful as tears—and as soon wiped away. We are not disheartened. They point to the Crimean War, the last great war in which the British nation was passionately interested, and they ask sarcastically what permanent good, either spiritual or practical, we secured from that. Well, our system of trained nursing dates from it directly, and in the world's debtor and creditor account with fate where does the balance lie in respect of that one item? Trained nursing, as we understand the term now, was an unimagined, unimaginable thing in 1854. Why should it be so absurd to hope and to strive for some equal good as a direct outcome of this war, even though at present none is imagined or imaginable?

MOREOVER, on this present occasion it is not the British nation that is passionately interested and profoundly moved, but the British Empire and the entire world. An incalculably more powerful dynamic is released. Hundreds of millions of people are personally affected by this war. Suppose that myriad multitude co-operated upon some beneficent purpose with the same zealous unanimity that they display in the conduct of this war, what individual can presume to declare that they could not accomplish it? No; cynics can get no hearing now. All is not well with the world; but God's in His heaven, and it is the historical truth that in the long duel between God and the devil, God wins.

MOST assuredly this is a time of universal, profound emotion, and, the cynic being disposed of, we all agree that this is the time to begin individually and unostentatiously to work for the human association of all classes after the war. Not only is the time ripe for it; the community as a whole is thinking about it and shyly making efforts towards it. Never within the memory of living men have people been so kindly disposed to one another. There never was any "dearth of kindness in this world of ours," but our eyes have been washed with euphrasy and rue and we are not so blind as we were, we gather fewer thorns and more flowers, and, in spite of our sorrow, we are happier. A new spirit of fraternity animates us all. We not only are disposed to do, but we actually do more for one another; we have been hit or hurt in some way by the war and we find a hand put out to us, and presently, according to our opportunity and our power, we "pass it on." The effect of all this is not going to disappear soon, if at all.

AND that is only the nucleus from which the nervous current of sympathy can start and radiate. The rest is not a matter of creation but of extension. Our own view is that the development rests largely in the hands of the women; five million men have actual experience of the kind of human association that seems to us so desirable; there are plenty of distinctions between them but no differences, and that is where the crux of the matter lies; we shall keep the former—we ought to—but we need never revive the latter; whether we do or not will depend largely on our wives.

THAT for social intercourse. With regard to business intercourse, we can see no reason why the extension of this new human association should not be one of the rich fruits of the war. Ranks and classes will remain, as human nature seems to intend they should, but their value will be transliterated—if the phrase is permissible—into Army terms, so that the employer will stand to his servant in the same relation as the officer stands to the man, and the whole staff of a great business firm will be animated by a spirit like the esprit de corps which is the proud heritage and the motive impulse of a regiment. Some day—Heaven send it soon—our Army will come home. Employers who were privates and employed who were officers will return to their civil occupations. But for the remainder of their days they will be comrades, brother-soldiers. The spirit that made them victors in war, shall it not survive to make them supreme in peace?

C. M.

The War Illustrated — News Notes and Comments

IT is fitting that, within the past few days, four representative men of the allied nations and Germany should have expounded their views on the ideals for which the world is fighting. Mr. Lloyd George, in an impressive speech at Downing Street, likened this country to a nation of heroes, ready to sacrifice themselves for the glory of patriotism and the future of the race. "We never knew we were capable of such great things," said the War Secretary. The British Foreign Minister, Viscount Grey, in plain, emphatic words, assured foreign Pressmen in London that the Allies would fight on till they had established the supremacy of right over might. Simultaneously, M. Alfred Capus conveys, in the Paris "Figaro," the belief of M. Briand in the renascence of France, the regeneration of the race as a result of the sacrifice and suffering. The war will act as a great impetus in France for the common good. The electorate will demand and receive more from their representatives, and the conditions of labour, trade, and the arts will be incalculably improved.

Italy and the German Point of View

SIMILAR sentiments find expression in a speech of the Italian Premier, Signor Boselli. Italy is fighting for the liberation of her nationals, oppressed by a foreign yoke. No less is she fighting for the development of all progress that may benefit science, civilisation, and social peace. The effect of the war on the German peoples, according to Dr. Eugen Wolff, Professor of Modern History at Kiel University, will bring about the unity of classes. It should also banish customs alien to the German race. Women should no longer look to Paris for fashion. Never must Germans go to foreign countries for recreation. Perhaps the most significant statement of this German professor is that the Army must be kept up to standard, and every German must continue to receive a rigorous and more complete training in arms. These and other reforms, says Dr. Wolff, will enable the Germans to live more virtuously in peace, and will lead them to victory in new wars to come.

Official Artists at the Front

SINCE the appointment of Mr. Muirhead Bone as official artist with the British Army, Mr. Frank Brangwyn has been invited by the Italian Government to visit the Alpine front and record the unique scenes of war in this theatre. Mr. Brangwyn's individual, vigorous work has found even more admirers on the Continent and in America than in this country, and this great artist's breadth of vision, lavish sense of colour, and powerful draughtsmanship will, no doubt, combine to create the finest impressions of the present momentous period. Similarly, Mr. Robert Jack, whose large canvas, "The Return from the Front," exhibited at the Royal Academy, attracted considerable attention, has been commissioned to make a series of drawings of the Canadian Contingent; while Mr. Joseph Pennell is going to France to devote his appropriate talent to illustrating scenes in French munition factories.

Mount Carmel in German Hands

THE famous monastery on Mount Carmel, which was under French protection—and was therefore seized by the Turks—is now, it appears, occupied by German Carmelite monks. Mount Carmel, which lies south of Haifa (on the coast of Palestine), has been a seat of piety from the very earliest times. The Carmelite Order itself, the "Times" points out, was definitely founded in 1212. The monks were soon the victims of attacks by bands of Saracens, and after the capture of St. John of Acre by the Mussulmans in 1291, all the monks who had not fled were killed. Three Carmelites went to live in the ruins of the ancient monastery in 1630, but soon had to flee. In 1767, however, the Carmelites returned, and erected a new monastery, which Napoleon used as a hospital when he was besieging Acre, but when he retreated (1799) the monks and soldiers were massacred and the building was burnt. The present building was begun in 1827, and since 1830 the Order has been in possession of the mountain.

The "Ten Kings"

SO many readers have written to ask where the passage about the "ten kings" in "Our Observation Post" article of October 14th—"An Unholy Alliance"—comes from, that we have asked C. M. to come on the carpet and make his explanation. He writes: "Behold me in a white sheet, candle in hand. I had no intention to deceive, but it isn't a quotation from any of the prophets, although I think it is safe prophecy; and it isn't from the Apocrypha, although it is apocryphal. The situation is Haman's—see the Book of Esther vii., 7, 8, where most of the actual words will be found—and I trust the Kaiser's end will be much the same. Perhaps my adaptation of Bible language is justified by its result, for an amazing number of people seem to have read the Bible through to find this passage, and although they necessarily failed to find it, their time was uncommonly well spent."

Life in a U Liner

HERE is a description attributed to Captain Koenig, of the U liner Deutschland, of what life is like on an underwater cargo-carrier when crossing the Atlantic:

> Rough weather sets in. Mountains of water pour over us. The waves throw the vessel hither and thither; it cracks at every joint. It is inferno, but it is nothing on deck compared to the inferno in the inside of the vessel, especially in the engine-room. The air pumped down is quickly consumed by the Diesel engines. They eat up the air and give out nothing but heat and the unbearable smell of hot oil. The heat and the oil smell are driven by the ventilating apparatus into every nook of the inside of the submarine. It is like being in a steam bath. The temperature rose on many days to 95 degrees Fahr.

Jack London, Prophet

FROM an article by the American novelist, Jack London, that appeared in the "Overland Monthly," in March, 1900: "Soldiers will be compelled to creep forward, burying themselves in the earth like moles. Future wars must be long. No more open fields; no more decisive victories; but a succession of sieges, fought over and through successive lines of widely-extending fortifications. The defeated army—supposing that it can be defeated—will retire slowly, entrenching itself step by step, and most likely with steam entrenching machines." The writer went on to emphasise the greater deadliness of artillery owing to "the use of range-finders, chemical instead of mechanical mixtures of powder, high explosives, increase of range, and rapid fire."

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
15 Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

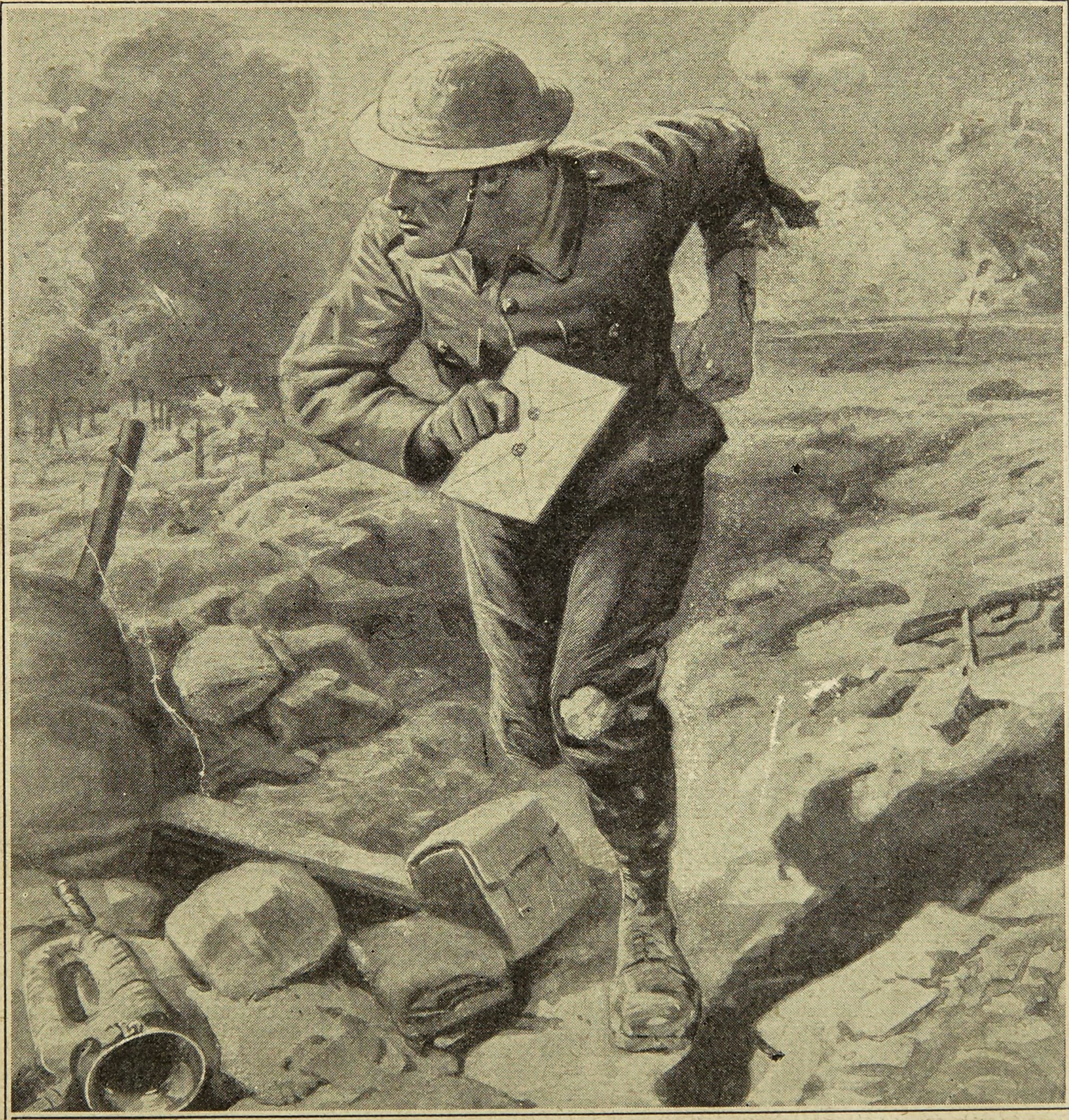
15 Jan

The War Illustrated, November 11th, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

France Triumphant at Verdun by Max Pemberton

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly



Vol. 5 A Messenger of Mars: Brave "Runner" Executes Critical Order under Heavy Fire No. 117

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE Allies have had a disappointing week, redeemed to some extent by the splendid French advance at Verdun. On the Somme our progress has been largely arrested by bad weather; in the east the enemy have scored marked victories against the Rumanians; on sea there has been a steady increase of submarine activity, and German destroyers succeeded in slipping by our Channel Patrol in a night raid on the lines of communication.

The position on the Somme is clear. Our victories depend on the complete co-ordination of guns, aircraft, and infantry. Observers in aeroplanes direct the artillery fire which destroys enemy lines before our infantry advance. In bad weather aircraft cannot direct the gun fire, because the airmen cannot see clearly amid thick clouds and heavy rain.

Undoubtedly the enemy have also been learning fresh methods of defence since the Battle of the Somme began. They have greatly strengthened their guns and increased their divisions. They are evolving more elaborate schemes of enfilading machine-gun fire. Against this, they have lost their permanent lines and are to-day holding on to hastily-improvised earthworks, while we occupy the best of their old trenches de luxe. The unusually severe spell of wet weather is unfortunate for us, because it gives the enemy time to elaborate a fresh scheme of defence.

The French Victory at Verdun

The French victory at Verdun brought good cheer to all the Allies. On October 24th the French, after heavy artillery preparation, advanced on the right bank of the Meuse, and went through the German lines fronting Verdun with surprising ease. The general commanding, realising the unexpected weakness of the German defence, pushed on still farther, and recaptured Fort Douaumont, the centre of so much fierce fighting early in the year. The French, advancing on a front of five miles, went forward two miles and took 4,000 prisoners. No doubt the Germans were taken by surprise. Despite the heavy bombardment, they had withdrawn two divisions kept in reserve on the Verdun front a few days earlier. They were confident that the French gun fire was a mere feint, and that there would be no attack. The German troops holding the line fought desperately, but nothing could stand against the dash of the Poilus.

Strategically, the recapture of Fort Douaumont is not a matter of first importance, because it is already clear that, apart from it, Verdun is now safe. The fort is not a centre commanding vital rear lines. But morally, the importance of the recapture would be difficult to overestimate. The French have at a blow deprived the Germans of all the results of five months of hard work and tremendous sacrifice.

German Naval Activity

Will the Allies attempt attacks on other parts of the western line? It is no secret that the Germans are holding many of their positions on the west very lightly. Ypres has become almost an abode of peace; the Yser is calm; at point after point between St. Eloi and the Somme the German rain of high explosives has suddenly ceased. Has the moment come to pierce the German lines at various points?

The German naval raid on the Channel lines of communication is only one proof of many of the greatly increased activity of the German Navy during the past few weeks. The raid was, to be frank, disconcerting, even though it was essentially a failure, for it was generally believed that our precautions were sufficient to make such an attempt impossible. Reports continue to arrive from neutral countries that the Germans intend to attempt a naval offensive on a big scale in the North Sea in the early future. This is not impossible. Obviously the enemy have not spent thousands of millions of marks on their ships to keep them permanently bottled up in the Kiel Canal. Their destroyers and smaller craft show considerable activity and daring, particularly along the Norwegian coast. Lord French has warned us that the enemy may even try to invade us. "An invasion is a possibility, if a remote one," he recently told a Derby audience.

Lord French and Invasion

"I do not say that that is likely, or that it is imminent, but I desire to impress upon you that it is absolutely possible. Unexpected things happen in this war, and we can only be prepared by being properly armed and equipped." These words deserve serious attention.

The increase of German submarine activity cannot be ignored. Mr. Runciman has told us that we have lost by enemy action and marine risks 2,000,000 gross tons of shipping since the war began. This loss continues, and obviously represents a dangerous bleeding away of strength. The Germans are apparently following the plan of destroying not only our merchant ships but the merchant ships of every neutral country which they think dare not resist them by force of arms. They are maintaining in particular a campaign for the destruction of Scandinavian shipping which may yet bring Norway and Sweden on our side in this war. The war against Norwegian ships in particular is being carried on ruthlessly and with no shadow of excuse.

Two ideas underlie this German activity. The first is that every merchant ship which is destroyed makes it more difficult to convey foodstuffs or munitions for the Allies.

The News from Rumania

The second idea is that if the mass of world shipping is destroyed, while German ships remain protected in neutral harbours, then at the end of the war Germany will start her commercial campaigns with a weapon which will give her assured victory in the markets of the world. The only answer of the Allies to this can be a clear statement that one part of our peace terms will be the replacing by Germany from her ships now in being of every merchant vessel of ours or our Allies which the German fleets have sunk.

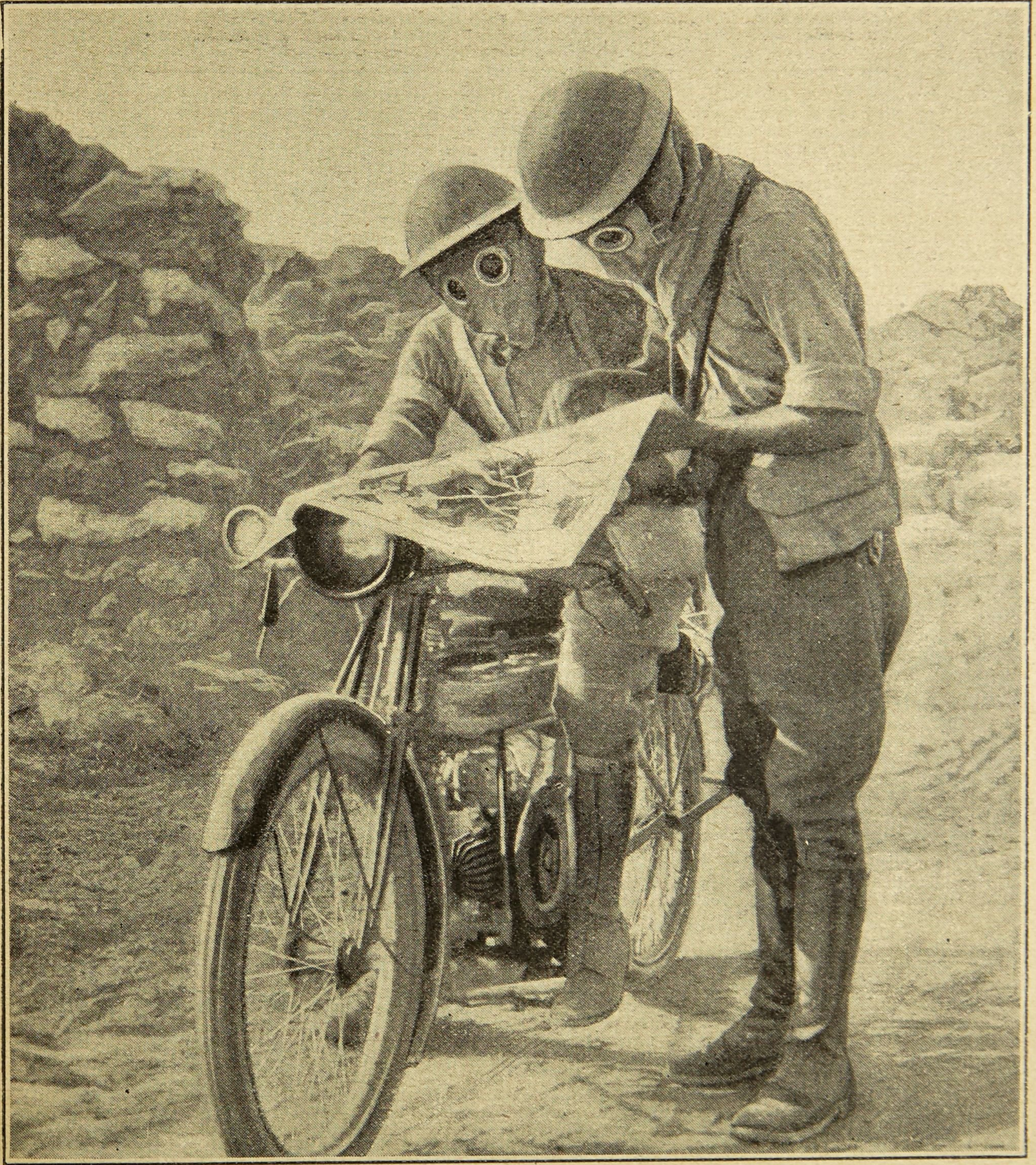
After several very gloomy days the news from Rumania is, as I write, somewhat more cheerful; but even now it cannot be regarded as reassuring. The armies of Mackensen have smashed through the Rumanian line of advance on the Dobruja, occupied Constanza, seized the railway, and compelled the Rumanians to blow up the great Cernavoda Bridge. The Bulgarian forces in the Dobruja now occupy an exceedingly strong line of defence, from which it will be difficult to drive them out. It seems probable that they will try to bridge the Danube and attempt to invade Rumania. From a military point of view the passage of the Danube is quite possible, provided they have adequate strength.

On the west side the Rumanians, after desperate fighting and some defeats, have rallied, and are again fighting hard in the passes. On the Moldavian front the Rumanians, helped by considerable Russian reinforcements, have driven back the enemy and taken many prisoners. News of Rumanian victories also come from other parts on the west, but, unfortunately, the attack against Falkenhayn's advance at the Predeal Pass has, up to the moment of writing, failed.

11th November, 1916. No. 117. Vol. 5.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



CHOICE OF WAYS.—Bulgaria has adopted poison-gas shells, with the result that even despatch-riders have to wear gas helmets when passing through shelled villages. This photograph, taken at Salonika, shows two R.E. cyclists discussing the safest road to Brigade Headquarters. (British official photograph.)

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN RUMANIA?

By Dr. James Murphy

THE thoughts of most earnest followers of the war are to-day anxiously turned to the course of events in the invaded territory and along the north-western frontier of our newest ally, Rumania. When Rumania came into the war, less than three months ago, there was a feeling, originated by some of her own leaders, that her accession to the cause of civilisation would shorten the war by six months. Her initial victories seemed easy and important; but quickly the situation changed, and her retreats under Austro-German pressure brought disappointment where hope had been high. The whole position in Rumania is, however, very obscure to the average British reader, and the Editor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *has therefore invited Dr. James Murphy, the eminent correspondent, whose knowledge of affairs in Italy and the Balkans is exceptional and whose intimacy with the trend of foreign opinion enables him to explain the political significance of events, to contribute the following article, in which there is much to reassure us and to encourage the hope that the course of the hostilities in Rumania may soon bring confidence in their ultimate issue.*

THE dramatic and well-advertised success of the Germans in the Dobruja made a rather premature impression on the public mind. The country was practically unknown, and the stretch over which the Russo-Rumanians were compelled to retreat looked formidable on paper. But when one considers the matter calmly, the success of the enemy appears in a much more subdued light. It remains to be seen whether Mackensen's success in the Dobruja may not be a defeat in disguise.

Too much importance must not be attached to the fall of Constanza or Cernavoda, or the capture of the railroad. A large and well munitioned army of invasion will naturally have the best of it in territory such as the Dobruja, unless the defenders choose to employ very large forces and dig themselves in. For there is no other method of defending the lowland between the last stretches of the Danube and the Black Sea. Writers have spoken of Trajan's Wall, where the Russo-Rumanians took their first stand, as if it were a strong barrier against invaders from the south. It is no such thing. By abandoning it they were forced to uncover Constanza and the railroad from there to Cernavoda; but the town and country thus lost are of little value to the enemy unless he can stay there long enough to replenish his granaries from next year's crop.

The Danube Barrier

The Russo-Rumanian armies chose the Danube as their line of resistance; and time will probably justify the wisdom of their choice. The strategy is analogous to that employed by Austria on the Plain of Friuli. The frontier line ran through the heart of the plain, practically as the Bulgar-Rumanian frontier does in the Dobruja, but Austria made no stand in the lowland. She retired to the Isonzo, and there held back the Italian armies for over a twelvemonth. The Danube may not be as defensible as the Isonzo, but as a natural defensive barrier it is superior to the Rhine.

One must have a broad mental grasp of the map in order to understand the present position of the Rumanian armies. The Carpathians and Transylvanian Alps form two sides of a right-angled triangle. Within the angle is Transylvania, which is part of the Hungarian kingdom. Rumania lies outside the triangle, its inner frontier conterminous with the sides. The Danube forms its outer frontier on the south, south-east, and partly on the east.

If we liken the country to a boot, we shall perhaps get a better idea of its defensibility from a military point of view. The sole of the boot forms the Bulgarian frontier, the Carpathians and the Transylvanian Alps are the instep, the rear of the upper is formed by the last stretches of the Danube. Running along the sole, from the toe inwards, the Danube cuts through the shoulder of the boot at Turtukai and emerges above the heel at Galatz. The heel is the Dobruja. The Danube and mountains are therefore the natural defence, and the Dobruja is an unprotected portion of outlying territory.

According to the German plan of attack, Falkenhayn was to pierce the instep by cutting through the Transylvanian Alps, while Mackensen cut through the shoulder of the boot at Turtukai, and crossed the Danube on his way to meet Falkenhayn, thus severing the territory at the ankle joint. Neither the one nor the other has been successful. Beaten in his attempt to advance beyond Turtukai, Mackensen turned eastward into the Dobruja. I do not know that there are any grounds for supposing that the objective of this attempt to encircle on a wide scale was the Cernavoda Bridge.

It is much more probable that the German commander was seeking for a strategic victory on the grand style. If he could bring about a dislocation of the Rumanian forces, by attracting large bodies of defensive troops into the Dobruja, he would weaken the pressure against Falkenhayn, and thus give his companion a chance of piercing through the passes.

Germany's Plan of Attack

Very strong forces would be necessary to defend the artificial Rumanian frontier in a territory which offers no natural advantages. But the Rumanians did not play the hand for which the German commander had called. Therefore his victory at Constanza and Cernavoda was dramatic and spectacular rather than strategic.

If Mackensen cannot cross the Danube it would have been better for the German cause had he remained at home. His long march, together with that of Falkenhayn, has drawn out the already harassed Austro-German line to an extra length of some seven hundred miles. There must needs be thinning somewhere. There was thinning at Verdun, followed by the sorest consequences. The Austrians tried to thin on the Carso, but the Italians were so hot on their heels that the troops ordered to the Balkan area had to be recalled forthwith. These facts are eloquent proof that the eastern commanders cannot hope for heavy reinforcements, and they have already suffered rather seriously in the venture.

But can the Bulgar-Turco-German forces cross the Danube? And if so, where? At Turtukai they have tried and failed; they are now on its eastern bank at Cernavoda. It is strange that so many writers have fallen into the mistake of saying that they have won the bridge-head. If that were so it would be a serious matter, but it is not so; for the simple reason that you cannot have a bridge-head on the side of the river where the main body of your army lies. The Rumanians have lost a bridge-head, but the Germans have not gained one, for a bridge-head is a relative position. It is established either for defence or attack on the opposite bank of a river, ravine, or valley. It is an outpost line intended for purposes of a stationary rear-guard or advance-guard action.

Can Germany Cross the Danube?

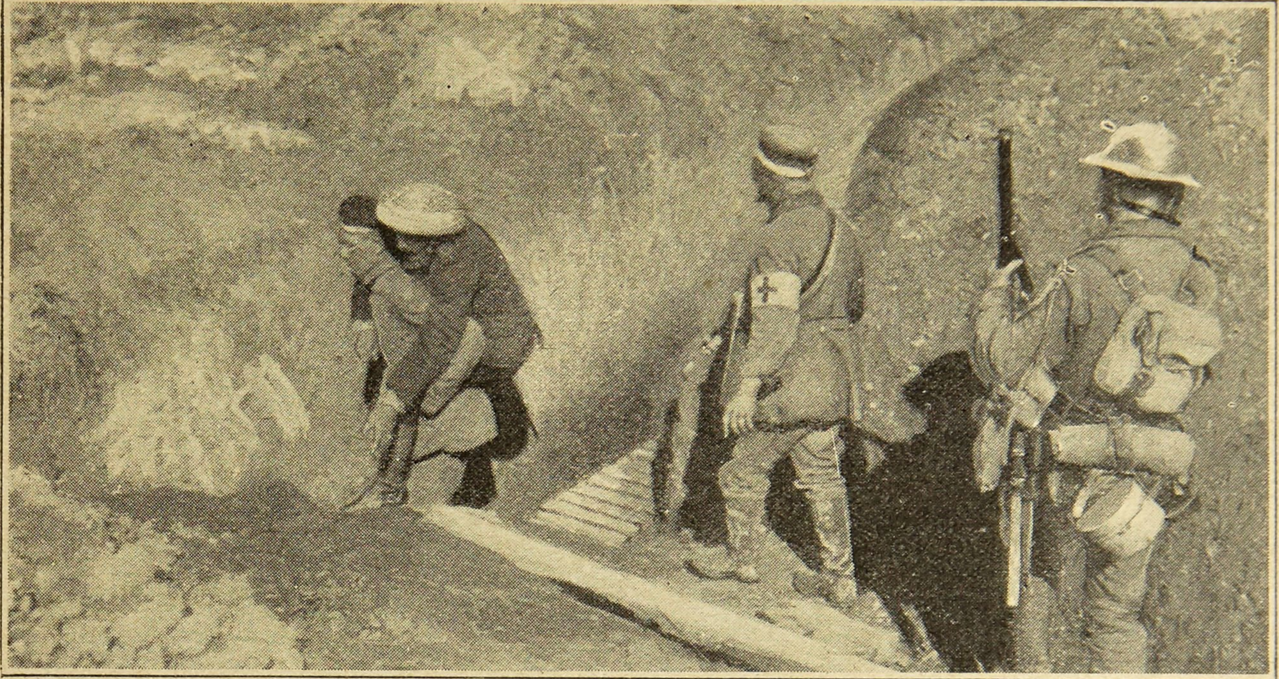
Now, if the German advance-guards can cross the Danube at Cernavoda and establish themselves firmly on the opposite bank, Mackensen will be in a position to say that he has successfully carried out a manœuvre of the utmost military importance. The great bridge, however, has been destroyed. Many of its piers and embankments must still remain, but to rebuild the structure so as to make it capable of bearing heavy bodies of troops and large artillery trains is an impossibility so long as no covering outposts are on the opposite bank. If the Rumanians are here even in moderate strength, with a few well-served batteries, they can hinder the operation indefinitely.

At this point the river, with its marshy banks and

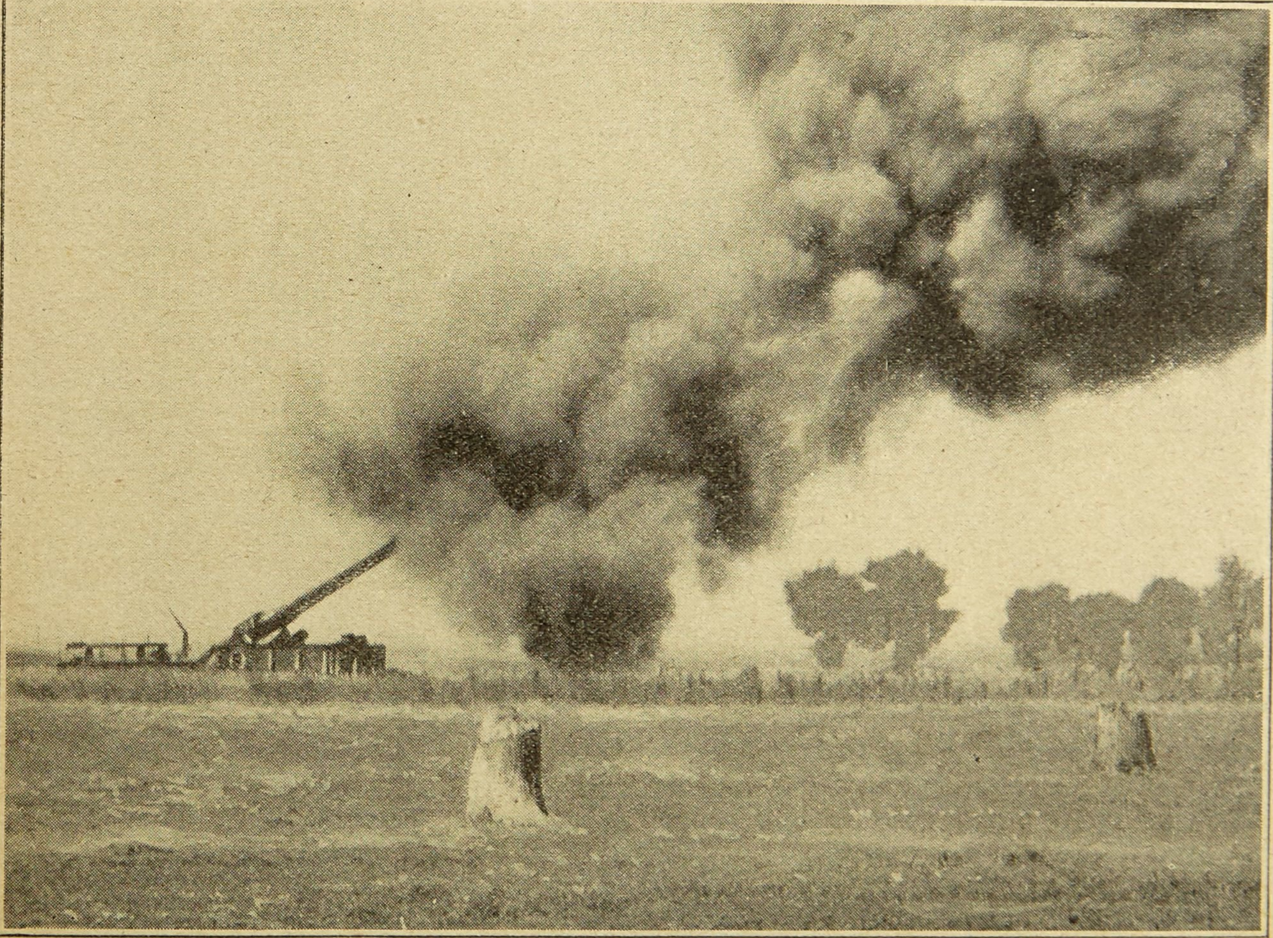
[Continued on page 292

In the Enemy's Trenches After an Advance

British Official Photographs



The language of pity is universal, and friend and foe are ever willing to help each other after a hard fight. This photograph shows a German Red Cross bearer carrying a wounded Briton pickaback.



Enormous smoke cloud emitted by a British gun in action. Such a quantity of smoke would be likely to disclose the position of the weapon to the enemy, but these guns, which move up and down the line on a rail track, are able to shift their position after each shot.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN RUMANIA?

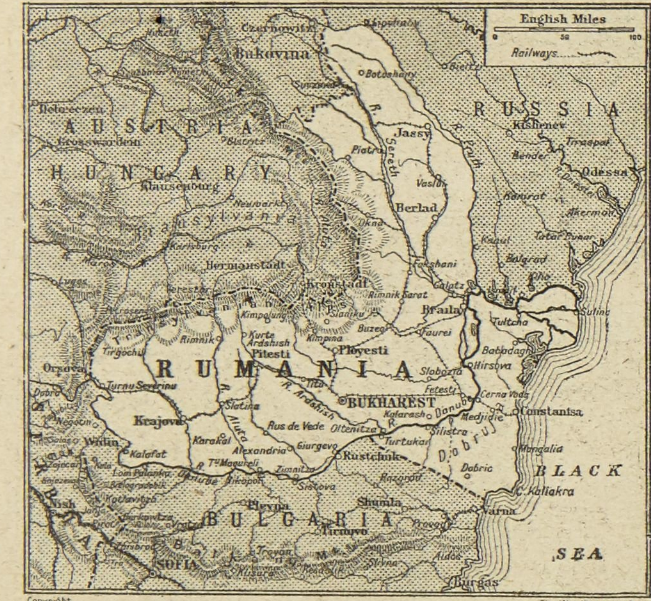
(Contd. from page 290)

lagoons, is about nine miles across; so that the ordinary German artillery cannot cover it with a protecting curtain, whereas the Rumanians can plump their shells into the centre and near sections of the stream. Moreover, the bed is deep and the current is swift, rendering the navigation of it with hastily-built pontoons a matter of supreme difficulty. Not only that, but the project would require an immense amount of prepared material, a large body of skilful engineers, and troops of the very first order—an equipment which the German commander probably does not possess.

If he should attempt to choose another point for crossing, the river will not offer any tempting inducements. Along the whole Bulgar-Rumanian frontier there are no bridges or open gaps which might suggest the possibility of a crossing. From Cernavoda to the sea there is a wide fringe of marshy land on the northern bank and the bed of the river is wide and deep. It is probable, therefore, that the invaders can do nothing better than to fortify themselves in the Dobruja and protect Bulgaria.

Political Aspects of the Campaign

More interesting, and in many respects more enlightening, than the strictly military side of the campaign is the political situation which has been responsible for it. I have not seen this side of the question discussed in the Press, and I imagine that it will be of interest to the general reader. It will also throw light on the reasons which led the Rumanian Staff to adopt the present plan of campaign, and it may go a long way towards answering some of the criticisms which have been offered.


English Miles
0
50
100
Railways
Czernowitz
Bukovina
Botoshany
Debreczen
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
Grosswardein
Klausenburg
Bistritz
Transylvania
Karlsburg
Hermannstadt
Kronstadt
Transylvanian Alps
Jassy
Piatra
R. Sereth
R. Pruth
Vaslui
Berlad
Okna
Fokshani
Rimnik Sarat
Galatz
Braila
RUSSIA
Kishenev
Bender
Tiraspol
Odessa
Akerman
Kahul
Bolgrad
Tatar Bunar
Sulina
Tultcha
Babadagh
Hirsova
Kimpolung
Sinaia
Buzeo
Faurei
Kimpina
Ployesti
Rimnik
Kurte Ardshish
Pitesti
Tirgochil
Orsova
Turnu Severinu
RUMANIA
Slobozia
Fetesti
Cerna Voda
BUKHAREST
R. Ardshish
Danube
Medjidie
Constantsa
Slatina
Krajova
Negotin
Widin
Kalafat
Karakal
R. Aluta
Rus de Vede
Oltenitza
Kalarash
Silistra
Turtukai
Dobruja
Mangalia
Alexandria
Giurgevo
Rustchuk
T. Magureli
Zimnitza
Dobric
Lom Palanka
Belogradchik
Nikopoli
Sistova
Razgrad
BLACK SEA
C. Kaliakra
Nish
Plevna
Shumla
Varna
BULGARIA
Tirnovo
Provadi
SOFIA
Kisura
Slivno
Aidos
Burgas
Copyright
The War Illustrated

General map of Rumania, showing the area of Mackensen's operations in the Dobruja to the Danube at Cernavoda, and of Falkenhayn's advance from Transylvania.

Why did the Rumanians decide to throw the main body of their Army into Transylvania? Why did they not attack Bulgaria directly, thus forming a heavy hammer for the Salonika anvil, or vice versa? To answer these questions we had best ask another. Why did Germany decide to weaken her line in other fields so that she might defend the Hungarians in Transylvania? To this latter question the answer is important. The heavy Austrian losses in Volhynia and on the Italian front deprived the Dual Monarchy of an adequate defence against the new enemy. On the eve of Rumanian intervention the Hungarian Parliament clamoured loudly for the protection of Hungary. According to the articles of union, Hungary ought to have control of her national militia for purposes of territorial defence. At the stormy sitting of August 24th Stephen Rakowshy, one of the leaders of the popular party, declared that a most critical moment in the nation's life was at hand. Tisza was openly accused of having sacrificed Hungarian interests to Austro-German Imperial dreams. "Tisza," said Count Szechenyci on September 3rd, "has left Hungary open to the invader." That Minister replied that no help could be forthcoming from Austria, because she was so sorely tried on all sides.

Hungary's Ultimatum to Her Allies

The Hungarians were then face to face with the sheer necessity of saving their country from destruction. Rather than endure invasion and see their land laid waste, the popular party decided on a desperate alternative. Either they must be guaranteed sufficient troops to protect them or they would ask the Entente for terms of an independent peace. Count Andrassy went to Vienna and to German Headquarters. The message he brought was in the nature of an ultimatum. Hungary would secede rather than see the invader in Transylvania.

On Count Andrassy's return the popular party ceased its clamourings. Hungary had received guarantees. Of what nature were these? One had not far to seek for an answer; for soon a great advertisement campaign calmed the minds of the populace. Hindenburg was approaching with 800,000 men. The cinemas showed pictures of the German phalanx; and the official communiqués, which announced the approach of the Rumanians, added by way of postscript the news that German troops were arriving.

Into this setting we must place the change in the German General Staff which brought about the retirement of Falkenhayn and the official apotheosis of Hindenburg. At that time it was generally supposed by outsiders that the reason of Falkenhayn's retirement was due to the fact that he had counselled a shortening of the western front. Being in communication with reliable sources of information I happened to know that the substitution of Hindenburg for Falkenhayn had nothing to do with internal jealousies or bickerings or recriminations in the German Staff. The change was a surrender to outside influences. Hindenburg as head of the General Staff was the official guarantee that Germany would keep her promise with the Magyars. In South Germany and Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria Hindenburg is looked upon as the bulwark of the eastern defence. He cares little for the western front.

Hindenburg Hungary's Hope

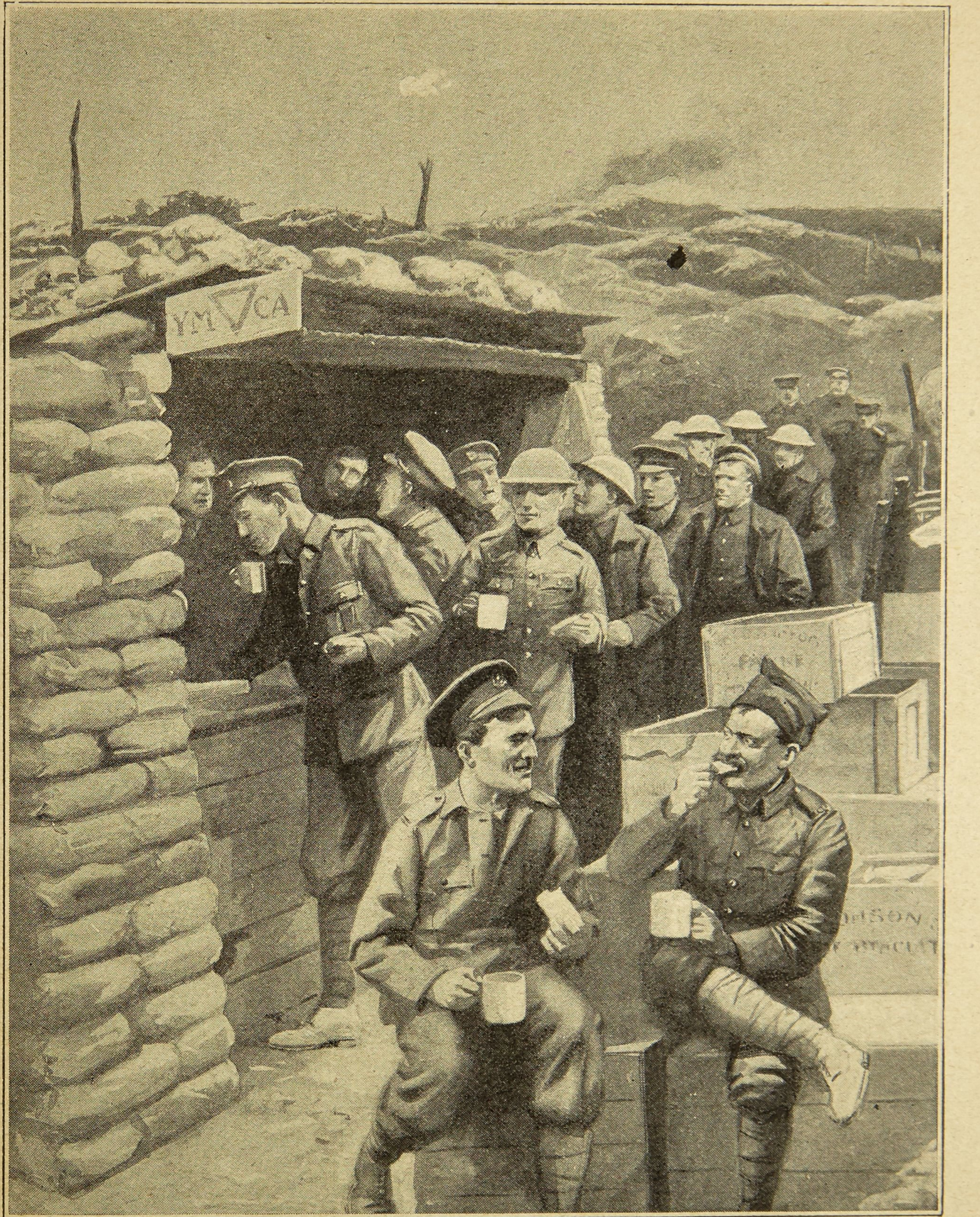
Both he and Mackensen have always confined their interests to the east. Both contravened the wisdom of the attack on Verdun, and it is generally said that Hindenburg is anxious to shift the military centre of gravity from the west. Anyhow, his appointment was hailed in glowing terms by the Hungarian and Bulgar Press. And in order to give assurance of her kindly interest Prussia showered honours thick and fast on Hungary by sending Falkenhayn into Transylvania.

What has been said of Count Andrassy's mission is also true of Tzar Ferdinand. The Bulgarians were in sore straits and cried for help. To keep the road to the East open, and save Germany's dream of Oriental expansion, Mackensen was sent into the Dobruja; to save the Central Empires from internal disruption Falkenhayn organised the defences of Transylvania.

We can now see the reasons for the swift thrust which the Rumanians made through the Transylvanian Alps. Realising the critical condition of affairs in Hungary, they felt that if they could once get a strong footing in the country they might precipitate a political crisis and disrupt the Central Powers. They are Latins, and have the traditional Latin eye for political effects. These considerations are stated here because they offset so many remarks which have been made to the effect that in the Transylvanian campaign Rumania was actuated not so much by large motives envisaging the whole allied cause as by the narrower political desire to redeem her own kith and kin.

If Rumania left the Dobruja not sufficiently defended it must have been because she chose the Danube as her line of defence while she struck north-westward; or, perhaps, she did not foresee the full striking power of Mackensen's forces, or she may have expected that the pressure from Salonika would be able to hold the Bulgars in check. Anyhow, there is no reason for supposing that she made a serious mistake, and those who follow closely the different stages of the campaign will realise that the tactics of her commanders have so far been sound.

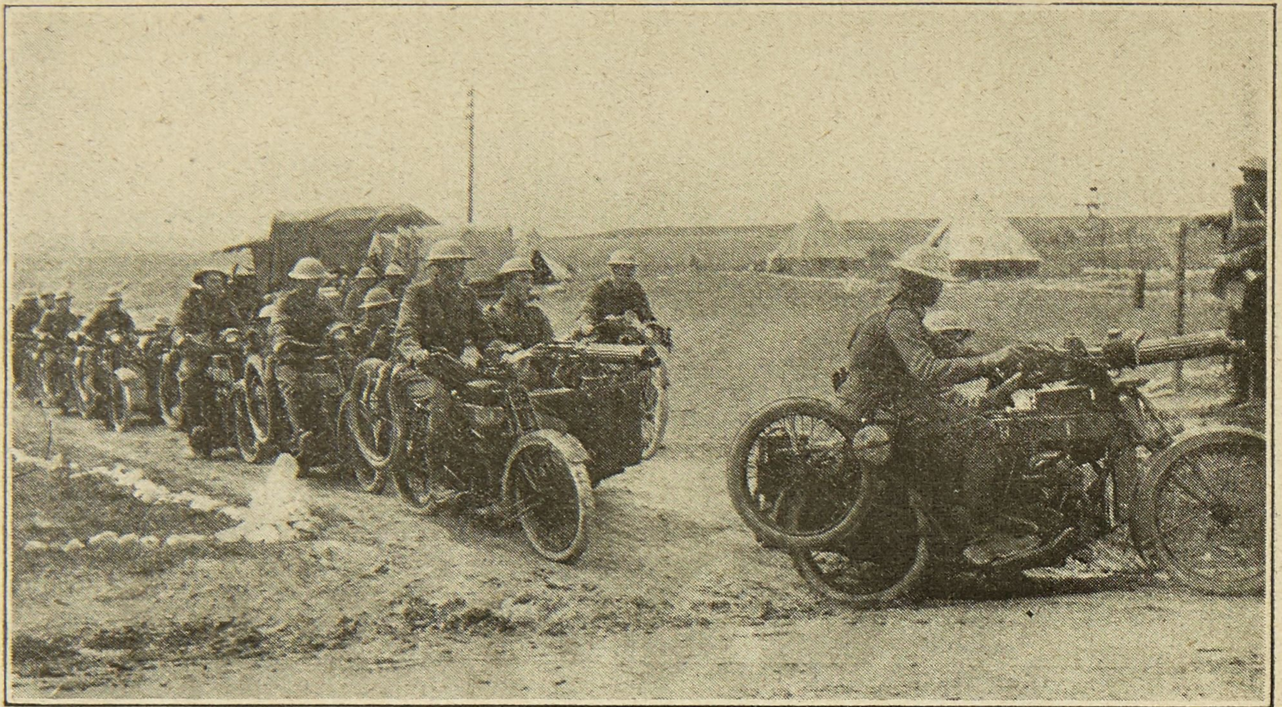
Brisk Business at the Y.M.C.A. Trench Buffet



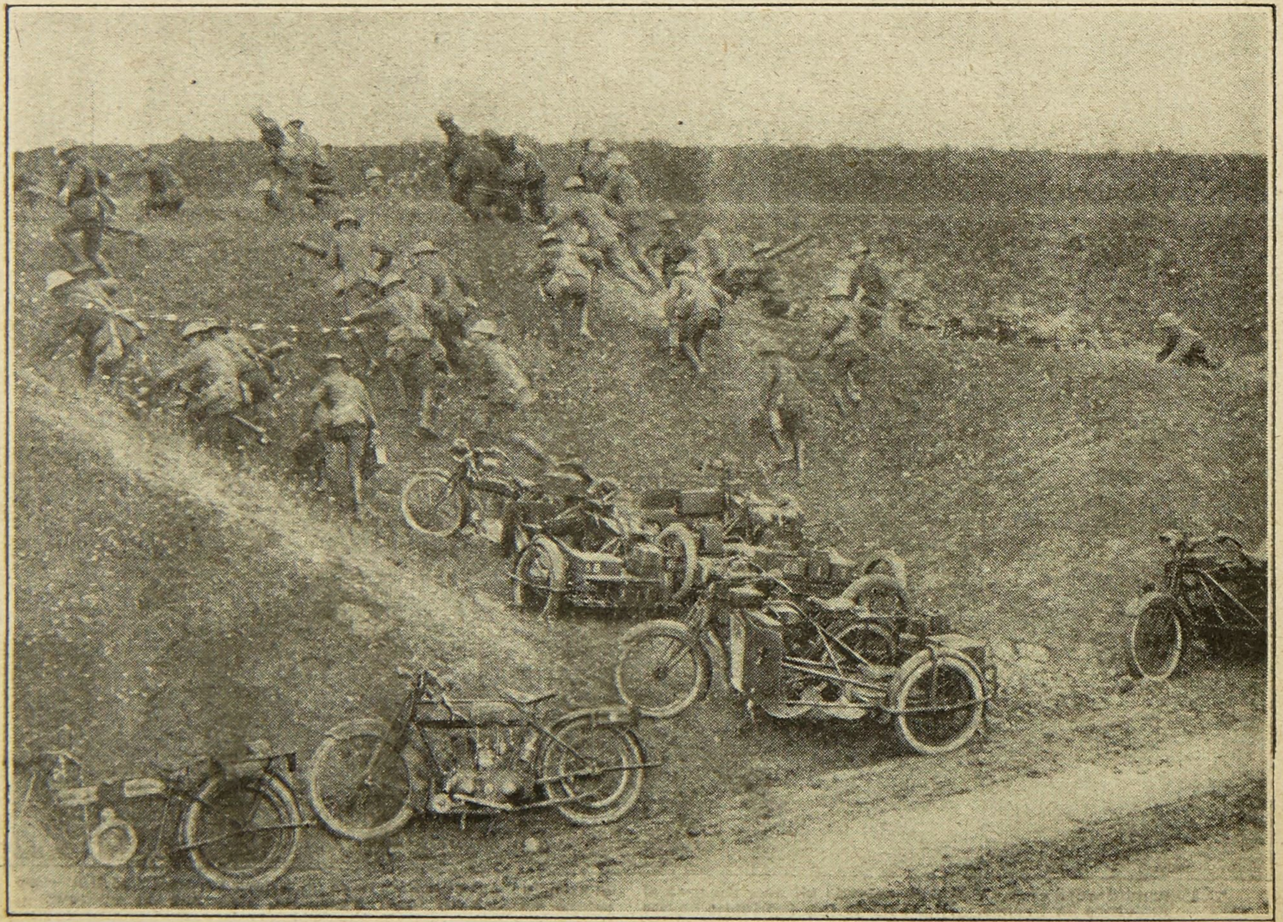
The splendid work of the Y.M.C.A. extends all over the area of British activities in France. Right up to the fighting-line the Y.M.C.A. is tending the interests of the British soldier with truly Christian solicitude. This illustration shows a number of men, just out of action, lined up before a trench Y.M.C.A – on where necessities, food, cigarettes, etc., can be obtained at reasonable prices. This timely innovation protects men from exorbitant tariffs charged by shopkeepers in the battle-zone.

Motor Machine-Gun Battery Dashes Into Action

British Official Photographs



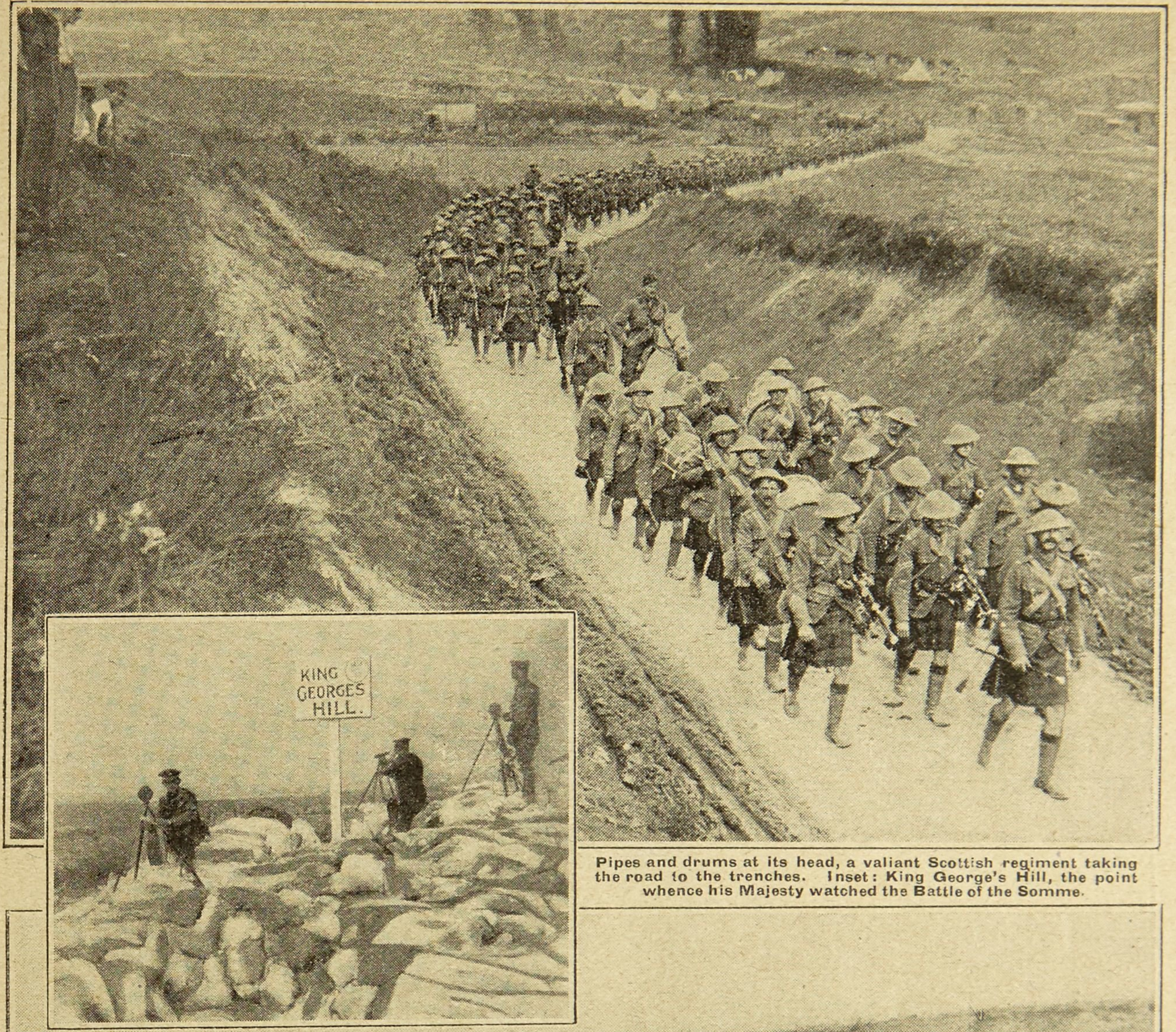
Machine-guns of all kinds have been among the most effective weapons of the war, the Germans especially having relied upon them in every area of their fighting. This fine photograph shows a British motor machine-gun battery leaving camp in response to a signal.



Leaving their motors in the cover afforded by a sunken road, the men carry their machine-gun up the slope and hurry forward to the point where they are to come into action. every man's figure a study of eagerness and indomitable resolution.

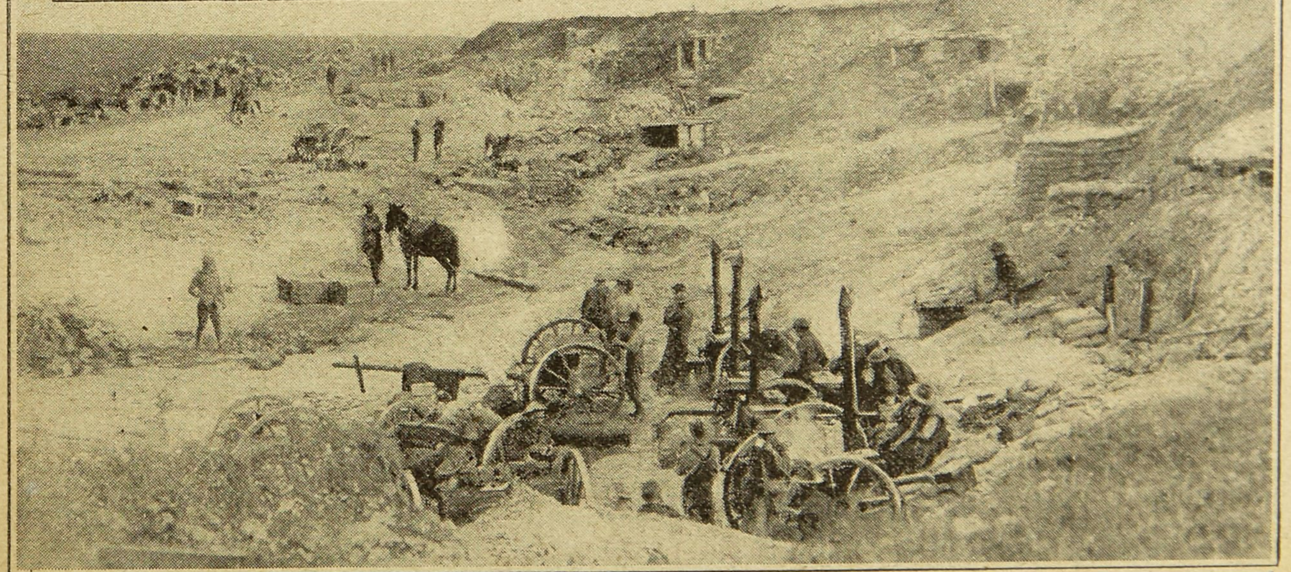
Highlanders and Anzacs Where the Battle Rolls

British Official Photographs



KING GEORGES HILL.

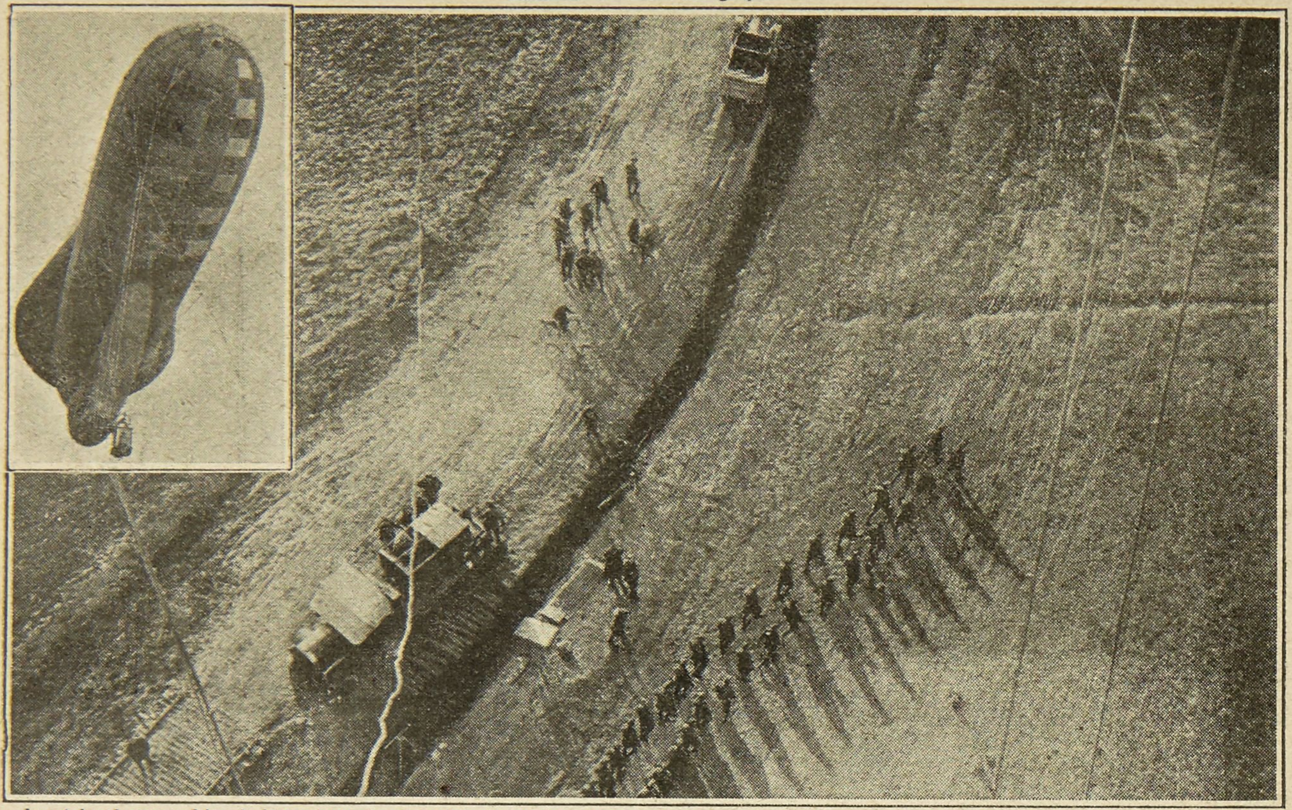
Pipes and drums at its head, a valiant Scottish regiment taking the road to the trenches. Inset: King George's Hill, the point whence his Majesty watched the Battle of the Somme.



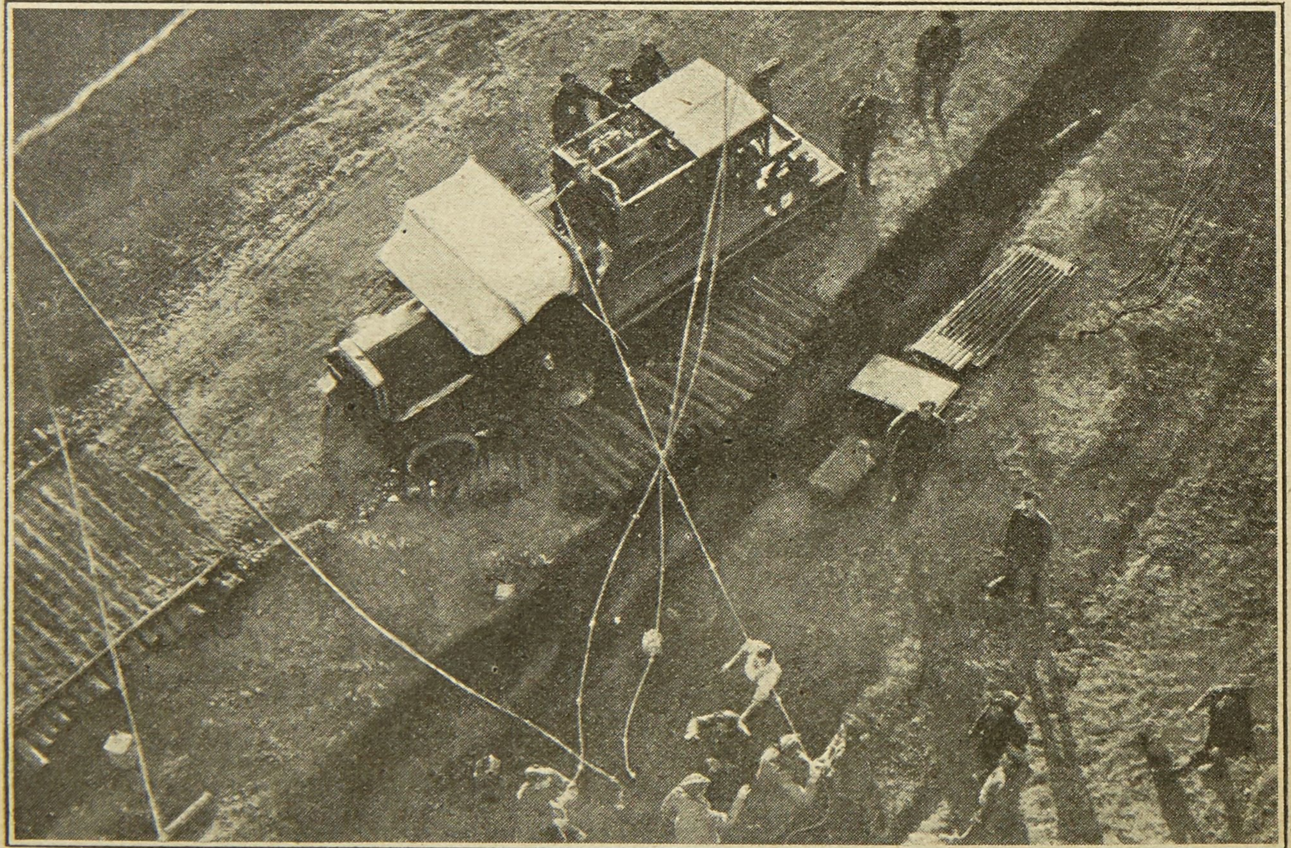
Field-kitchen within the Australian lines. Some of the men are enjoying a cup of tea. In the background can be seen a terrace of dug-outs, each entrance being neatly supported by sandbags and roofed with squares of corrugated iron.

Bird's-eye Views from a Hovering Kite-Balloon

Canadian Official Photographs



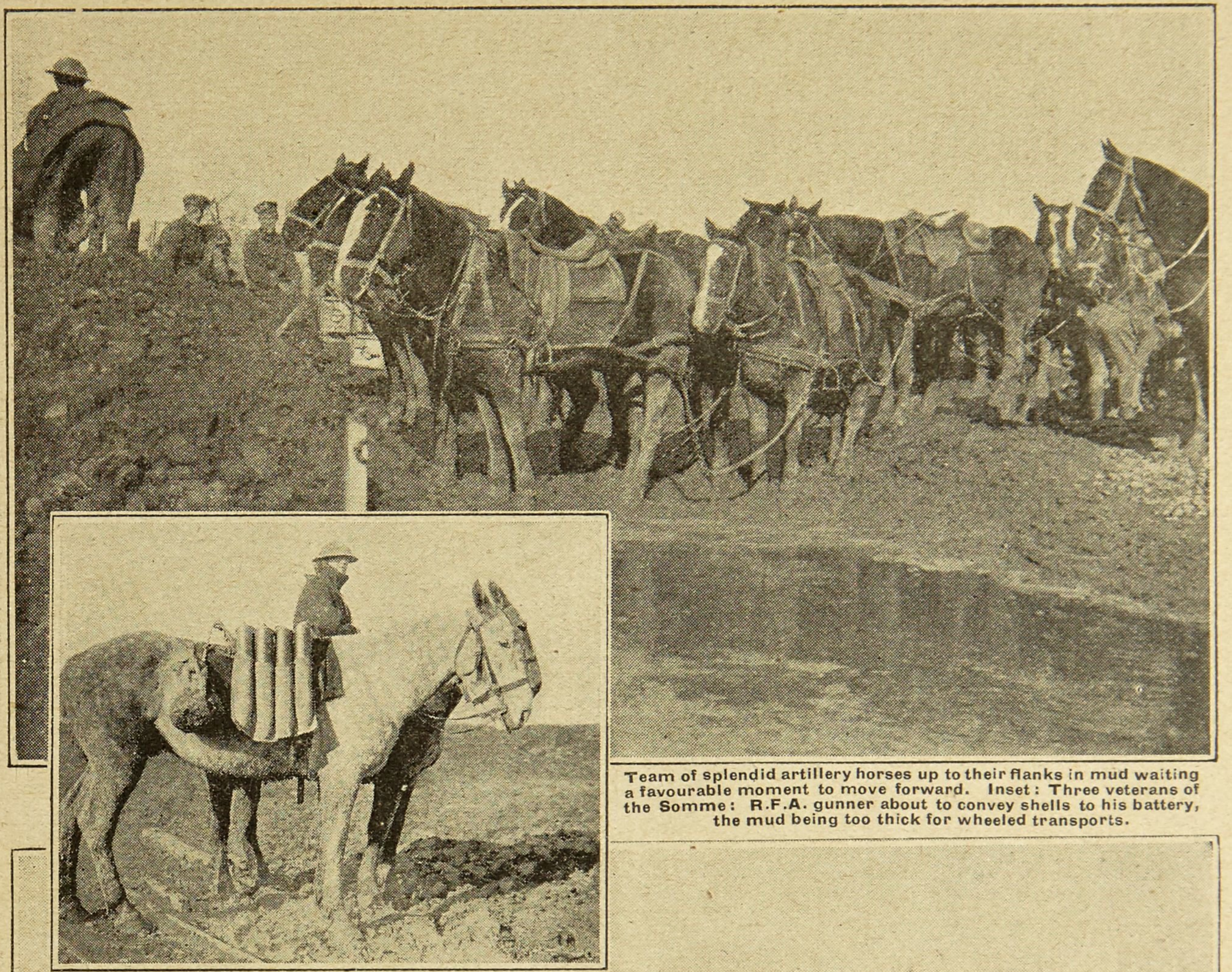
Inset is shown a kite-balloon hovering in mid-air on the western front. The large photograph, taken from the balloon, shows the kite's crew marching back to their station after their charge has ascended and their immediate job is finished.



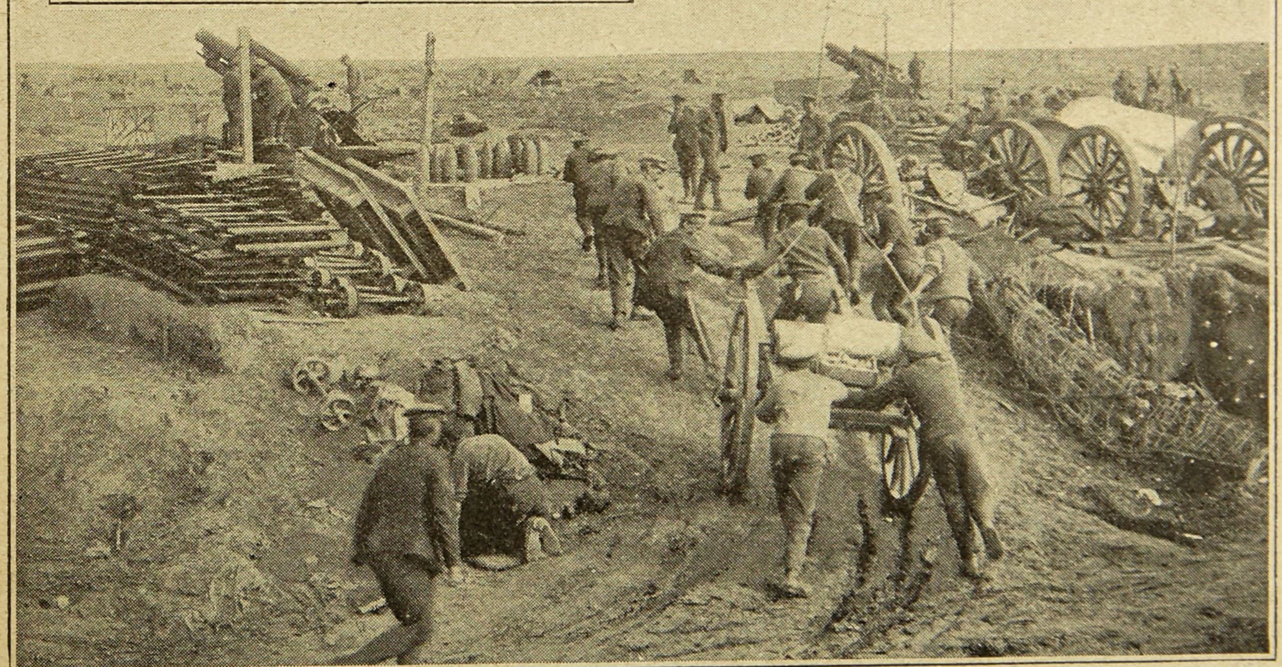
The crew and windlass of the kite-balloon at work as seen from the observation car of the balloon. To obtain the right effect of these fine photographs they should be laid on the floor at the reader's feet and looked at from above.

Ever-Ready Response to the Call for Shells

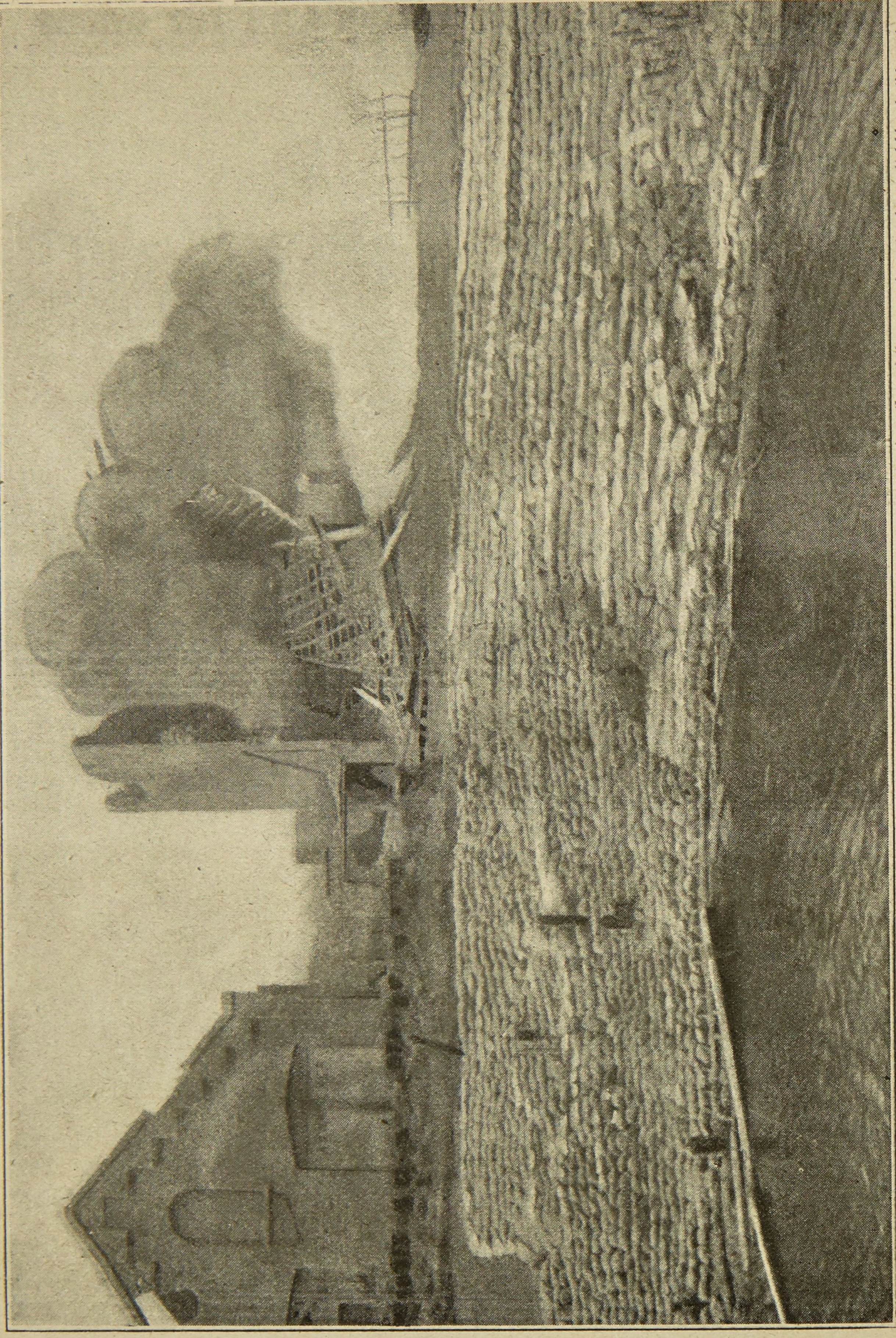
British Official Photographs



Team of splendid artillery horses up to their flanks in mud waiting a favourable moment to move forward. Inset: Three veterans of the Somme: R.F.A. gunner about to convey shells to his battery, the mud being too thick for wheeled transports.



General view of two siege-howitzers in action. The whole field is a conglomeration of rails, wheels, barbed-wire, etc., the former apparently protecting the gun crew's "funk" hole. In the foreground willing arms combine to haul two huge shells to the reserve.



LIVELINESS ON THE YSER.—Exactly two years ago the Germans were making terrific efforts to burst the thin Belgian line and gain Calais. They were never nearer a goal than that one. Only the most superhuman defence put up by men fatigued by continuous fighting since Liege stopped the grey charge. Since those gloomy hours the Belgian Army has been remodelled into formidable strength, and the enemy has struck no vital blow in this sector. Save for occasional bombardments, such as is dramatically depicted in this photograph, the Belgian front has enjoyed comparative calm. Note how the embankment has been consolidated with sandbags.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

France Triumphant at Verdun

by Max Pemberton

THE communiqués told us on the evening of Tuesday, October 24th, that the French had that day won a great and striking victory at Verdun. Coming as it did upon the unsatisfactory tidings from the Dobruja, the good news would have been welcome in any case, but, associated with Verdun and our gallant Allies, it provoked an enthusiasm such as we have rarely witnessed since the days of the Marne. Very properly men said that it was more than a set-off to Mackensen's success. But there was more than this in their tribute—a realisation perhaps of the true meaning of this famous story; a retrospect which could not but stir the pulse.

Verdun! In what letters of gold is not the name written in the history of Armageddon! Very early in the war we had a picture of the Kaiser standing "in shining armour" upon the heights above Nancy and watching the slaughter of his troops who were battling westward toward the citadel. Many men then heard of Verdun for the first time since the outbreak of hostilities. Great as the fortress was, it stood for little to the uninformed. Even the ancients who remembered "'70" would also recollect how little was done at Verdun during those memorable days. True, a part of Bazaine's army was there at the outbreak of hostilities. Napoleon rode thence to Saarbrücken and witnessed his son's baptism of fire—that wholly theatrical display which was so soon to become a tragedy.

Critical Hours at Verdun

When the French, fighting gallantly as ever, were beaten at Mars-la-Tour, the Emperor quietly entered his carriage, and surrounded by an escort of hussars set off to Verdun. But the fortress, though one of the greatest in France, never loomed large in the fighting, and there was a time even in the present campaign when it seemed that a similar story might be told of it. This was in the early days. The war had swung northward. The line of the Aisne permitted the faint hearts to speak of "stalemate." There were the terrible days in Flanders, when our men lived in ditches and the Germans fired a hundred rounds of their artillery for every four we could muster. Verdun became, as it were, a side-show. People rarely spoke of it until that famous February 1st in this present year of grace, when there came the startling news from Paris that the Crown Prince's army had opened a terrible bombardment upon the outer works and that Verdun suddenly had become the danger-point.

They were critical hours. For three days Paris was at a tension. Was it possible that the French Staff had been caught napping and had made no adequate provision against the vast preparations of men, guns, and material the Huns were known to have completed on the eastern bank of the Meuse? It might have seemed so in the first hours of this titanic conflict. The thinly-held line was driven in by an artillery bombardment surpassing all precedence. There were orderly retreats, shortenings of the line, throwing up of new defences; the summoning of new generals; the reorganisation of commands.

The Key of the Coveted City

With an unfailing instinct, Joffre sent for the one man who was to save Verdun—General Pétain, the possessor of one of the shrewdest brains in France. We know the sequel well. Reserves were hurled forward in camions. A subtle strategy yielded fort or hill when the Boche had paid the price. We began to hear of the attack in waves. Vast masses of Germans would suddenly leap from their trenches and cross the terrible zone, shoulder to shoulder, as sheep for the slaughter. They were mown down by the thousand and the hundred thousand. In a despatch—the best that the war has given us—Lord Northcliffe told how, standing with a battery of French artillery, he witnsesed a whole plain covered suddenly with the blue-grey forms; heard the deadly rattle of the "75's"; perceived that plain blotted out by a loom of thick black smoke; watched the smoke drift away, and then looked for the hosts that had been. But not a German could he see.

Of all the thousands who had rushed valiantly to the attack not ten minutes before, the glass could not discern a single stricken man advancing or retreating. Such slaughter went on day by day, until April 9th made it clear that the great assault had failed and that Verdun was saved.

For all the French gallantry, the situation of the splendid citadel became precarious more than once before July had come. The chief of its great strongholds were lost by then. Haudromont Quarries had gone; the village of Vaux and the citadel of Vaux were taken with terrible German loss—above all, Berlin had become delirious at the capture of Douaumont. This fell on February 26th and moved the Kaiser to a frenzy of bombast even he has rarely surpassed. It was the key to the coveted city, he said.

The Somme and the Meuse

In Berlin they even cried the fall of Verdun itself. Only in Paris was there no excitement. The "Il les aura" of Pétain was never for an instant forgotten. The French believed that the Germans would never get there, and they were right. July 1st brought our own great offensive on the Somme and ended in a twinkling the menace to Verdun.

For the next three months we heard little news from this sector. Everybody supposed there was great inactivity there. But if we had forgotten the citadel, we were reminded of it on August 18th, when the French retook Fleury after a brilliant assault. Then again came stagnation. All the beautiful district of the Meuse appeared to have dropped out of the picture. If we tried to conjure up the scene, we saw trenches but lightly held; artillery that but nibbled the enemy; the somnolence of the hill-lands in the truce beyond the river.

Verdun itself, lying in the hollow of the hills, we knew to be grievously hurt. The beauty of its ancient buildings was sadly marred. The churches were but ruins; its splendid buildings but whited sepulchres. Occasionally travellers gave an account of the country to those who were unfamiliar with it. I have seen many word-pictures of Verdun, but none which described it in a sentence so well as that phrase of Lord Northcliffe which says: "It is like looking down on Perth from the hills round about."

General Joffre Strikes

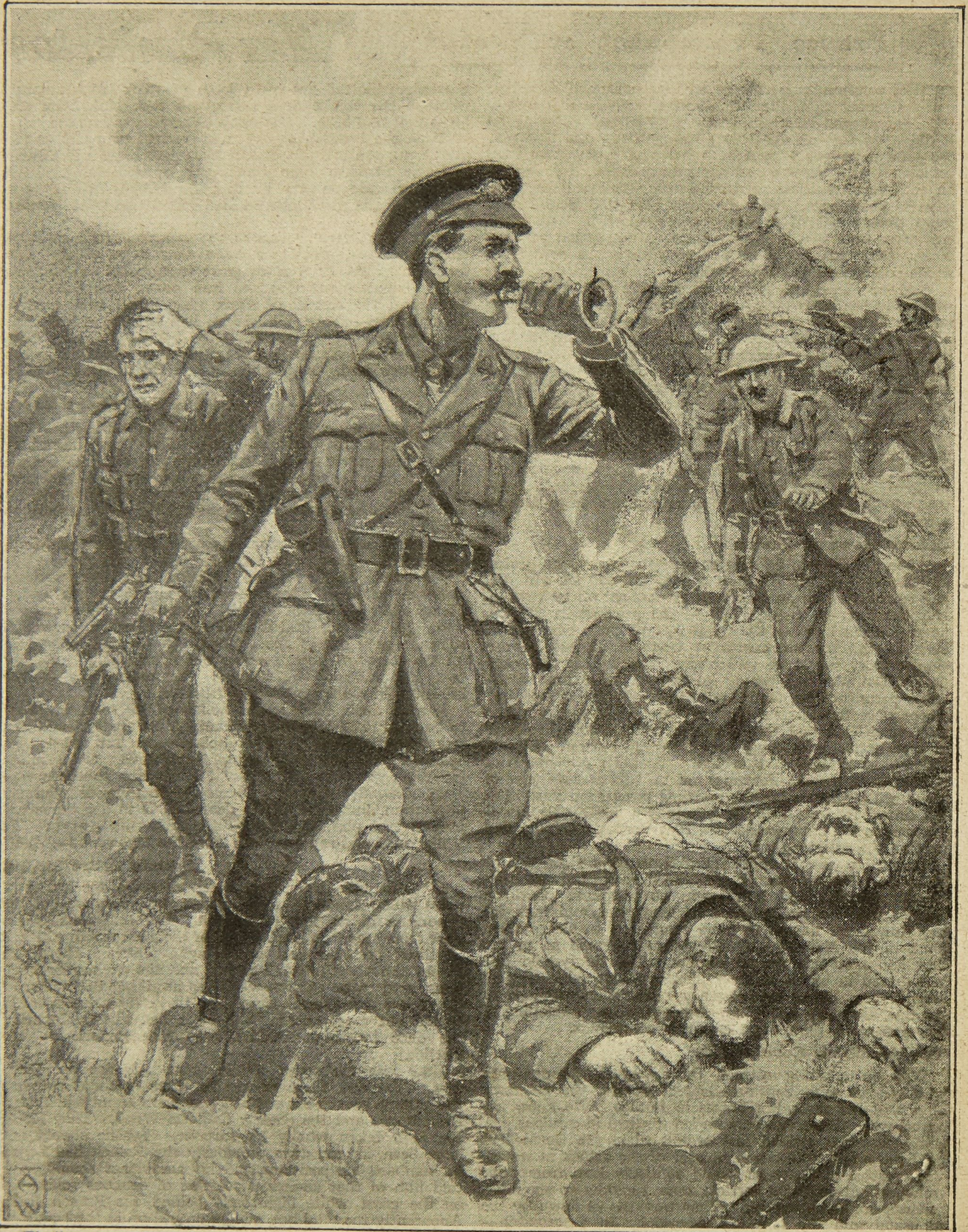
If these hills be imagined to be twice the height of those which surround the Scottish city, then we get the panorama in its due proportion. The hill upon which Fort Douaumont is built rises, for instance, to an altitude of three hundred and eighty-eight metres. There are others almost as high all about, and the ravines between them used to be as picturesque as anything the Valley of the Meuse can show. Now they are sadly scarred—their woods but cemeteries; their trees but ghosts haunting the once beautiful woodlands so characteristic of the district.

Here was the scene of the great advance on Tuesday. Through these ravines in three splendid columns the gallant French set out at 11.40 upon Haudromont and Douaumont and the ghastly Caillette Wood. They found the Hun taken wholly by surprise. Yet he should not have been, for ten days previously the French had begun to bombard his positions, and his aeroplanes should have told him of that endless procession of camions rolling up on the great white high-roads behind the French lines. Apparently they did not, and he droned on in the lazy confidence that the Somme was occupying all the Allies' energies.

For ten days this belief seemed justified. Rain fell

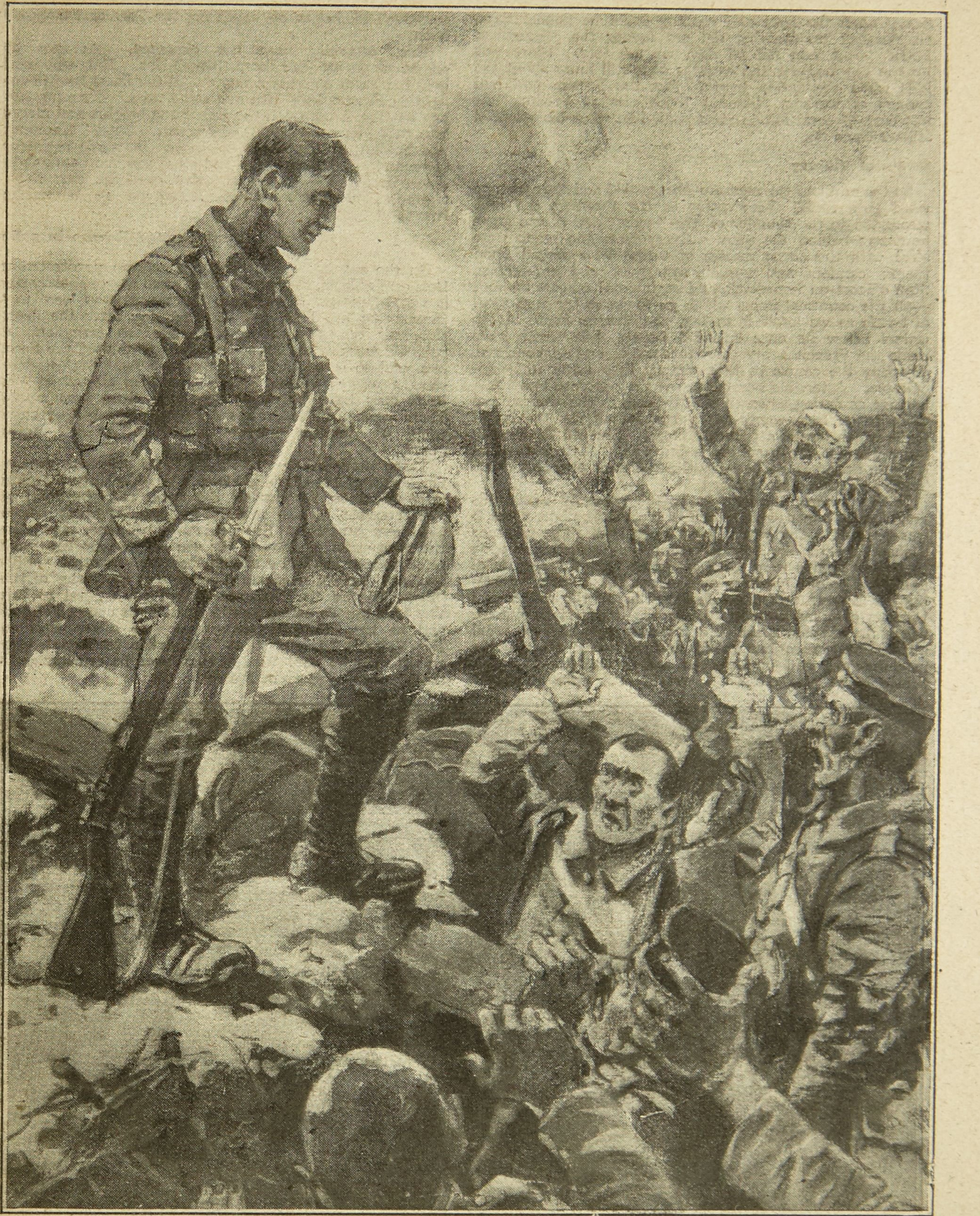
[Continued on page 302.

Rally to the Music of the Huntsman's Horn



The "most conspicuous bravery and able leading in an attack," which won the Victoria Cross for Temp. Lieut.-Colonel John Vaughan Campbell, D.S.O., of the Coldstream Guards, were distinguished by a particularly English touch which will make his deed ever memorable. In a charge the first two waves of the battalion were decimated by machine-gun and rifle fire, and the colonel rallied his men by blowing the horn he used as Master of the Tanat Side Harriers, Shropshire. The men responding at once, the colonel led them against the machine-guns, capturing them, after disposing of the foe in vigorous fight.

One Englishman Takes 100 Germans Prisoner



The annals of the Victoria Cross contain no incident that is not thrilling in its devotion to duty, the splendour of its courage, or the sublimity of its self-sacrifice. Among them all there are few so utterly amazing as the achievement of the soldier which is the subject of this illustration. Private Thomas Alfred Jones, of the Cheshire Regiment, went out against an enemy sniper and killed him, and then shot two more men who were sniping him. He next reached a German trench, and single-handed disarmed no less than a hundred and two of the enemy, including officers, and marched them back to our lines through a heavy barrage.

FRANCE TRIUMPHANT AT VERDUN

(Continued from page 299.)

incessantly. The deep ravines ran with water. Mists loomed above the river. The dolour of autumn lay heavy upon the land and nothing could be done. Even on Tuesday the weather did not favour the glamour of battle. Fine rain fell all day, we are told. There was mist in the morning and wreaths of it still hung about the hills when the action began. But the French had had enough of waiting. General Joffre was at Verdun. At any cost, General Pétain must show him what his splendid fellows could do.

Dawn of Victory

So the rain and the mist are disregarded and the welcome word goes forth. Very early in the morning the hills resounded to the thunder of the "75's" and of the great howitzers behind the lines. Everywhere the roads were alive with the dense masses of troops who moved upon them; camions and cannon, transport and ambulance, Staff officers on horseback, and regimental officers on foot—all the countless items which go to make the sum total of battle as we know it to-day. In Verdun itself, in the cellars below its once splendid houses, those who have made the French Army what it is sat in earnest conclave, directing the course of that victory they knew to be inevitable. A terrible bombardment they decreed upon it, a barrage as daring as any yet attempted. The troops were often to be but twenty-five yards behind the torrent of shells which hewed a path for them. Thus do the French wage war—so are their losses but few. They took more German prisoners on Tuesday than all their own casualties. Truly an astounding victory!

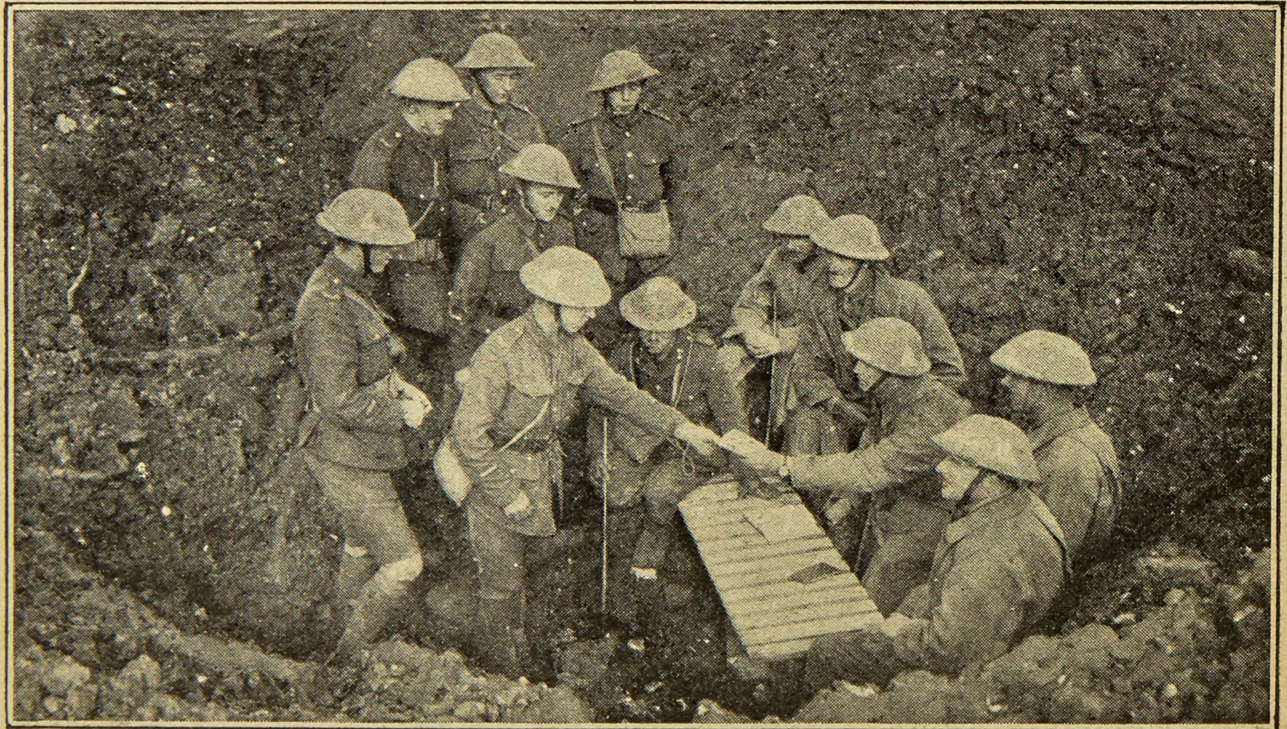
It was twenty minutes to twelve precisely when this great battle began, and after five o'clock at night when it was finished. The word being given, the three columns dashed forward like hounds that are unleashed, and soon their grey figures were to be discerned behind a curtain of flame and smoke, pressing on through the ravines, swarming the heights, and anon disappearing in the woods and thickets of a far horizon. Upon the left at Haudromont, where the hill-side is a hive of quarries, they had expected a fierce resistance but found nothing worse than a few machine-guns still undestroyed and a few hundred desperate Huns who crossed bayonets with them but were speedily worsted. A rocket soon signalled to General Joffre that the quarries had been taken, and hardly was this splendid news realised when the Staff heard with amazement that the general in command of the centre had surpassed all hopes by capturing the Fort of Douaumont itself.

This, certainly, was not expected. At the best an envelopment had been looked for. But who could hold the Poilu on such a day? All the finest traditions of fighting France were with him as he went. Cheering like a boy at play, he stormed the forbidding heights and plunged into that maze of trench and dug-out. Soon "Kamerad" was holding up his hands or dying. A whole regimental command was taken here—and next day the commanding officer came up from the very depths of the pit. Such a triumph could not have been looked for by the warmest friends of France.

What France Rewon in a Day

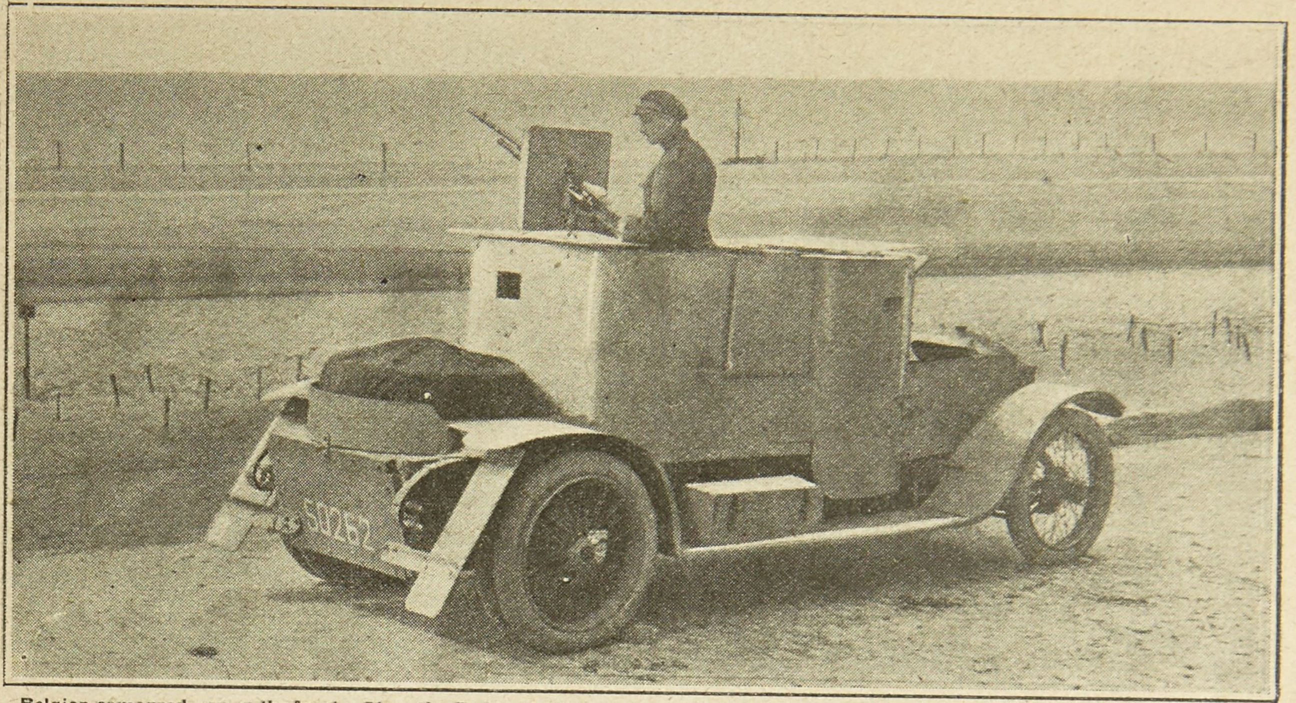
On the extreme right, the third column penetrated the Bois du Caillette, that place of the skull whose ghastly story is world-famous. These were the troops who were to be threatening the Fort of Vaux next day after the fiercest slaughter of the battle. But here, as elsewhere, the splendid work of the French artillery minimised the French loss, and so wonderfully did the men fight that their onslaught proved wholly irresistible. The citadel of Vaux itself may have fallen by the time these lines appear. There would, indeed, appear to be nothing this superb army of Verdun cannot accomplish in its present mood.

Three thousand five hundred Boche prisoners were the first-fruits of Tuesday's advance. Another fifteen hundred were taken on Wednesday the 25th, and the total was five thousand by the 26th. The material booty has not been less generous. Europe rightly deemed this one of the most striking victories the war in the west has vouchsafed to us. And why should there be any other verdict? Has not France rewon in a single day the losses of those bloody battles the Germans waged from April to July? The Hun stands where he did toward the end of February, and he has sacrificed 500,000 men to attain that end. The Kaiser's "bright jewel" has fallen to French valour and efficiency; and Verdun shall ever be remembered to the honour and glory of France.

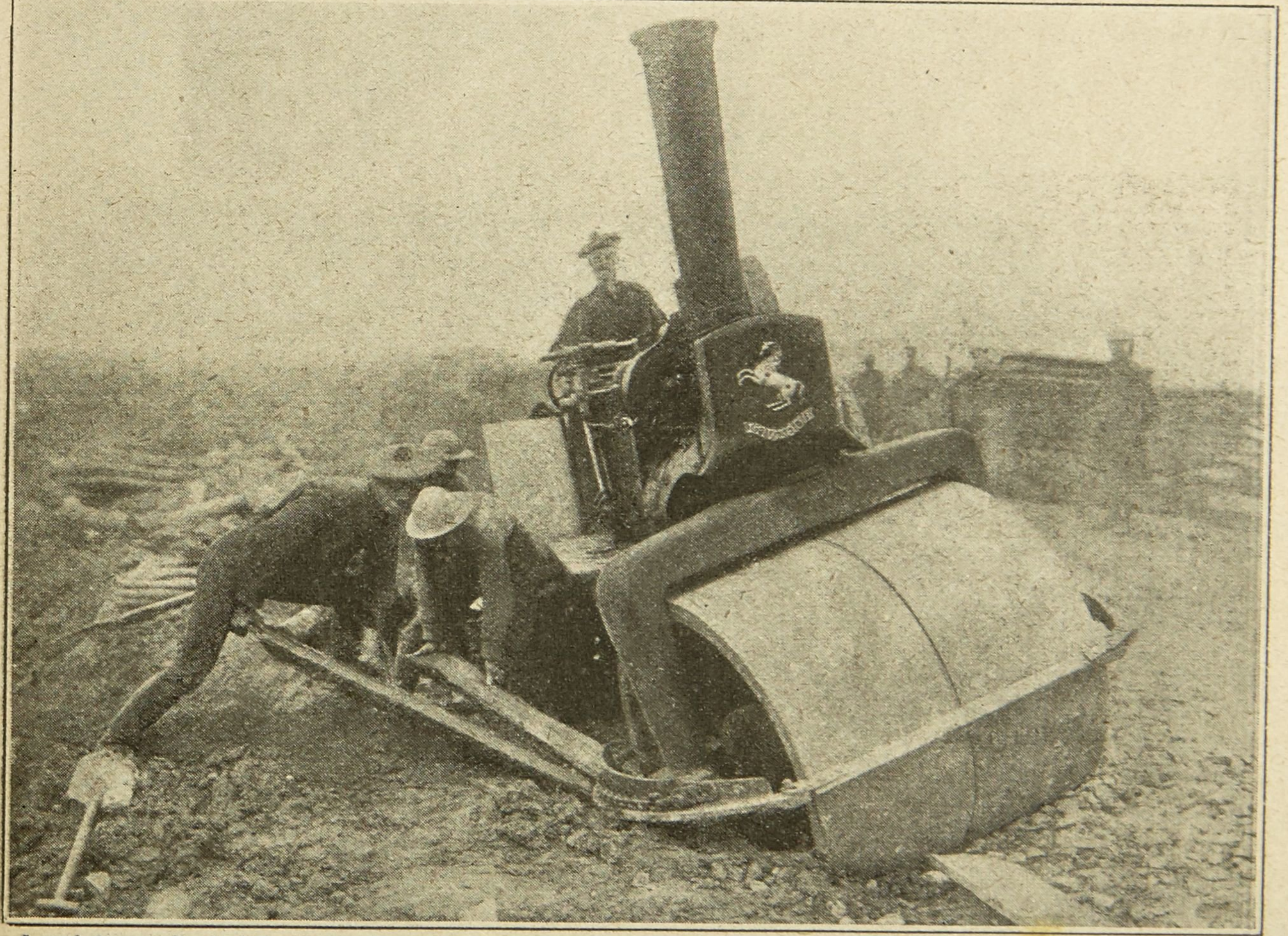


"SHELLING OUT" IN A SHELL-HOLE.—With characteristic placidity the officers of a certain regiment on the western front utilised a shell-hole as the local branch of their pay department, and, comfortably installed at the bottom, "shelled out" their pay to the men on presentation of their pay-books. (Official photograph.)

Power and Impotence: Contrast in Mechanism



Belgian armoured-car on the front. Since the Battle of the Yser the Belgian Army has been reconstructed, newly equipped, and well supplied with munitions. It had plenty of defensive fighting until the Somme offensive drew the Germans southwards.

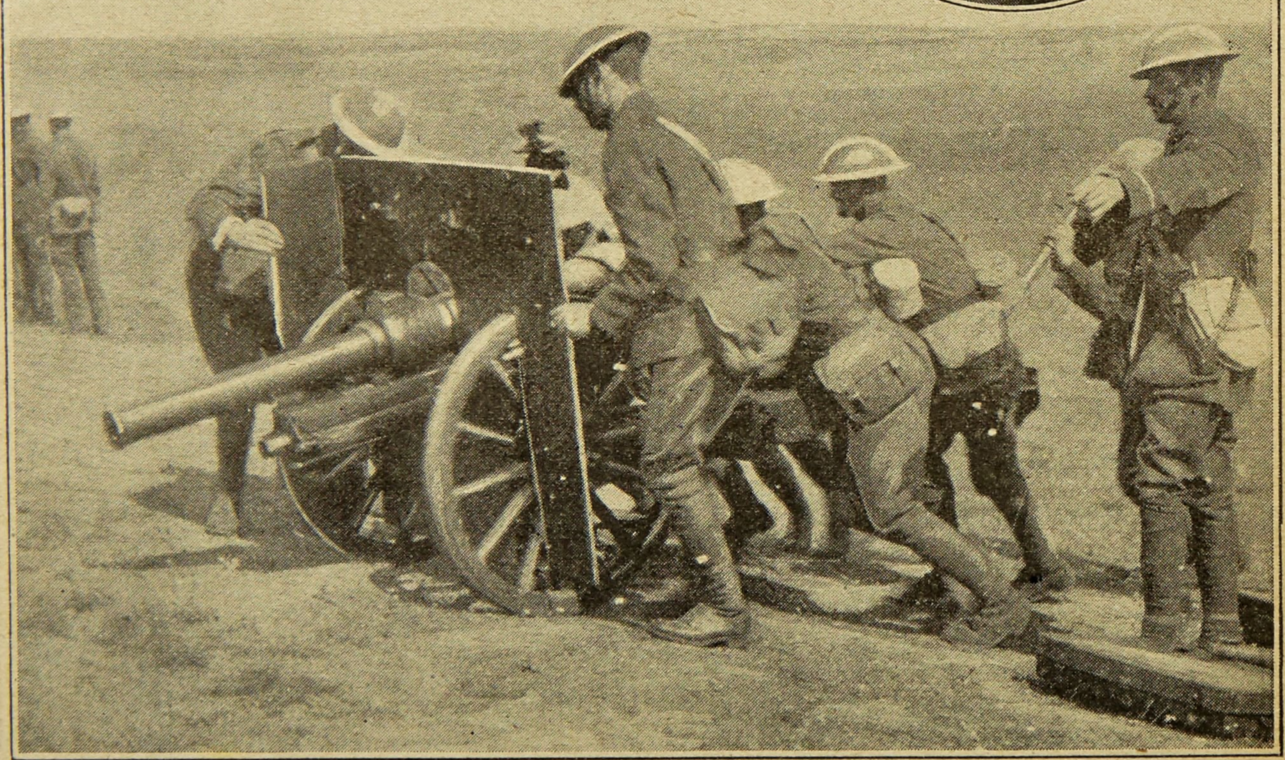


A road steam-roller in difficulties on the western front. The cheerful Scot at the wheel and his brother Scot using a lever improvised from timber are as unconquered and unconquerable as the rampant steed on the front of the machine. (Canadian official photograph.)

Infantry, Artillery and Observers Near Salonika

British Official Photographs

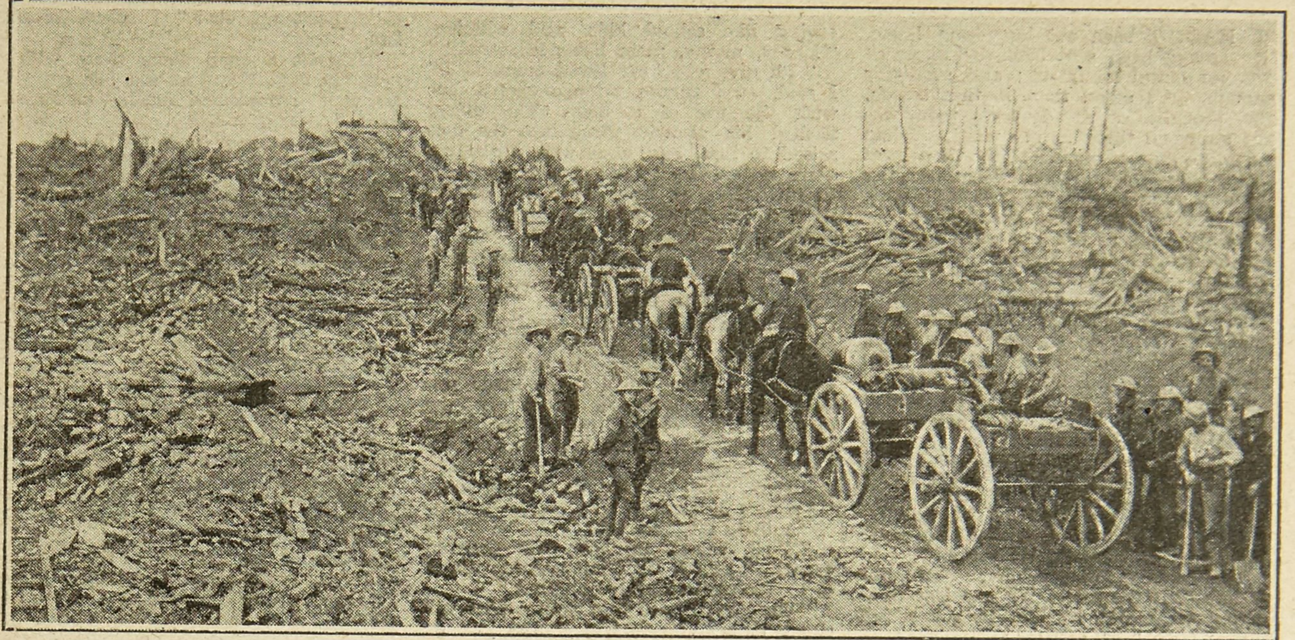
With an officer at their head, armed only with a cane, men of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry advancing over recently captured ground in the Balkans. Inset: Observing gun fire on enemy communications from a rocky cove.



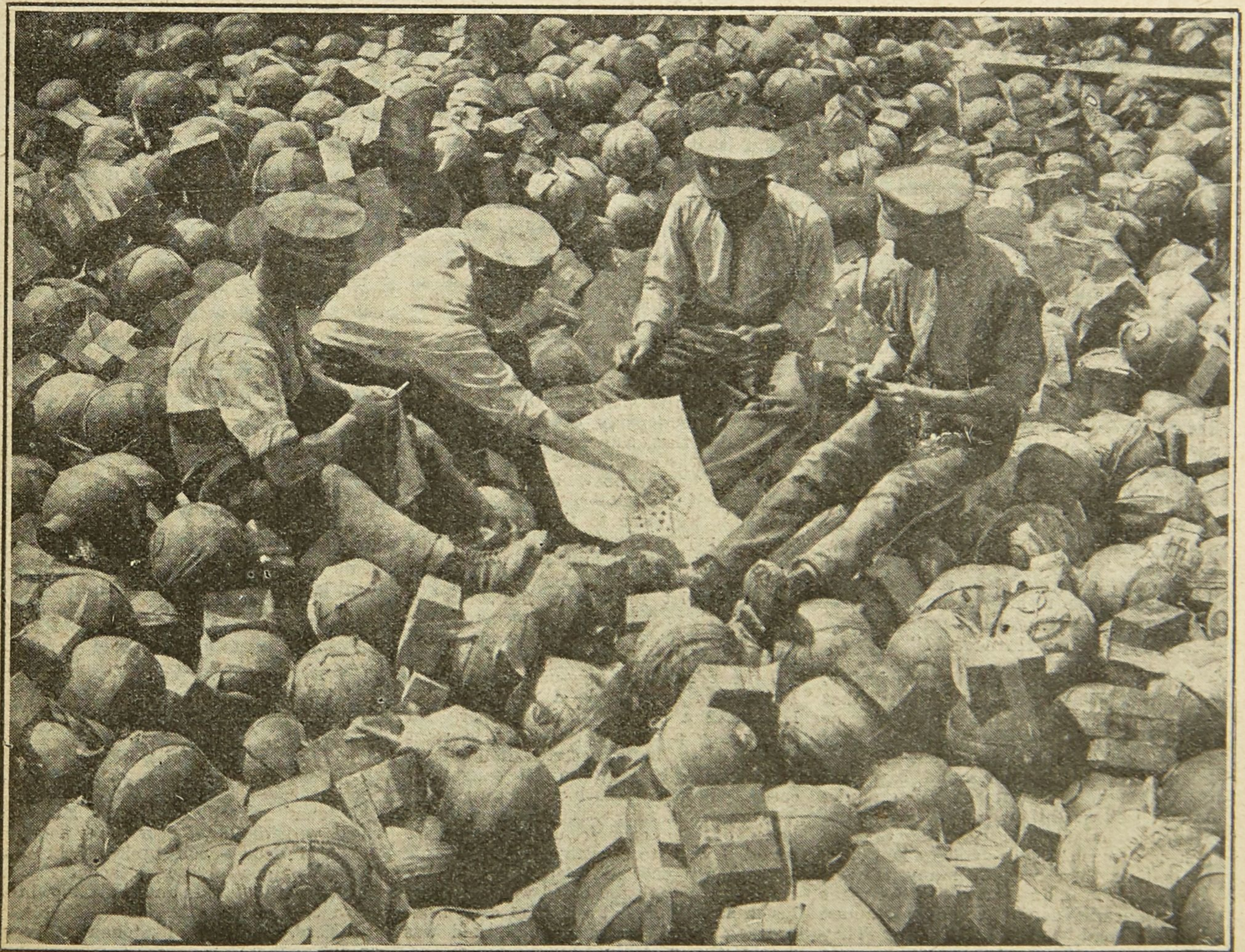
Bringing a mountain battery into position near Salonika, under direction of an artillery officer, who is seen on the right. The weapon is fitted with a shield by way of protection to the gunners.

Change in the Luck: The Allies Hold the Cards

British Official Photographs



Ammunition going up to the guns on the western front. The stripped and shattered tree-trunks, splintered wood, and pulverised bricks give some idea of the power of the artillery fire, under cover of which our men are now steadily forging ahead.



Serene indifference to incongruity of surroundings is characteristic of the Briton. A newspaper serves as well for a card-table as good green baize, and a game can be enjoyed even on the top of a dump of trench-mortar shells.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

A FIGHT IN THE DARK

BY SERGEANT J. DEACON

I HADN'T been out long from home, having been sent back to "Blighty" for dental treatment; and, strangely enough, as I stood there in that trench, the thought of the dentist's room was the strongest thing in my mind. I had experienced great qualms at the thought of facing those steel forceps. I had actually been frightened of the gas bag—me, who'd been through five gas attacks.

As men will, at times of great stress, I fell to noticing little things. One man, my own particular pal—a little Welshman who must have bribed the recruiting officer to get him past the height standard—was lying on the flat of his back, with his tin helmet over his eyes. The impulse to fling a handful of sand at him was irresistible; and then he turned over and asked, "Who the ruddy Hades was looking for trouble?"

Fun Before Fighting

"What are you thinking of, Taff?" I asked, more from curiosity than anything else. "That girl of yours?"

Taff sniffed disdainfully. "No, not of any girl," he said. "I was just wondering what it'd be like to get a full tankard of beer set down in front of me, and no Control Board."

Our lieutenant was listening.

"Here, chuck it!" he said. "You'll be wanting a nice hot bath and a stall at a revue next! If you talk about beer you'll be causing a mutiny, and I don't want that sort of thing on my hands at present. Besides, it's nearly time for us to get ready."

He didn't give any order; but all down the trench the lads stirred themselves, grabbed their rifles, examined their bomb belts and pockets to see that they were all right, and then slipped on their gas masks. The officer stood looking at his wrist-watch. We could hear the shells scream as they passed over our heads.

At last he shut his watch with a snap.

"Time, gentlemen, please!" he called. "Up she goes, boys; and this time the old man dips!" It was an old barrack phrase—a thing that every soldier knows—and it made me think as I ran. I knew our dear, delightful gunners, somewhere behind, would be "letting up" every second, and that the lines of their shells would rise about ten yards every round. Somehow or other I could see in my mind's eye the curving of the shells overhead, and it gave me a queer, protective feeling. All round us enemy shells were bursting, too, and our own didn't seem able to keep them off.

"Mercy, Lieber Kamerad!"

Some of the lads fell; but we had to make that attack good, and I knew that the R.A.M.C. men would be following us up a few minutes afterwards, as they always do. So on we went—a thin khaki line, without a sound save the thud-thud of our boots on the ground; and at last we slithered into the heap of ruins which had once been the German first-line trench. Our artillery had seen to it that there weren't many efficient fighters left in it, and most of the Germans that we came across were too stunned and weakened to resist effectually. They simply threw themselves on their knees and buried their heads in their hands, crying like school kids, and whining, "Mercy, mercy, mein lieber Kamerad!"

"I'll give you 'my loved comrade'!" I said, as I turned up one chap's face with the toe of a boot. The officer flashed his electric torch into the face raised to him, and tears were streaming down his cheeks. He gaped at the lieutenant, then at me. Then he caught sight of the revolver in the boy's hand, and grovelled again. "Mercy, mercy!" he wailed; and all the rest of them took up the song.

The Old Libel

We left a few lads to look after them, and bunched them all—after disarming them—into an empty dug-out. They were all obviously glad to be made prisoners; but somehow whenever the officer, giving orders, waved the hand which held his gun, they shrank up against each other.

"Here, you!" I said to one big chap, "Speakee English?"

"A little bit," he said.

"Well, what's up with this damned crowd?" asks I. "What are they afraid of? We ain't going to eat 'em!"

"They are afraid that your officer will shoot them," he replied, "like you do your other prisoners."

"Here, come off it!" I shouted, laughing. "Who told you that yarn?"

"Our officers," he said, simply. "They say that your officers shoot all the German prisoners they get hold of, and will not be governed by the rules of war."

"That's a yarn," I told him; and he seemed to be glad to believe me.

And that big chap yelled some gibberish to his pals, and they went off down that dug-out smiling and chattering among themselves. You wouldn't have thought they were prisoners; they'd give you the impression that they were having a treat of some kind. Of course, the German's English wasn't as good as I've given it, but all broken up, so that I had a hard job to understand him.

Into the Den

Well, to get back to the scrap. After I'd packed the Germans off, we came across another party of them round a corner, and these showed fight. A couple of rushes, three minutes' work with the point of the bayonet, and they were settled with.

At last we came to the doorway of a dug-out, my boy-lieutenant just in front of me. I shoved myself close and grabbed his tunic.

"Better let me go in first, sir," I said. "These places could generally do with a visit from the sanitary inspector. Phew! Don't this place whiff?"

I went into that dug-out like a Red Indian—on my knees—a bomb in one hand and a bayonet in the other. I'd seen many a good lad trapped in what appeared to be a deserted hiding-hole, and I wasn't going to be caught so easily. It was as dark as the pit; but I heard a moan, and, satisfied that no large body of the enemy lurked anywhere round, I went to investigate.

I found a poor kid of a German lying on his back, with the blood welling out of his chest. He hadn't a vestige of a field-dressing anywhere about him, and was moaning very feebly.

"Drink, Kamerad, drink!" he said, and I could tell he was nearly done. I pulled my water-bottle round to the front and knelt down. Just as I put it to his lips the lieutenant let out a yell, and fired three times from his revolver into the darkness.

"What's up, sir?" I asked, breathless.

"There's a chap down there with a gun," he said, "and he was just going to pot you. I think I've knocked his shooter away."

"Switch on your torch, sir," I said.

The beam of light swept down the dug-out, shining on the earthen walls and at first revealing nothing. Right round it came, and there, almost on top of me, was the hulking figure of a monstrous man, with his right hand dripping blood. I swung my bomb up into the air, but in the excitement of the minute forgot to pull out the pin. It hit the wall and bounced harmlessly back—and at the same second he sprang at me.

A Deadly Clinch

Instinctively I ducked, and caught his breast-bone on top of my head. His arms were round me in a trice, and he nearly choked me as he gripped.

"Keep clear, sir!" I yelled to the officer. I was afraid he'd fire and drill a hole through me instead of the German; and I knew that, even if this beast killed me, he'd only be a second or so before he followed me, sped by the lieutenant's bullet.

We tripped over the dying lad on the floor; but I was too busy to notice him. Out of the corner of my eye I was half conscious of seeing the boy pull him out of the way; but the German had shifted his grip, and was trying to crush in my ribs. I beat on his face with my bare fists—I had dropped my bayonet to get at my water-bottle. I was feeling for his throat, and at last the electric torch snapped a beam across the darkness.

I was hot: my heart was going like a steam pump, and I could feel the heated breath of the German on my face as we twisted and struggled. I couldn't get my arms free enough to give an upper-cut, and he kept his chin down on my shoulder tickling my neck with his beard.

I could feel my strength going; for the chap was a giant. I tried to break the grip that was slowly killing me; but not an inch could I budge him. At last I got one hand free; then I smashed a blow right into his eyes. He shook his head like a wild beast, and frothed at the mouth. Then I found his throat and brought the other hand up into action. Never before in all my life have I squeezed so hard. My fingers felt as though they were breaking; my muscles ached. He made one last effort, and caught my hand in his mouth. His teeth met in the flesh, and made me quite stark, raving mad. I tucked in my head as I found his throat again, and butted hard and savagely. The top of my skull met his lower jaw just above the place at which my hands held. There was a sharp, startling crack, and he suddenly relaxed and dropped backwards.

Victory and Tears

I found myself staring at him, horrified, with the boy-officer at my shoulder.

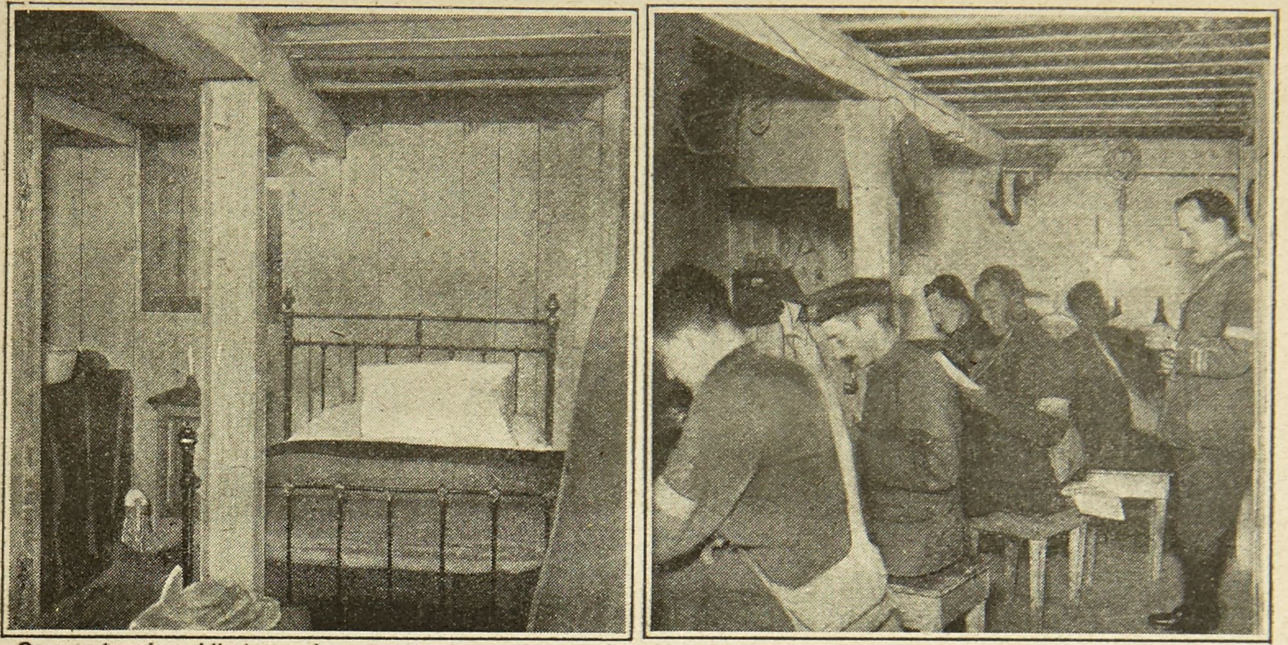
"He's dead—neck broken," he said. "You're a good fighter, Deacon."

I was still dazed, and suddenly broke down and cried.

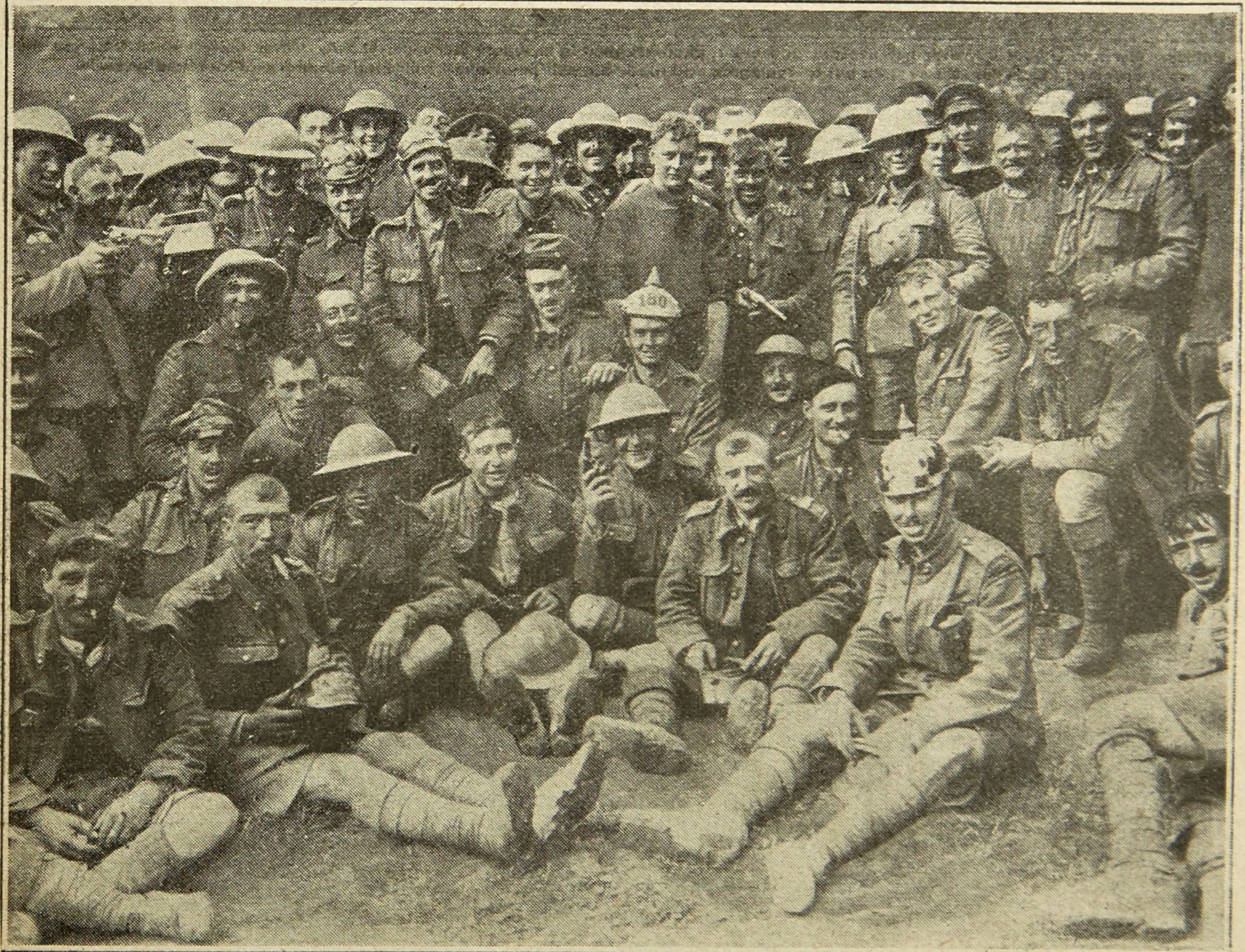
"Here," said the lieutenant; "come on out of this to the fresh air. That hand of yours wants seeing to."

Triumphant Tommies' Trophies from Thiepval

British Official Photographs

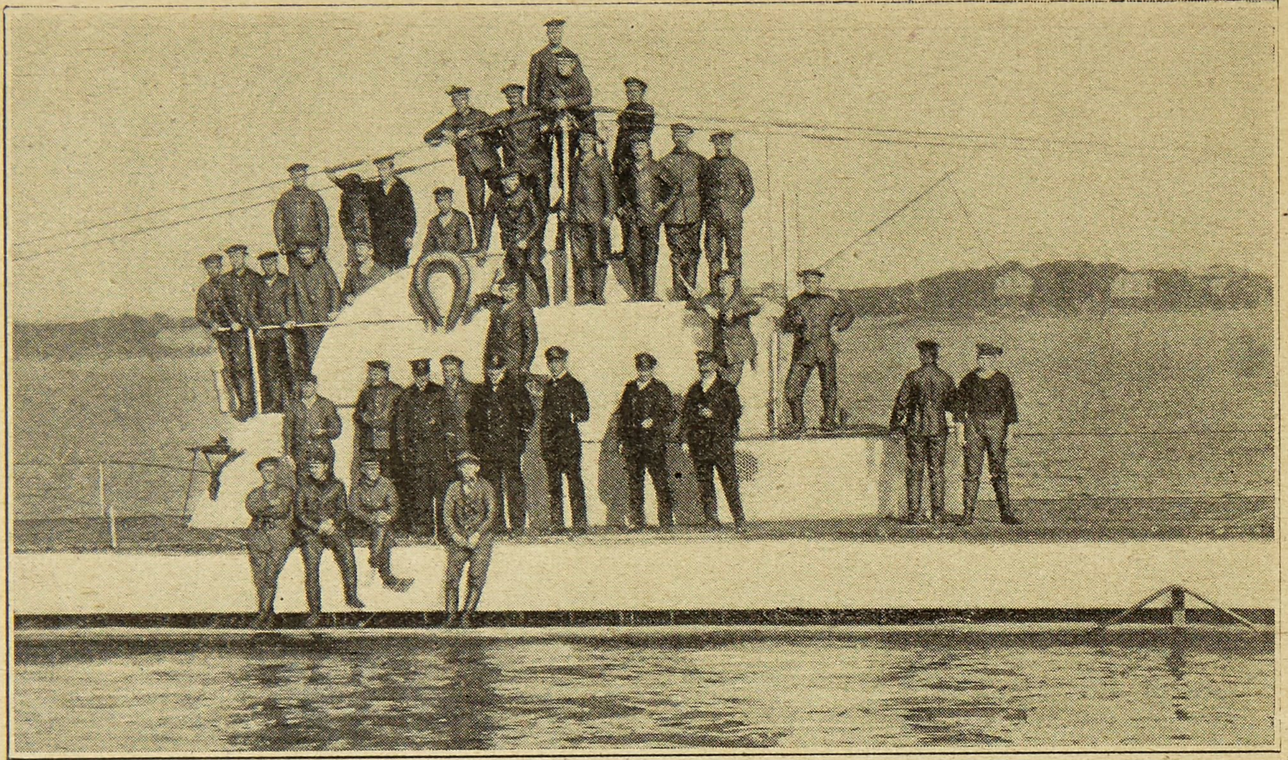


German trench architecture and construction were so sound that many excellent subterranean structures survived the bombardment and were occupied by our troops, who highly appreciated the comfort that awaited them. Left: A bed-room found in one captured dug-out, and (right) a telephone office fitted up in another.

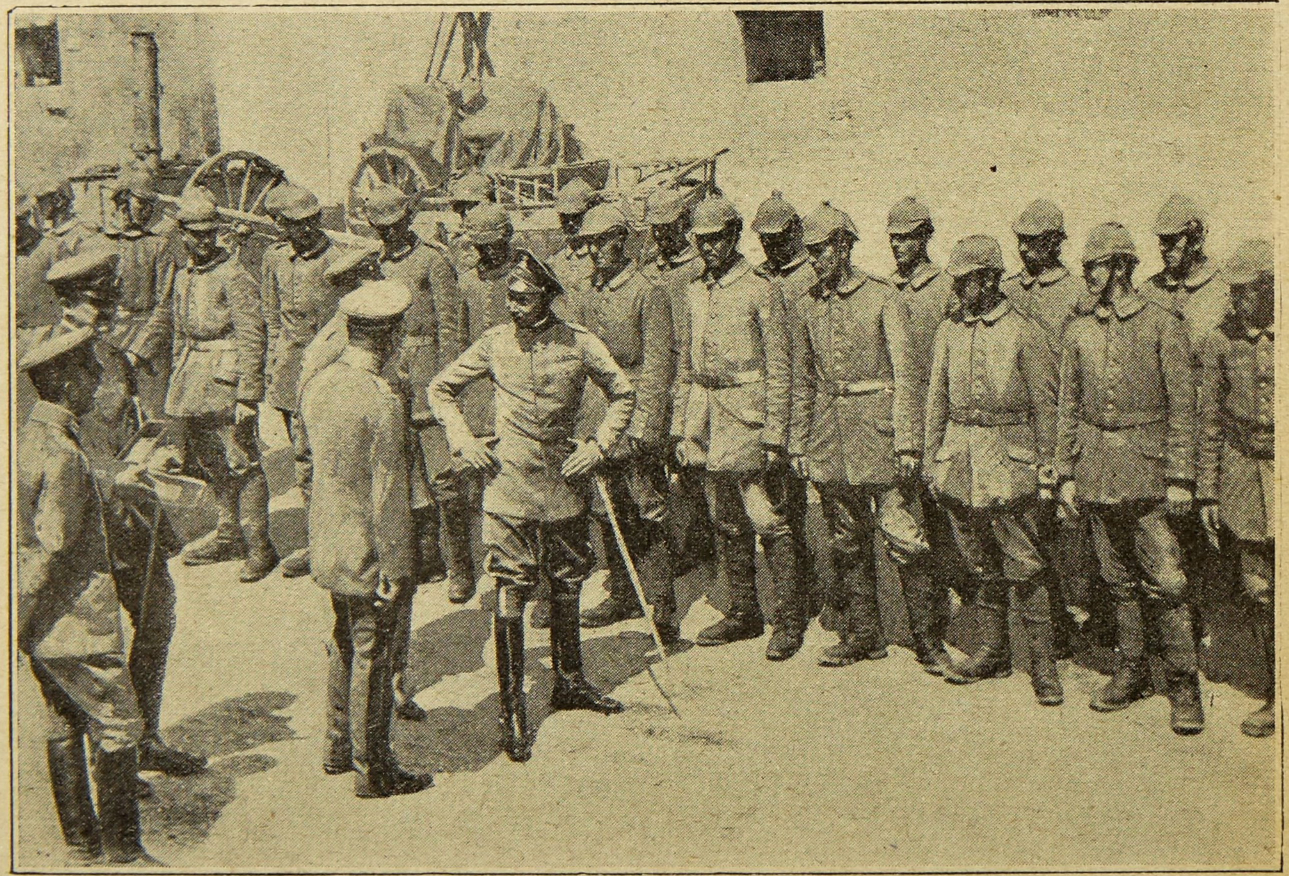


Some of the men who stormed Thiepval, September 26th, 1916. German helmets and caps were the trophies first selected from this strong fortress position, but revolvers and cigars won much favour. The smile worn by all these men is peculiarly British.

Pirates of Potsdam Afloat and Ashore



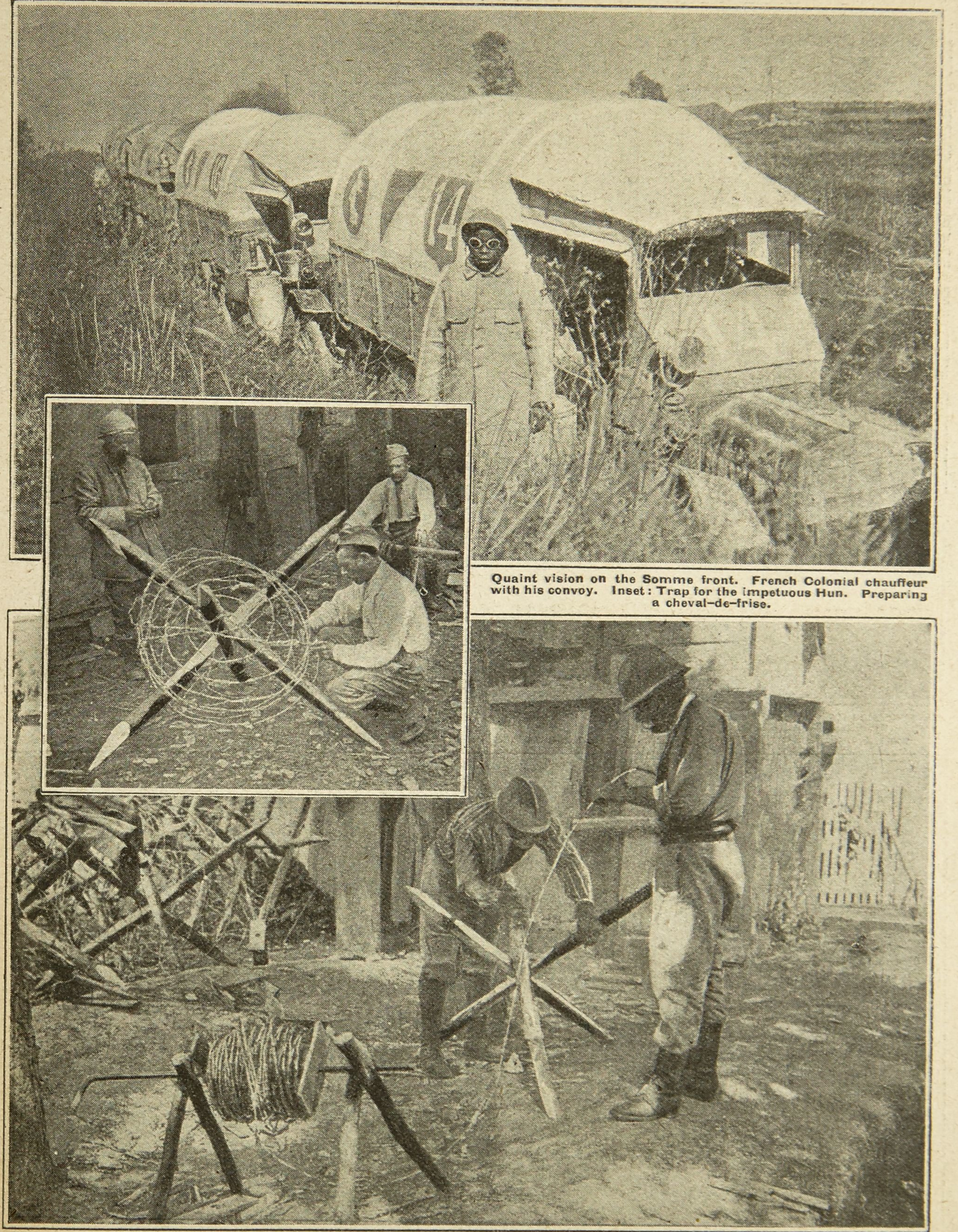
Colossal German U boat 53, with her captain and crew, photographed in Newport Harbour, U.S.A. After delivering a letter to the German Ambassador, the captain put to sea again and made himself notorious by sinking a number of merchant vessels.



The Crown Prince in conversation with some of his officers and men on the west front. The Hohenzollern heir has an infinity of poses, and the photographer seldom fails to catch him in some unconventional attitude.

Incidental Duties in the Great Somme Effort

French Official Photographs

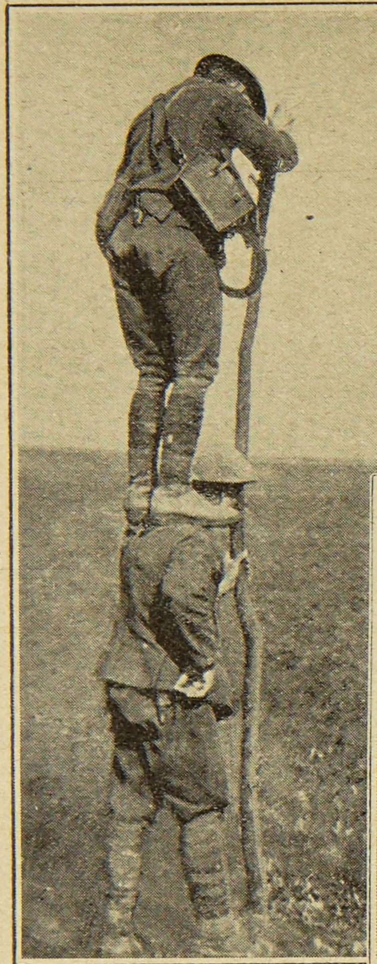


Quaint vision on the Somme front. French Colonial chauffeur with his convoy. Inset: Trap for the impetuous Hun. Preparing a cheval-de-frise.

Beginning of a cheval-de-frise to consolidate a newly-captured position. Barbed-wire is coiled round three stakes, and a number of these obstructions are placed together to form what is the most formidable defence work available in a short space of time.

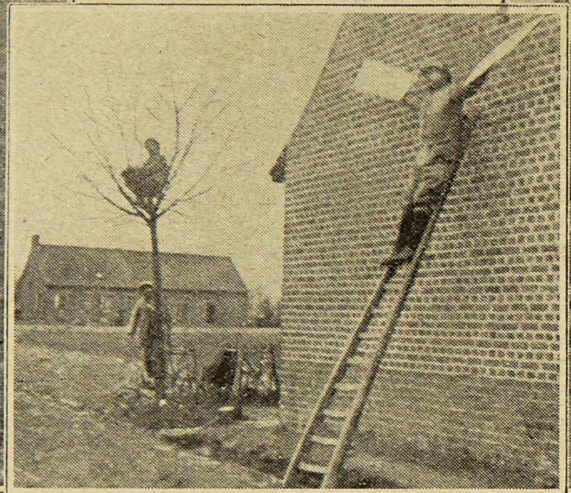
Linking Up Lines of Communication in the West

Official Photographs

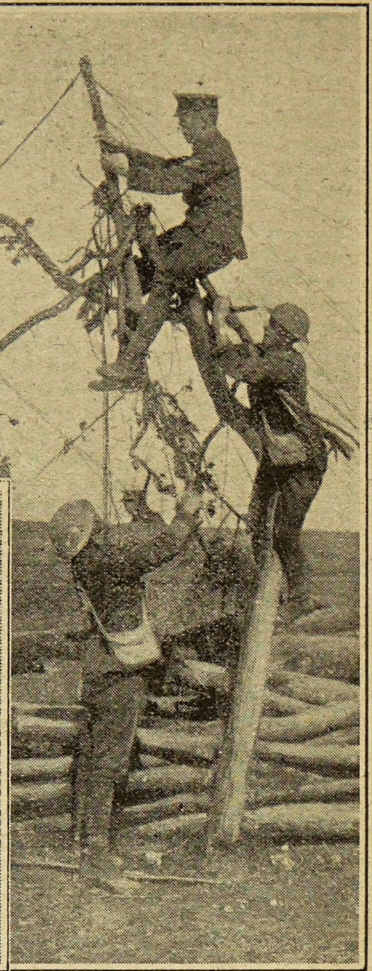


A new line to No Man's Land. British soldiers erecting telephone wire over captured ground.

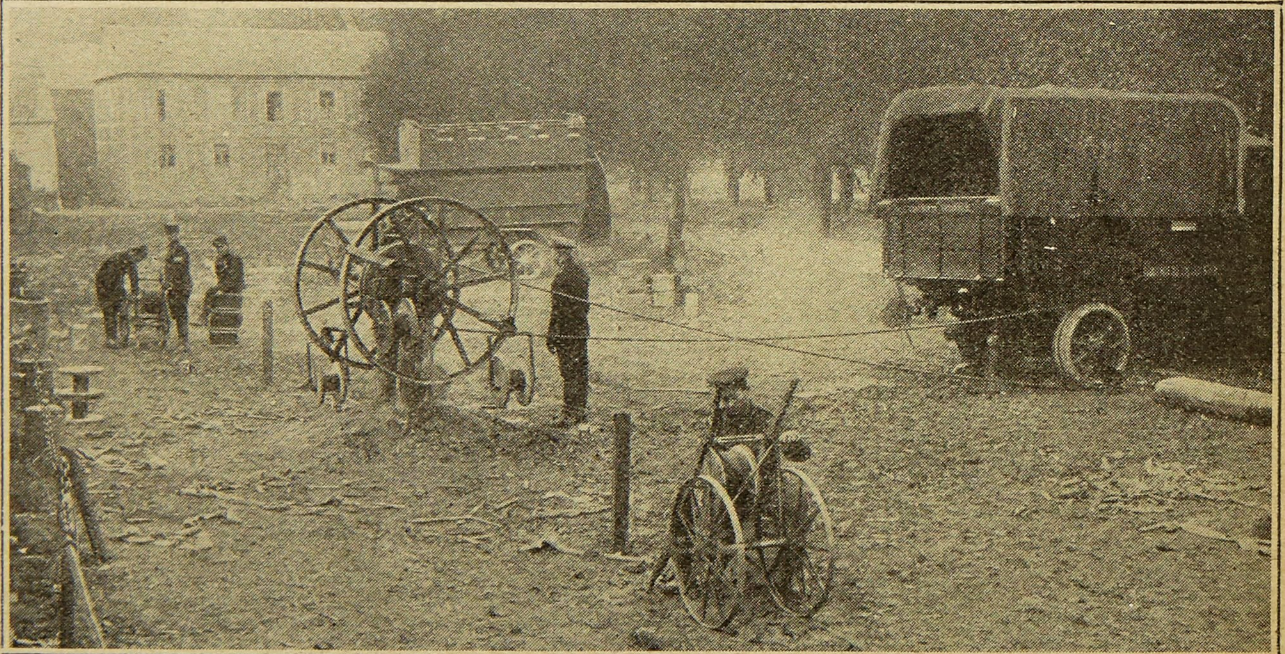
British telephone operator repairing a wire on the Somme line of advance.



Belgian soldier communicating with an advance guard by means of heliograph signalling, an effective if primitive method of short-distance communication.



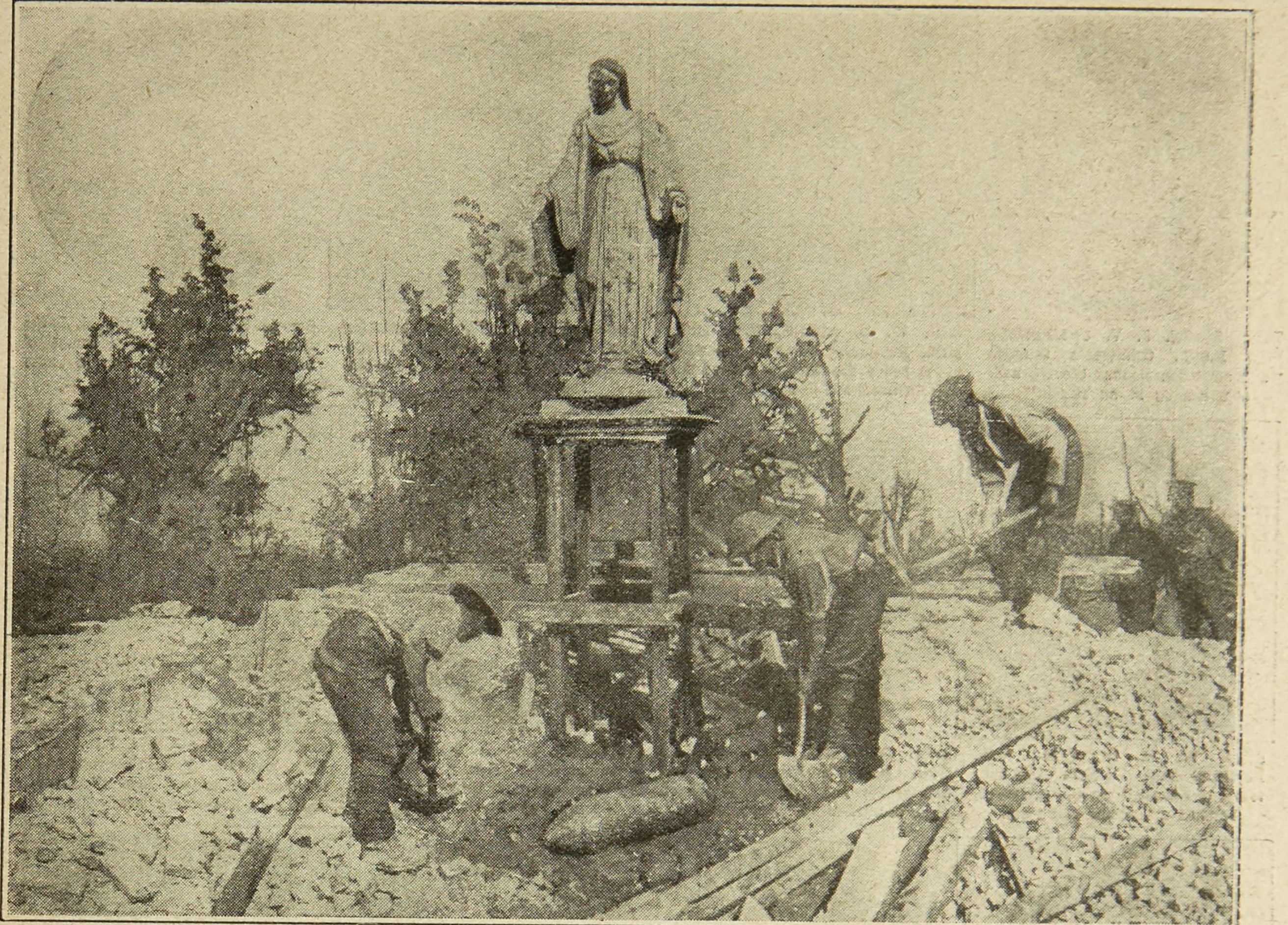
Emergency telephone post improvised from a tree just behind the firing-front.



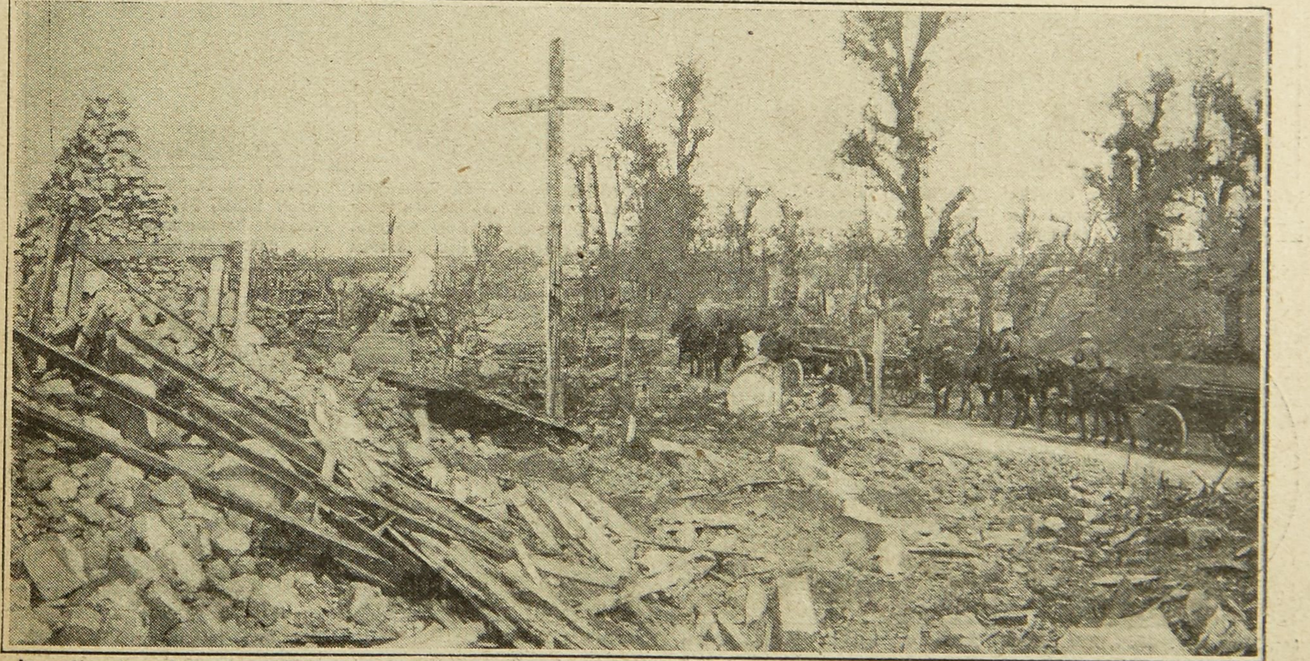
Ingenious adaptation of motor power. A jack being placed beneath the lorry, the revolving wheel connected by cable with other wheels transfers telephone wire from one roller to another. In the background is seen the familiar motor-'bus on war service.

Symbols that Survive the Holocaust of War

British Official Photographs



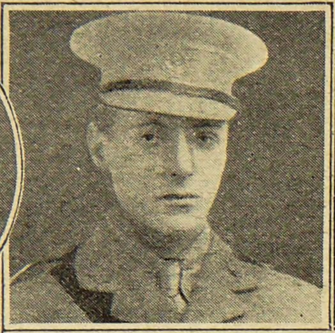
One of the most remarkable facts in the war is the large number of sacred images which have escaped destruction, although everything round them has been levelled in the dust. The latest example is this beautiful statue of the Virgin at Montauban smiling serenely at an unexploded German shell, thereby forming as mysterious and poignant an allegory as any imagined by cartoonist or poet.



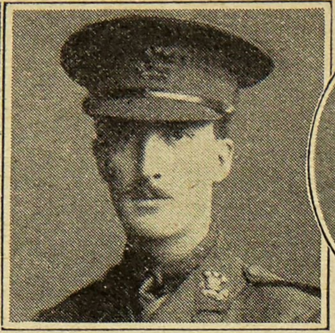
In continuation of the above theme, the symbol of Christianity stands boldly erect, an immortal sign, growing as it were out of the debris of a captured village on the west front. Venerable trees, still boasting a few sere and yellow leaves, line the highways and help to screen a British convoy moving from one part of the battle-zone to another.

Sixteen Britons: The Bravest of the Brave

Temp. Lt.-Col. J. V. CAMPBELL, V.C., D.S.O., Coldstream Guards. "For most conspicuous bravery and able leading in an attack."



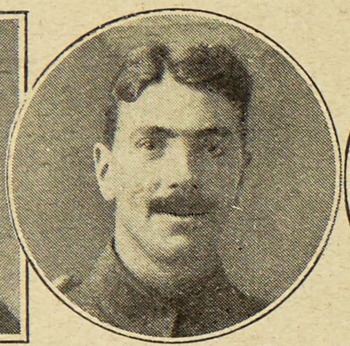
Capt. W. B. ALLEN, V.C., M.C., M.B., R.A.M.C. Attended wounded under heavy fire though himself hit four times and badly wounded.



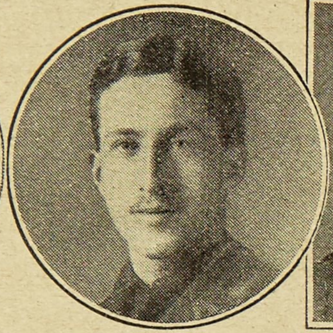
Lieut. J. V. HOLLAND, V.C., Leinster Regt. Led bombing-party through barrage, took 50 prisoners, and broke the enemy's spirit.

Sec.-Lt. G. G. COURY, V.C., S. Lancs Regt. "With utter contempt of danger" brought his C.O. in under machine-gun fire.

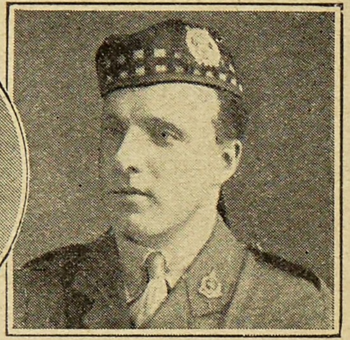
Sergt. W. E. BOULTER, V.C., Northants Regt. "With utter contempt of danger," severely wounded, bombed a machine-gun team.



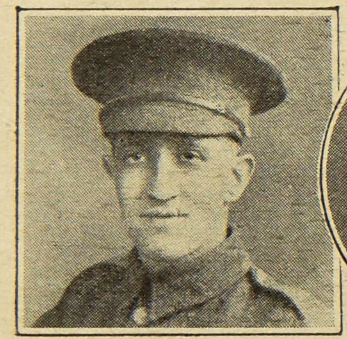
Sergt. D. JONES, V.C., Liverpool Regt. Held a position for two days and nights and inflicted losses on counter-attacking parties.



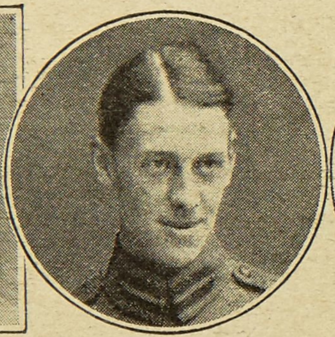
Temp. Capt. A. C. T. WHITE, V.C., Yorkshire Regt. Held a redoubt for four days and nights, risking his life constantly.



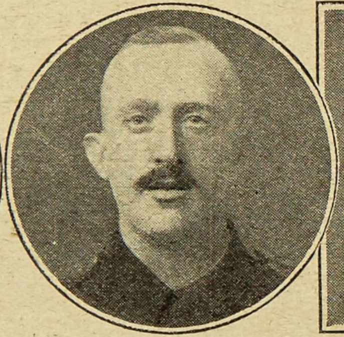
Capt. N. G. CHAVASSE, V.C., M.C. M.B., R.A.M.C. "With courage and self-devotion beyond praise" saved twenty lives under heavy fire.



Pte. T. A. JONES, V.C., Cheshire Regt. Single-handed disarmed and marched 102 prisoners in through a heavy barrage



Bt.-Maj. W. La T. CONGREVE, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., late Rifle Brigade. For constant acts of gallantry and devotion to duty during 14 days preceding death in action.

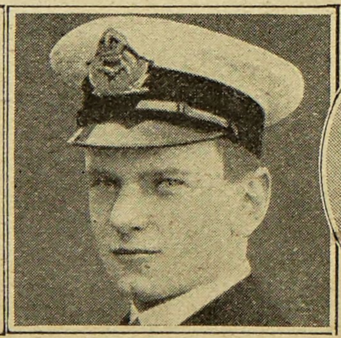


Lce.-Sergt. F. McNESS, V.C., Scots Guards. Led his men through heavy fire, and though severely wounded brought up supplies of bombs through a barrage.

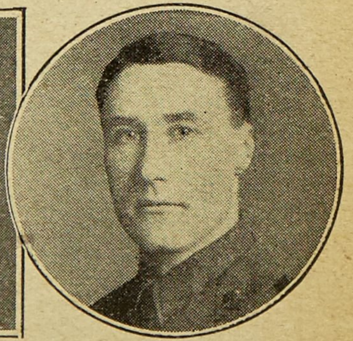
Lieut. B. G. D. JONES, M.C., Welsh Regt. Killed. Did fine work in front-line trenches in command of machine-guns under very heavy fire.

Sec.-Lieut. N. HURST, M.C., Royal Dublin Fus. Organised parties to rush two machine-guns that held up the advance, and took the post and 32 prisoners.

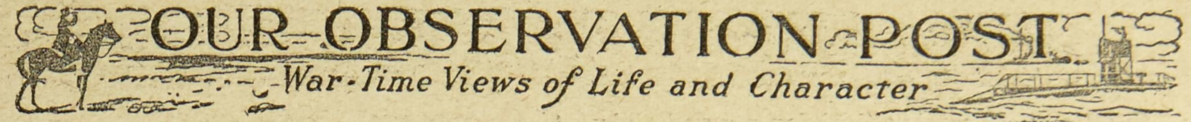
Sergt. G. WARD, D.C.M., Royal Sussex Regt. Led bombing-party through heavy fire, and by personal skill and courage captured and held the enemy trench.



Flight-Com. T. H. ENGLAND, D.S.C., R.N.A.S. For pluck, determination, and skill in a seaplane flight into Syria through constant fire and bombing the station of Homs.



Rev. A. S. CRAWLEY, M.C., Army Chaplains Dept. For bravery and devotion while acting as stretcher-bearer under heavy fire. He went to the front very early in the war.



OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

PRIDE IN LOSS

IN a churchyard in Surrey there is a little plot of ground enclosed by a stone kerb containing six small graves. Between the two middle mounds there is a small cross with the words "Auf wiedersehen" graven on the arms, and on the steps on which it stands are the initials of six children who died all in the same week of an epidemic that ran through the place, the eldest ten years old, the youngest an infant of a few weeks. The parents were Germans, in the service of the squire, and after the tragedy which swept their home empty of young life they went broken-hearted to their native town, and the Surrey village never heard any more of them. But still the villagers pause by these graves as they leave the church on Sundays and talk of the utter sadness of the story, and of the utterly unreasonable cruelty of death in cutting off all the children of one house. They feel that if the same tragedy overtook themselves they could not retain their integrity, but would "curse God and die." And the casual visitor to the place hearing the story may very likely think that it is one of the saddest things of which he has ever heard.

FROM the back page of one of to-day's papers four faces look out. The photographs are full face, and they arrest attention by their likeness to one another, and by the steady, level regard from the eyes. And then the letterpress underneath the photographs arrests the mind. "The Great Sacrifice," it is headed, and goes on: "The Rev. C. H. James, Vicar of Haigh, Wigan, has lost all his four sons, who one after another have been killed in the war. They were Sergt. H. James, Lieut. G. Sydney James, Captain F. A. James, and Corporal C. E. James."

MAY Heaven and the sad father forgive us if we cause another stab of pain by taking this announcement of a great sorrow as the subject for our weekly article. But in days like these, when in every house and cottage in the country parents or wives watch the gate in silent apprehension for the first glimpse of postman or telegraph messenger, and when they scan anxiously the daily list of casualties published in the newspaper, we shall be held guiltless of unjustifiable intrusion into the lawful privacy of grief if we take this latest instance of the rapacity of death to suggest the contrast to the other.

WHERE—upon which front—and when and how these four young soldiers fell, we do not know. Nor have we ourselves the faintest conception of what battle is like. But we can imagine no contrast so complete as the contrast between any field of battle and the very quiet Surrey village where those six little children passed away in their mother's arms. And in the realm of emotion we can imagine no contrast so complete as this, that whereas the parents of those children remain in memory among the saddest figures of whom one has heard, the parents of these four soldiers rise before the imagination in the company of the proudest.

SELF-SACRIFICE, and the willingness of it, are the explanation of the pride these last must feel. At best the "Auf wiedersehen" on the cross in Surrey suggests resignation to superior but unintelligible Will, and belief, more or less sure, in reunion of personalities in some other sphere and state. The "killed in action," which is the epitaph on so many thousands of men to-day, seems at first to suggest finality, almost hopelessness; and yet it most certainly proclaims a proud acquiescence in superior Will, and a tacit acknowledgment that, if unintelligible immediately, it is ultimately beneficent. Anything else would be denial of the principle to which the men were willing martyrs, inconceivable of those who begot and who bore them. The country and the Empire pay tribute of grateful admiration to these soldiers who have died for them; soldiers can do no more than give their life for a cause. What tribute shall the country and the Empire pay to the parents of the soldiers? Surely theirs is an even greater sacrifice. My life—yes; but his, my boy's——? Down the ages an echo comes: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

THAT is the human voice, and it rings more poignant now because these men died fighting for us instead of against us. But the mourning ceases sooner because the father's surrender of his son was as willing as was his son's surrender of his life, if that should be required. Whatever happens, a man can hold up his head if he has done all he can, has given all he has got; and there is much comfort in the knowledge that one is a unit in a great and noble company. These parents—and there are many of them—who have lost all their sons in the war, are a fine fraternity to-day whose proud front and shining eyes are the distinguishing marks of their rank.

THE war has made belief in survival of personality after death part of every man's actual code of faith instead of an article of a parrot creed. Only a day or two ago we heard a man say something of the sort. He was quite an uneducated man, in England for a few days' leave after some strenuous fighting, notably in Delville Wood. He must have seen hundreds of men killed, but only one case seemed to have impressed him deeply—a non-commissioned officer who was shot dead while speaking to him, and who dropped at his feet with a word unfinished on his lips. That was what caused the "stop in his mind," as John Woolman used to say; he argued that it "wasn't in reason" that that was the end of the man, and he had been wondering vaguely ever since where the conscious personality actually was. His whole outlook on the war and on life generally had been altered by an idea that was new to him.

THE general realisation of the fact of life after death will give an enormous number of people quite a new sense of responsibility, which will be inculcated upon succeeding generations. That is the particular service rendered by the men who have been "killed in action," additional to and over and above that which they have rendered together with all the men who will come home. These are already very different men from what they were when they went out, infinitely graver and more sober-minded, infinitely stronger in character and more decided in opinion. Our friend from Delville Wood is corroborative witness. "Having a good time?" he was asked. And answered even gaily: "Splendid; theatres and all sorts; enjoying myself a treat!" And then he checked in his speech. "Not really 'enjoying' myself, you know. One can't when one thinks of the boys out there." And that, also, is true. One thinks of the boys out there all the time—the quick and the dead, all immortal.

C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

THE lesson of Louvain and Rheims was realised by the Italian Government long before the day of Italy's entry into the war on the side of the Allies. Monuments of historical and archæological interest in Venice were protected to some extent with sandbags, while the beautiful stained glass of Milan Cathedral was removed to a place of safety. Nevertheless, such cities as Venice are very vulnerable to aeroplane attack, as has been demonstrated by the occasional raids which are part of the Austrian policy. The church of Santa Maria Formoza, where the famous painting by Palma Vecchio of St. Barbara was housed, was among the first sacred edifices to be destroyed by Austrian bombs. Other landmarks have been similarly shattered. If Venice is to be preserved from this vandalism, it is for the neutrals to protest, emphatically and unitedly. The whole world, rather than an individual country, is heir to the treasures of the past, and any nation seeking to destroy these should be adjudged an outlaw at an International Court, and treated accordingly. It has been proved that such landmarks in Italy are not used as observation-posts.

The War Illustrated

is eagerly looked for by soldiers at the front and sailors with the Fleet. It is welcomed in hospitals and rest camps as the true pictorial reflector of events and personalities in the world-wide war.

THE simple act of handing a copy of "The War Illustrated" into any post-office in Great Britain will result in its being forwarded by the authorities for the use of our soldiers and sailors.

HERE is a little kindness which it is possible for anyone to do occasionally, and for many to do regularly, to the brave fellows who are fighting our battles by land and sea.

Things Seen in Kiel Canal

MR. J. M. DE BEAUFORT, describing, in the "Quarterly," a journey through the Kiel Canal from Wilhelmshaven to Kiel, describes in detail the extensions and improvements made since the outbreak of war. There are two enormous Zeppelin sheds at Wilhelmshaven, each with room for two airships. One is of a movable type. Its framework is built entirely of steel and iron, and is supported by four large trucks moving on a circular railroad, which enables the airship to start in any direction. Electric motors attached to the trucks supply the motive power. Railroad tracks go through the centre of the magazine buildings. Krupp anti-aircraft guns are believed to be so situated that an air attack is a practical impossibility. More than 90,000 men are employed in the Imperial and private yards, which are running twenty-four hours a day.

ON many occasions during his passage through the Kiel Canal Mr. de Beaufort's boat was overhauled and inspected. "I don't think an English salmon of any self-respecting weight would succeed in slipping through the sentinels guarding the entrances to the Jade, Weser, and Elbe mouths." At the Brunsbüttel entrance some fleet manœuvres were witnessed. As a result of constant practice, the biggest warships can now pass through the canal from Wick to Brunsbüttel in a fraction under six hours, and we are told that eight of the greatest ships with their escorts passed from the Elbe into the canal in less than twenty minutes, using all four locks.

NEW and larger turning basins have been built, each with a minimum width at the bottoms of nearly a thousand feet, for the use only of the Fleet; and all the bridges have been rebuilt, most of them now being from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the surface. Mr. de Beaufort notes that they are sparsely and compactly made, so that unless there happened to be a train on them the débris after a blow-up could be picked up and removed from the canal in a very short time. On a bridge at Grünenthal four large anti-aircraft Krupp guns are mounted. In Kiel Harbour and the anchorages Mr. de Beaufort noted a number of vacant places of vessels, such as the Blücher, the Mainz, and the Emden. He heard enough to convince him that "a good deal of British naval information still finds its way to Germany," and he came away convinced that "the German Fleet is never going to risk a battle in which its existence will be at stake. In other words, they are not likely to venture far from their base."

The Woman Spy

WRITING in the Paris "Journal," a neutral, recently travelling in Germany, tells a remarkable story. "I was," he says, "riding back from my hotel in Berlin in a tramcar. A soldier got in, who was evidently on leave from the front. A stout, imposing, well-dressed woman at once opened conversation with him. The soldier spoke freely and rather bitterly of the hardships he had undergone, of the rigorous discipline from which he had suffered, and of the heavy losses outside Verdun, where he had just come from. The good lady listened sympathetically, interposing kindly remarks. Eventually she got down, but told the tramway conductress to keep the car waiting. She then went to the nearest policeman and ordered him to take the soldier in charge. The policeman, who was an elderly, good-natured-looking fellow, demurred, and the other passengers in the tram protested, whereupon the good lady brought out from a reticule her card, showing that she was an inspectress of the secret police. The policeman obeyed, and took the too-outspoken soldier into custody."

Holbein and Handel

IT would be interesting to know how many Teutons of other than financial genius have found fame and fortune in the land which now universally inspires their descendants with hate. As far back as the sixteenth century we find Henry VIII. giving his august patronage to Hans Holbein, and it is certain that this great German painter from Basle had many powerful friends in London, where he lived and died, principal among them being Sir Thomas More, who was introduced to Holbein by Erasmus. Holbein's immortal drawings and paintings were equalled by his compatriot Handel in music. The composer of "Acis and Galatea" was a native of Halle. After early triumphs in Germany and Italy he came to England, where his genius developed under royal and noble encouragement. Handel took out his naturalisation papers in 1726; in fact, he became sufficiently English, though he always spoke with a strong accent, to find a resting-place in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

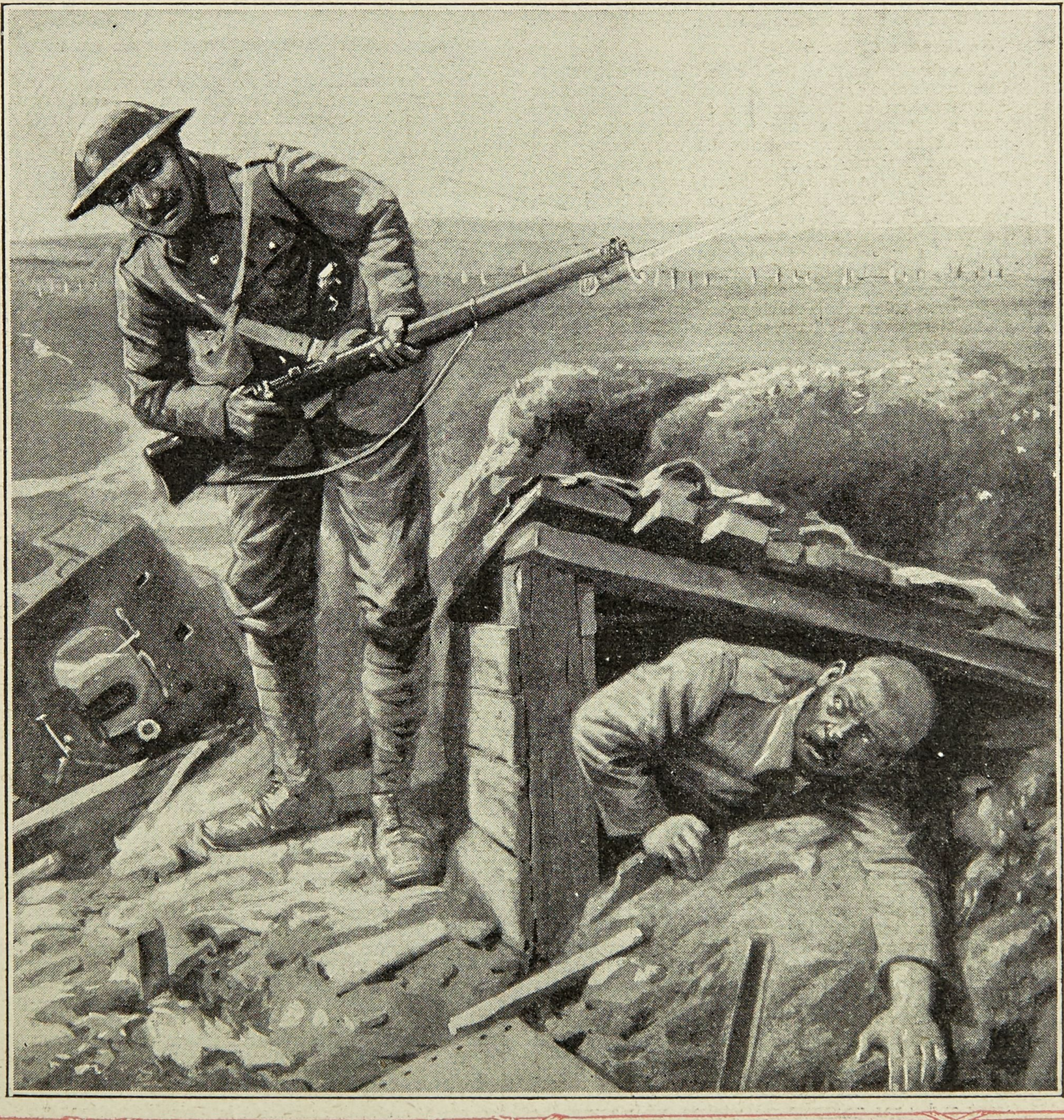
The War Illustrated, November 18th, 1916.

Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

Running the Gauntlet in the War Zones

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 5

"My Prisoner!" German Soldier Trapped in a Somme Dug-out

No. 118

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE French victory of Vaux marks a new stage of the war. The announcement came to us first through German official sources, and for the moment the public hesitated to believe it, suspecting that there must be some trap behind. The report announced that as a result of heavy, destructive artillery fire by the French against Fort Vaux, it had been evacuated by German troops during the night of November 1st, after important parts had been blown up. In other words, a point which had cost the Germans 100,000 men to gain had been abandoned before a storming-party could reach it. The French 15 in. guns had been too much for the garrison.

The Menace to Metz

The abandonment of the fort is the greatest tribute the French artillery has yet received. Here is another demonstration of the fact that no fortifications can stay a determined enemy with adequate men and guns. What has happened at Fort Vaux to-day may happen a few months hence at the gates of Metz, which lie only a little over twenty miles away. A very short advance by the French would bring them right up against the outer defences of the key to Lorraine. Short as the advance is in miles, it can hardly be attempted, however, before the French positions at various other points have been materially strengthened. This process of strengthening is now going on. When the French 15 in. guns come against Metz, Germany may have an opportunity of learning afresh the lesson she herself taught us at Liège and Namur. The capture of Fort Vaux restores to the French the entire outer ring of Verdun defences.

The Allies have now reached a stage where they can strike to-day a heavy blow in one quarter, to-morrow a heavy blow in another. They have a sufficient superiority of men on the western and southern fronts to throw the enemy on the defensive and to force him to shift men from place to place to meet expected allied movements. The best proof of the numerical inferiority of the Germans on the west is that they have never once tried, since the beginning of July, an original offensive there. The most they have done is to reply by counter-offensives to our attacks on the Somme and elsewhere. Eight months ago they were the attackers in the west. Now we are the attackers.

German Risks on West Front

When the Somme becomes unfavourable for operations, the Allies strike at Verdun; having delivered their blow at Verdun they struck hard at the Somme again, capturing the last high ground fronting Bapaume and most of the village of Saillisel. So far as our land war in the west is concerned we have the greatest reason for satisfaction. We have not done all that we hoped. Men dreamed that by October we might be encircling Lille, and our cavalry scouts might be moving in the direction of Namur. The Germans, in place of shortening and strengthening their line, have preferred to take the much greater risk of an attenuated defensive on their present front. They are daily paying the cost of doing so, and may before long pay a much heavier price still.

The news from the Italian front is encouraging in the highest degree. Immediately weather conditions permitted, the Italian armies operating beyond Gorizia made a fresh brilliant offensive. On Tuesday, October 31st, they opened a very heavy bombardment on the Austrian lines, which increased in intensity until Wednesday morning towards eleven o'clock, and was followed by an impetuous and successful Italian advance. Line after line was captured along the enemy front and 4,731 prisoners were taken, with a number of heavy guns and machine-guns. On the following day the Italians advanced again and took 3,498 more prisoners. In all, their captures in this last advance amount to 10,000 men, twelve big guns, and several hundred machine-guns. They are now only twelve and a half miles from Trieste, which is the immediate objective of General Cadorna's men.

But no one supposes that the capture of Trieste, important as it will be, will be anything more for the Italians than a step on the way. It is even possible that they may decide to mask the city, cut it off, and throw their main forces right against Austria. Now that the Alps are practically closed for winter war, the Italians should be able to deploy enormous numbers of men along the southern route and so tax Austria's resources to the full.

The news from Rumania is much more encouraging. According to the latest information to hand the Rumanians have succeeded in holding the passes and in keeping back the German advance. They have been heavily reinforced by Russian troops, and in some cases where Germans had penetrated through the passes they have been driven back by brilliant counter-offensives.

Rumania and Russia on the Danube

On the east one of General Brussiloff's most brilliant lieutenants, General Sakharoff, has been appointed to the command of the army of the Dobruja. It is well to recognise that in the Dobruja the German-Bulgarian armies have succeeded in occupying an exceedingly long line out of which it may be very difficult to drive them.

If the Russo-Rumanian Dobruja armies hold the line of the Danube for some weeks ahead, we must not expect more. Our great aim at the present must be to prevent Rumania from being overrun by the enemy and to save her people and her great stores of foodstuffs from falling into German hands. At this stage of the war negative successes, merely keeping the enemy back, are a real triumph for us in the Balkans. With the coming of spring-time our Salonika Army will be able to do very much more than it is possible for it to attempt now.

What is happening on the Russian front? Why are we hearing no further news of advance there? These are questions that I have been frequently asked. The big Russian offensive, successful as it was to a certain point, was held up for two reasons—first, the concentration of a number of troops against the Russian front; second, an inadequate supply of guns and munitions by the Russians. The Russian strength in high explosives was adequate for the first brilliant move of General Brussiloff's armies, but it was not adequate, as events have proved since, for maintaining that over a long period. This is a disappointment, but tempered by much that is hopeful.

Russia Strengthening Day by Day

It is well to remember that the Germans were confident at the beginning of the year that they could capture Petrograd during the summer. They had planned and prepared for many months for the great spring offensive in the north towards and beyond Riga.

They have made no advance. On the contrary, they have lost ground. The Russians are more and more improving their military machine. Each month now enables them to increase their own manufacturing possibilities and to import on a larger scale from Allies and from neutrals. The movement among some Russians on which Germany built great hopes for declaring a separate peace has fallen to the ground, and men who four months ago were supposed to be the heads of that movement are to-day foremost in their declaration that Russia must and will fight to the end with her Allies.

18th November, 1916 No. 118. Vol. 5.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN SEA-POWER.—The long arm of the British Navy circles the seven seas as the needle swings round the compass. Where contraband is likely to be carried, there is certain to be a British warship, alert to send its representatives to inspect the runner's papers, even though she be as remote a craft as this Czech windjammer breasting some Near Eastern waterway.

MY ADVENTURES AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET IN THE WAR ZONES

How an Eye-Witness Gets to and from the Front

By BASIL CLARKE

THESE are the luxurious days of war correspondence. You have an official badge and a khaki uniform, and are "officially accredited." You can move about the front; you have special billets near the General Headquarters Staff, provided by the Army people, and an officer is told off to keep you posted with current happenings. There is also a censor on the spot, and a field telegraph office from which you may despatch your Press message immediately it is written. That is all as it should be.

But in the early days of the war there were no luxuries or even facilities of this kind. The correspondents sent over to the war fronts by the British newspapers had to fend for themselves, arrange their own billets, and find couriers to bring their messages to England. More than this, they had to get to the front as best they could—without transport, without billets and food, and—greatest difficulty of all—without permits. Not only did the authorities refuse permission to correspondents to go to the front, but they put every obstacle in the way of their getting there. And if to their "official knowledge" you did get there, they put you politely but carefully under arrest and sent you home to England. Dozens were sent home. This practice was confined at first to the British authorities, but later they persuaded their Allies to adopt it, too, and the war correspondent became a sort of outlaw. Sailors, soldiers, police, consuls, and the rest all could "bait" the luckless newspaper man if they liked. It was not an easy life. In addition to dodging the Germans, who were perhaps one's least formidable enemy, one had to dodge officious people of all kinds.

Eluding Jacks-in-Office

The newest corporal or the greenest sub-lieutenant, fresh from the "nutty" haunts of Piccadilly, could have you arrested and sent before some general, and he, when appealed to in this open way, had, of course, no option but to obey orders and send you home on parole "not to do it again." Had he seen you in the street himself he would have looked the other way. This was the saving clause about the whole thing; for, though "officially" every man's hand was against you, in practice no one, except jacks-in-office and the authorities at home, wished you very serious harm; and many a soldier and sailor, officers and men, would go out of his way to help you, or would at least be friendly enough to ignore your presence in that prohibited area—the war zone.

The first duty of a war correspondent, therefore, in those days, was to know where these jacks-in-office existed, and to keep clear of them. His second duty was to know how to break regulations successfully, and to dodge sentries and police; and his third was to know where to find friends and helpers who could tell him things and enable him to get about and see things for himself. These good souls were to be found in all the allied armies in all walks of life, from generals to Tommies. I shall never forget my chagrin, on first getting to Calais, to find that not a single permit to get to the front or near it was to be had. Courteous but firm officialdom said, "You must stop in Calais or go back to England. Other correspondents who have failed to do that have been arrested."

Limited to Carry—Forty-one

Here was a fix. But how was one to circumvent this order? After much anxious thought, followed by some queer researches in Calais, a little bundle of a man, a French soldier, showed me. "We entrain for Hazebrouck in twenty minutes," he said. "Our 'saloons' will hold 'forty men or eight horses.'" (This was a little joke anent the inscription on French railway trucks: "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux.") "There will surely be room enough for forty-one men, monsieur, when the forty-first is an ally of France."

The hint was taken, and after circumventing two sentries and two bayonets at Calais Station, I travelled in a railway waggon with forty cheery souls of the —th Regiment of the Army of France. My little friend told them who I was, and my mission, adding that the authorities would give no permits to go to the front. At which all the men agreed that it was a shame, and that I was quite free to travel in their train. But they looked carefully at my passport and photograph, nevertheless, and one of them, a sergeant, said to me earnestly, "Swear to me, monsieur, that you are not a Boche!" There was some straw on the floor, but no seats. There were no windows in the truck, which was an ordinary box-truck, generally used for goods traffic, and such light and air as we got came to us through the open door in the middle of one side of the truck. I forget how many hours we were in getting as far as Dunkirk. I had no food or water, but during one of our stops in sidings a girl came out of a cottage near the line with a jug of water and a cup, and most of us got a drink.

Once arrived in the town of Dunkirk—about twelve miles from the Yser and Nieuport, where fighting was very brisk at that time—I had to think out ways of avoiding the police and of getting to the front at regular intervals. Also I had to establish a courier service. The trouble was in getting out of the gates of the town—at which sentries were always posted. They held me up at my first attempt. No, I could not go to Nieuport or Furnes, or even out of the city gate. They examined my passport, and one of them spoke to me in English. Then they seemed satisfied and more friendly. After a talk, one of them said: "It is not allowed to leave the gate, monsieur, unless one wants to pay a visit to the cemetery, which you see over there, just in the turn of the road." He added with a twinkle: "The same road leads to Furnes and Ypres and all the front. If monsieur, now, would say he would like to see the cemetery, I should be able to let him through the town gate."

To Nieuport via the Cemetery

He looked at me knowingly. I said I should just love to see the cemetery. He winked and let me through. It is true I looked over the cemetery. It was very interesting. But I did not go back again until I had been to Nieuport, fourteen miles away, and seen some fighting and other interesting things. The guards of the gate said meaningly when I got back at dusk: "Monsieur has been a long time in the cemetery. It must be interesting!" Then, after a look around, he added: "How go things at the front today, monsieur?" I told him what news I had gathered. The town guards and I became quite good friends. They received any news that I collected some twelve hours or more before it got to the "Daily Mail," London. Later, they saw it in print in the "Daily Mail," of which I used to leave them copies.

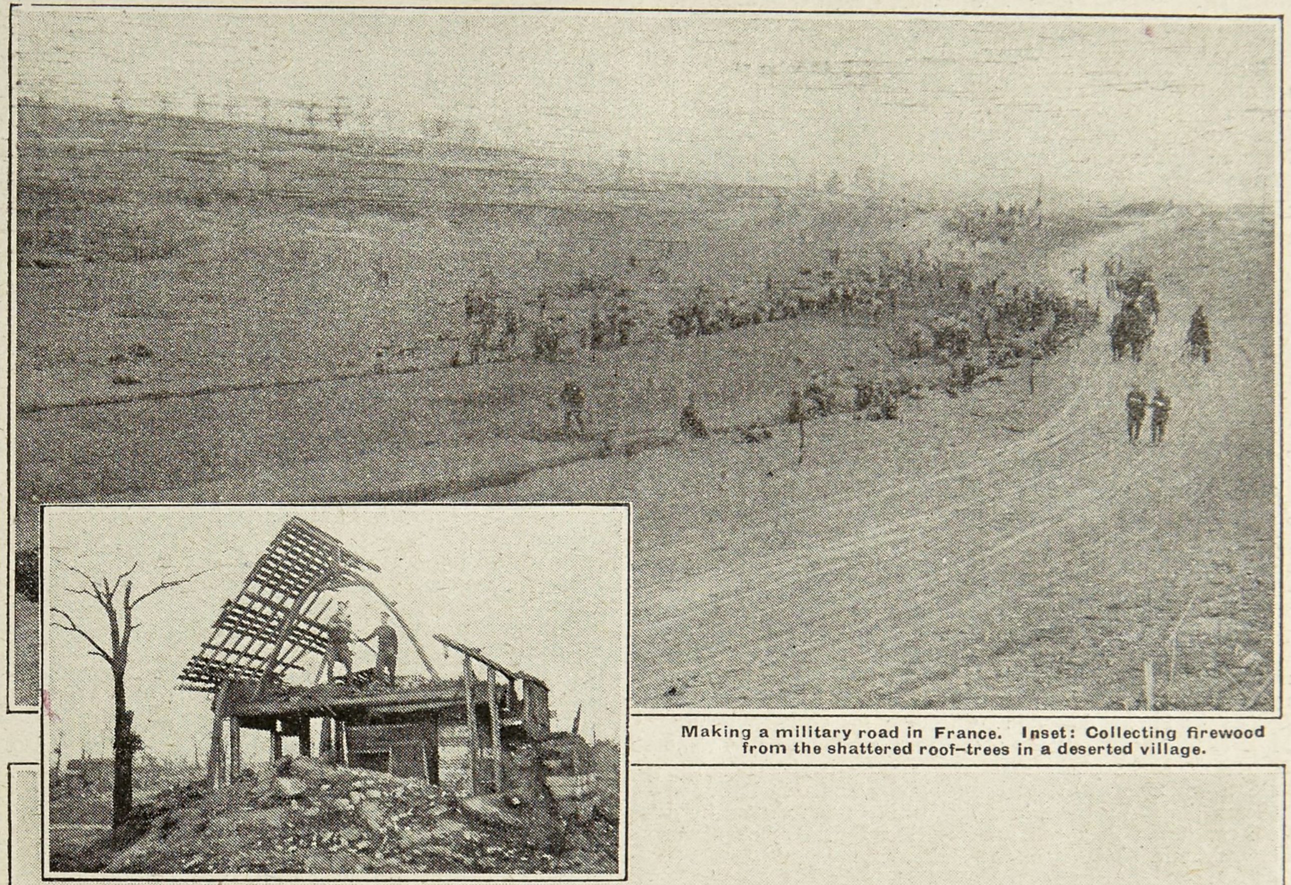
But to do twenty-eight miles on foot four or five days a week becomes a little wearing. I must look around for some better means of covering that long stretch of road between Dunkirk and the front. I could not hire a motor or trap. You needed a permit for one. I must use that of someone else. My first coachman along that road was a soldier breadman. The military bakehouses for that section of the front were in Dunkirk, and every morning a long string of queer-looking French carts used to line up near the quays and get their bread and travel to places beyond Furnes. I made bargains, and one good soul used to pick me up at a point beyond the cemetery and trundle me along in his waggon. It was no more than a tall, two-wheeled cart, covered with a tarpaulin hood the shape of a Salvation Army bonnet. The horse plodded painfully along, and sometimes one could not return the same day. Two nights I slept out in the open under the Salvation bonnet of that cart.

With all good feeling between us I parted from my baker, after about a week, in favour of a transport driver whose waggon, being driven by petrol, was much quicker. It used to leave Dunkirk with supplies fairly regularly, and once

(Continued on page 316

Desolation Left in the Track of the Cyclone

British Official Photographs



Making a military road in France. Inset: Collecting firewood from the shattered roof-trees in a deserted village.

View of the Somme battlefield at the point of junction of the French and British lines. This region is now described as a "peaceful countryside," but the photograph gives some idea of the cost to Nature at which the peace has been secured.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

(Continued from page 314)

on board there was no difficulty in getting along to some point near to the trenches. The sentries on the road had come by this time to know me, and even officers at different points of the front and the route used to collect interesting facts and information to tell me as I passed.

It was a sentry at one of these road pickets who stopped me one day with the remark, " The major wants to see you to-day." I left my waggon, wondering whether trouble was afoot, and went to the major's quarters—a cottage. Here an officer visitor of the major gave me the full story of the taking by the French early that morning of the Maison du Passeur (Fisherman's Hut) on the bank of the Yser Canal. My detailed account of this fine feat reached London before even the bald fact of the taking of the place was announced in the official communiqué.

I had many journeys in different kinds of vehicle along the Ypres road. One day it might be in a store waggon, wherein, seated on two tins of petrol, I was jolted along over ruts and ridges till my very bones ached; the next day I might be in an officer's limousine, easily ensconced on cushions. On one glorious day I was driven right into the city of Ypres, during the bombardment, by an officer of State—all against official orders, of course. I think my description of Ypres during the first bombardment was the first eye-witness account to appear in any of the British or French papers.

Rumanian Jew who Spoke Cockney English

Another day I drove in a motor-mitrailleuse, or armoured car. Sitting on the bottom of the car, under the pillar of the machine-gun, with my eye glued to the little opening just parallel to that for the driver, I could see all and be seen by none. And I don't mind confessing now that I obtained my first peep of Headquarters through that vent. In normal circumstances I gave that place the widest possible berth; for in that direction lay trouble for correspondents. Most of them who entered or approached those doors went home—under escort.

But to move away from France and Flanders. It was in a sleigh pulled by three long-tailed horses and driven by a Jew coachman in a tall fur hat that I first reached the eastern front. It was in the Bukovina. In this turn-out, exposed to snow and wind, I covered some forty miles over mountains in one day. I was perished with cold, for I had ignored everyone's advice to buy furs. The possibility of getting a few hours earlier to the scene of the Bukovina fighting had tempted me to try the journey without "wasting time" to buy proper clothing. The Jew had actually to lift me out of the sleigh at the end of the journey that night, for I was paralysed and in a state of coma with cold. He was a nice Jew, and he spoke Cockney English. He lived in Hertza, in Rumania; but once he had been a tailor's presser in the Commercial Road, London. So small is the world!

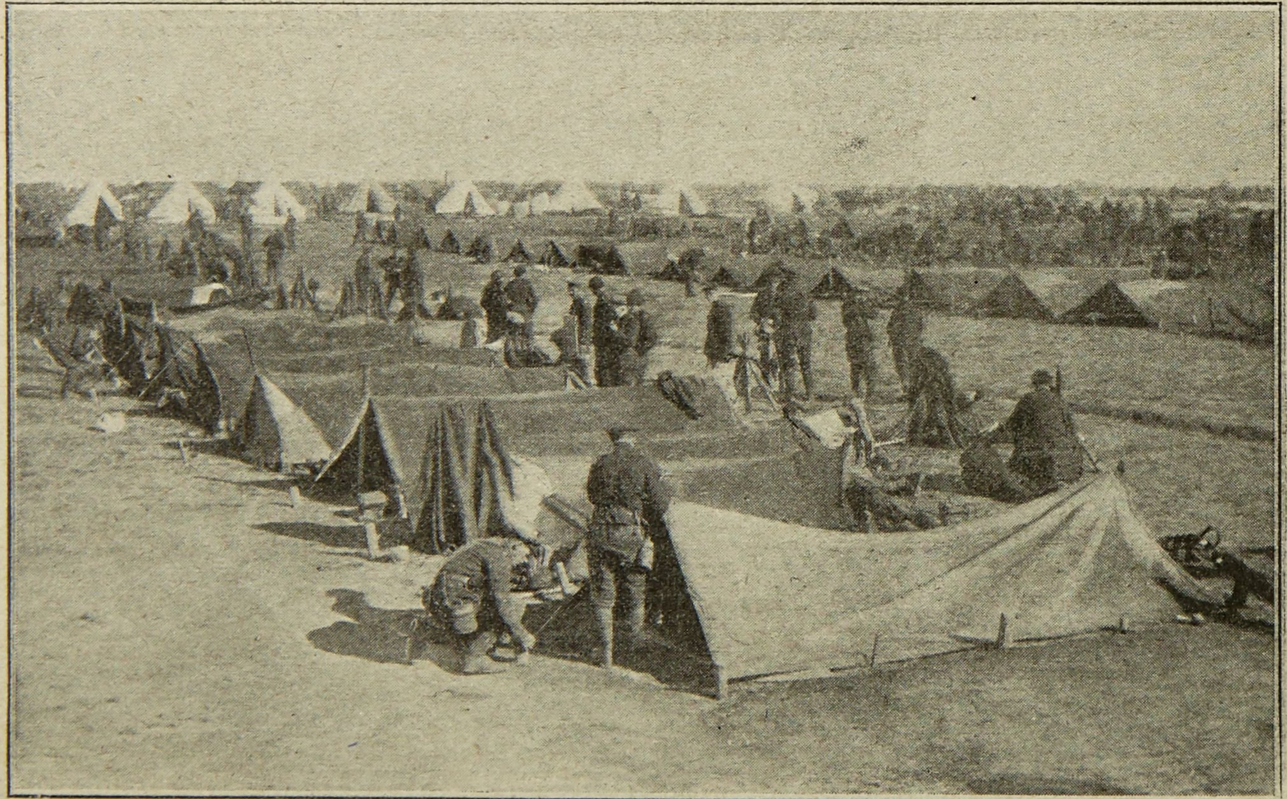
Ox Waggon or Armoured Train

A Transylvanian peasant's sleigh and two oxen pulled me on another journey in the Bukovina, and this was absolutely the slowest and most primitive war conveyance I ever used. But for the fact that there was no alternative, and that I had luggage which would surely never reach me again if once I left it, I would have walked that journey, and have arrived at my destination in half the time. " Ma foi!" as the French say, but you need patience to ride behind an ox.

Once, in Russia—in Bessarabia, near Bojau—I was taken to the front in an armoured train, and this was one of the most interesting of all the ways I had tried of getting to the front. The Austrians added to the interest by having a shot or two at us with a 3 in. gun, and one of their shells tore up our railway track; but we came through all right.

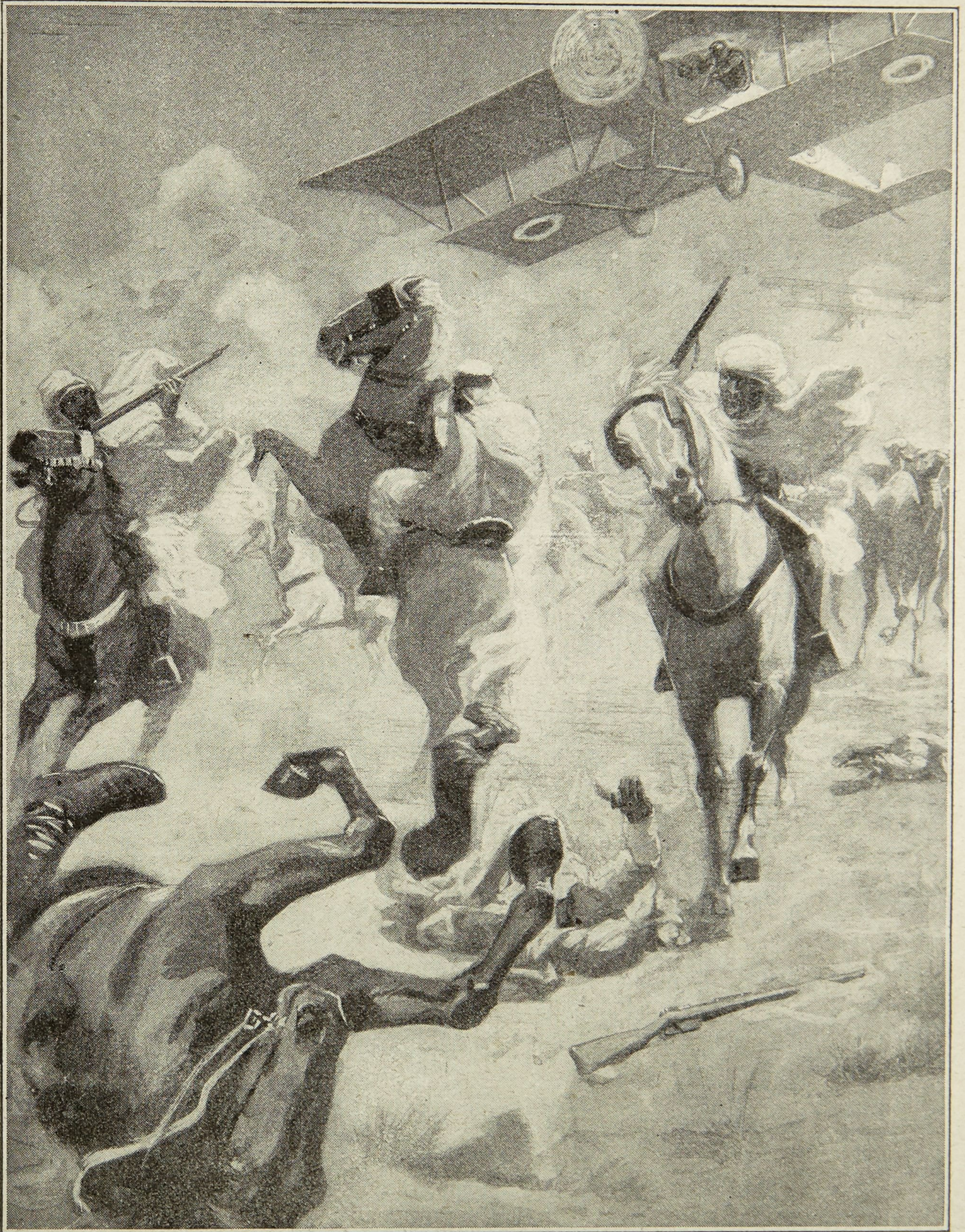
Means of travel were far fewer on the eastern front than on the western, and the snow and frozen rivers made things much more difficult. But the authorities, both police and military, were much more reasonable. Even a general would make no bones about inviting you to tea, asking you what you wanted to see, and putting facilities in your way to see it. There was none of that dodging of police and red caps (Staff officers) to do here. Still, after a time I found myself missing that subtle spice of mischief which the breaking of regulations and the invention of makeshifts added to life as a war correspondent in the west. After all, I suppose it is this queer lust for appetising adventure that leads one into these restless callings.

Next article: My Midnight Escape from the Austrians



Canadian camp behind the Somme front. Two soldiers are rigging up a kind of backwoods' shelter. Rifles are piled, and the men are resting, talking, doing nothing in particular—a welcome change after a recent spell of heavy duty. (Canadian official photograph.)

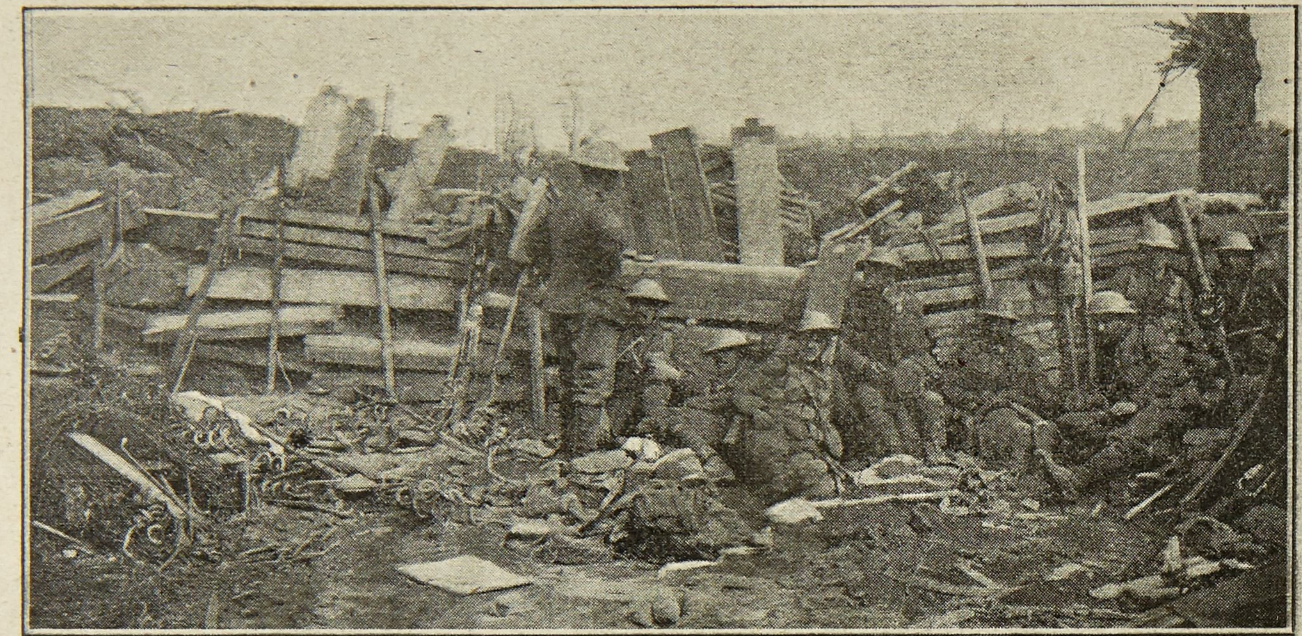
Desert Duel Between Airmen and Horsemen



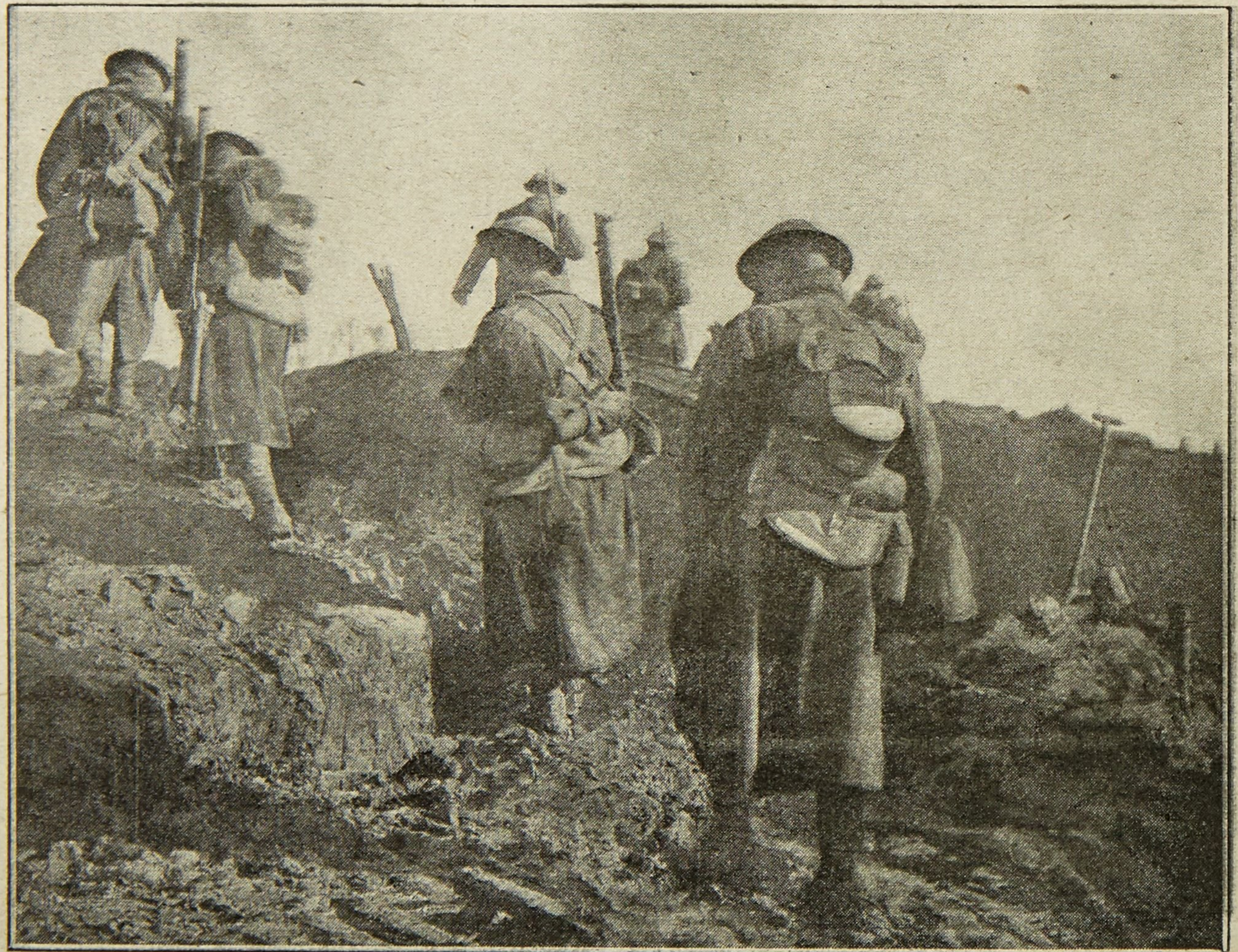
In the district of Shat-el-Hai, Mesopotamia, a spirited affair is reported between a party of mounted enemy irregulars and two British aeroplanes armed with machine-guns. The enemy had captured a number of camels and made off, the aeroplanes overtook them, and, descending to within twenty feet of the ground, dispersed the Arabs by machine-gun fire. Abandoning the camels, the hostile cavalry retreated to the mountains, and a troop of British horsemen came up and took possession of the recaptured booty.

Behind a British Barricade at Lesbœufs

British Official Photographs



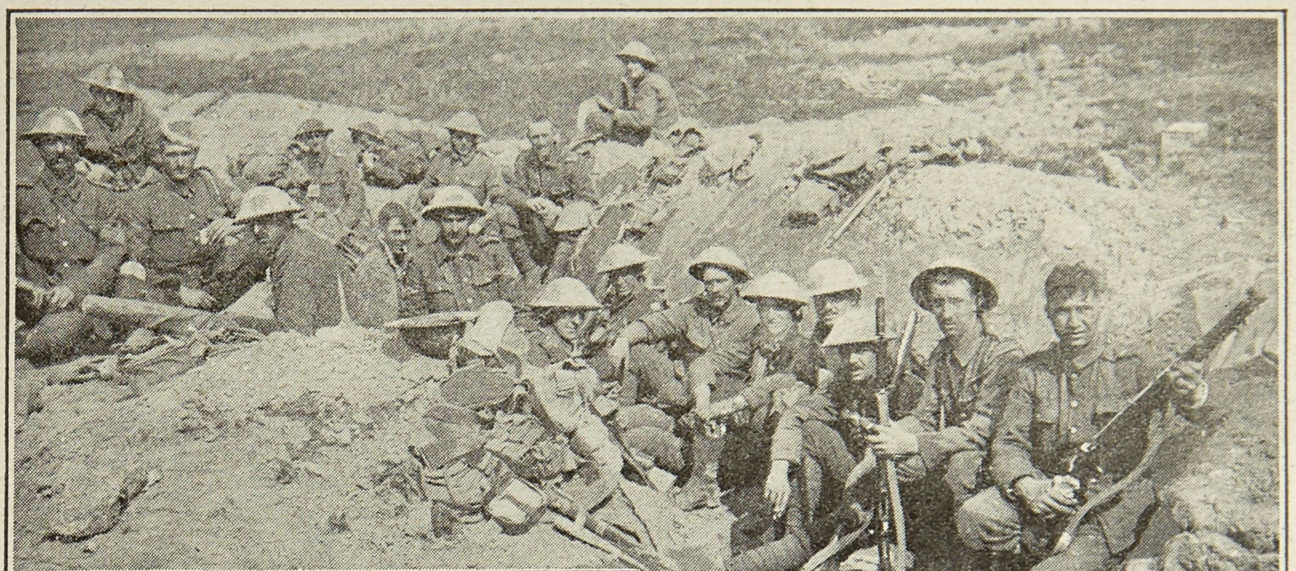
No right of way for the foe. Preliminary and hastily-built barrier to help consolidate a gain at Lesbœufs. Some British soldiers are waiting behind the massed timber as if expecting a counter-attack. A machine-gun is seen on the extreme right of the photograph.



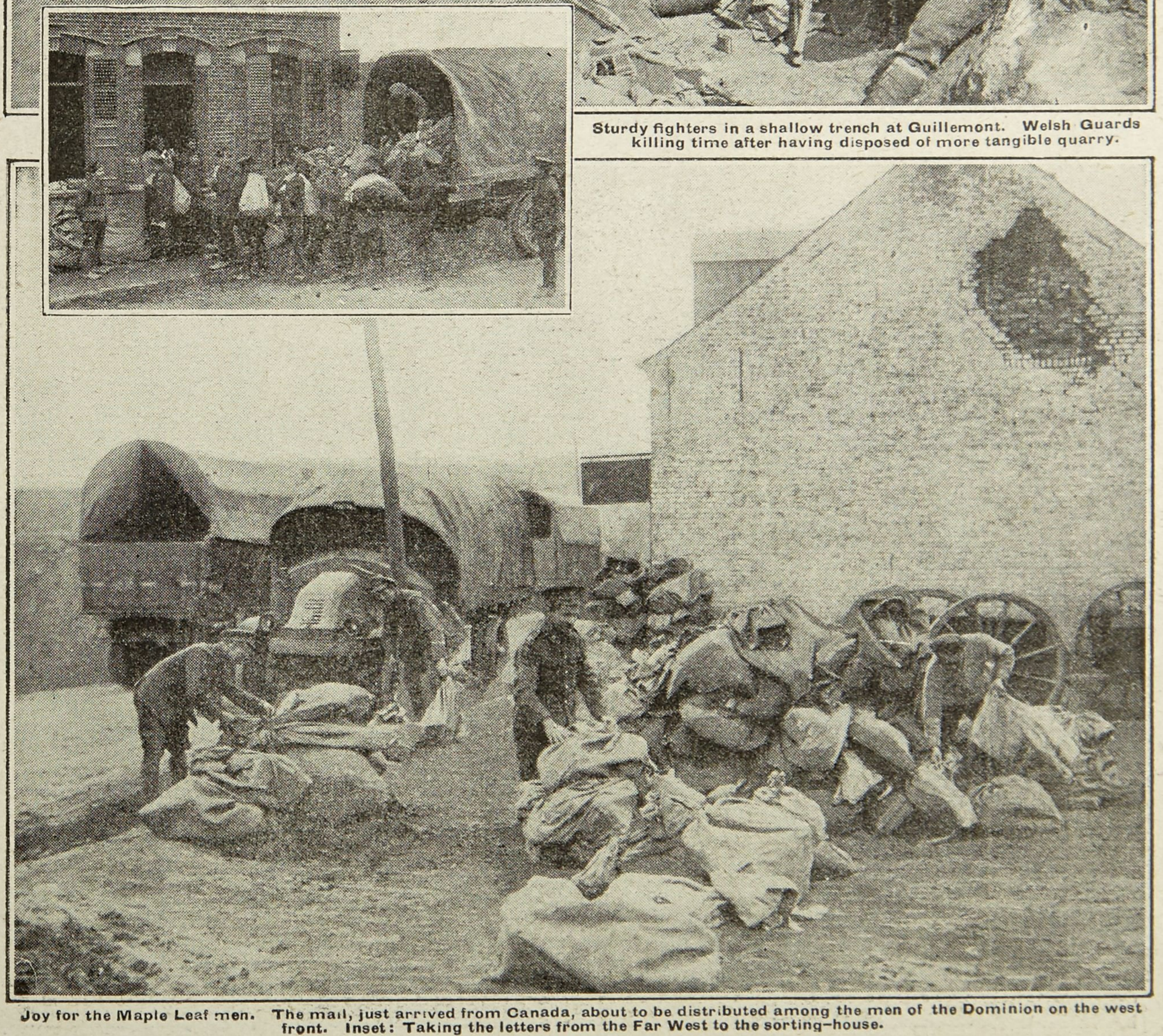
Off to the trenches through the slimy mud. With the advent of winter the hardships of the fighting men will increase, and everything possible that can be done on the part of the civilian to mitigate the rigours of winter in the trenches should be a bounden duty.

From the Golden West to the Sombre West Front

British Official and Canadian War Records



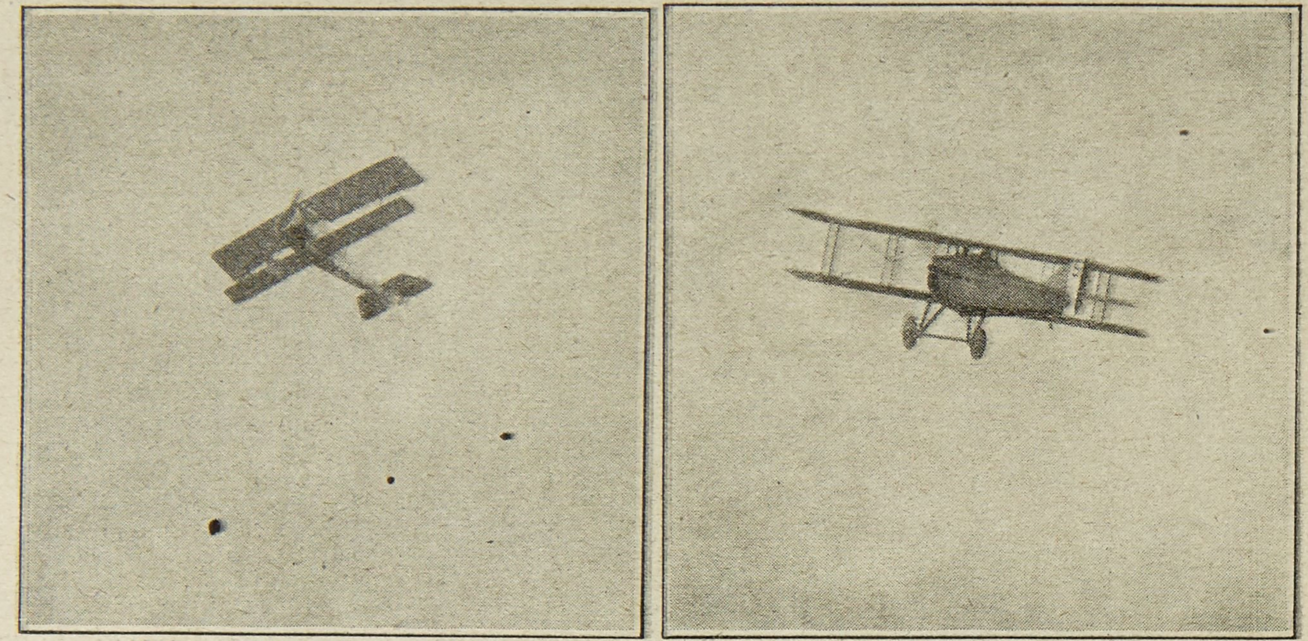
Sturdy fighters in a shallow trench at Guillemont. Welsh Guards killing time after having disposed of more tangible quarry.



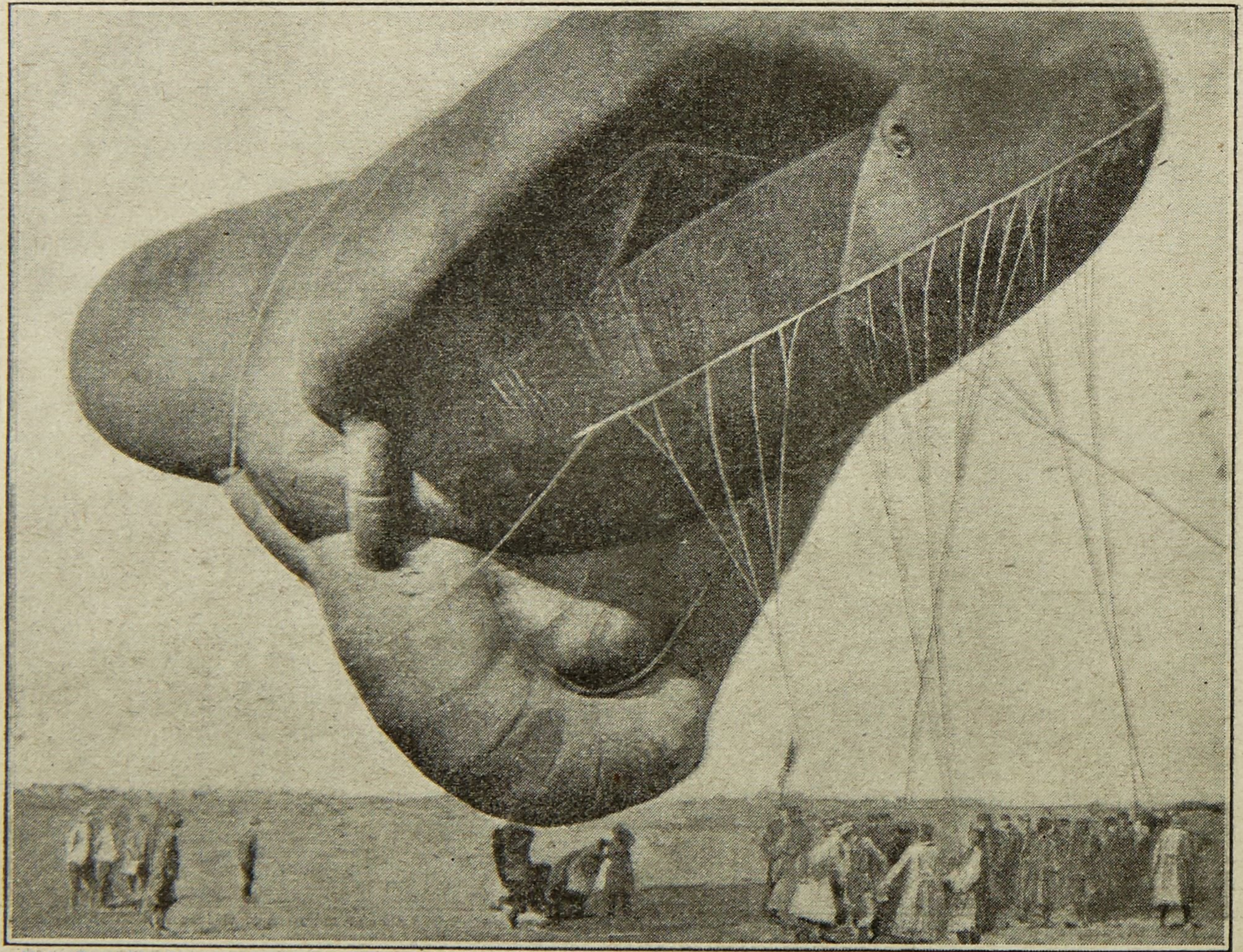
Joy for the Maple Leaf men. The mail, just arrived from Canada, about to be distributed among the men of the Dominion on the west front. Inset: Taking the letters from the Far West to the sorting-house.

With the French Flying Corps Over the Front

French Official Photographs

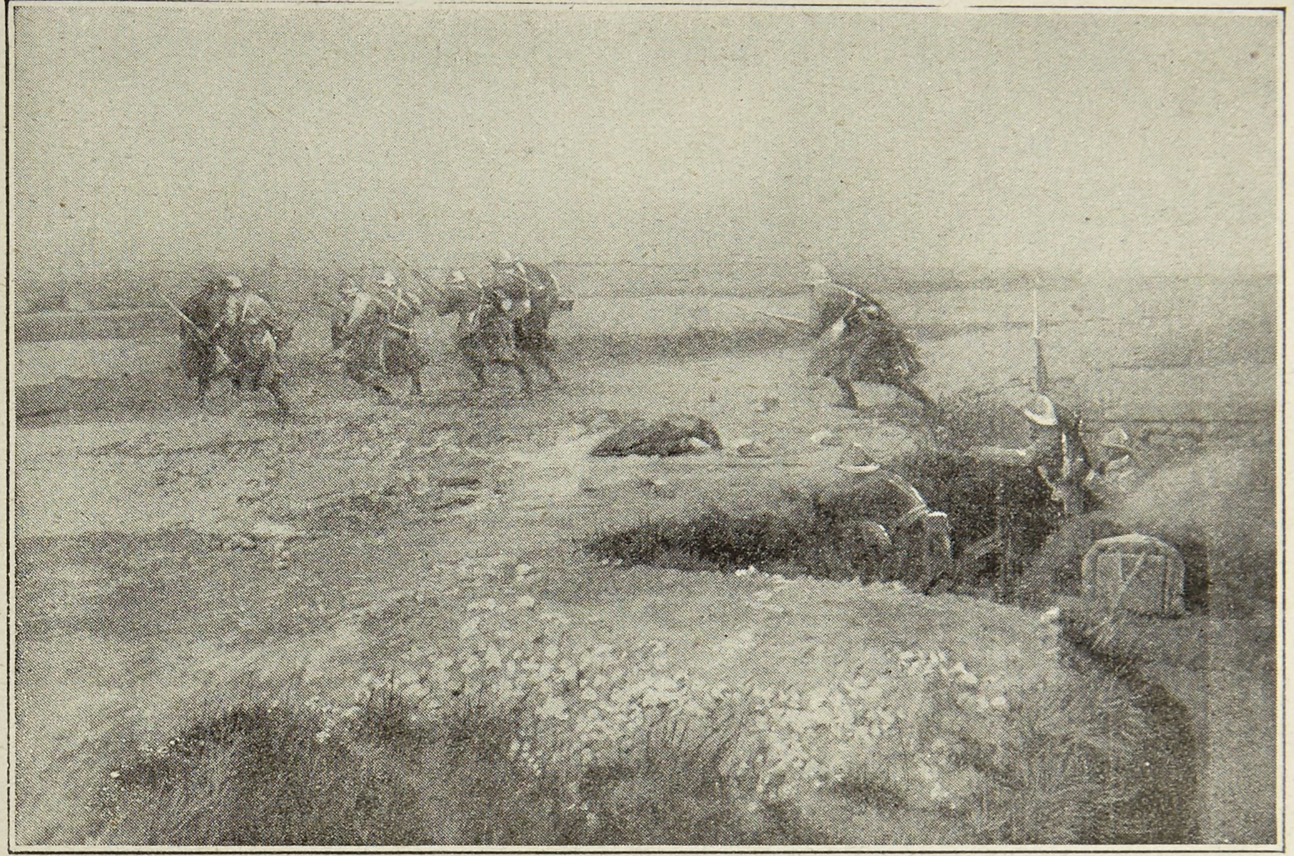


Lieutenant Guynemer holds the French record for the destruction of enemy aircraft. These photographs show him making a trip in his machine known as "Old Charles," and (right) floating in space while on an excursion. The French military authorities stimulate friendly rivalry among their flying men by giving publicity to their individual achievements, and Lieutenant Guynemer heads the list.

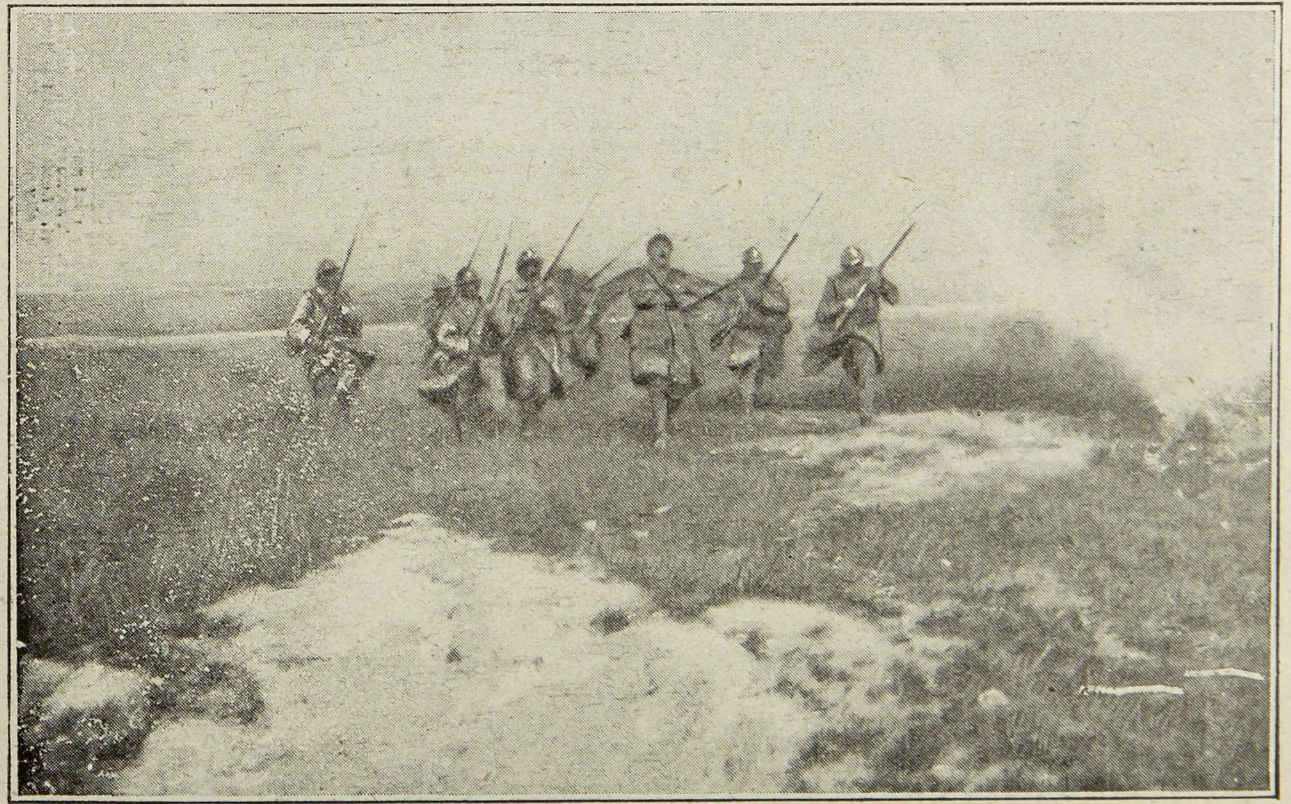


Not a Zeppelin after an encounter with hostile bombs, but a new type of observation balloon in use by the French. It is so constructed that it can remain absolutely steady even if the wind is blowing a gale.

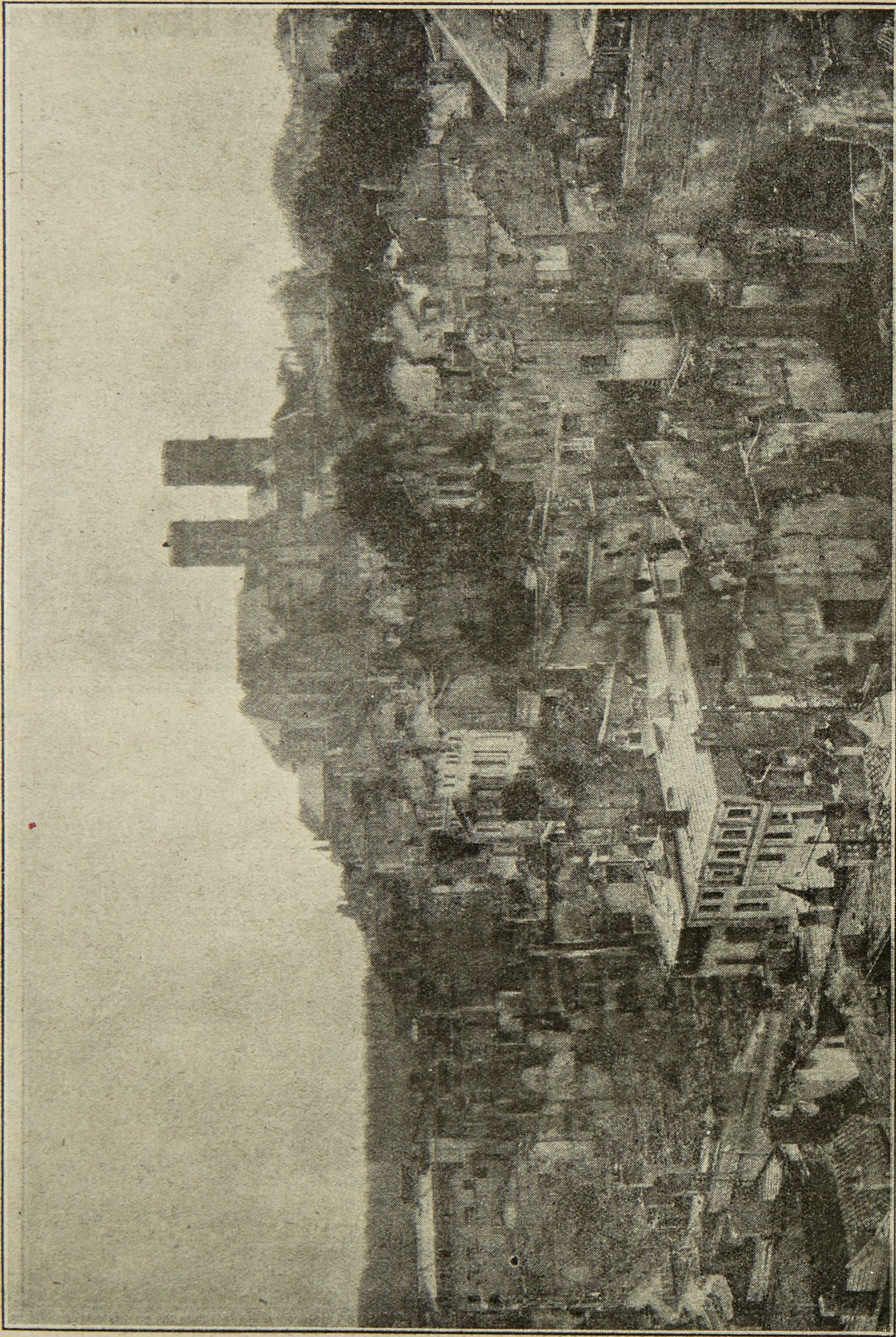
Wonderful Impressions of a Charge Dead On



Remarkable action photograph of French soldiers leaving their shelter. In the trench itself the last men are clambering over the top, one of them being assisted to the parapet by a comrade.



Another view taken at great risk to the operator. It represents a company of French soldiers racing towards the enemy's trenches, an officer at their head. To the right a shell is bursting perilously near this gallant handful of Poilus.



VERDUN THE GLORIOUS.—Only posterity will know the vital part that the defence of Verdun has played in the overthrow of the Central Powers. The wonderful, skilful defence of the citadel is perhaps the greatest victory on the west front. Looking at the panoramic impression of this, the most prominent landmark in the war, the city seems to stand out like a rock battered by a terrific storm, but still steadfast and strong. The Germans could only reach it with their long-range guns. The cathedral and many houses were shattered, but never a Boche set foot within its precincts, hallowed by the indomitable spirit of France. To the north-west cannons still boom and bayonets flash, for are not the French retaliating with the victories of Douaumont and Vaux, wresting from the foe all that he gained after three months of careful preparation and six months of reckless carnage?

THE GERMAN DRIVE INTO TRANSYLVANIA

By Dr. James Murphy

Dramatic and serious as it seemed at first, Mackensen's effort against Rumania in the Dobruja was by way of a feint, the critical onslaught on our new ally having been planned by Hindenburg to take place via Transylvania. In continuation, therefore, of Dr. Murphy's preliminary article, "What Has Happened in Rumania?" this eminent authority on Balkan affairs explains the enemy's real dispositions and how Rumania hopes to counteract them.

THE German attack in the Transylvanian Alps is of much greater importance than Mackensen's dramatic drive in the Dobruja. Falkenhayn launched the principal assault, leaving to his lieutenant the task of carrying out the feint. The latter has already failed, for the main purpose of his mission has not been achieved. He had hoped to dislocate the plans of the Rumanian General Staff and force it to submit to Hindenburg's strategy. But the Rumanians have steadfastly clung to their purpose.

The whole burden of the struggle, therefore, falls on the Austro-German forces in Transylvania.

Germany's Extension of Line

Last week I drew attention to some of the political reasons which lay at the back of Germany's action. Here it will be well to say a few words on the military considerations, though it is impossible to draw a clear dividing line between the one and the other. The main fact to bear in mind is that Rumania's entry into the war extended the Austro-German line to a new length of over seven hundred miles. This happened at a most critical period. The German forces were being hard pressed on the Somme and at Verdun; Austria had suffered heavily in Galicia, in the Trentino, and on the Carso; the Serbians were pressing hard against the Bulgars at Monastir, and the allied forces threatened them still more severely at Salonika. Into this sorely-tried line Rumania thrust a threatening salient of about seven hundred miles.

We are now in a position to deal more closely with the outstanding features of the campaign in Transylvania. Roughly speaking, the Transylvanian front is about three hundred and fifty miles long. It rests on a continuous chain of mountains running from Bukovina, where the Rumanian line joins the Russian, to the Iron Gates where the Danube flows through a rift in the mountain chain. Throughout this stretch there are five or six important passes which might be used by invading armies either from the one side or the other. Of these, there are three which are of dominant interest at present. They are the Predeal Pass—often called the Tömos (narrow)—the Red Tower Pass, and the Vulkan Pass. Of these, the Predeal is the farthest east. It is three thousand five hundred feet high, and carries the main railroad from Transylvania to Bukarest. The railroad runs through a tunnel, but a good road traverses the pass.

Gates to Rumania

It is comparatively narrow and flanked by hills, which afford ready facilities for defence. On the whole it is a poor line of advance for invading troops, for, though it offers the most direct route to Bukarest and the rich plain lying between the capital and the foot of the mountain range, there is little room for troops to deploy until strong outposts have actually conquered a considerable section of the plain.

The Red Tower Pass, which is only one thousand five hundred feet high, is more in the nature of a valley, and forms the bed of the River Aluta, which flows from the Transylvanian plain directly southward through Rumania to the Danube. This route also carries a railroad. Farther west is the Vulkan Pass, one thousand seven hundred feet high, through which flows the River Jin, connecting Transylvania with the western stretches of Rumania and flowing into the Danube at Rakovo. There is no railway here, but it has a good road, which connects the Hungarian railway station at Lipazeny with the Rumanian rail-head at Targul Viului. Though low, the pass is narrow and protected by flanking mountains.

In these passes the German commanders seem to have concentrated their main efforts. But before we come to measure the success which they have attained, and the promise of future developments which it bears, one naturally asks: How were the Rumanians forced to retreat so quickly to the mountains after their initial offensive had given them a good footing in Transylvania?

Why Rumania Withdrew

The answer is both interesting and illuminating, though, like most illuminating answers, it is but the simple statement of a very elementary principle. And in this case the principle is that adopted by a fielder who catches a cricket-ball as well as by a general who resists an attack. It explains the Battle of the Marne, the victory of Verdun, the Austrian rout in the Trentino. But in the case of Transylvania there were special circumstances which made it absolutely imperative to bring the principle into play. In the first place, the Germans were served by a magnificent network of railways, one of the most important assets which an attacking army can have, while the Rumanians had the mountain range between them and their bases of supply. In such a case it would have been foolhardy to give battle in the open and risk the danger of a local turning movement which might at any moment cut one of their main channels of communication. An army cannot fight with its back against a mountain wall, where it has but a few narrow outlets through which it can receive supplies and send its wounded back to the bases. A sudden swerve might easily place the enemy at the pillar of the gate and give him control of the outlet. To make a stand on the advanced ground, therefore, would have been to play into the Germans' hands.

So far, it is quite easy to grasp the strategic trend of the movement, and if it were to follow its normal course there could be scarcely any doubt of its success.

But when one comes to discuss the narrower question of tactics, the matter becomes more difficult. Most of the communiqués speak of fighting having taken place in the passes; and it would appear that, as the Rumanians retired, they did not attempt to establish themselves on the flanking mountains. The same seems to be true of the enemy. If this be so—and it probably is—we have here a reversion to the old type of mountain warfare; for in the Austro-Italian conflict, which is the classical type of modern Alpine fighting, scarcely any struggle has taken place in the actual passes and valleys. A few batteries of medium calibre on a dominating mountain position will hold thousands at bay in the passes below. Unless it be due to the lack of artillery, or the time which is necessary for the hauling up and placing in position of big guns, it is difficult to find an explanation of what has happened in the Transylvanian Alps.

Enemy Fully Controlled

However, there is one movement which again brings the strategic position into fairly clear outline. The Rumanians seem to have been able to control the direction of the German attack. While the enemy has succeeded in coming forward in the Predeal Pass, he has been thrown back in the Vulkan Pass to the west, and in the Buzau Pass to the east. That is very important. For if the relative position can be maintained, it ought to have the effect of subjecting the German to his enemy's strategy. Such a movement is practically an infallible forerunner of success in mountain warfare. Suffice it to say that if you can hold strong mountain positions advanced on the wings of your defence, while you allow the enemy's line to sag towards you in the centre, there is every likelihood that the victory will eventually turn in favour of the defence.

The Germans have already got through the Predeal and the Red Tower Passes, but they do not seem to have penetrated the mountain chain at any other important point. The fighting is now taking place amid the series of hills which stand before the exits of both passes.

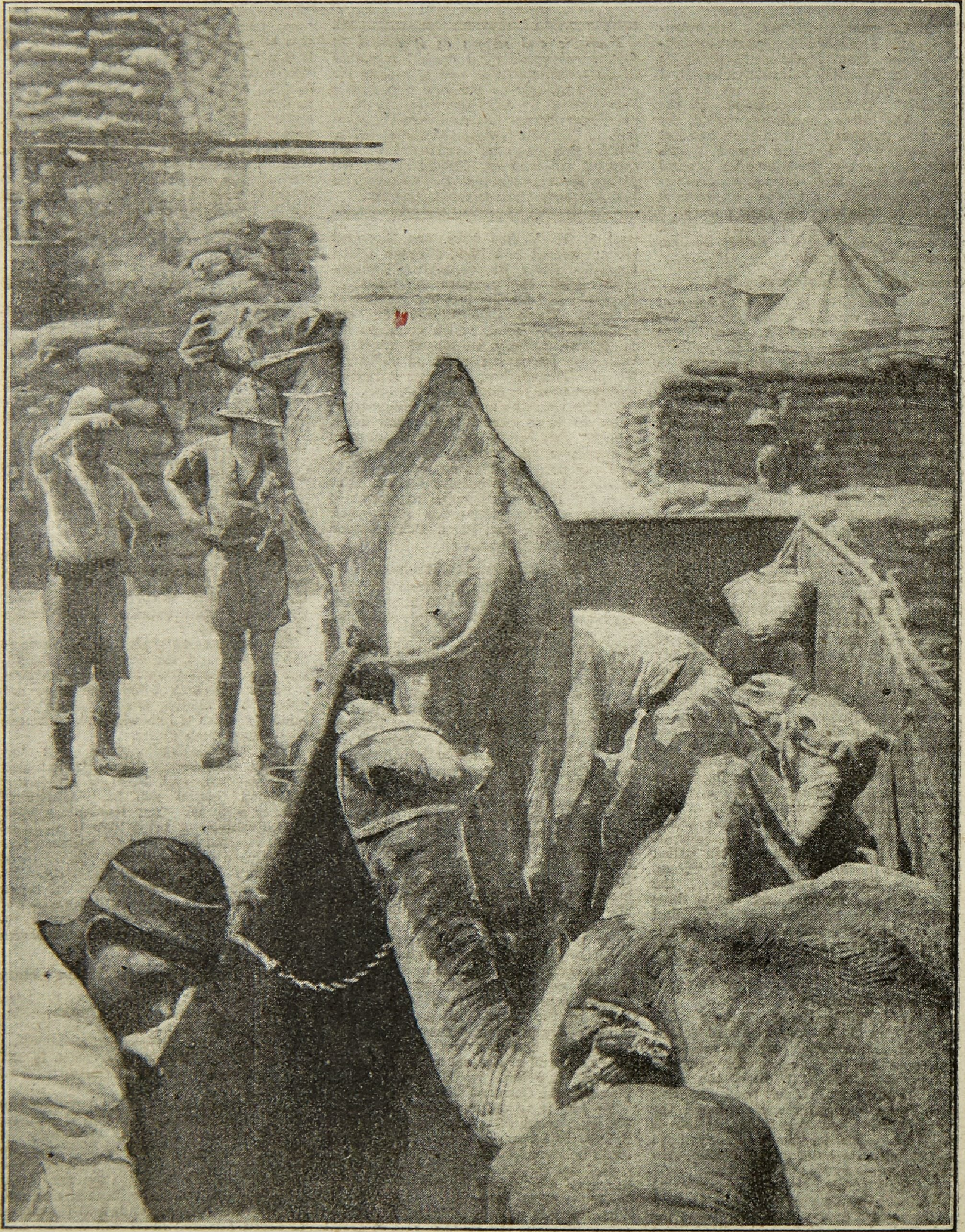
The outstanding fact is that the strategic integrity of Rumania has not been violated, and there is no strong likelihood that it will be. Winter is already with us. The Rumanians have the advantage of being able to mobilise along internal lines, and the German line is stretched awkwardly over nearly three hundred miles of difficult mountain. To sustain a winter campaign here will make serious demands on Austro-German resources. Mountain railways must be built and a large system of electric plants must be installed.

Hindenburg the Wrong Man

The Hindenburg mind is not of the type which is successful in mountain campaigning; so that, even though he can still dispose of immense artillery supplies, he is weak in other phases, which in the aggregate will outweigh the importance of artillery.

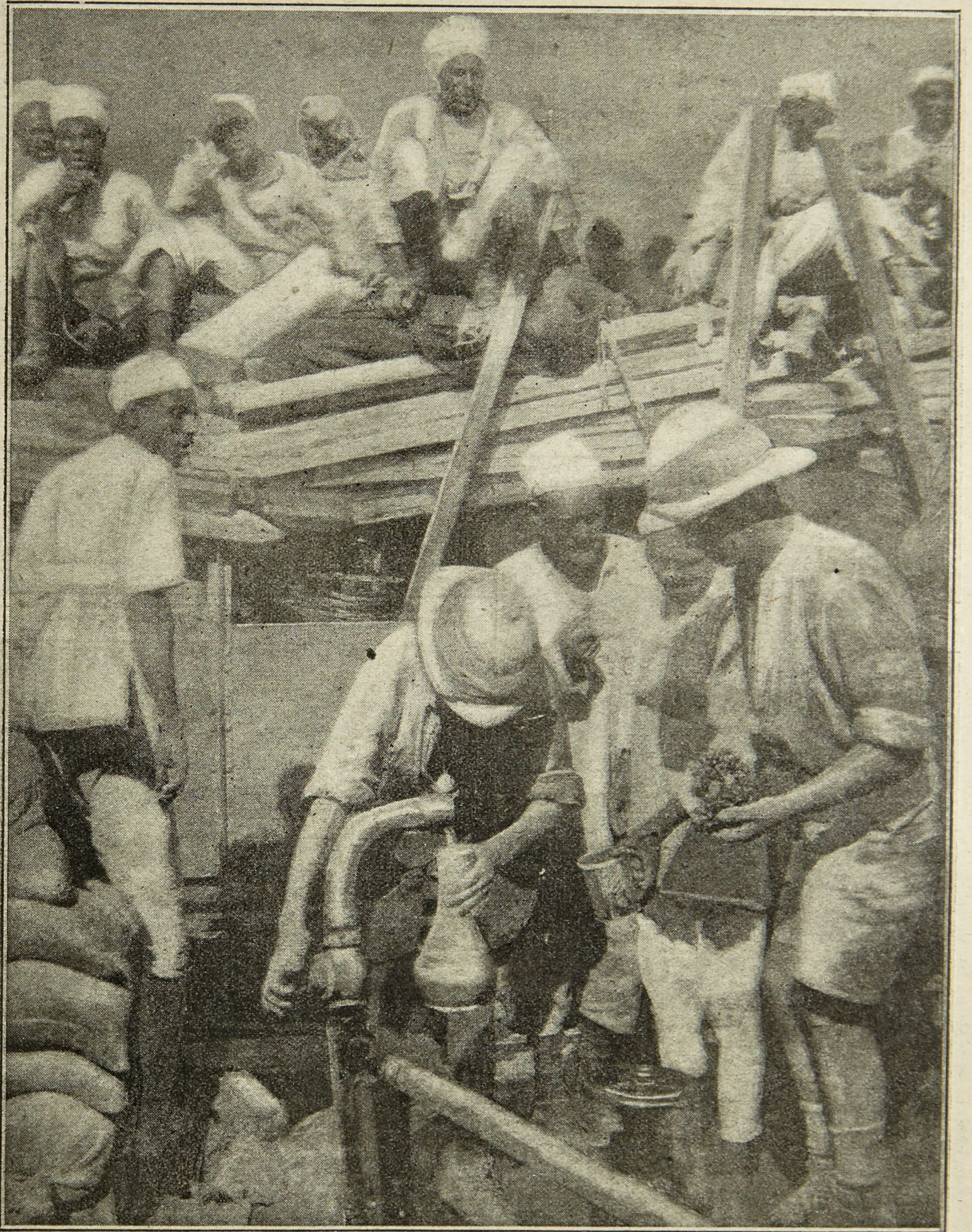
If the Rumanians can hold against the blows of the northern hammer, it does not matter seriously how far they may be successful or unsuccessful in dealing heavy counter-blows. While their Russian communications are intact they can draw upon immense resources, both in men and in material, with the result that the salient of seven hundred miles will remain and the Central Empires will be comparatively weakened in the remaining sectors of their far-flung battle-line.

Ships of the Desert Entrain for the Front:



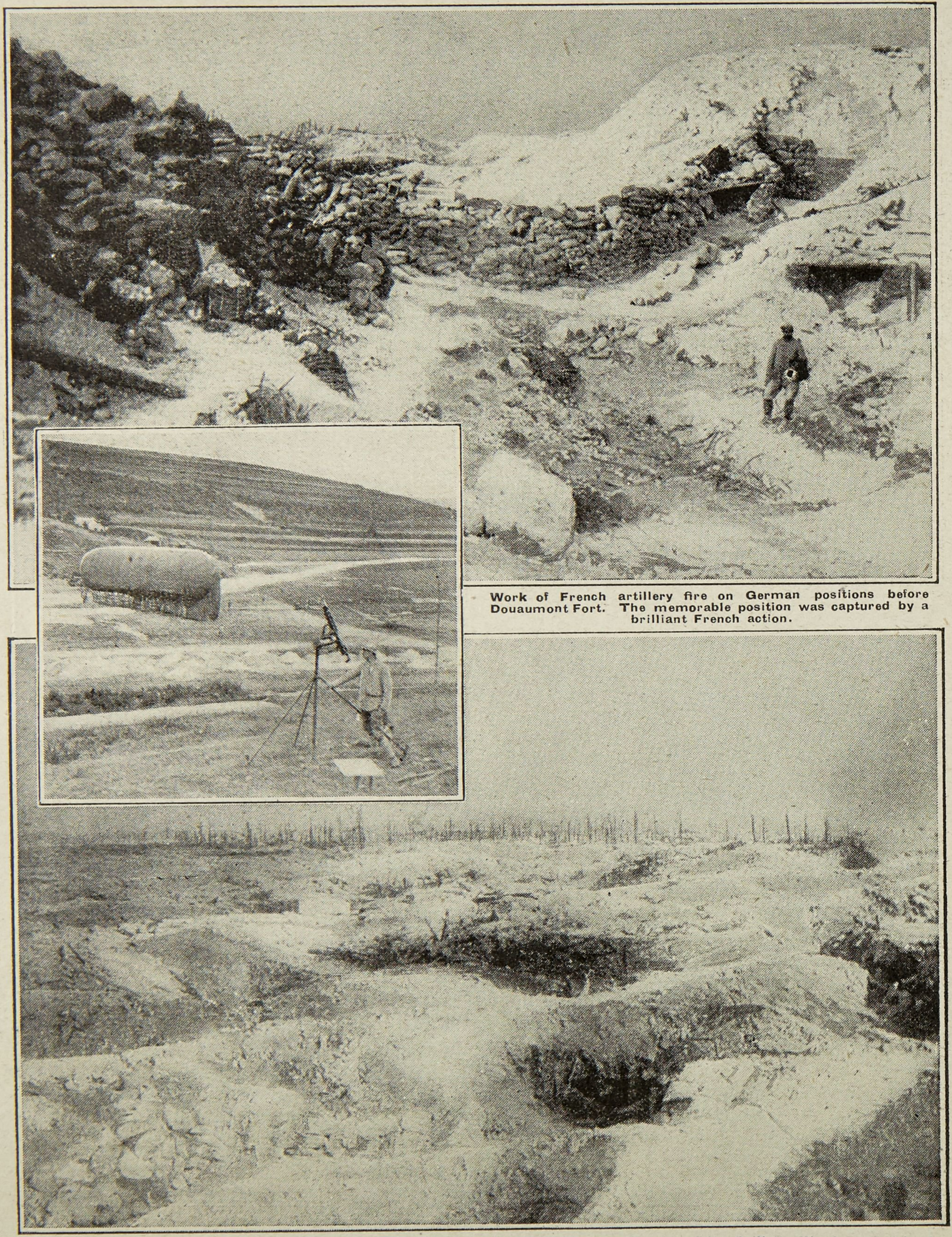
Camels travelling to the front by train. In the operations against the Senussi, General Peyton's force captured the hostile commander and drove the scattered remnants of his forces far beyond the Egyptian border. The railway from Alexandria westwards runs only as far as Matruh, and there a mobile column of all arms gathered for the projected expedition against the Senussi strongholds farther west by Sollum and in the desert. For such work camels are worth their weight in gold, as they carry a load of 300 lb. with ease, have enormous staying power, and only ask for a drink about every eight days.

Incidents in the Conquest of the Senussi



British soldiers and men of the Egyptian Labour Corps getting water and cleaning fruit by a wayside station on the journey from Alexandria to Matruh. The natives in the background are sitting on top of a loaded truck. Beyond the terminus the mobile column had five days' continuous and heavy marching, halting and bivouacking at points where there were wells. At some of these the water supply was found to be plentiful, but at others there was only just sufficient for drinking purposes. An incident of this campaign was the dashing action of the armoured cars under the Duke of Westminster, which resulted in the rescue of the men of the Tara.

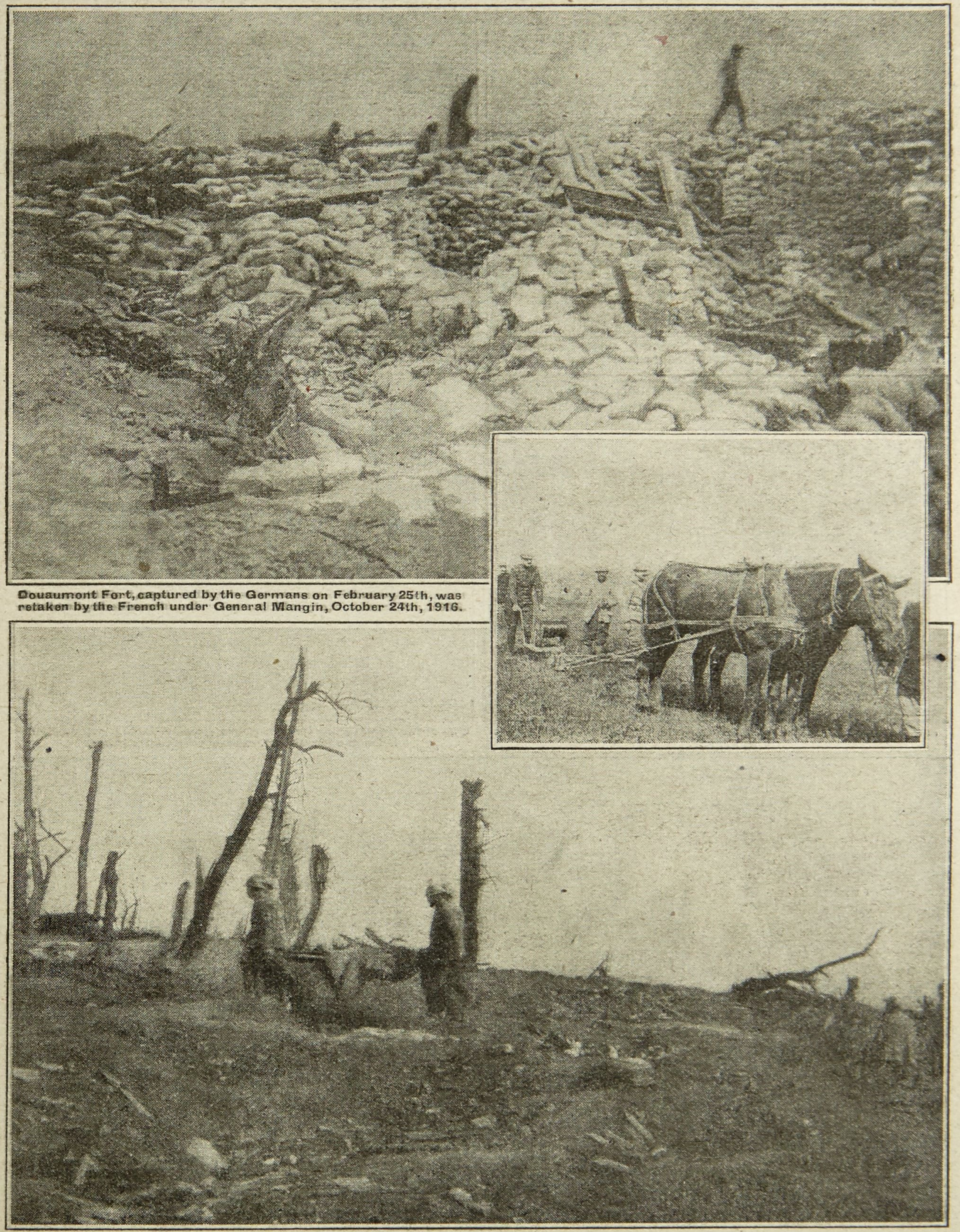
Where the Tricolour Flies in Splendid Triumph:



Work of French artillery fire on German positions before Douaumont Fort. The memorable position was captured by a brilliant French action.

Advent of winter over ground which once was a luxuriant forest. All that remains to-day of the Caillette Wood—a stretch of calcined territory on the Verdun front. Inset: How a stationary balloon is defended against aircraft by a mitrailleuse on terra firma.

Douaumont Fort Recaptured by General Mangin

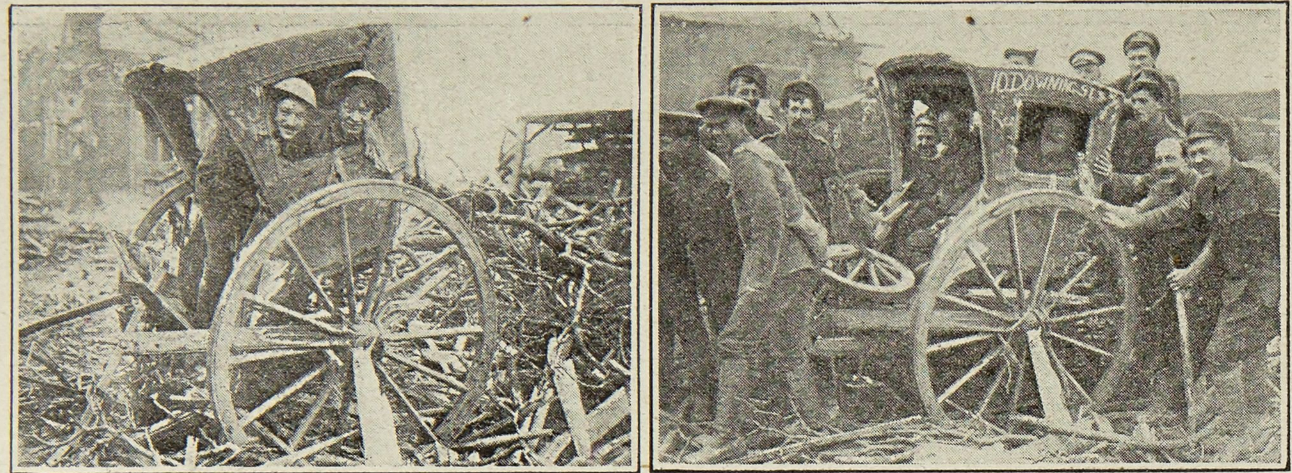


Douaumont Fort, captured by the Germans on February 25th, was retaken by the French under General Mangin, October 24th, 1916.

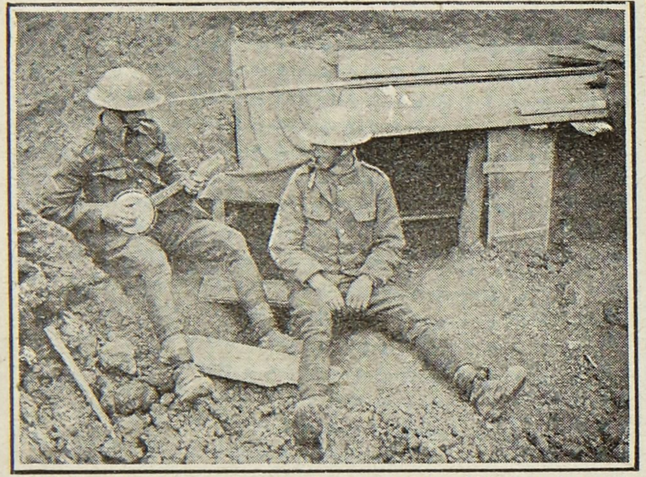
Bringing in wounded across open ground at the edge of the forest. Inset: French soldiers laying an underground telephone cable. The apparatus ploughs a furrow along which the reel lays a cable. The furrow is then filled in by an inverted ploughshare behind the reel.

Fun and Frolic After Fierce Fighting

British and Canadian Official Photographs



One can imagine the hilarity with which this ancient vehicle was discovered by the boys beaming through the window. Forthwith the most fragile member of the company was assisted inside and joyously escorted in the direction of the Premier's official residence.

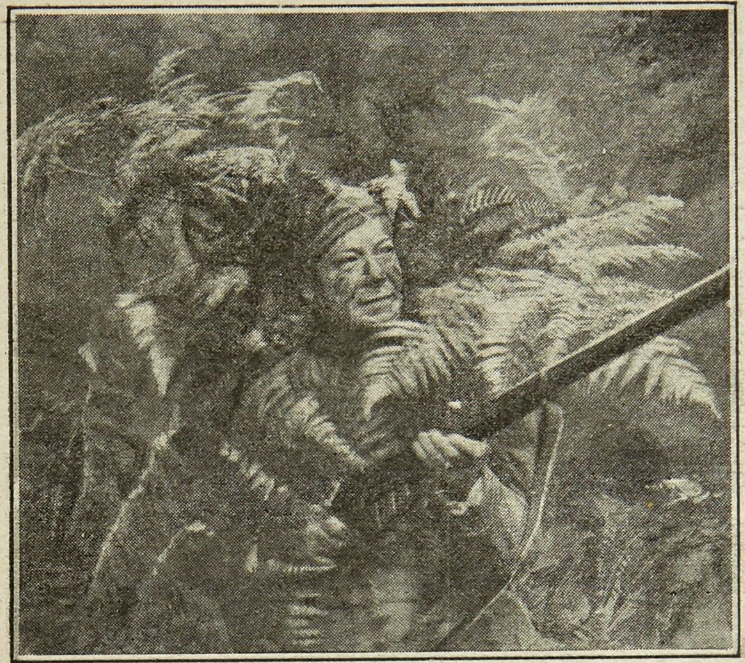


A little music relieves the cheerless monotony of life in a dug-out in France.

One of the Northumberland Fusiliers, greatly daring returns Hun-helmeted from the trenches riding on a mule.

"A merry heart goes all the day." Somme smiles at a Canadian ammunition-dump. Spirit that cannot be broken carried the Canadians through some of the worst situations in the war. Reinforced now by unlimited munitions it has made them irresistible.

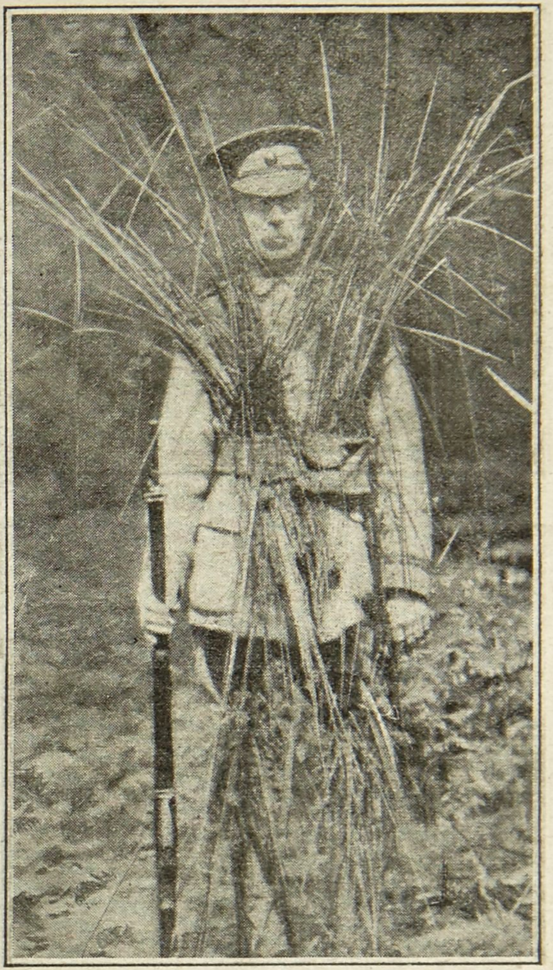
How the Elusive Sniper Hides Himself from Foes



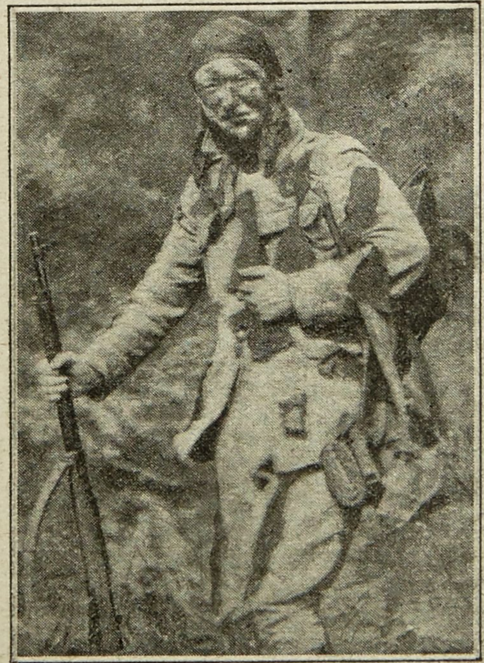
With a fern dressing and a face made up with yellow and black grease-paint this sniper was able to elude the enemy for many hours.

THE art of concealment in warfare is synonymous with the instinct of self-preservation. In no branch of the Service, however, is this so important as in sniping. Snipers, to surprise their quarry, have to advance to within visible distance of the foe and wait for hours in order to get a bull's-eye.

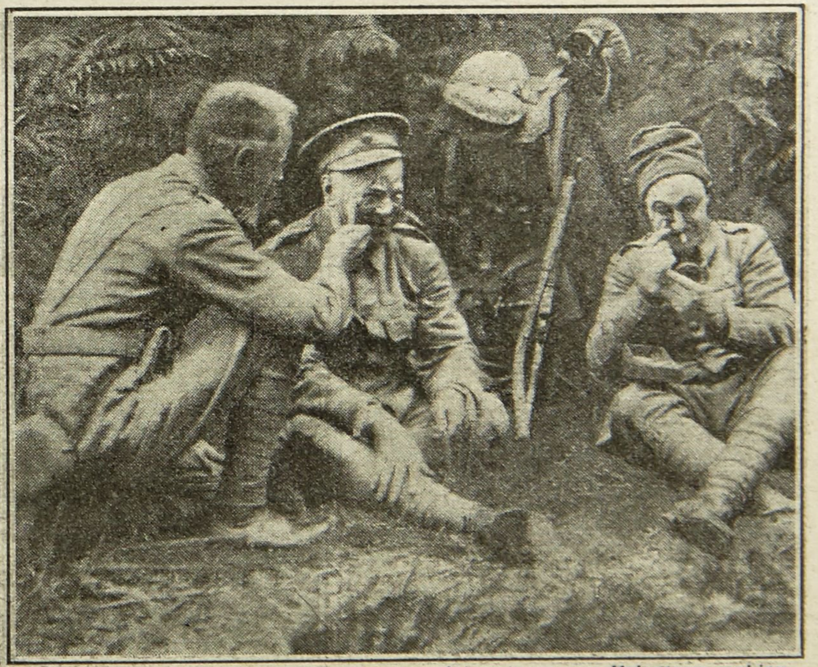
Thus it behoves them to be as wary as human wits can possibly make them. The photographs on this page give some idea of the ingenuity exercised by men under command of Colonel Ashley, who has given them a series of lessons in the art of concealment. The tree disguise is perhaps the most effective. The idea, of course, is to break up masses of light-showing material by sewing pieces of a different coloured cloth on to the uniform. The face is made up with grease-paint. Such a disguised sniper, ensconced among the thick foliage of a tree, would be rendered practically invisible.



Human water-weed. A scout who successfully hid in marshy land by disguising himself with bundles of rushes.



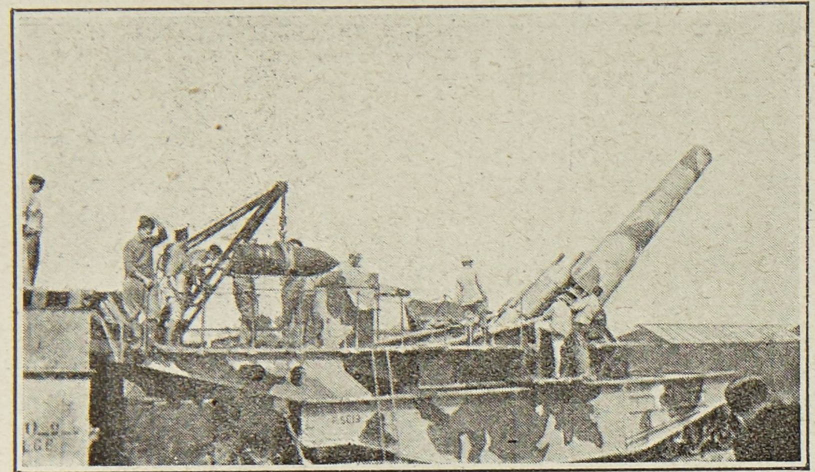
An effective disguise: Grease-paint applied to the face and tatters to the uniform.



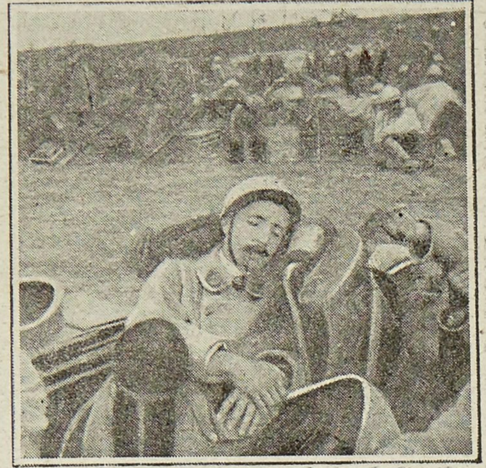
Grease-paint and property-box in the snipers' dressing-room. Volunteers making themselves up in various disguises.

Guns, Shells and Men in Flaming Picardy

French Official Photographs

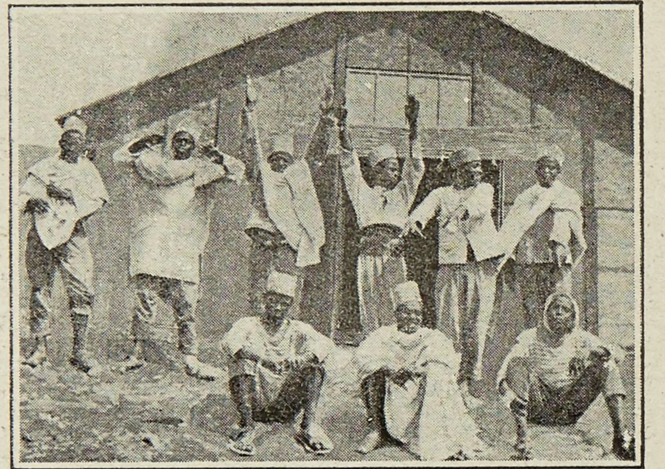


Enormous French cannon on a rail emplacement. The weapon fires a shell of the greatest known calibre.

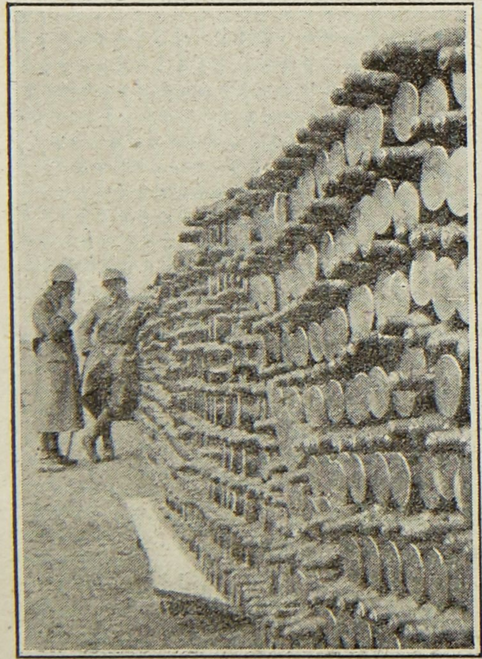


Lull after battle. French warrior's timely nap on a field adjacent to the zone of fighting.

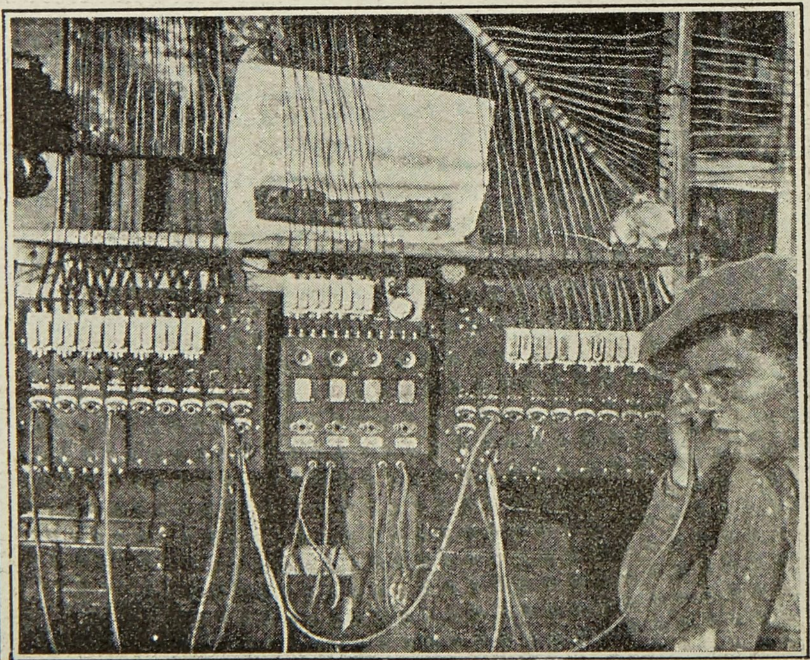
Africa in the greatest European battle. Senegalese fighters marching up to the Somme first line.



Convalescent Senegalese going through native dances and songs to amuse their wounded comrades.

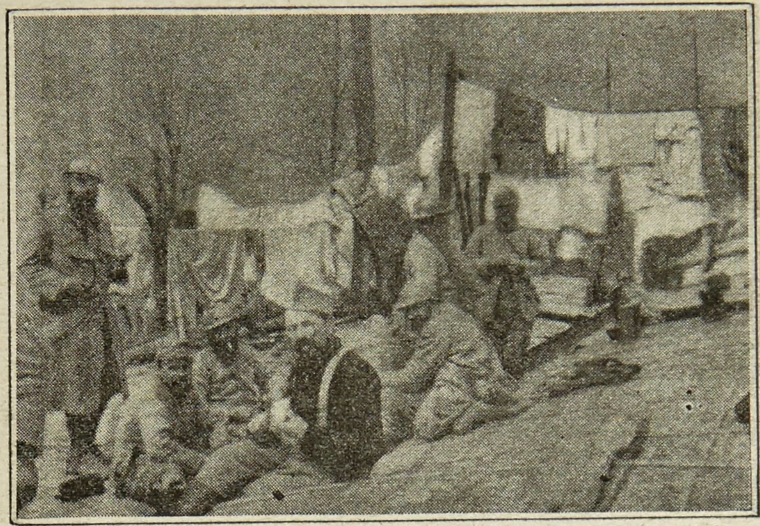


Shells of great calibre. A reassuring photograph from behind the Somme line.

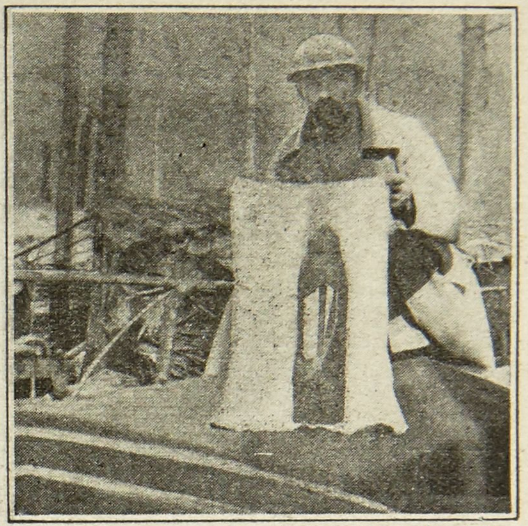


Telephonic exchange for French artillery. General Petain perfected a system of control of whole parks of artillery by telephone.

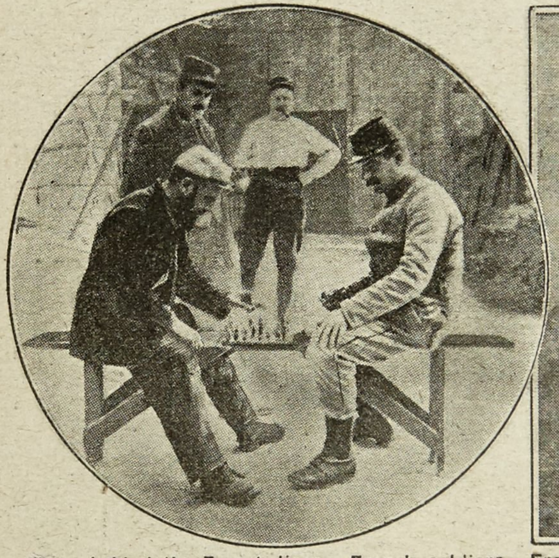
Domestic Work and Pastimes on French Front



After a hard day's washing aboard a barge on a French river. Soldiers reposing and taking a meal.

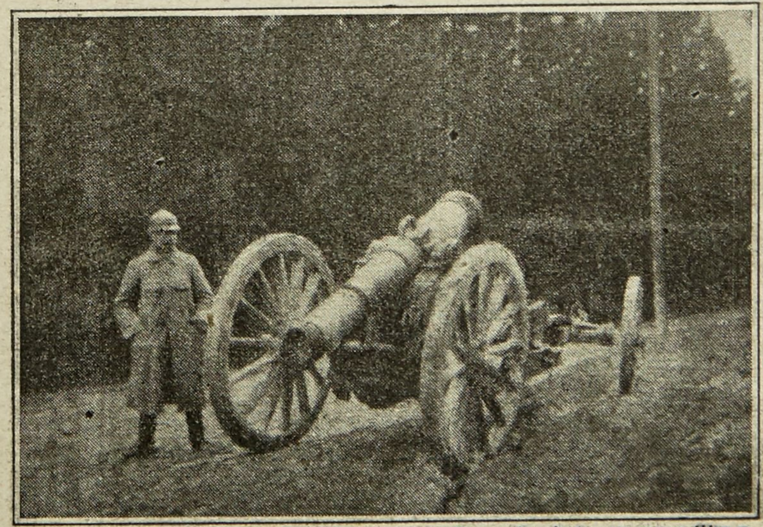


Freakish effect of the explosion of a faulty shell. The projectile resembles a lantern.

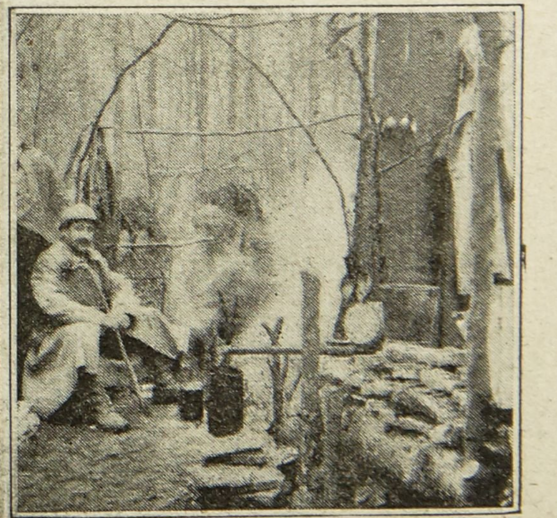


Chess behind the French lines. French soldiers absorbed in a game of great antiquity.

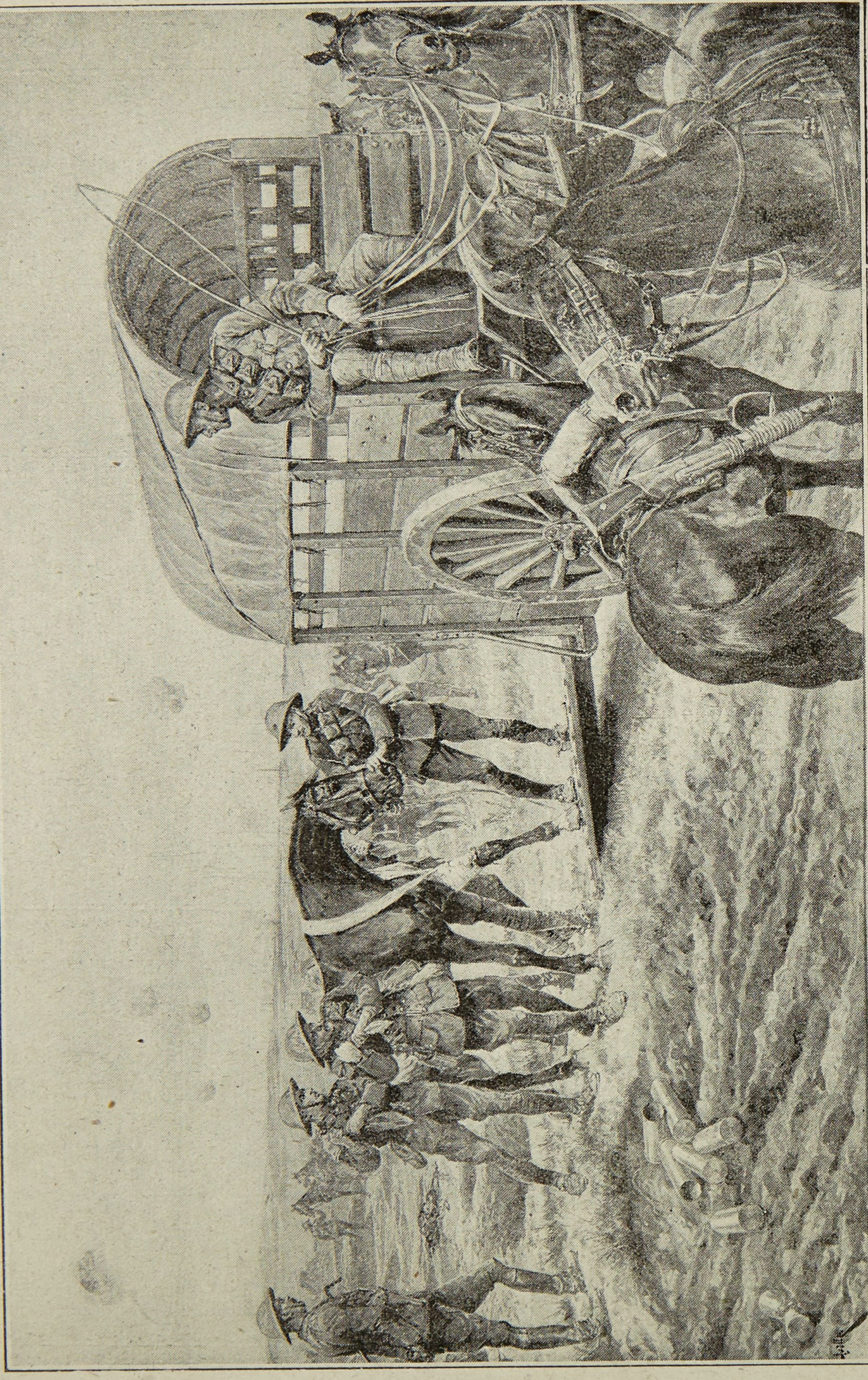
Freshly caught for the kitchen. A morning's bag of rabbits in a part of the French front where much game abounds.



Large French cannon waiting for transport through what was more like a morass than a forest road.



The life of a backwoodsman, otherwise a French infantryman, installed in a wood near the front line.



UNDER THE BLUE CROSS.—Many horses that formerly would have been left to die of wounds are now saved by the efforts of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, supplemented by the R.S.P.C.A. and other societies. This illustration shows men of the Mounted Section of the Canadian Veterinary Corps attending to wounded horses of the R.F.A. After first-aid has been rendered to an animal injured in the near foreleg, it is assisted to an ambulance waggon by four men who support it with a blanket under its belly. It will then be taken to a Base Veterinary Hospital and either cured or, if the case is seen to be hopeless, humanely destroyed.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

THE COCKNEYS IN HIGH WOOD

BY CORPORAL T. BALL, LONDON REGIMENT

I HAVE been told by people who ought to know that the taking of High Wood on September 15th was one of the most important events of the whole British advance, and as I took part in it—although I have only just reached England and hospital—I should like to tell you about it. The London battalions have obtained much glory in this war, though they haven't been credited with all the fine things they have achieved. There may be some military reason for this, but, speaking personally, the mere knowledge that your regiment's name is being mentioned in the descriptions of fights makes you feel that it is up to you to make the glory of that name more conspicuous than ever, if possible.

Nearly all the London troops employed at High Wood were Territorials, and proved their worth and mettle as fighting men to the hilt. I am a regular soldier myself, and I've never seen a crowd more eager for a fight and more reliable when in it.

Strongly Held Position

The wood itself had been a battlefield for just two months, and was full of dead soldiers of both sides. The Germans had been so harassed by constant attacks and artillery fire that they had been unable to bury their dead, although we managed to do so under conditions representing almost insurmountable difficulties. I cannot give you any estimate of the number of lives lost, but the enemy always made a point of massing soldiers there and holding the position in strength, and it was more than we could afford to hold it lightly.

The Germans made machine-gun emplacements in greater numbers every day, and brought up gun after gun to use in them. They strengthened them with iron girders and concrete blocks, and hundreds of miles of barbed-wire fronted their ground. They even attempted on two occasions to wire the ground within two hundred yards of our trenches, but the way in which we got busy soon stopped that little game.

Ceaseless Curtain Fire

And all the while a certain section of our guns devoted its whole attention to keeping a curtain of fire behind the wood, so that supports could not be brought up. This fire never ceased, and on the evening before our great attack it redoubled in fury.

Of course, the Londoners were not alone in the push, but we did happen to lie right in the dead front of the wood, and got the whole brunt of the attack. It was just dawn.

I shall never forget the picture that lay before us when we went "over the top" with shouts and yells of encouragement. Bits of men, of trees, of guns and rifles had been tossed all over the place by exploding shells; some were half buried, and others hung on the half-smashed trees. The undergrowth was torn and scattered on all sides.

The enemy, having had plenty of time to make his preparations, was ready for us. He was fully on the alert and in great force, and possessed every imaginable machine and weapon of defence. Machine-guns rattled deafeningly, drowning even the noise of the artillery, but the thing which struck you most, even amid that deafening din, was the crying of the stretcher-bearers as they scrambled from place to place calling for the wounded, and the smell from that dead-strewn ground seemed to rise up and hit you between the eyes.

Advancing behind the barrage fire of our artillery, we leapt into the open, but our progress was very, very slow. We advanced in three sections, each section having as its end a particular defence-trench. When we came to the first we found it full of dead and wounded enemy. There wasn't a single fighting man in the whole length of it, and it was the most magnificent testimonial our artillery could have had for accuracy of fire.

Leaving this behind, we embarked on the second section, and again found a trench occupied only by the dead. The last jump landed us in a shallow and ruined trench about a mile ahead of our last night's resting-place.

Of course, you must not think that we simply walked on from point to point unscathed. At all times, whether we moved or stopped, we were under raking machine-gun fire from every bit of the wood, and German snipers, aloft in undamaged trees, did their very worst on us. We crouched and crawled, took advantage of every nook and corner of cover, and scraped shallow pits in the ground, but try as we would we couldn't find any real protection. And the Huns gave us not a second's respite.

Advance by Inches

Our real struggles commenced now, as we entered the edge of the wood. Cowering behind broken tree-trunks, even using awfully-smelling dead Germans as head cover, we lay and fired individually at any head or part of an enemy's body which came within our range of vision. We were advancing, it is true, if only by inches at a time, but gaining ground all the same. You cannot have any idea of the beneficent effect it has upon a regiment's moral to know that, despite all the enemy's strenuous endeavours to hold them, despite all the good lads who are dropping on every hand, they are gaining ground. Nothing matters so long as you advance.

Five full hours—it seemed five centuries—we fought thus, and at the end of that time we hadn't gained more than a hundred yards. Then somebody got busy on the telephone wire and told the artillery what was happening.

"Hold on where you are," was the order from our officers. "Get under cover as much as possible; the guns are going to start in real earnest."

And they did, without a mistake. What had gone before was mere deliberate target practice to what came now. The shells never ceased to explode, and two full minutes was more than the enemy could stand. About three hundred Boches scurried out from under cover and surrendered unconditionally. We despatched them over towards our own lines, and waited still while the guns carried on. "God bless the guns!" shouted a sergeant, and the lads repeated the words with a fervour I have never heard equalled.

A few minutes later several hundred Huns broke cover, trying to get away from those terrible shells. It was our chance, and we took it immediately. They were only fifty yards away at most, and the way the trench-mortars, bombs, rifles, and machine-guns cut them up was wicked and wonderful. If a single German out of all that mob got away alive he did so unseen by me, and I had a specially good view. The dead lay around in stacks, some of them across bodies which must have lain untended for weeks.

This made our work easier, but we hadn't finished yet. A large number of infantry, well supplied with machine-guns, still held their ground, and a salient feature of their position was that any one machine-gun was as strong as a company of infantry. For two solid hours we lay in front of this position and engaged it hotly, but for all the valour and fierceness of our fighting we couldn't dislodge them. One by one, however, we managed to dispose of their machine-guns, and just at one o'clock a heavy shell sailed over and strafed the most deadly one of the remaining few the enemy had in action. It seemed to be drawn by this particular gun as by a magnet—it exploded in full view, and you could see bits of the gun and bits of the gunner flying through the air.

Paying Off Scores

"Bayonets, lads!" yelled our commanding officer; and we never heard a more welcome sound. We sprang from our cover, from behind trees, and out of hastily-dug pits, and went for those Germans with full determination to pay off all the morning's scores—and a few that had accrued during the last two years as well.

The fight was short but sharp, and the Germans, their nerves already wrecked by the hell of shell fire which they had experienced, and tried by the long fight and the vigour with which we had pressed home our offensive, soon saw fit to surrender. Then we had a rest in their captured position. And not a rifle was fired at us, not a single machine-gun attempted to enfilade us.

About four we sent out patrols—I was in charge of one—but never a sign of a living Boche—save those badly wounded and unable to move—could we find in the whole wood. They had decamped incontinently, leaving us in sole charge. We dug trenches in decided peace, and even sat out on the parapets smoking. It was like a rest camp, and the only thing that seemed hard to us was the order not to search the adjoining wood for souvenirs.

Three Months in Blighty

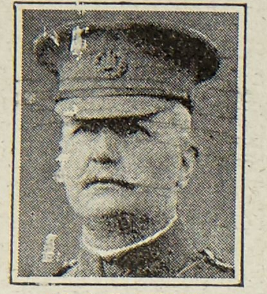
But that night a few wandering Boches tried to get into the wood, and my patrol met them. In the melée that ensued we accounted for eight, and wounded half a dozen others, losing one man, and one wounded—myself. I had come through all the hell of the advance without a scratch, and then, in a little scrimmage like that, got a wound which has put me out of action for at least another three months. Which I call hard lines—eh?

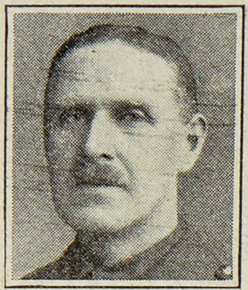
LA BASSEE ROAD

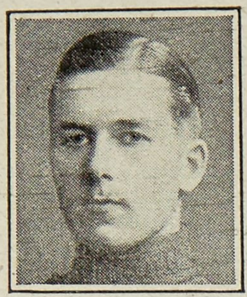
The night breeze sweeps La Bassée road, the night dews wet the hay,
The boys are coming back again, a straggling crowd are they.
The column's lines are broken, there are gaps in the platoon,
They'll not need many billets, now, for soldiers in Bethune,
For many boys, good lusty boys, who marched away so fine,
Have now got little homes of clay beside the firing-line.

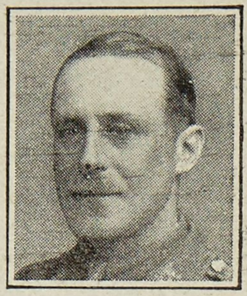
—From "Soldier Songs," by Patrick MacGill (H. Jenkins)

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

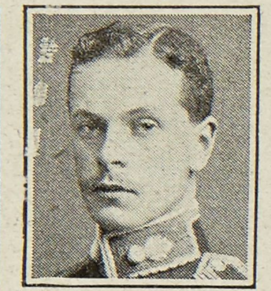

Col. G. E. RIPLEY, Northampton Regt.

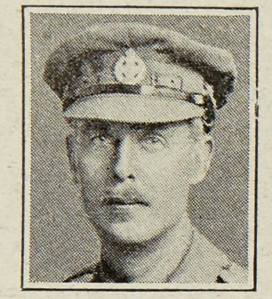

Lt.-Col. C. E. FISHBOURNE, Northumberland Fusiliers.

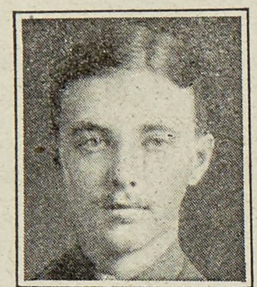

Maj. T. M. D. BAILIE, Irish Guards.

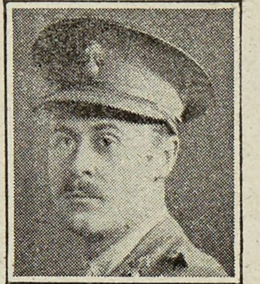

Maj. A. C. HUDSON, Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. S. LUDLOW, Royal Warwick Regt.


Capt. A. K. S. CUNINGHAME, Grenadier Guards.


Capt. W. C. F. V. BARKER-MILL, Rifle Brigade.


Capt. H. H. BURN, M.C., Coldstream Guards.


Capt. H. M. GREEN, Royal Fusiliers.

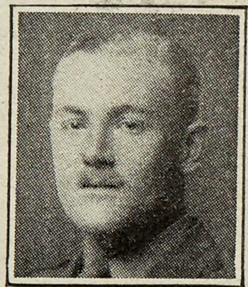
Capt. J. A. RITSON, South Lancs Regt.

Captain J. A. Ritson, South Lancashire Regiment, killed in action July 23rd, was only child of Dr. and Mrs. Ritson, of Reading. Educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, he received a commission directly after the outbreak of war, and was given his captaincy in February, 1915. He was a noted oarsman, rowing in the First Trinity Eight, 1912-14, the University Eight which defeated Oxford in 1914, and at Henley.

Lieut. H. Douglas Vernon, Grenadier Guards, killed, was educated at Charterhouse and Magdalen College, Oxford, where he got his Soccer Blue as a freshman, and played against Cambridge in 1913 and 1914. Still an undergraduate when war broke out, he obtained a commission in the 7th Liverpool Regiment, and later transferred to the Grenadier Guards.

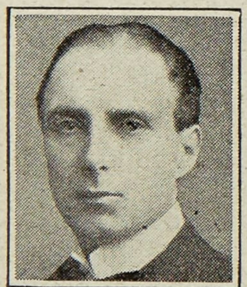
Sec.-Lieut. Gerald Archibald Arbuthnot, Grenadier Guards, killed in action September 25th, was only son of the late Major-General W. Arbuthnot, C.B. Born in 1872, he entered the Navy, but left the service in 1902. He took a great interest in politics; he represented Burnley from January to December, 1910, was Vice-Chancellor of the Primrose League and Chairman of the Lancashire and Cheshire Federation of Junior Unionist Associations.

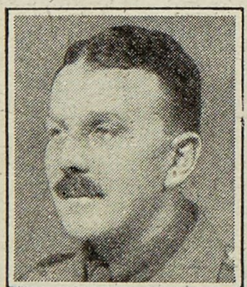
Percy Robert Herbert, Viscount Clive, Welsh Guards, died of wounds received September 11th, was elder son of the Earl of Powis. Born in 1892, he was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and gained his first commission in the Scots Guards. He went to the front early in the war, but was invalided home, and later transferred to the Welsh Guards. Viscount Clive was the 56th heir to a peerage to lose his life in the war.


Capt. E. R. DONNER, Rifle Brigade.

Capt. W. D. DRURY-LOWE, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards.

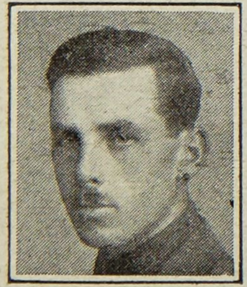
Lieut. H. D. VERNON, Grenadier Guards.


Sec.-Lt. G. A. ARBUTHNOT, Grenadier Guards.

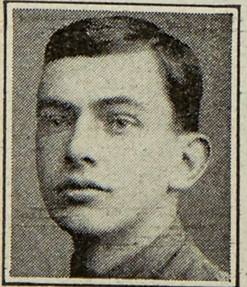

Lieut. C. S. BELL, South African Infantry.

Lieut. M. H. O'DONOVAN, Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Lieut. Viscount CLIVE, Welsh Guards.


Sec.-Lt. CYRIL CLARKE, East Surrey Regt.

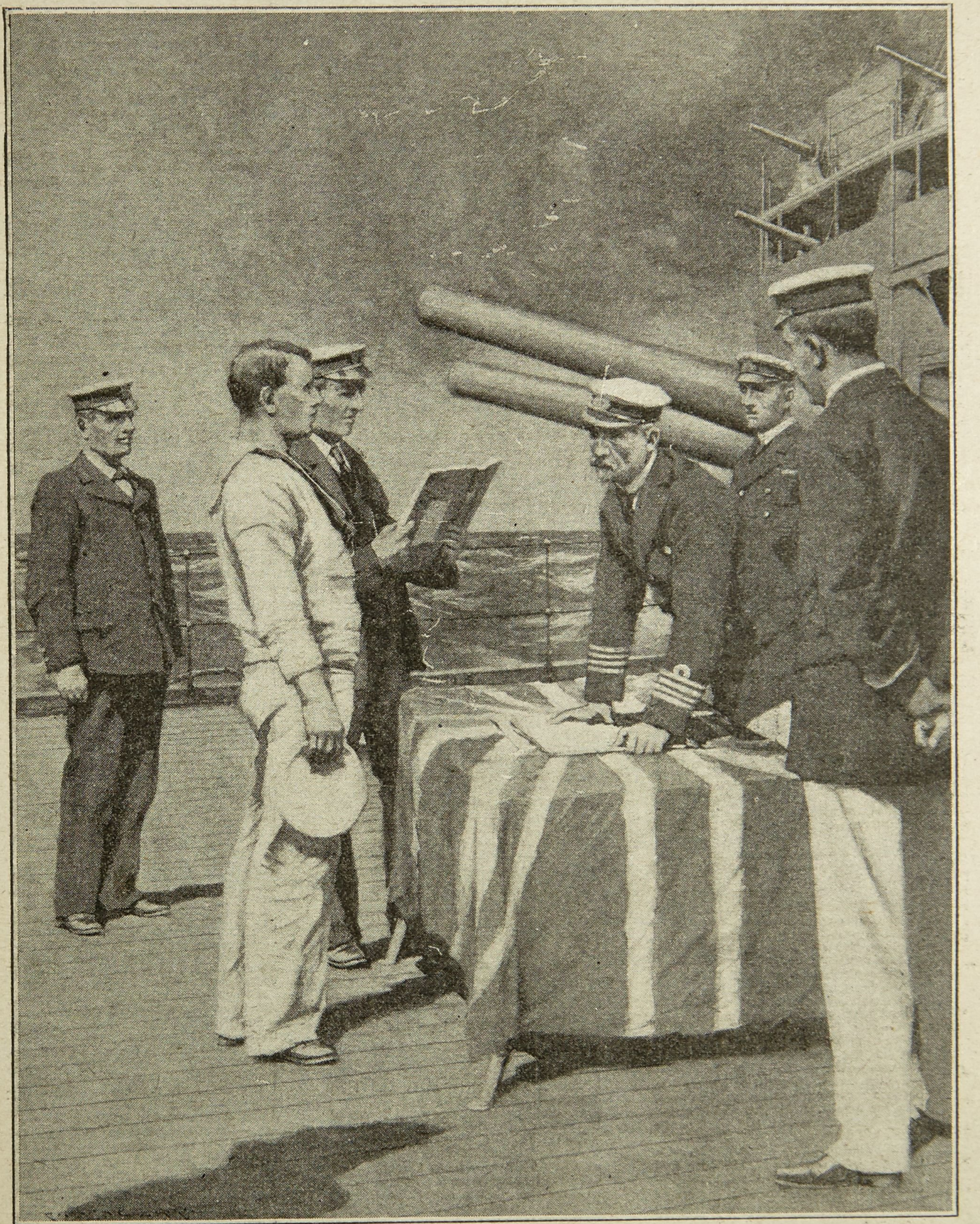
Sec.-Lieut. H. WYNDHAM THOMAS, Rifle Brigade.


Sec.-Lt. A. D. WILSON, Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. J. T. ROBERTS, Royal West Surrey Regt.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine, Brooke Hughes.

'Sessions at Sea': An Application for Promotion



When "sessions" are held on a battleship at sea a table is rigged on the quarterdeck, and men who think they are entitled to promotion for good service or for other reasons, apply to the captain. The master-at-arms attends with the record-book, and the ship's police are present in the background. Prior to these applications, men charged with any offence are brought before the captain.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, October 1st to 31st, 1916

OCT. 1.—**British Forward Move.**—Attacking the German lines in the Somme area, our troops capture the whole of their objective on a front of 3,000 yards, and take Eaucourt l'Abbaye.

Zeppelin raid on East Coast; one airship brought down in flames at Potter's Bar.

Renewed Russian offensive south-west of Brody and north-east of Halicz. In latter area our ally takes 112 officers and 2,268 men.

Rumanian diversion across the Danube between Ruschuk and Tutrakan.

OCT. 2.—Germans regain a footing in some of the buildings of Eaucourt l'Abbaye.

Russians defeat enemy counter-attacks south of Brzezany, on the Zlota Lipa.

Naval aeroplanes attack enemy airship sheds near Brussels.

OCT. 3.—Russians continue their offensive in Volhynia, attacking on both sides of the main road from Lutsk to the enemy's fortified base at Vladimir Volynsk.

British recapture Eaucourt l'Abbaye.

French success near Rancourt, 120 prisoners taken.

OCT. 4.—General Haig's comprehensive review of the Somme operations states that to the end of September the British had taken 26,735 prisoners, and engaged 38 German divisions.

Rumanian Campaign.—Our ally captures 13 enemy guns in Dobruja. The Rumanian forces which had crossed the Danube withdrawn. The Rumanian Second Army at Fogaras retreating.

Greek Cabinet resigns.

Transport Franconia sunk in the Mediterranean by enemy submarine.

French troopship Gallia torpedoed in the Mediterranean, 600 soldiers missing.

OCT. 5.—British advance north-east of Eaucourt l'Abbaye.

General Sakharoff attacks Boehm Ermolli between Brody and Tarnopol railway lines on a twenty-five-mile front.

Rumanian retreat towards Brasso continues; withdrawal in the Fogaras-Vladeni sector.

OCT. 6.—British make further progress towards Seres.

OCT. 7.—**British capture Le Sars.**

French carry their line forward over 1,300 yards north-east of Morval.

Reported that British troops have established a bridgehead ten miles in width across the Struma towards Seres,

OCT. 8.—Rumanian forces in Southern Transylvania are withdrawing to the frontier from Orsova to Predeal. Enemy claim to have retaken Brasso (Kronstadt).

Hundredth Day of Battle of the Somme.

OCT. 9.—British make progress, and establish posts east of Le Sars, in the direction of Butte de Warlencourt.

Falkenhayn in his attack on the frontier between Transylvania and Rumania reported to be approaching the defensive positions in the mountains, and reaches Torzburg.

Reported from New York that eight vessels torpedoed off Nantucket Lightship by German submarines.

M. Venizelos arrives at Salonika.

OCT. 10.—War Office reports that British cavalry patrols in Macedonia have reached the Demirhissar-Seres railway at some points.

French attacking south of the Somme between Berny-en-Santerre and Chaulnes, take the hamlet of Bovent, and hold the outskirts of Ablaincourt and most of the woods of Chaulnes.

Italian Advance on Three Fronts.—On the line from the River Vippacco and south of Oppacchiasella, the Italians captured all the entrenchments of the enemy and over 5,000 prisoners. In the Julian Alps, just south of Gorizia, the Austrian line has been broken. By a third thrust in the Trentino the enemy is ejected from the northern slopes of Mt. Pasubio.

OCT. 11.—In Macedonia the French carry the first Bulgarian lines on the heights west of Ghevgeli.

Allied Ultimatum to Greece.—It demands surrender of Greek Fleet, except three warships. Greek Government complies under protest.

OCT. 12.—**Fresh British Advance.**—Our troops attack the low heights between their front trenches and the Bapaume-Péronne road, and secure successes.

Both in the Gorizia area and on the Carso the Italians materially increase their gains. Officially announced that since August 6 they have taken in all 30,881 prisoners.

OCT. 13.—Despatch from Lt.-Gen. Sir Percy Lake relative to operations in Mesopotamia, Jan. 19-April 30, 1916, published.

Franco-British squadron of 40 aeroplanes raids Mauser Works at Oberndorf, on the Neckar.

British advance their lines between Gueudecourt and Lesbœufs.

Rumanian retreat in the Torzburg Pass.

OCT. 14.—South of the Ancre British improve their position in the neighbourhood of the Schwaben Redoubt.

West of Belloy-en-Santerre the French take the first German line on a front of a mile and a quarter, the hamlet of Génermount, and the sugar refinery, 1,300 yards north-east of Ablaincourt.

OCT. 15.—British line advanced slightly north-east of Gueudecourt. Progress at Stuff Redoubt.

French enter Sailly-Saillisel.

Austro-German attacks on the passes between Transylvania and Rumania continue, the enemy making progress in the Torzburg Pass.

In the Black Sea, near the Bosphorus, Russians seize the 6,000-ton Turkish armed transport Rodosto.

OCT. 16.—French consolidate themselves in the captured portion of Sailly-Saillisel, and carry a small wood between Génermount and Ablaincourt.

Flame attack on British at Schwaben Redoubt repulsed with heavy loss.

Russian communiqué reports an Austro-German offensive with strong forces near the point in the Carpathians where the Russian and Rumanian armies join. Enemy capture Gyimes Pass.

OCT. 17.—**Allied Landing at Athens.**—Troops to the number of about 1,200 land to help the police in keeping order, and occupy municipal buildings and railway stations.

Rumanians check enemy in the Gyimes Pass.

Italians carry the Tooth of Pasubio, in Southern Trentino.

OCT. 18.—**Allied Advance North of the Somme.**—British extend the front north of Gueudecourt and towards the Butte de Warlencourt. French take the whole of Sailly-Saillisel. South of the Somme they capture the whole of the front between La Maisonette Chateau and Biaches.

Bukarest announces enemy repulsed in the Buzau Valley.

Serbian advance on the Tcherna; Brod taken.

OCT. 19.—Slight British progress at the Butte de Warlencourt. British Headquarters review of fighting on our front since the beginning of October gives our total captures since July 1 at 28,918.

General Smuts reports main forces of the enemy driven into the Rufigi Valley.

Fighting at Goioasa, twelve miles from within the Gyimes Pass; enemy repulsed at Oitoz Pass to Polana Sarata. New offensive by Mackensen in Dobruja.

Announced that a reconnaissance has been made against the Turks at Maghara, in the Sinai Desert.

Serbians occupy Veliselo.

OCT. 20.—German attacks on Schwaben and Stuff Redoubts defeated.

Rumanian withdrawal in the Buzau Pass.

German Note to Norway on her submarine policy.

OCT. 21.—**British advance line on a three-mile front** between Schwaben Redoubt and Le Sars, and capture Stuff and Regina Redoubts. Our prisoners total 1,018.

French success in the region of Chaulnes.

German cruiser of the Kolberg class torpedoed by British submarine.

Assassination of Count Sturgkh, Austrian Premier.

Rumanians evacuate Tuzla.

British Camel Corps detachments and armoured cars sweep the Dakhla and Baharia oases, in the western Libyan desert, taking 175 prisoners.

OCT. 22.—Aeroplane raid on Sheerness. Later in day it is shot down and destroyed at sea by naval aircraft.

French carry whole of Ridge 128, west of Sailly-Saillisel.

Fall of Constantsa.

OCT. 23.—British right wing advances east of Gueudecourt and Lesbœufs.

H.M.S. Genista, a mine-sweeper, torpedoed and sunk. All her officers and 73 men lost.

Hostile aeroplane raid on Margate.

British air raid on blast furnaces of Hagondange.

On the Transylvanian frontier the enemy take the village of Predeal.

OCT. 24.—**French Victory at Verdun.**—Enemy's line pierced along a front of five miles to a depth of two. Douaumont village and fort, the farm of Thiaumont, and the quarries of Haudromont captured. Prisoners total 3,500.

OCT. 25.—Russo-Rumanian retreat in the Dobruja. Enemy troops occupy Cerna Voda, the Danube bridgehead of the Bukarest-Constantsa railway. On the Transylvanian front Falkenhayn's armies capture the Vulkan Pass.

OCT. 26.—Officially announced that the pressure of the enemy in the Dobruja has weakened. On the Transylvanian frontier the chief pressure of the enemy is being exercised in the passes south of Brasso, and mainly in the Torzburg and the Predeal.

German Raid on Channel Transports.—Ten destroyers attempt a raid on our cross-Channel transport service. One empty transport, the Queen, is sunk, two of the enemy destroyers believed to be sunk, and the rest driven off. H.M.S. Flirt missing, and H.M.S. Nubian disabled by a torpedo and grounded.

OCT. 27.—French closing round Fort Vaux.

Rumanians repulse enemy attack in the Valley of Pravatz, and advance in the Uzal Valley, taking 900 prisoners.

OCT. 28.—British reconnaissances to the north-east of Lesbœufs result in the capture of several important enemy trenches.

At Verdun French troops carry a quarry which had been organised by the enemy north-east of Fort Douaumont.

British liner Marina sunk by submarine; American sailors believed drowned.

OCT. 29.—British make further advance north-east of Lesbœufs.

French progress in the regions of Sailly-Saillisel and Biaches. The Germans penetrate the Chateau of La Maisonette.

Successful Rumanian Actions.—Our ally continues her offensive in the Jiul Valley (north-western front).

OCT. 30.—North and south of the Somme the French win two successes. North of the river their troops carry a system of trenches north-west of Sailly-Saillisel. East of Sailly they advance towards Saillisel.

North of Veliselo the Serbians engage German-Bulgarian troops and score some successes.

OCT. 31.—Rumanians surprise and repulse the enemy on Mount Rosca, and occupy it.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

ALL SOULS' DAY

TO-NIGHT, when these thoughts are being jotted down, is the night of All Souls' Day, and the mind, wandering to where across the Channel the focus of all interest is, turns naturally to meditation over the religious ceremonies that have been held in Roman Catholic countries upon this anniversary. All the cemeteries have been thronged by people repairing to the graves of their dead, there to pray for them and for themselves, and to gain some refreshment of spirit wherewith to face the fatigue of the temporal by contemplation of the re-creation that comes with entry into the eternal.

THE occasion is always a solemn one, but this year its solemnity has been intensified by the great multitude of new graves that make holy the shell-torn surface of Europe. Thousands of them are filled by sons of the invaded lands, and on every one of these the noble epitaph "Died for his country" might properly be inscribed. But thousands more are filled by Britons, and these deserve some nobler epitaph still, for not even patriotism came into the considerations that moved them to their self-sacrifice, to mar its perfection by an element of self-interest. There is not one of us who does not hold it simply true that these men of ours by their works have been made of the company of the saints. And so, though it is not a custom with us here, we are glad to think that these other people, grateful for what our men did for them, have knelt beside their graves on this All Souls' Day and done vicariously what we, whose own kith and kin they were, have grieved that we could not do—smoothed the clover sod upon the mound, laid flowers upon it in token of our love, and let the healing tears run down our cheeks ere turning to take up life again with a new pride.

WHAT we in Britain entirely fail to realise is the ubiquity of the graves in countries that know the bitterness of invasion. In our mind the word "grave" conjures up pictures of quiet churchyards or ordered cemeteries. How different are things in France! There, over a strip of country three hundred miles in length and many miles in width, run dotted lines of graves where trenches were, and here are clusters of graves where skirmishes were fought, and there are massed numbers of them where a battle raged. And throughout that great area of war which we call the western front, in every farmyard and little cottage garden, in every coppice and in every field, even in the turf that lines the roads, are graves and ever more graves. So many little crosses roughly fashioned of wood rise from the ground in this one theatre of the war that the line three hundred miles in length might well be called the long Way of the Cross.

IT is natural instinct which makes all people still anxious to know where the dead bodies of their beloved are laid, even though they no longer hold the superstitious belief that their souls cannot win to everlasting peace without sepulture performed with ceremonial religious rites. And, therefore, it is good to know of the thorough work being done by the Commission of Graves' Registration and Inquiries in France, whereby all these graves are visited, the record on them verified and replaced, or supplemented by another record on durable material, and their situation, with all these particulars, entered in an official register. There are, moreover, three hundred or more recognised cemeteries behind the line in which, so far as is possible, all the dead are buried now with all the beautiful reverence prescribed by the Church. Relatively to the large number of men who have been killed in this war, there are not very many of whom, as of Moses, it is said that no man knoweth of his sepulchre.

YET, what if there were? These things, one must suppose, affect different people differently, but, for some small comfort for people who may be grieving that the body of father or husband or son is lost, it may at least be suggested that sentiment is a small matter in comparison with sure and certain hope. Tennyson, typical Englishman of his age, gave expression to the common view when he said that it was something to be able to stand where a friend was laid in English earth, and something that the violet of his native land might spring from his ashes; and, little though it may amount to, it does look as if the quiet dead were blest in reposing among familiar names and in the places of their youth. But even Tennyson murmured "fools of habit"—almost aside as it were—when he beautifully phrased our desire that our dead should be laid to rest in Mother Earth rather than be gulfed fathom-deep in brine and their dear hands "toss with tangle and with shells."

FOR is there anything more lamentable in a soldier sleeping in an unknown spot on land than in a sailor sleeping in an unknown spot in the ocean depths? We trow not. While we understand the idea, which some people hold, that there was something particularly tragic in Lord Kitchener's death by drowning and the impossibility of recovering his body, we do not share it. It would certainly have been fitting that all that was mortal of that great man should have been laid beside the remains of the Duke of Wellington, but the vast cathedral "in streaming London's central roar" is not by so very much, if at all, a grander casket for a man's bones than a battleship in British waters.

AND if it is "tragic" that we know not where Kitchener lies, is it "tragic" that we are as ignorant of the spot where Hood and Arbuthnot lie? Them also we would have been glad to lay to rest "Under the cross of gold that shines over city and river," but we are very sure that they would have chosen rather to lie where they do, in their own glorious flagships, with the cross on the white ensign passing ever royal and supreme over the waters they died to keep British. Oh, but these were sailors! So, then, it depends upon what a man's profession in life was whether we shall care very greatly if we know not where he rests when life is over? To ask the question is to answer it. Be very sure, you who are grieving because your soldier's grave is unknown, that men who die in honour rest in peace.

OUR sailors in the bosom of the sea and our soldiers in the bosom of France. On December 29th, 1915, a law was passed in France which acquired for ever, in the name of the French Government, the special cemeteries where most of our dead are buried. Those outlying graves in garden and orchard are already treasured by the peasants and farmers. All, in State cemeteries and in private ground, will be cared for with reverence and gratitude long after the last child has passed away who knew and could remember who sleeps within them. As long as All Souls' Day shall be observed the deeds of these men will be held in remembrance, and between Britain and France there will be peace.

C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

PRINCE VON BÜLOW'S new edition of his political *credo*, "Imperial Germany," has been translated, with a foreword by Mr. J. W. Headlam, and published by Messrs. Cassell. Except the Kaiser, Prince von Bülow is more than any other man responsible for the German system which led to the war, and the significant fact for us is that the course which things have taken in the war leaves him unchanged in his opinion that his doxy is orthodoxy, and every other man's is heterodoxy. He insists that the German Empire must remain a military State with monarchical guidance, and that development of democracy would inevitably entail disunion. He also declares that it is unscientific and unpractical thinking to assume that after this world-war an era will dawn which, in its broad outlines as in its details, will be diametrically opposed to the past decades before the war. His vision is of a general "as you were" with the Prussian State, the guardian of German intellectual life and of the political development of the world. Which, may Heaven forfend!

Von Bulow's Failure

THE value of Mr. Headlam's introduction lies in its analysis of Prince von Bülow's self-vindication, and of the causes of the failure of all the prince's work. He draws an illuminating contrast between Bismarck's patient method of doing one thing, and fighting one enemy thoroughly at a time, and Von Bülow's diffusion of effort in a self-imposed task which in any case was beyond his power to perform. And he shows clearly the limitations of vision which affected both the prince and the Kaiser, which prevented them from seeing or believing the premonitory symptoms leading to a fundamental alteration in the whole scheme of international relations. The prince scoffs at the idea of progress by international co-operation, derides middle-class notions of morality, and despises democracy. While the war has made him diplomatically civil to the Socialists, it is evident that he is an unchanged, unrepentant last-ditcher of a Prussian militarist, and with regard to men of that type and their policy the civilised world has now made up its mind. "What is the good," the prince remarks, "of preaching to a lion on the wholesomeness of vegetable food? He will still continue to have an appetite for blood. It is better to kill the lion, or anyway to cut his claws." The moral for the civilised world is obvious.

Mackensen's Chief of Staff

GENERAL TAPPEN, Mackensen's Chief of the General Staff in the Dobruja, was before the war an unknown lieutenant-colonel attached to the German Great General Staff. He joined the General Staff in the field, and in June, 1915, was promoted to the rank of major-general as a reward for his services in Galicia. In the German semi-official Press, General Tappen is hailed as one whose name "will shine brilliantly when the history is written of the battles on the coast of the Black Sea."

The Stage in War-Time

IF there is one thing that the war has not affected it is the taste in drama as inspired by the theatre managers. Before August, 1914, a few earnest lovers of art were plaintively asking for greater seriousness in dramatic production. Those were the days when the innocuous musical comedy seemed to suffice for the great general public. Since the war musical comedy has, to some extent, given way to an anglicised version of the French revue. Only spasmodic attempts have been made to offer the fighting man on leave or from overseas any of the great national plays. It may be urged that men, temporarily released from the tension of war, want to be amused rather than educated or impressed. Is there not enough precious humour in Shakespeare, Sheridan, or the comedies of successful latter-day dramatists, for their revival to be more acceptable to the nation in arms than the revue, which, with the cinema, seems to be the chief form of entertainment available at the present time?

Feathers in their Caps

A NEW martial headgear has been recently added to the innumerable helms and caps of fighting Europe—namely, that of the Highland battalion from Nova Scotia. During the past few days this splendid company of Scots from oversea have been on leave in London, where their distinctive Kilmarnock bonnet, graced with a tuft of eagle's feathers, has won a marked popularity. These Scots, however, are by no means unique in sporting the feather. Many of the Anzacs carry feathers in their slouch hats, and a special section from the Antipodes wear a distinguishing emu's plume. The most picturesque detail of the Bersagliere's uniform is the shimmering green cocktail. The feather and plume are unquestionably the oldest symbols of the fighting man. Hundreds of years ago they were worn by African native warriors, Red Indians, Roman centurions, and mediæval knights.

Women Shoemakers

THOUGH women are now following trades formerly unknown to them, women shoemakers do not seem, so far, to have made their appearance. At one time, however, shoemaking was the fashionable craze among Society women. "I begin a new science to-day"—the Hon. Mrs. Charles Calvert notes in her diary on May 4th, 1808—"that is, shoemaking. It is all the fashion—I had a master with me for two hours, and I think I shall be able to make very nice shoes." In a letter written about the same time by Lady Sarah Spencer to her brother she tells him: "In the evening we divide our time between musick and shoemaking, which is now the staple trade of the family. . . . I am to-day in a state of great vanity, for I have made a pair of shoes—there is news for you! So if all other trades fail I shall certainly establish myself, cross-legged, at the corner of an alley to earn a stinking livelihood in the midst of leather, awls, and hammers."

The Roll of Honour

IT is a fine thing to have one's name on a Roll of Honour, a glorious thing for those who have joined up to fight for their Mother Country. But there will need to be sifting in some of these lists if honour is to be given only to those to whom it is due. It is one thing to don khaki and go to the front, and another simply to don khaki and sit in a comfortable office chair at home. Of course, there is vital work to be done at home; it is, however, no more than work. The worker, doubtless, is worthy of his hire; but his claim upon our consideration is far from commensurate with that made by the man who risks his very all in face of the armed foe.

Printed and published by the Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
48 Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

54 9m

The War Illustrated, November 25th, 1916.

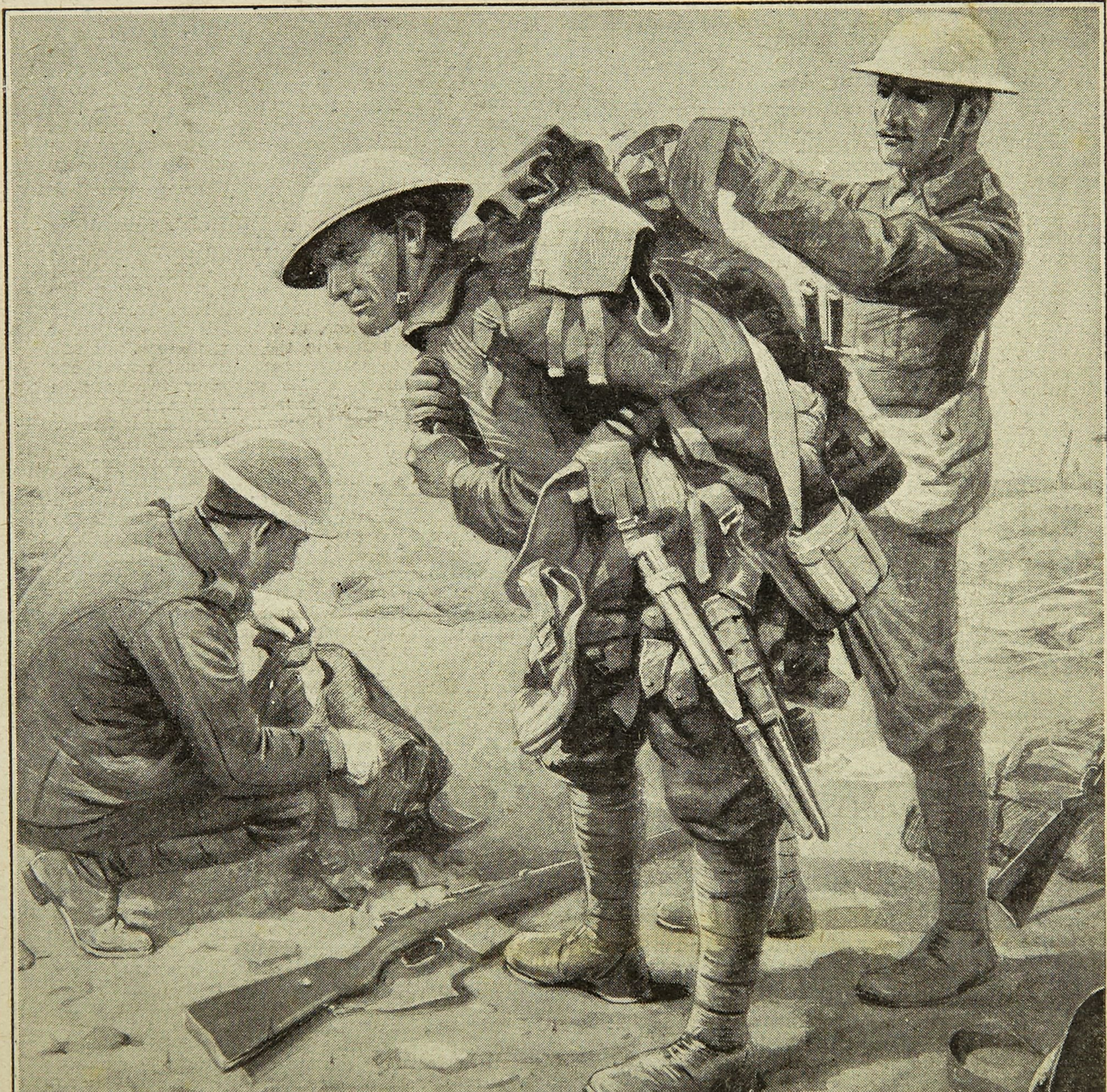
Regd. as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

On the Road to Trieste by Max Pemberton

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

ALL THE BEST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



Vol. 5 Salvage Work on the Somme: Collecting Equipment after a British Attack **No. 119**

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

PUBLIC attention is concentrating more and more upon the latest developments of the war at sea. We are dealing with a phase of naval conflict totally different from anything imagined in olden days. In surface-water fighting we secured an undoubted supremacy at the beginning and have maintained it ever since. The German sailor is brave and a good seaman; he is well trained and is a splendid marksman until he comes under heavy fire. His ships are well built and well armed. He lacks the stamina of our long-service men, but he is a fighter to be treated seriously. Yet his High Sea Fleet stands little chance against our Grand Fleet, if only for the reason that it is almost hopelessly outnumbered.

Vast New U Boat Campaign

When we come to the underwater war we are faced by a different situation. The first two great German submarine campaigns failed. Now we are in the midst of a new campaign, the most formidable of any. The enemy have learned by failure Their U boats are mainly of two types—small submarines employed mainly in mine-laying in the North Sea, and large submarines capable of making journeys of from 5,000 to 6,000 miles without taking on fresh supplies.

These latter vessels can slip under guarding fleets and strike at our merchantmen thousands of miles from home, in the great ocean highways. They are destroying neutral vessels. America is for the moment being partly spared, but America may in turn be attacked in full. The enemy aim is to drive merchant ships from the seas.

The Mediterranean, our highway from the East, has become one of the most dangerous of waters. Even the route from Holland to the East Coast is no longer secure. Three times recently have Dutch mail steamers been captured and the Englishmen on them taken off to German prisons. We all know of the activity of the U boats off the American coast.

Shall We Organise Food Supplies?

Very little has been written about the submarine war. The moment has come when the nation should be allowed to face the issue fully. It is obvious that until some effective means are discovered of dealing with the new U boat methods our food supplies must suffer. Our rulers have, of course, foreseen this and accumulated considerable stocks to provide for contingencies. But the time has come when the conservation of the food supplies we now have should be undertaken as a great military measure. We should also push forward a campaign for the production of more food in this country. Every waste plot in towns should be turned into a potato-patch; every possible railway embankment should bear its crop. And we must be prepared for the possibility of rations for certain vital articles of diet before a year is over. To many of my readers all this will sound extravagant and absurd. I hope that it may prove so.

Can nothing be done against the submarine? We scored a success in the first two underwater campaigns. We may in the third. To quote Mr. Gladstone's famous phrase, "the resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted." The greatest blow we could strike at the submarines might well come from the land.

For the first time since July 1st British troops attacked astride the Ancre on November 13th, scoring a brilliant victory, which included the taking of the strongly fortified village of Pierre Divion and over 3,300 prisoners in the first day's fighting. Despite the weather, advances are being made. The French after long and hard fighting have regained Saillisel, one of the vital points for advance. The Canadians have scored a further big success at Regina trench, where our artillery demoralised the enemy before the infantry advanced.

The war in other parts of the western front continues to be limited by the weather. The position along the Somme is exceedingly trying for the front lines of our own men; but apparently it is much worse for the enemy. We at least hold the fine, permanent positions built by the Germans as their winter quarters. They are clinging on to hastily-built trenches, with a very minimum of protection.

A feeling appears to be growing in France that Britain ought to do more to help her ally. It is better to recognise this. In France all men up to the age of forty-eight have been called up. The French line is so long—three hundred and sixty miles to be defended from the Somme to the Swiss frontier—that it has been impossible to allow many regiments of veteran troops a single break from the beginning of the war until now. They have been all the time in the front line fighting, or in the second line trench-building.

Britain's New Army

Our line stretches from just north of Ypres to the Somme. Captain Philippe Millet, a distinguished and authoritative French writer, says: "Now that the new British army has displayed such magnificent qualities on the Somme, now that it appears that it equals the best armies in the war, there is not one village in France where people do not expect our friends in khaki to enable us, after twenty-seven months' hard struggle, to have at last some rest during the third winter, and to prepare for the advance of next year without having to exhaust ourselves."

The situation in the Balkans has greatly improved. The Russo-Rumanian forces, after having held up the enemy advance, are now in turn attacking them both east and west. The Austrian troops that attempted to effect the passage of the Carpathians proved insufficient for the task. Considerable reinforcements that were to have reached them were diverted to the south-west to help to hold back the triumphant Italians on the Carso. On the Northern Moldavian front the Russians are, as I write, advancing; farther south in Moldavia the Rumanians are moving forward. The reports reaching England from the vital Predeal Pass position and from the Red Tower and Törzburg Passes are not quite so good. The fighting around these passes is evidently very severe. They are forming the main points for Falkenhayn's attacks, and the most that can be said at the moment is that these attacks are being held. Much depends on this front on whether or no the Austrians can bring up fresh troops.

Serbia on Her Mettle

The news from the Dobruja is so good that we await fuller details with keen interest. Mackensen's armies are retiring before the Russo-Rumanian troops under General Sakharoff. Our Allies are approaching Constantsa, which is reported to be in flames. To the west of the Dobruja an attack is in progress to recapture the important bridge-head of Cerna Voda. The Allies anticipate regaining the entire Cerna Voda-Constantsa railway position.

The Serbians continue to do splendidly. Their latest success is the capture of the Coka Mountains, fifteen miles east of Monastir. They secured 1,600 prisoners as the result of two days' fighting. The Serbians have deliberately adopted the policy of encouraging the enemy to surrender by treating prisoners very well, and by advertising in enemy lines the proof that they do so.

25th November, 1916. No. 119. Vol. 5.

THE WAR
Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

COURAGE AND CALM.—Although their villages are for the most part in ruins, some of the Belgian women continue their industry of lace-making, sitting with pillow and bobbins at their doors as quietly as the lace-makers in the peaceful villages of South Devon.

TRUE TALES OF THE WAR BY FAMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

THE BUILDING OF THE BRIDGE

An Epic Incident in the History of the Italian War

By Dr. JAMES MURPHY

"YOU are now standing," said the officer, "on what must seem to you a very commonplace structure, a roughly-built bridge spanning a river; but this strip of wood has a story which no other bridge in the world can tell. It was our forefathers who first taught the world how to build bridges. And I think it must have been a very early step in the development of their civilisation, for they enshrouded the process in a veil of religious mysticism. Even still we call our bishops *pontifici*—bridge-builders. But in our long history we never built a bridge which does us so much credit as this one. You must tell your people about it, for it is a story which deserves to rank among the great epics in the history of warfare."

We were standing on the bridge near Sagrado, where the Italians first crossed the Isonzo and attacked the Austrian positions on the Carso. He had a habit of making neat little speeches, this officer and guide of mine. And in this instance his enthusiasm was fully justified, for the bridge at Sagrado is a more eloquent symbol of Latin prowess than all the great monuments which Italy has built to commemorate her achievement of national independence. Ever since I first stood on the spot, and considered the difficulties under which the crossing of the Isonzo had been effected, I had no doubt or fear for the fate of Gorizia. Only a few thousand yards away it lies, now in Italian hands. Its conquest has placed the Italian Army high in the world's estimate, but I think that the first crossing of the Isonzo was a deed of greater prowess.

Work of Furious and Silent Energy

Because of this conviction I gathered the details of the story from the lips of men whose souls were still aglow with the flame of battle and whose bodies still bore the marks of the terrible fray. When I had collected a sheaf of notes, containing personal accounts in the picturesque Italian terms which I cannot hope to translate into English, I returned to my room at headquarters and wrote the story of the bridge.

At Sagrado the Isonzo is about four hundred yards in width, but a low island of gravel and sand stands in the centre of the stream. This was the point chosen for the Italian crossing. At half-past ten on the evening of June 9th the engineers began to construct the first span of the bridge, from the right bank to the island. While the work was in progress the troops of the advance-guard crossed the river in pontoon boats. They did not entrench or seek to establish themselves on strategic positions, but simply advanced point-blank against the enemy's lines. The night was utterly moonless, and the Austrians were taken unawares. The Italian advance-guard entered Sagrado and captured some prisoners.

When morning broke, the first span of the bridge was almost complete. The first streaks of dawn were the signal for a tremendous rush on the part of the engineers and their helpers. Soldiers and officers from the infantry regiments, Staff officers and drivers from the transport waggons, rushed to and fro in promiscuous procession, shouldered girders and piles and trestles, each man working in a fury of silent energy, as if the success of the whole project were dependent on him alone.

A Vortex of Flame and Destruction

Before the last abutment was in place a cascade of shells thundered from the overhanging brow of the Carso, enveloping men and material in a vortex of flame and destruction. Shells burst along the girders and cross-beams, mercilessly massacring the engineers and hurling the dead and wounded into the stream. There was no cover. The great fortified bulk of the Carso, bristling with howitzers, machine-guns, and rifles, completely dominated the position. Under the terrific onslaught of artillery the Italians rolled backwards, seeking cover amid the wooded slopes of the right bank. Borne downwards by the foaming torrent, the wounded cried out piteously for help. Nets and life-belts were thrown to them, and Red Cross rescuers jumped headlong into the stream.

After a few hours the river had become deserted and the Austrian storm ceased. It was now possible to estimate the extent of the damage. Two-thirds of the bridge remained, badly gashed and splintered, but still well supported by the stout girders and piles. It was imperative to commence rebuilding immediately, for the advance-guard was isolated on the opposite bank, and about five hundred men were marooned on the island. These latter were in a worse plight than that of their companions, for the advance-guard was entrenched under the lee of a jutting spur, on dead ground, so that while the Austrian fire swept harmlessly over their heads it mercilessly sprayed the island in the centre of the stream.

A Lull Till Nightfall

Once again the engineers set to work. Once again the Austrian artillery thundered. Like sailors on a doomed ship, the Italians clung to their structure, striving to staunch its wounds and splice its broken ribs; but the enemy's fire was devastating. Within an hour the greater part of the bridge was in ruins, and the engineers had suffered terribly at the hands of hostile snipers. Owing to the hidden position of the enemy's guns in the pits and caves of the Carso it was impossible for the Italian artillery to reply effectively. For the moment no other choice offered itself save that of abandoning the project and awaiting the cover of night.

One can well understand the anxiety which now reigned in the minds of the Latin troops. Their comrades cried to them from beyond the river. The men on the island lay motionless on the bare sand. It was impossible to distinguish between the dead and wounded. No succour could be sent, no relieving troops, no food, no medical aid, not even a message of encouragement. Worse than all, such quantities of bridging material had been destroyed that the supply was now running short, and the enemy's long-range guns pounded the roads by which the transport of supplies approached the right bank of the river.

The "Dead" Rise Up Again

As night came on the enemy's searchlights swept the Isonzo. There in the foreground the Italians could see the barren island, its dust-grey sand blending with the uniforms of the motionless bodies which lay in heaps on its surface. They had fallen as they advanced, face downwards, among them the commander of the second battalion of the advance-guard. Between them and their only—but now forlorn—hope of safety stood the few isolated piles of the bridge, standing bare and battered in the water, like the skeleton of some ship that had been wrecked on a rock-bound coast. Whispered along the ranks, the news of the destroyed battalion created among the attacking troops a spirit of despondency and almost despair.

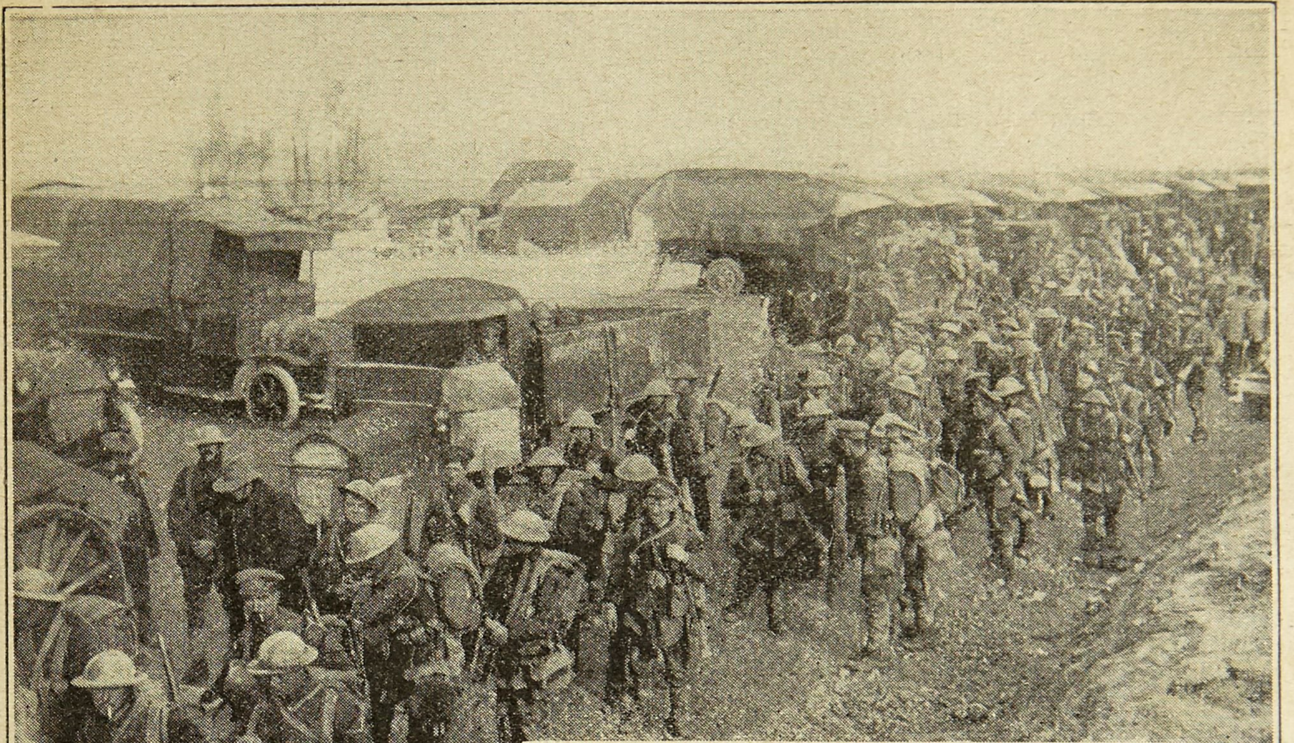
Having satisfied themselves that the Italian plan had been finally wrecked, the Austrians switched the current from their searchlights and withdrew for the night. Then the Italian engineers crept forth once again. Rescue-parties stealthily crossed the river, punting their craft, lest the splash of an oar might reach the enemy's ear. The first concern was for the men on the island. It was possible that all had not been destroyed, and that some survivors might still be found amid the mass of prostrate forms. When the rafts arrived many of the "dead" had already arisen.

Creeping on all fours, they came to meet their rescuers, not a few straggling survivors, but dense masses of able-bodied men, fully accoutred and unhurt. When the work

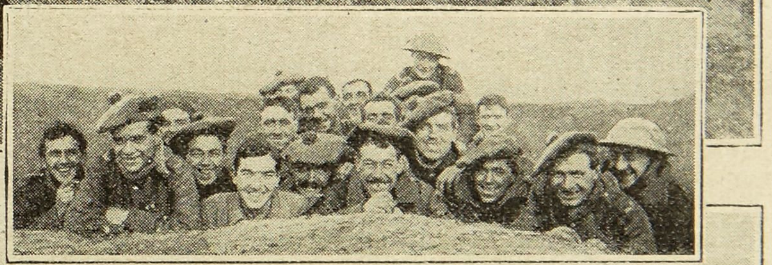
[*Continued on page 340*

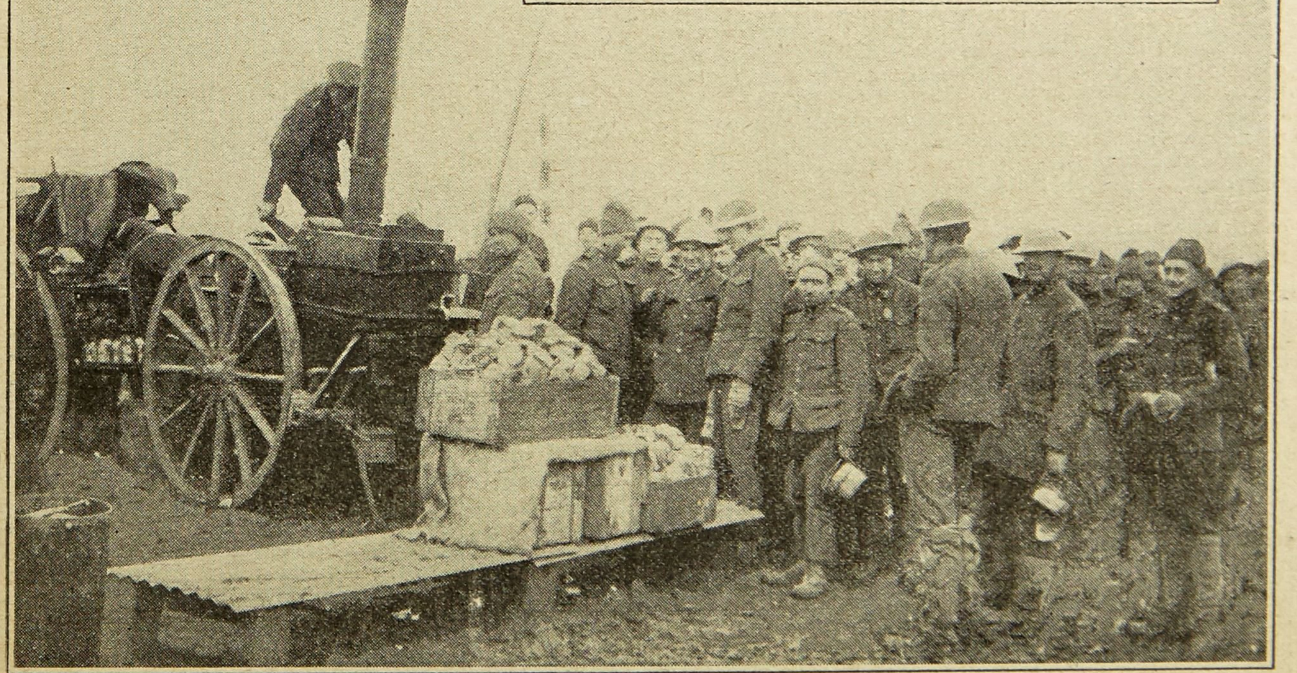
The Gay Gordons and a Troop of Worcesters

British Official Photographs



Men of the Worcester Regiment returning from the trenches through mud and rain.





Dinner-time. Men lining up at a field-kitchen to get their rations, consisting of steaming soup, meat, and fresh bread. Inset above: A bunch of the appropriately named "Gay Gordons" in a reserve trench on the western front.

THE BUILDING OF THE BRIDGE

(Continued from page 338.)

of rescue came to an end, it was found that of the five hundred who had been marooned, only fifteen had lost their lives, and fifty had been wounded. They owed their salvation to the alertness and initiative of their officers. Realising the impossibility of moving either onwards or backwards, the officers ordered the men to lie flat and motionless. With bayonets and cutting pincers, and the peaks of their caps for tools, they burrowed in the gravel, half burying themselves, so that to the eye of the onlooker they appeared as so many corpses strewn on the island and intermingled with its gravel through the havoc of the gun fire.

While rescue-parties thus worked for the safety of their comrades on the island and on the opposite bank, the engineers were once again busy on the bridge. At about two o'clock came the first streaks of dawn. When the Austrians awoke and began to look out over their parapets it was found that the "dead" had arisen and gone away. Seeing the Italians working as busily as ants, the Austrian commanders gave orders for a massed and relentless artillery attack. Guns were rushed to the foremost positions on the Carso, and a wild hurricane of shells hurled on the river. The artillery of the Italians could not reply, because of the danger of injury to the men of the advance-guard, who still remained at the foot of the hill. Under the lee of the spur which juts out into the river at Sagrado the enemy's shells poured harmlessly over them.

A New Plan of Attack

When night came they were brought over in pontoon boats, together with the prisoners whom they had captured at Sagrado. Then a wild holocaust of fire and flame commenced. The Latin blood was up. Both artilleries hurled blind defiance at one another. Throughout the night the storm of shell continued unabated—a terrible night of torrential rain and fog. The Isonzo fumed and steamed. Volumes of vapour, streaked with lurid gashes of flame, arose from the body of the stream. Not a soul was to be seen, but a deafening chorus of hoarse echoes reverberated from hill to hill, as if the spirits of the river were shrieking in pain and torture.

It had now become clear that an isolated crossing was out of the question. Small detachments might reach the opposite bank, but they could not establish a permanent bridge-head unless supported by the troops on the right. These had crossed lower down the river, at Pieris, and taken Monfalcone; but the effort to move northwards on the left bank and co-operate with the centre was frustrated by the immense lagoon which the Austrians had created between the foot of the Carso and the lower stretches of the Isonzo. To drain the lagoon was the task to which the Italian centre now set itself.

A little below Sagrado, where the Isonzo bends westwards through the Plain of Friuli, leaving a triangle-shaped tongue of lowland between its course and the foot of the Carso, the Austrians had built a dam across the river. This was a permanent structure, serving to divert the water into a canal which ran along the foot of the mountain to Monfalcone. By closing the dam, and destroying the mechanism for reopening it, the Austrians succeeded in flooding the Isonzo, already well swollen by the torrential rains. They then opened breaches in the right bank of the canal, and allowed the water to flood the intervening lowland. Only by blowing up the dam could the Italians drain the lagoon.

Like an Epic Struggle of Old

Two cannon of medium calibre were rushed along the right bank and brought into position directly opposite Sagrado. Under open fire from the Austrian gunners they began to pound the great barrier of steel and concrete, but the Italians did not have high explosives of sufficient strength to destroy it There were hopes that the mechanism might still be repaired, so that the locks could be got to open normally. With this end in view two officers of the engineering corps crept along the left bank of the river from the south, under cover of night. They sprang upon the sentinels, throttled and choked them. Plunging into the stream, they swam to the lock gates, only to find that the joints had been firmly spiked.

Then a private from the ranks of the engineers volunteered to grapple with the difficulty. Placing a sack of dynamite on his back, and binding it firmly to shoulders and waist, he plunged into the roaring waters. It was already dawn. A cascade of shells poured upon him, rifle and machine-gun bullets hissed around him. Buffeted by the waves as they broke against the ridge of the dam, and already sorely wounded, he still struggled. Breathlessly he was watched from either bank. It was like an epic struggle of old romance. At length he reached the lock gates. It was the signal for the engineers to turn on the current. Within a few moments the whole structure leaped into the air.

And a wild shout of triumph
  Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

Crossing the Flood Under Fire

The flooded river began to recede. The right wing moved northwards over what had once been a lagoon. Again the engineers began to build. The troops essayed to cross on rafts. Five times they attempted, five times they were driven back. Night came on. The Italian artillery became silent, and the Austrians believed that the project had been abandoned. At ten o'clock the engineers were busy once again. Hundreds of men rushed to the bank, bearing on their shoulders beams and planks and wire rope and hempen cable. Not a sound reached the ears of the enemy. The officers whispered their commands, the men rushed to and fro on bare feet.

When dawn began to break, the centre of the stream had been reached and the last abutment of the bridge now rested on the island. The farther arm of the river being largely protected by the lee of the Carso, it was decided to use pontoons for the second half of the crossing. The men rushed across the bridge, the boats received them, and rowed them to the shore. Not being strong enough to take a defensive position, the first battalions attacked furiously. They succeeded in reoccupying Sagrado and making some prisoners. At three o'clock the Austrian guns opened fire, and at four the bridge was once again in ruins. But now there could be no turning back. The attack on Sagrado must be supported. Moving a little northwards, the engineers decided to use the remains of an old bridge which the Austrians had destroyed. They commenced to build in open daylight, but this time the Austrian gunners did not find their task of destruction so easy, for Italian bayonets were already pushing them back from their vantage positions on the glacis. The river was quickly becoming "dead ground," so that the greater number of shells fell wide of the mark, and only fitful gusts of rifle and machine-gun fire obstructed the work of the bridge-builders. Even then the Austrians were able to inflict serious damage on the Italians; so much so that the bridge had to be repaired several times. But the engineers stuck to their work and the troops crossed under fire.

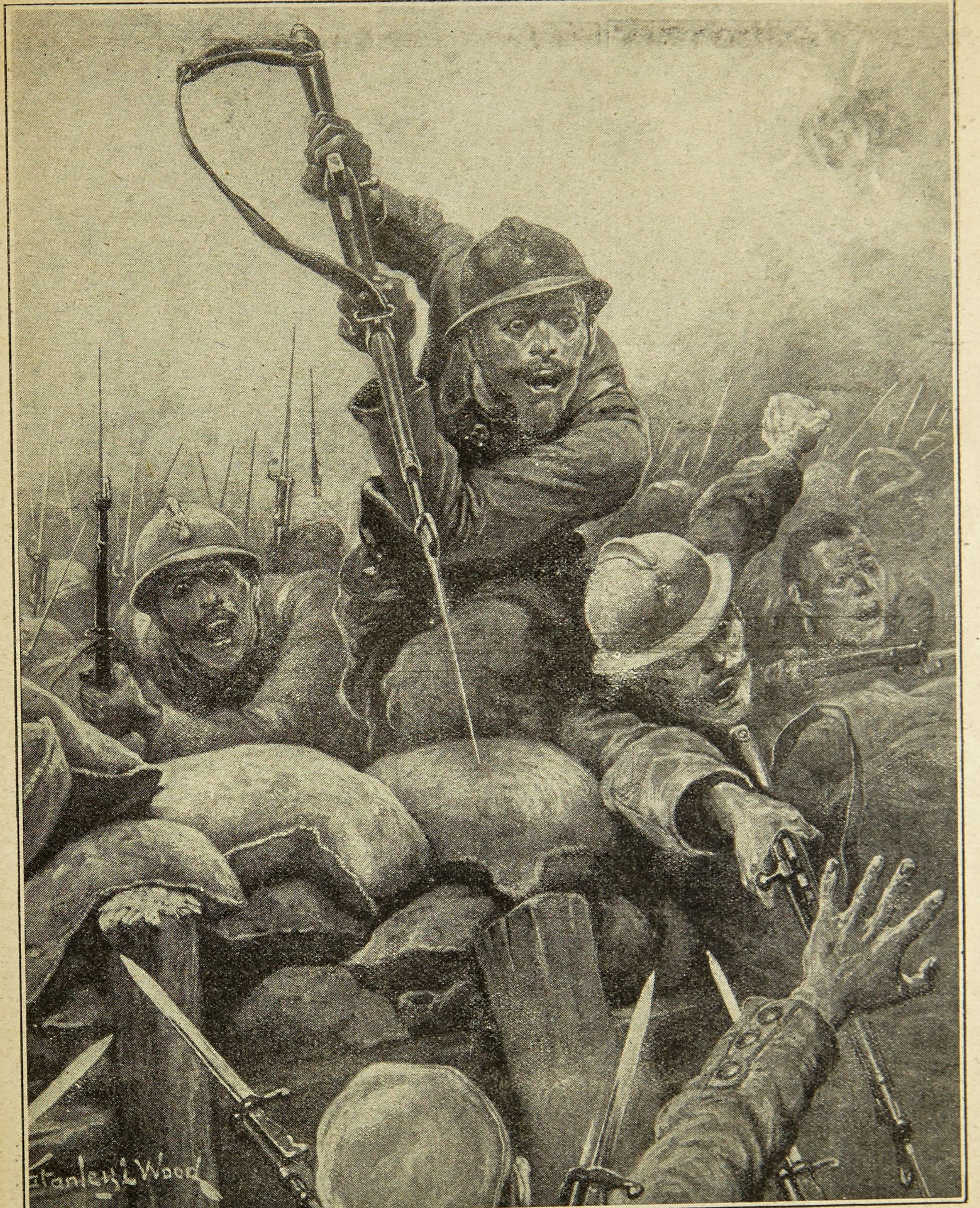
Dramatic Symbol of Italian Valour

Bearing sacks of sand on their shoulders, alternate groups formed a moving parapet for the protection of themselves and their companions. It was a picture which reminded the onlookers of Roman troops storming an ancient citadel. The artillery horses suffered seriously, but their dead bodies were quickly hurled into the stream, and men harnessed themselves to the gun-waggons beside the unhurt animals. In the course of two days several regiments had gained the opposite bank, accompanied by their artillery and supply columns. And the attack on the Carso commenced.

Since that day I have many times stood on the bridge and tried to call up visions of the valour of which it is the symbol. Beneath the limpid waters one can still see human wreckage strewn in the bed of the Isonzo. Let us hope that the structure will be allowed to remain, so that future pilgrims to the spot may be enabled to form a just appraisement of the valour which was shown here.

The Venetians of old were accustomed to celebrate the espousals between Venice and the sea by casting a golden ring into the Adriatic. If the same spirit of dramatic symbolism inspire the children of modern Italy, they will find this scarred ribbon of wood a fitting symbol of union between Mother Italy and the children who had been torn from her bosom by the ruthless hand of the Teuton.

Waves of Tempered Steel and Flaming Eyes



Germans notoriously have a horror of the bayonet, which, on the other hand, is a favourite weapon of the French infantryman, who has named the long, thin blade "Rosalie," and celebrated it in many a hymn of war. One can understand the panic that overtakes the German, whose nerves have been shattered already by the merciless bombardment now poured on him incessantly by the Allies, when a wave of French "fantassins" pours over the parapet, their eyes aflame with the fire of battle and furious passion for revenge, yelling, thrusting, and stabbing. Hands go up in vain then. The impetus of the rush cannot be checked.

General Weather Commands over the Somme

British Official Photographs

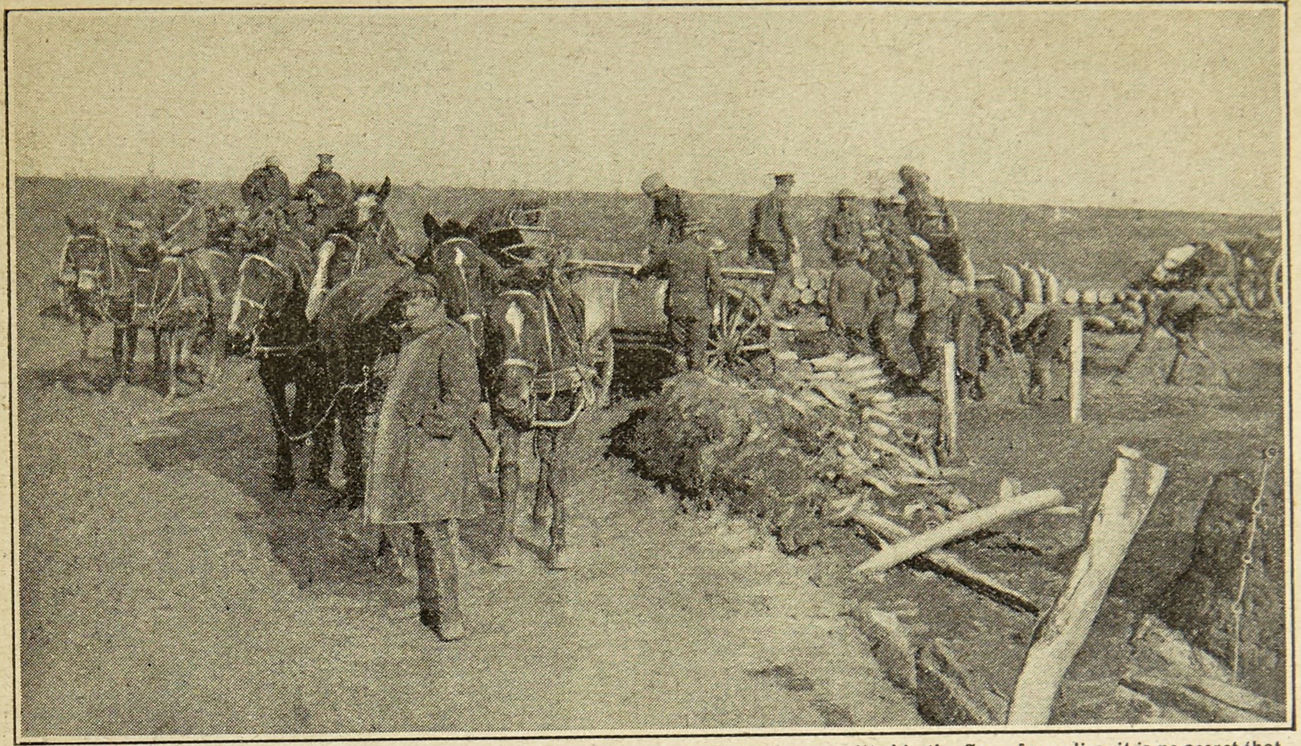
Coffee-stalls are established along the roads behind the lines, where men can obtain coffee and biscuits free at any time. Left: "Reminds one of Bond Street. What?"

Home. Misery that they never imagined and would have supposed they could not endure is borne without "grousing" and even cheerfully by our incomparable soldiers.

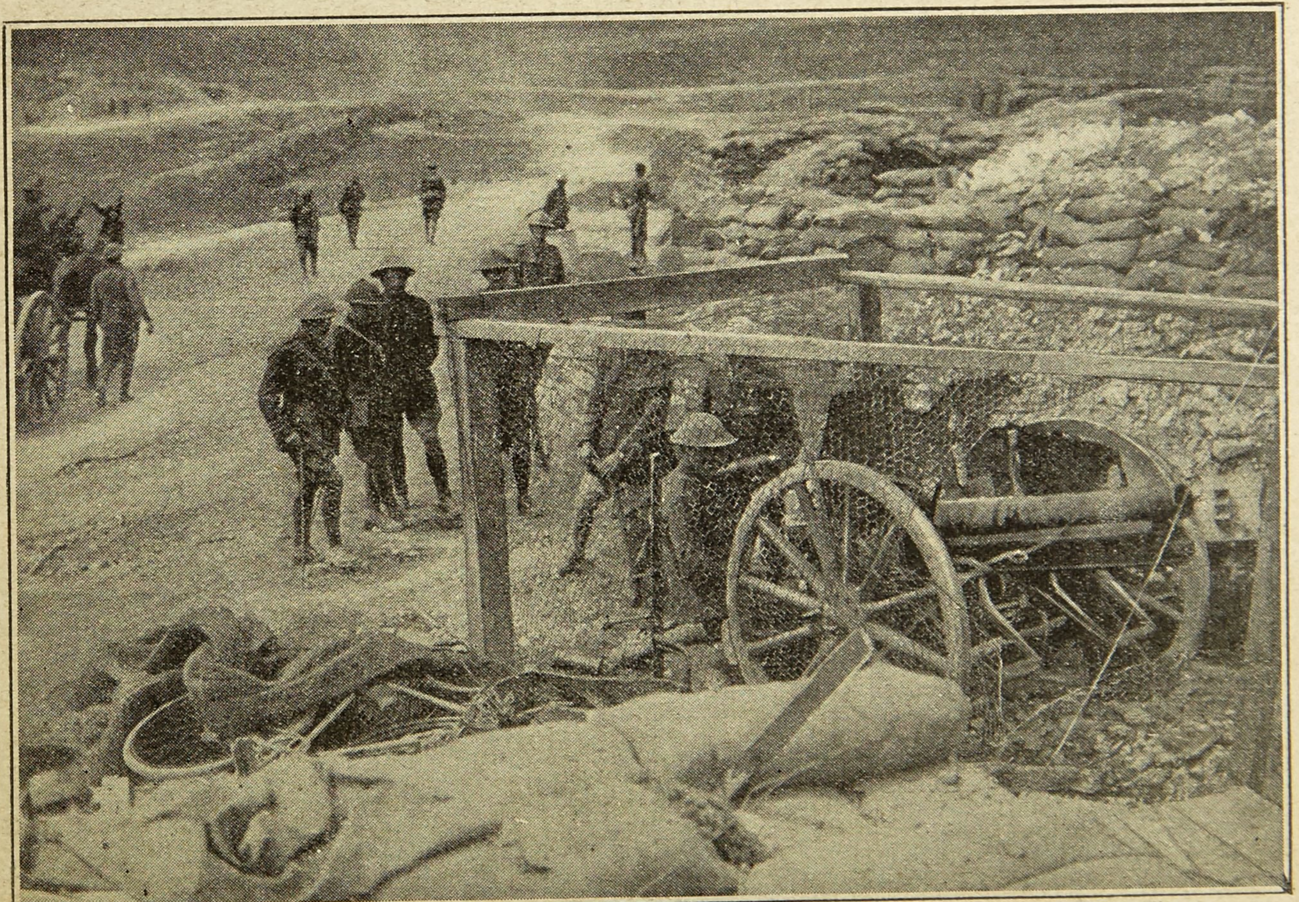
Men of the Middlesex returning from the trenches. Right: Some of the Worcesters, almost tired out, resting on the bank and even on the road, indifferent to further discomfort. The mud, an officer "out there" said, is the only obstacle that now delays the Allies' advance.

In the Artillery Lines on Captured Terrain

British Official Photographs

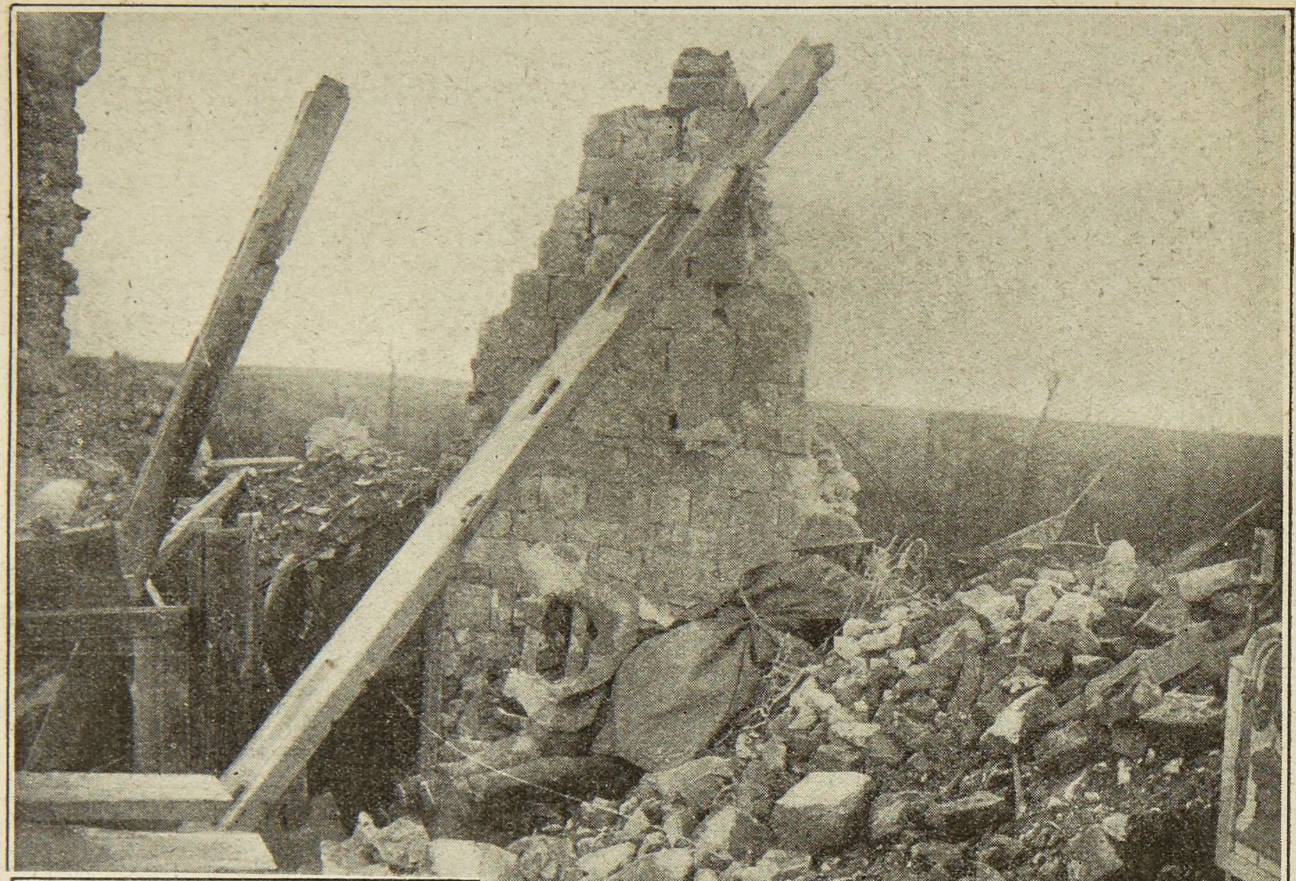


Unloading heavy ammunition on the western front. Although no cessation can be permitted in the flow of supplies, it is no secret that there is now no need for our artillery to economise in gun-fire, as German orders found show is the case with the enemy.

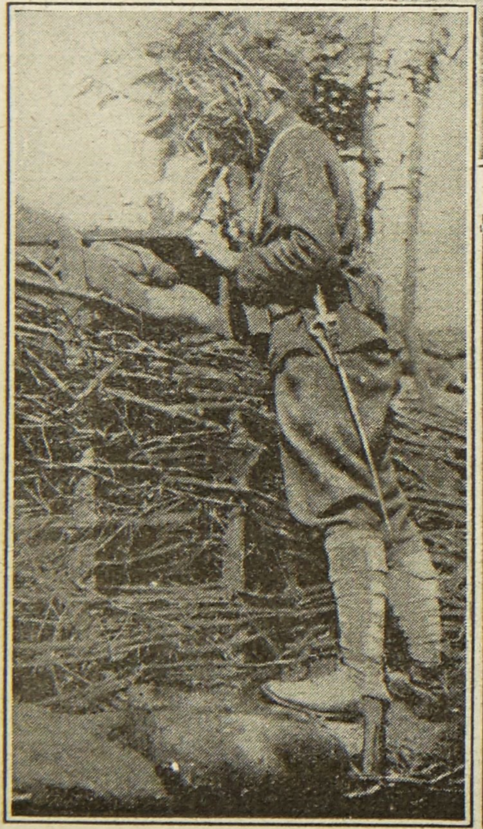


Artillery officers firing a captured German gun back into the German lines. It is a very human satisfaction to turn his own gun upon the enemy, though reflection reminds one that he will know no difference between British and German shells if one should hit him.

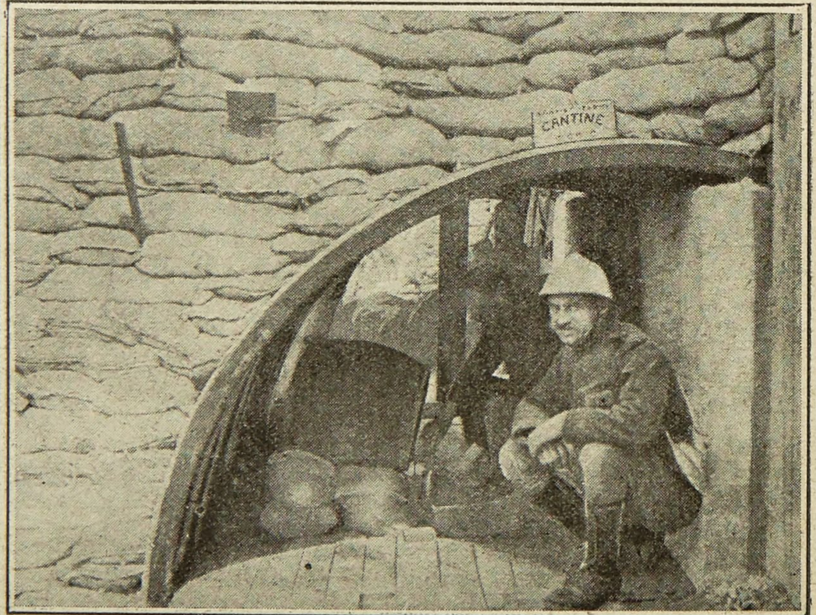
Watching, Sniping and Resting Along the Road



British officer watching the enemy lines from an observation-post in the ruins of Longueval. (British official photograph.)

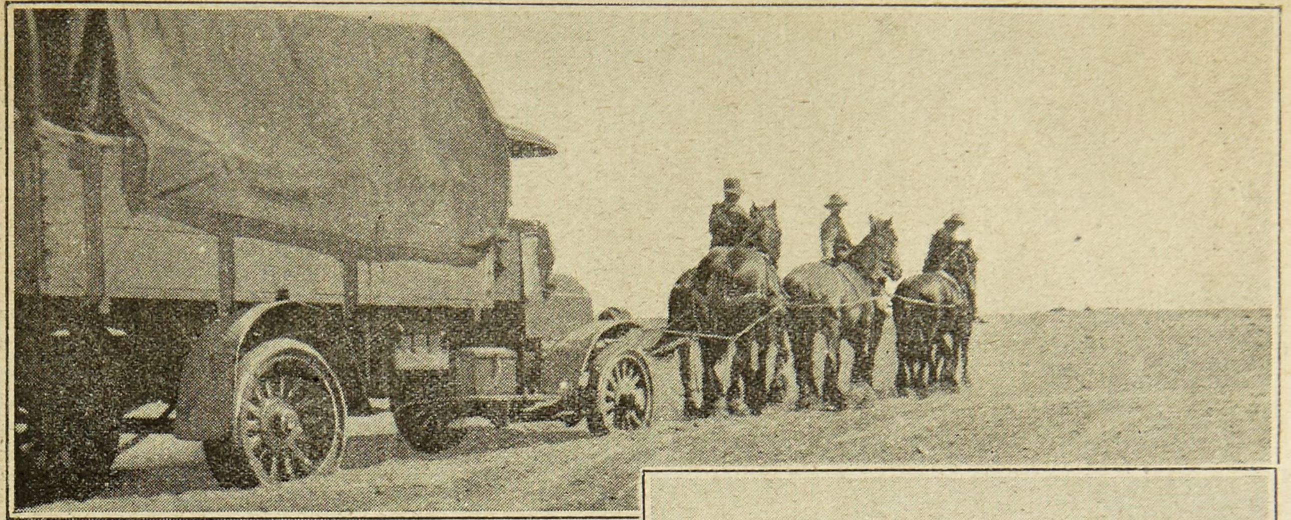


Moroccan sniper who covered his head with twigs and leaves, rendering it invisible.

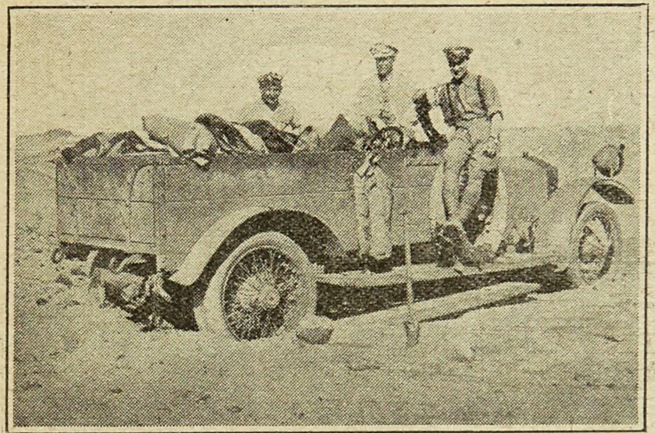


Canteen in dug-out on the Belgian front. A soldier is drawing beer from a cask, which has been given a safe corner in this improvised estaminet.

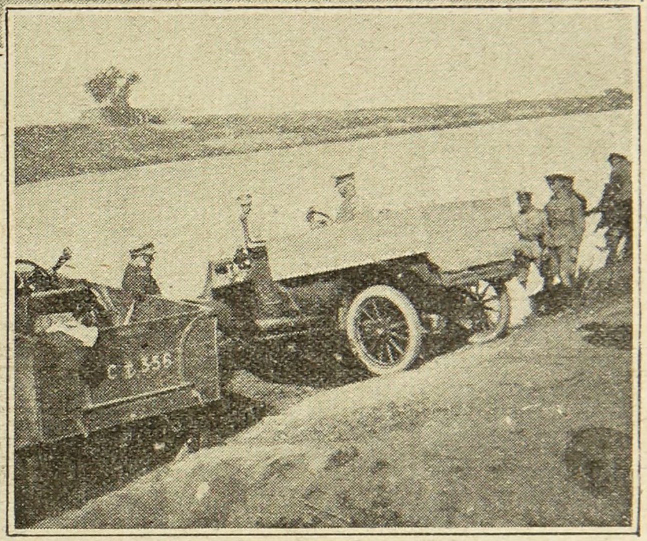
Evolution of Pharaoh's Chariots of War



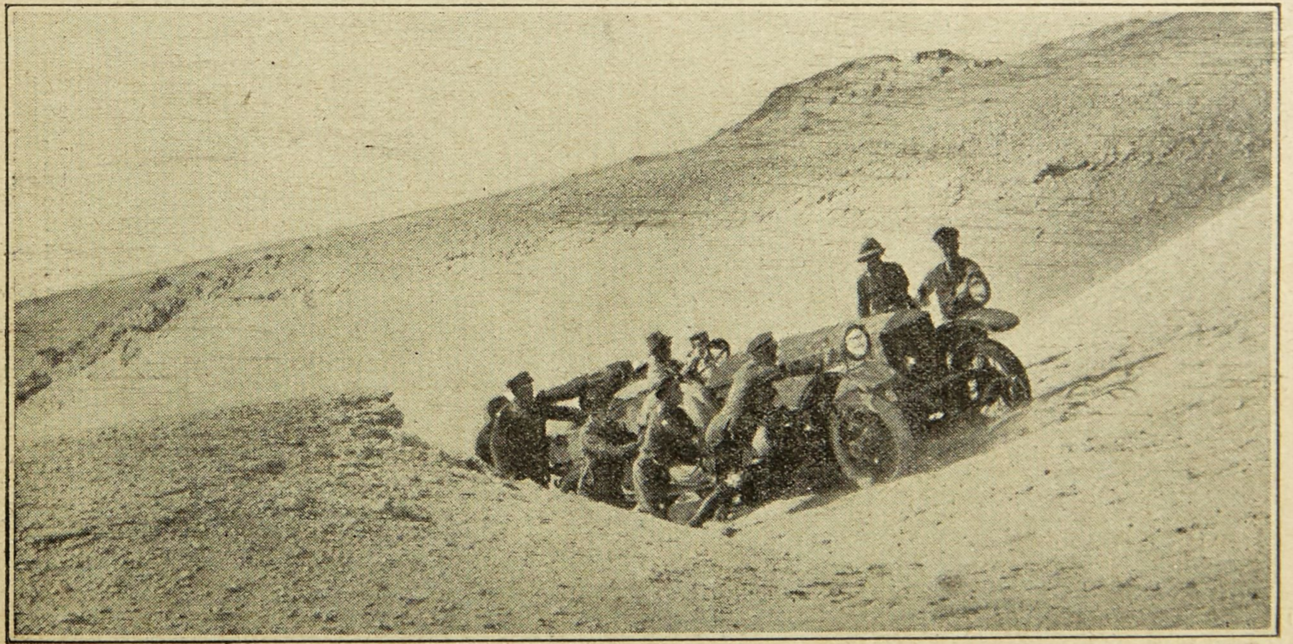
Novel scene in the desert. Broken-down motor-lorry being towed to the base by a team of powerful horses.



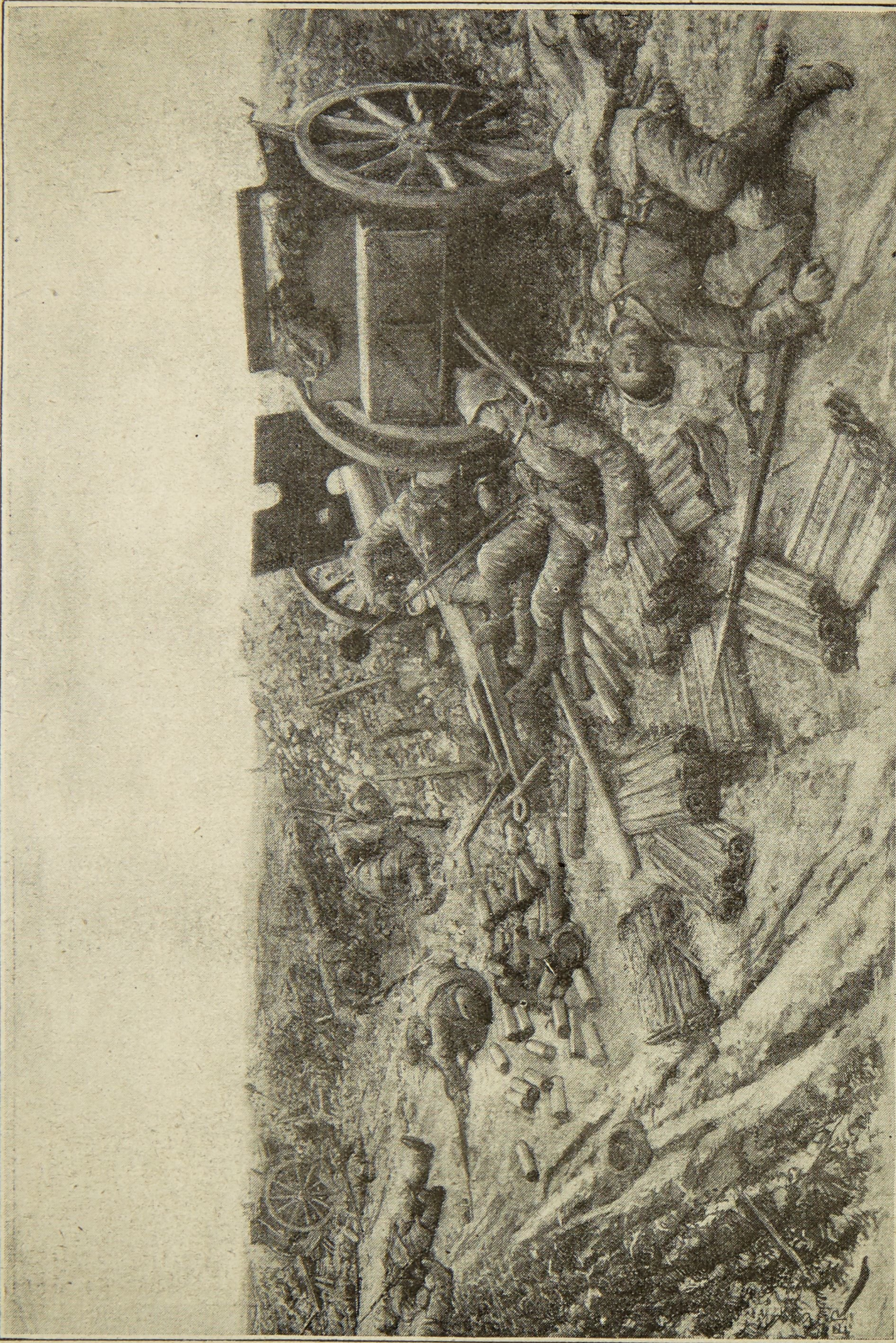
Anchored in the sand! Transport waggon, in difficulties, awaiting assistance.



The ferry over. Cars boarding a barge which is about to convey them across the Suez Canal.



Frequent incident in the Egyptian campaign when automobiles are used. A hundred miles out in the Libyan Desert, near the recently captured Baharia Oasis, a huge car is being hauled up a sandy incline by a number of willing arms. The war-car has penetrated parts of desert Egypt which have never before been explored.



"THE GUARDS HAVE PASSED THIS WAY."—In the course of an advance in the direction of Le Transloy, between Combles and Bapaume, the Guards passed over a sunken road where the Germans had taken up a position, which, however, they had not time to fortify beyond pushing a few guns against the embankment in a rough-and-ready emplacement, slightly protected by a single wire defence. An officer going back over the conquered ground later found two abandoned German 77 mm. guns at this spot, with a number of dead Germans around—grim testimony to the irresistible onslaught of the Guards. The French and British had previously made thrusts at Le Transloy, meeting with determined opposition.

BATTLE PICTURES of the GREAT WAR

On the Road to Trieste

by Max Pemberton

It was not to be supposed that General Cadorna would remain indifferent to Rumania's peril during the last days of October, and his contribution to the Allies' cause was not long delayed. This splendid soldier is notoriously the most secretive general in Europe. It is said that no one in Italy shares his confidence, and while the prophets continue to cry "Trieste," other objectives may dominate his plans. With this we have nothing to do at the moment. It is sufficient to record that he made upon the first three days of November a thrust into the Austrian lines upon the Carso which he could claim justly to be quite the most successful offensive he has waged since the fall of Gorizia.

Setting for a Battle of Giants

Now this is a land of weirdly difficult names and quite remarkable topography. The travelled Englishman knows what is the meaning of the Carso, or caste formation of rock, for he has climbed it in the Dolomites. The arid limestone country sweeps round the head of the Adriatic Sea, and thrusts itself as far south as Herzegovina. Sometimes it affords but a landscape of torrent and gloomy rock, magnificent in its very destitution of colour or foliage. At other places, and nearer to the border of the sea, these heights will be wooded; the valleys will disclose foaming torrents or rivers serenely blue. There will be a stratum of sandstone in the face of the rock, and for man's contribution the spires and minarets of villages which knew Mohammed.

The neighbourhood of Gorizia is such a country. From an imaginary height above that town an observer would see the mighty ravine in which the blue Isonzo flows. Mte. Sabotino, rising to a height of 1,980 feet upon the right bank, is faced upon the left by Mte. San Gabriele, at a height of 2,100 feet, and Mte. San Daniele, with an altitude of 1,800 feet. Between these mounts the river takes a sharp right-handed turn, and thence flows almost in a straight line to the Adriatic Sea. It is down and beyond this line that we must look for the scene of the great battle of November 1st. Away upon the left hand there rises that high and desolate plateau they call the Carso. It is defended by steep slopes and walls of red-brown rock.

Two Great Roads to Trieste

There are the ravines through which the tributaries of the Isonzo flow, and right across it, where the Adriatic Sea sweeps round towards the great port of Pola, is the commercial town of Trieste. This lies at present some fourteen miles from the nearest Italian trenches. If it be General Cadorna's objective, he is pushing for it both over the high and tremendously fortified plateau of the Carso and southward through the line of Monfalcone and the low ground by the sea. Upon both these fronts he won a great and signal victory in the first three days of November.

Take a map of the district between Gorizia and the sea, and put a pen upon certain of these weirdly-named places I have mentioned. Immediately south of Gorizia you will see Tivoli and Mte. San Marco, noting the River Vertoibizza behind them. A little farther south is Biglia, and south of that another river, the Vipacco, running in a ravine called simply the Vallone. To the south-east of Biglia is a mountain that is called the Faiti Hrib, rising to a height of 1,440 feet, and to the south-west of that we see the Veliki Hribach, Mte. Pecinka, the town of Oppacchiasella, and, almost due east of it, that other hamlet of Castagnievizza, by which runs the great road to Trieste and to Comen. The latter has been called the centre of the Austrian system. Upon this line in the north General Cadorna's thrust was from Mte. San Marco and Biglia; in the south upon the mountains of Faiti Hrib and Pecinka, and to the outskirts of Castagnievizza. It resulted in the killing of 10,000 Austrians, the wounding of 20,000, and the capture of 9,000 prisoners, to say nothing of the capture of large quantities of booty, and of the complete Staff of a brigadier, who surrendered pistol in hand and threats upon his lips.

Obviously it was an exceedingly picturesque battle; something of the old-time joy of combat entered into it. Correspondents viewing it from distant heights were able to follow a part of the action, at any rate, and to witness the amazing gallantry and dash of the undaunted Italians. These had waited patiently during the whole of Tuesday, October 31st, when their great guns were thundering incessantly until dark fell, and the fog of war loomed up brown and red and black, to blot out the glorious sunshine of the picturesque scene it would have disclosed. So fierce was this bombardment that the houses were shaken even in far Trieste, while the flash of the gun fire, seen against the dark background of the Carso, was like the lightning of a hundred storms.

With such a warning did General Cadorna summon the Austrians to the assault of Wednesday. The day was fine enough, but from the sodden ground the fierce sun drew heavy mists, which drifted in the deep valleys and left but the summits of the towering hills exposed. Through this, shortly after eleven o'clock, the dashing Italians went out to the assault. King Victor Emmanuel himself was a witness of their prowess, and often by his side there stood the Duke of Aosta, the commander of the Carso army. So rapid was the Italian attack that in many cases the Austrians in their trenches put up no kind of resistance at all—were surrounded, in fact, and made prisoners almost before they had fired a shot.

Cavalry Charge on the Heights

The tremendous obstacle of Faiti Hrib, which three months ago an Austrian general declared to be impregnable, holding that if the Italians ever took it Trieste was lost—this was taken very early in the day, together with Mte. Pecinka and Veliki—the latter in less than fifty minutes after the opening of the engagement. A wild scene with the confusion of war now was disclosed behind the Austrian second line. Just as in the retreat from Quatre Bras, more than a hundred years ago, the one cry of the British was to get the guns through to Waterloo, so here the salvage of the batteries remained the obsession of the Austrian command. Wildly they were galloped, alike through the deep ravines and upon the perilous roads to the heights, and after them in the old style went the Italian cavalry and the infantry, panting not wholly in vain.

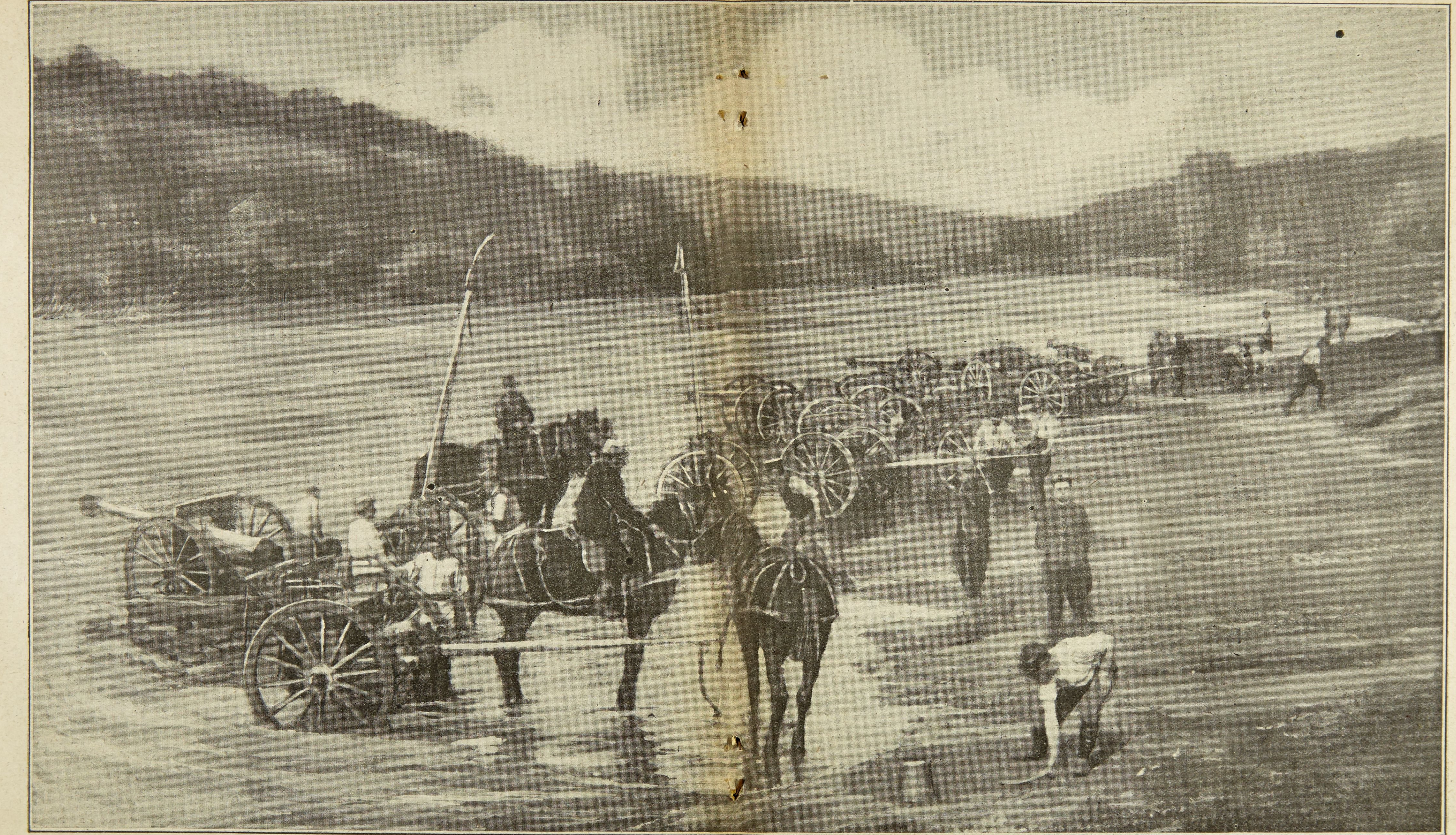
Of this stirring episode a famous Italian writes in the "Daily Telegraph": "The chief concern of the Austrians was to save their batteries, and this could be seen as they were hurried along the roads. The Italian guns immediately made them their target, and at one time there disappeared as if by magic an entire Austrian battery that was galloping away in full retreat. At another point for a considerable time an Austrian battery was pursued by a detachment of Italian infantry, which *au pas de charge* was trying to overtake it on the road."

"What a Fine Day! What a Great Day!"

Such a diversion must have been a joy indeed to men who had known for months the monotony of the rock-bound trenches. One Italian report tells us that nothing else was thought of—not even the multitudes of prisoners taken. The heights of the Carso abound, as we know, in natural caverns, passes which Nature has quarried and gloomy recesses which will harbour whole regiments. These were searched by the Italians with the ferocity of hounds upon a keen scent. At Pecinka a Bersagliere badly wounded was seen pointing to a height and summoning his comrades to climb it. A battery of six guns had been taken, and the brave fellow was anxious that his comrades should know of it. A wild excitement possessed him; he thought nothing of his wound, would not hear of assistance, and continued to cry "It is there!" until he fell senseless

[*Continued on page 350*

The Battery's Half-Holiday from its Strenuous Work: 'Seventy-Fives' in Repose Along a French River Bank



THOUGH many more powerful guns have been invented, the French gunner is still justifiably proud of the Seventy-Five, the simple, delicate machine which served France so splendidly in her most critical hour, the only artillery which was, at that time, superior to the German guns. To keep the weapon trim is his bounden duty and delight. On the bank of a swift-flowing river a battery of these guns is undergoing a rigorous toilet, preparatory to being placed in position again in the line. But for the Seventy-Fives, this beautiful photographic study bears no suggestion of war, though no doubt the sound of furious battle echoes audibly enough from over the hills and valleys of the Somme, where the Allies are pounding away with confidence and elation born of victory.

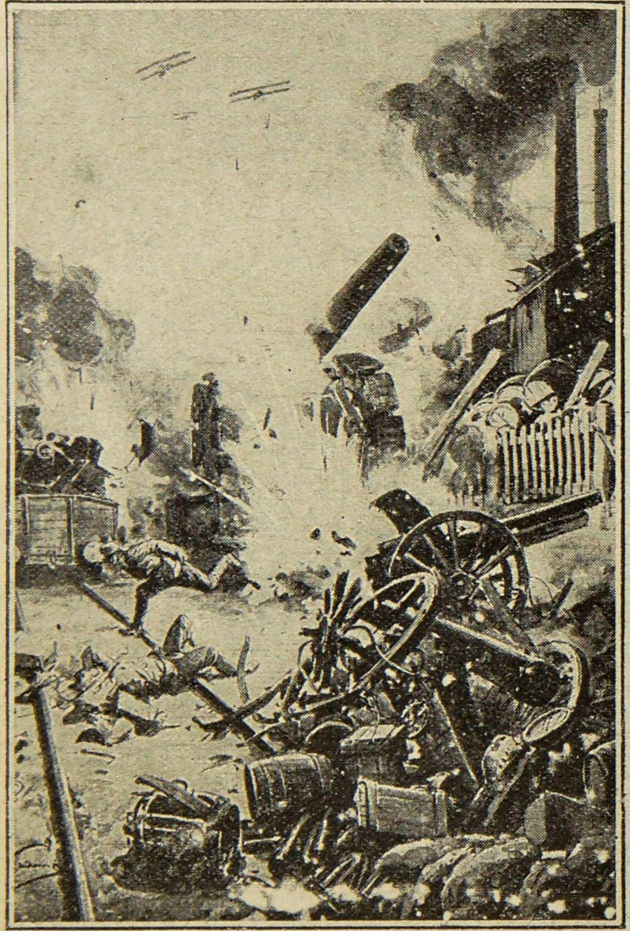
ON THE ROAD TO TRIESTE

(Continued from page 347.)

and the ambulance carried him away. Elsewhere a soldier with one leg shot off sat upon a barrel and greeted every passer-by with the remark, "What a fine day! What a great day!" The same thought was in the heart of every man who fought for Cadorna in those splendid hours—"What a fine day! What a great day!"

While all this was happening upon the left there were great doings down by Oppacchiasella and the low ground nearer the sea. The sun began to shine about midday, and to show the Austrians throwing their heavy shells from the Vallone to the crest where the fight was raging; and at this time three Austrian aeroplanes came searching for the Italian batteries. It was a picturesque incident, and, indeed, the whole scene at this time showed the glamour of battle at its best. Upon the north the dark grey ridges of the Carso were the curtains against which there flashed the lightning flames of the unresting artillery. To the south the Austrian centre was being driven in relentlessly and with a vehemence unsurpassable. Now the man with the glasses could see groups of Cadorna's infantry crossing the summit of Veliki Hribach while other squadrons were upon the ridge of heights which runs down from Veliki to Mte. Pecinka. Intermingled with the dashing Italians were the gloomy bodies of prisoners driven like sheep towards the "cages" which awaited them in the rear. Veliki itself and Hills 375 and 308 were taken by this time and the infantry still pressed onwards. They were at the very threshold of Castagnievizza, described by the Austrians themselves as the key of this southern line.

Thursday's fighting saw the gains of November 1st both consolidated and extended. In the north the advance was continued along the ridge commanding the Vipacco Valley; while on the south the central area of the plateau and the meeting of the Castagnievizza-Comen road were threatened—the latter as the principal artery of communication on the Carso. This day saw the Italians at their best as mountain fighters. From the Vallone Valley a rocky wall, with natural terraces, rises step by step to the broad plain of the Carso itself. Up these the infantry stormed with the greatest gallantry, often climbing amazing precipices, fighting in every wood and thicket, and disappearing ever and anon into the depths of caverns where the foe was hidden. The artillery itself now had to do with objects far distant, and upon the south they even bombarded Duino, which is on the shore of the Adriatic. Naturally such a hunt as the hills afforded resulted in a large increase in the number of prisoners. No cave seemed too remote but that it contained Austrians. Sometimes they appeared to have been brought out only after fights which were memorable; a thousand acts of heroism may have been hidden in the darkness of those caves and will never be told by any witness. But the main thing was that the Italians went on undaunted from terrace to terrace until they were but dots upon a sunny horizon. So were the fruits of victory gained, and so did we hear without surprise that General Boroviec had telegraphed urgently for reinforcements and insisted that if Trieste were to be saved his legions must be sent back from Rumania.



Chaos in an Austrian munition depot on the Carso front, caused by bombs dropped from Italian aircraft.

Mountain Peaks Split in Twain

Great as were these achievements of the Italian infantry, we must not forget that this was in the main a battle of artillery, and that General Cadorna's gunners have never done better. To this the "Giornale d'Italia" bears witness when it says that the "systematic offensive" was due before all to the tactical preparation made by the general, seconded by the Government, and backed whole-heartedly by the industrial classes. So terrible was the preliminary bombardment that whole woods on the summits of Veliki, and of the heights above Vallone, were blotted out, while mountains peaks were split in twain by a single shot and new formations created. That the enemy was driven out by such an avalanche of shell does not surprise us; but that he fought tenaciously we may not doubt. Trieste is dear to him, and whatever may be General Cadorna's real objective, the Austrians persist in believing it to be Trieste. The loss of this great commercial port would strike such a blow at Austrian moral as never yet has been struck since the war began. No bulletins could explain it away—no tacticians justify so tangible a defeat. For these reasons an Italian writer is able to say that the Austrian command will even call up the last reserves to cast them into the furnace. The keys to their positions have fallen one by one, and now this capture of the Veliki and the Pecinka heights, with the fall of Faiti, is a blow which has brought Vienna to the verge of panic and has sent Italian shells thundering upon the very shores of the Adriatic.

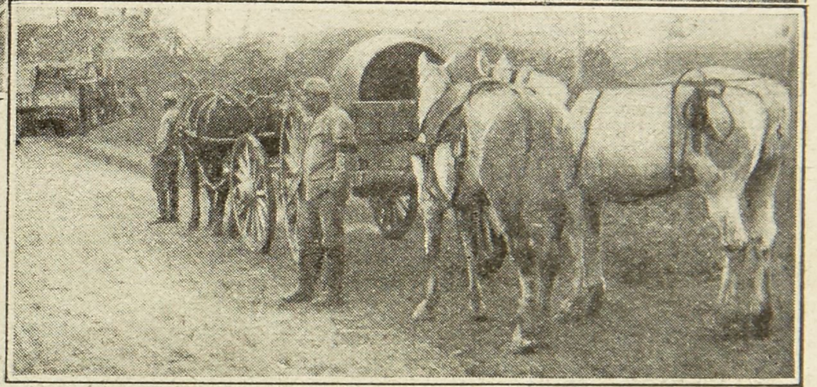
Enemy Still Obdurate and Strong

For all that, the obstacles still before General Cadorna upon the Carso front must not be treated lightly, and no premature optimism is to be indulged in. He has pushed forward two miles upon a front of three and a half miles, and the week has seen his men consolidating on height and marsh and valley. Before him are vast subterranean works still harbouring thousands of Austrians. They are complete to the point of wonder, and nothing but the patience and persistency of a great leader can overcome them. Deep down in caverns cut from the solid rock the defenders of Trieste are trying to reorganise themselves after this great assault. They are defended by innumerable machine-guns, while their heavy artillery has been rushed back to heights from which it can bombard the lines which were lost. Veliki and Pecinka they now shell incessantly, and the great road to Comen is a death-trap for advancing troops. Upon their side the Italian reply with a vigour which "makes the very earth tremble," and have broken the glass of houses many miles from the scene.

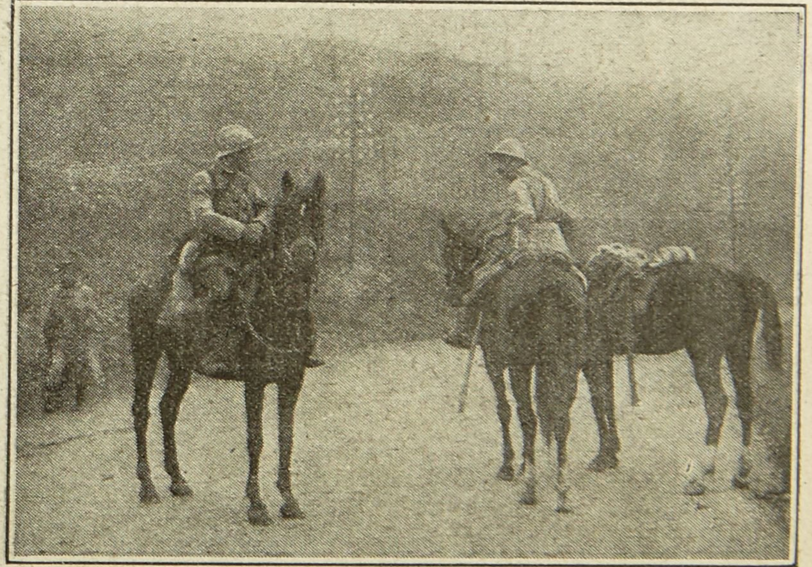
It may be added that among the prisoners and booty captured on November 1st and 2nd were 259 officers, ten 105 mm. howitzers with ammunition, two mountain guns, numerous machine-guns, and large quantities of the material of war. Of the unfortunate brigadier and his Staff we have already spoken. He will now be able to taste the rare wines and see the beautiful women of Italy. But it will be from the terrace of that prison wherein he and his must remain "for the period of the war."

Beautiful Studies of the War-Horse on Service

In French hands again. A halt for dinner in a village ruined but recovered from the hated Hun.



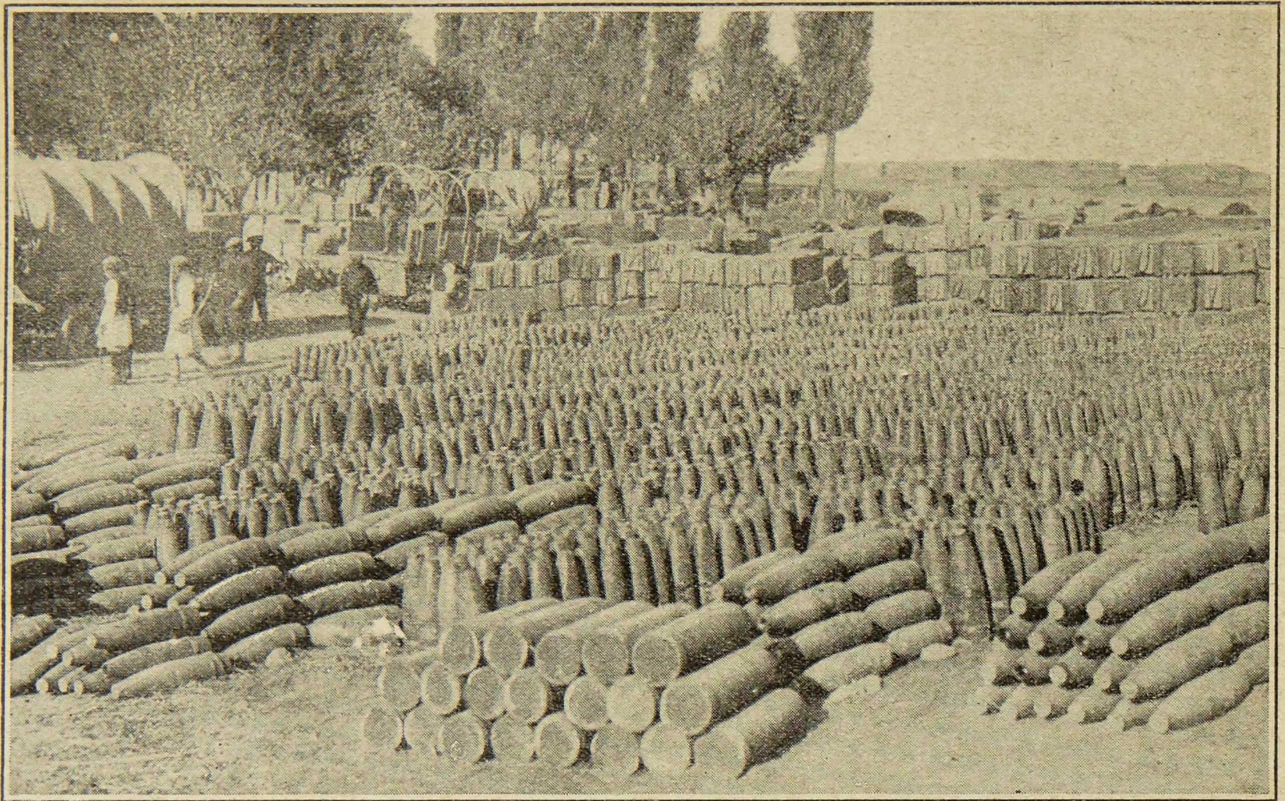
To gladden the heart of man. Bringing up supplies of wine for the soldiers fighting in the first line.



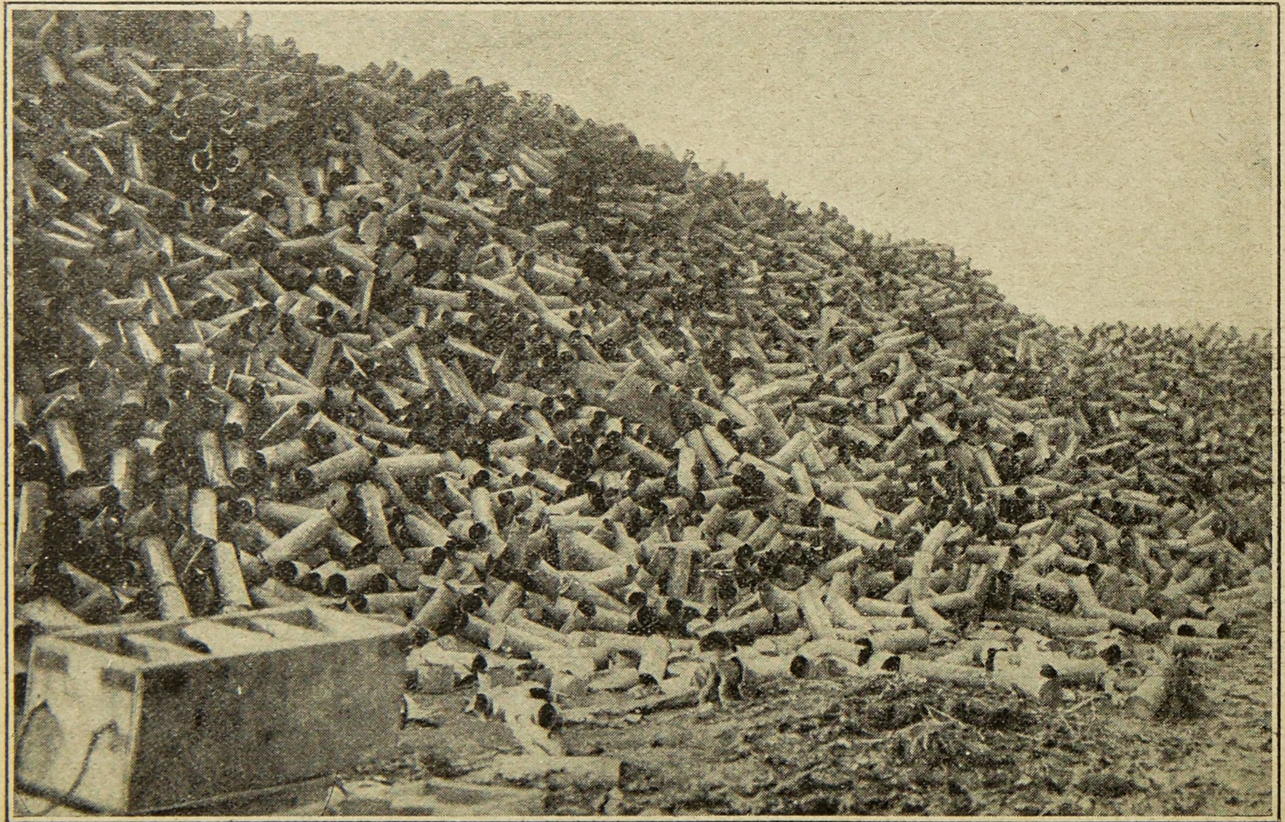
Superb impression of a French officer of dragoons and his horse in the Valley of the Somme, a wonderful study of the iron patience and resolution that are shattering German ambition and aggression. Right: French cavalry despatch-riders on communication duty.

Forcible Arguments Put Forward by the Allies

British Official Photographs



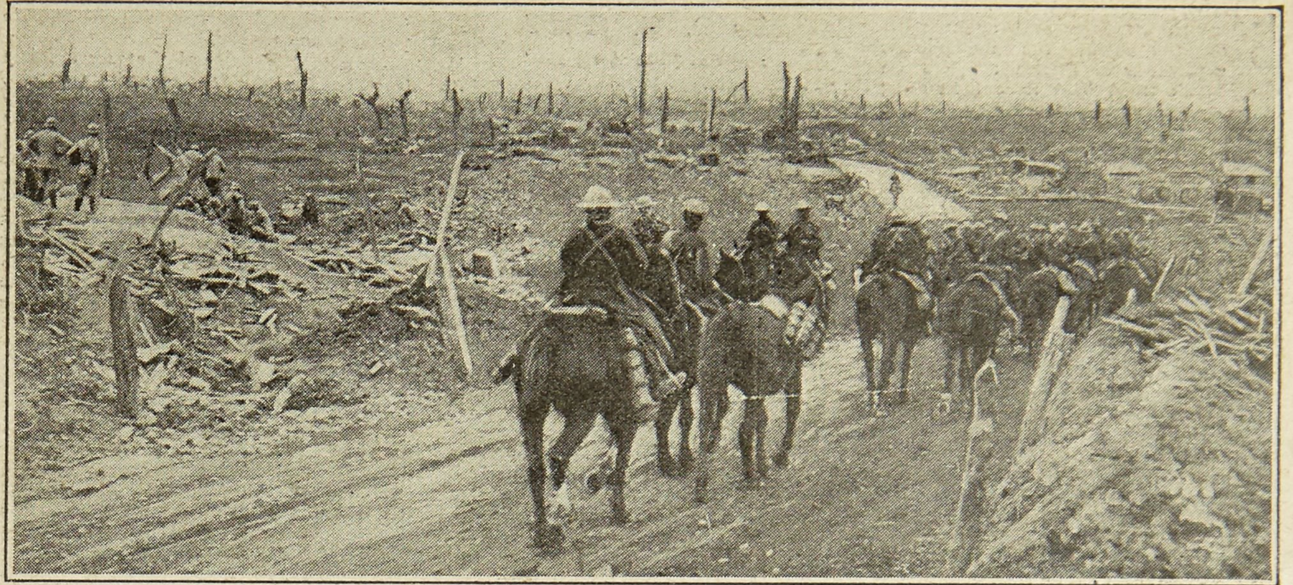
A Serbian ammunition dump on the Balkan front. Bulgaria, who fondly imagined that Serbia was finally disposed of, has been rudely disillusioned. Rested and re-equipped, the Serbian Army is moving back towards its own country, persuading the enemy to retire by irresistible arguments like those illustrated above.



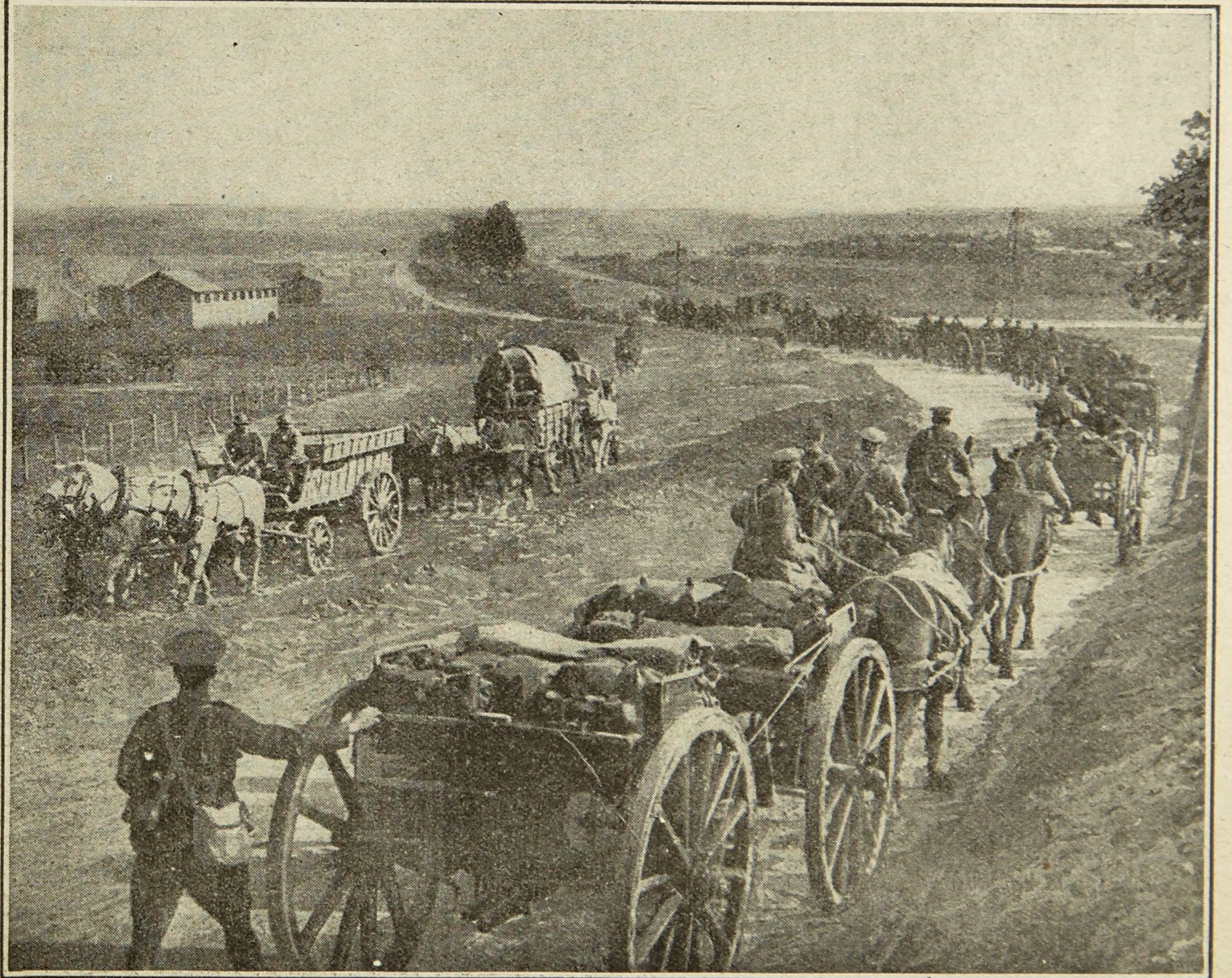
A few of our empties on the western front. At many points of the line of the Allies' advance there are huge accumulations of used shell-cases. Much of the precious metal is collected and sent back to munition works to be refashioned for use again.

Rules of the Road Where the Allies Join Hands

French Official Photographs



Scene at the junction of the French and British lines in the Valley of the Somme. French soldiers working among the pulverised remains of what was once a timber-encircled village while a British cavalry patrol rides by along the pitted road.



On active service loaded convoys have the right to the road, while empty waggons travel on the roadside turf or across the fields. A glimpse of the unending stream of British supply convoys that winds along the Somme Valley, with empties returning on the left.

THE STRUGGLE FOR AERIAL SUPREMACY

How the British Airmen Dominate Enemy Pilots

By C. G. GREY

Editor of "The Aeroplane"

SO much has been said and written of late about the indisputable supremacy of British aviators on the French front that it is interesting to consider how this supremacy arrived. There has never been any doubt about the superiority of the British pilot over the German pilot, for though the Germans may occasionally produce a Bölcke or an Immelmann, such men are very much the exception, and are far removed from the general run of trained and enduring but unenterprising German pilots.

Even the French admit that the British aviator goes about his work in a way which is quite different from the Frenchman. The French aviator, whether pilot or observer or gunner, goes across the German lines in a spirit of fierce earnestness, and with a patriotic determination to do his duty at all costs. Some of them are sternly determined to avenge the death of friends or relations, and others are moved by hatred of Huns in general.

The British pilot, on the other hand, is, in the vast majority of cases, primarily a sportsman. In a general way he probably thinks that the best German is a dead German, and operates accordingly; but if one could get at his inmost thoughts it would probably be found that his first and foremost motive is to do his job as well as he is able, for the good of the British Army in general, and the honour of the Flying Corps in particular, after which he proceeds to get as much sporting interest out of his work as possible. The sporting rivalry between individuals, and between flights or squadrons, frequently leads to things being done which are distinctly magnificent and not quite war.

Magnificent—But not War

For example, it is not by any means according to the rules of war that one British pilot on a small scout, armed with a single machine-gun, should plunge into a bunch of a dozen Hun aeroplanes, each carrying a gunner as well as a pilot, and proceed to chivy them about the sky till he is finally cornered by three or four of them at once and brought down. The wise warrior would admit that he was outnumbered, and go home safely to fight another day—which would be quite according to the rules of war but would not be "as done" by the Royal Flying Corps. The result, of course, is that the personal ascendancy of the R.F.C. pilot over the Hun grows more and more marked as these lone-hand, or outnumbered, attacks on German aircraft become more and more common.

Furthermore, it is not strictly according to the rules of war that a British fighting machine should come down behind the enemy's lines for the mere fun of using its machine-guns on a column of troops on the march, seeing that a battalion of infantry can bring into action at once something like one thousand rifles and probably a dozen machine-guns as well, each with a range equal to that of the aeroplane's machine-guns. The solitary advantage of the aeroplane is that its very high speed makes it somewhat difficult to hit, and that while it is traversing a line of infantry it may knock out several dozens of men, whereas if the machine itself is hit and brought down only two men are lost.

This purely personal ascendancy, however, cannot possibly produce anything like supremacy in the air unless the R.F.C. possesses quantity as well as quality. One would not, of course, for worlds inform the Hun exactly how many pilots Great Britain possesses at the moment, but it may interest neutral countries, as well as the enemy, to know that the War Office permitted the publication by the Royal Aero Club of the names of people who took their certificates as aviators until some three thousand names were issued.

Increase Day by Day

Then the publication of this list was stopped. But it must be fairly evident to any intelligent neutral who moves about Britain that the number of aviators has vastly increased. In fact, during the three months in which the supply of petrol for motor-cars has been so rigorously regulated anyone driving along the main road in any part of the country saw pretty nearly as many aeroplanes as motor-cars, and when one realises that practically every aeroplane one sees represents not a trained aviator but one who is still undergoing training, one begins to realise the vast numbers of pilots who are being sent out on active service. Probably at the present moment German pilots in France actually outnumber the British pilots—that is, on the section of the fighting-line covered by the R.F.C., but the German predominance in numbers is not so marked as to swamp the R.F.C. by sheer weight.

The work of the R.F.C. has also been very materially aided by the high quality of the aeroplanes now being turned out by British constructors. In the earlier days of the war, in fact practically till the end of 1915, the idea was sedulously fostered in certain quarters that officially-designed aeroplanes were in every way better than those designed by private commercial firms. As a matter of fact, every official aeroplane had invariably been beaten in performance by what were contemptuously known in certain official circles as "trade" machines, but the orders for officially-designed machines far exceeded in number those given out for trade designs.

Private Enterprise Stimulated

The strenuous agitation which took place early in 1916 entirely changed this state of affairs, and the result has been that a number of exceedingly able officers, who had had a large amount of active service experience during the first year or so of the war, were put in important positions at Headquarters, and as a result every encouragement has since been given to trade designers to produce faster and quicker climbing and more easily manœuvred aeroplanes.

The trade responded to this encouragement, and to-day British aeroplanes have indisputably the best performance of any aeroplanes in the world. One cannot, of course, give any definite particulars as to the best performances now put up by British aeroplanes, but as the Germans themselves can form a pretty good idea of an average performance of a British aeroplane, there can be no harm in comparing the average performance at the outbreak of war with the average performance to-day.

In the early days of the war a fairly good aeroplane flew at about 60 m.p.h., and a very good one did something over 80 m.p.h. To-day between 80 and 90 m.p.h. is merely a fair speed, and a machine has to exceed 100 m.p.h. to be considered good. Similarly, a climbing rate of 300 feet per minute used to be considered a fair performance with full military load, and anything over 500 feet a minute climb was distinctly good. To-day 600 to 700 feet a minute is quite a moderate performance, and a machine has to exceed 1,000 feet per minute to be considered really good.

Similar improvements have taken place in every direction. Where a solitary pilot and passenger used to go out on patrol, and perhaps be attacked by three or four faster German machines, reconnaissance patrols now consist of a dozen machines or so, each quite fast enough to tackle most German machines, and are in sufficient numbers to protect themselves adequately. Where two or three aeroplanes used to go out in an endeavour to bomb some important positions with three or four little bombs, each weighing, perhaps, 16 or 20 lb. apiece—which were dropped overboard by hand, relying entirely on the pilot's judgment of height and distance—a modern bombing raid may consist of twenty or thirty machines each carrying half a dozen 50 lb. bombs fitted in proper bomb-dropping gear, which includes sights giving the bombs as much accuracy as a shell from a long-range gun. In practically every other branch of aerial work the R.F.C. has improved correspondingly.

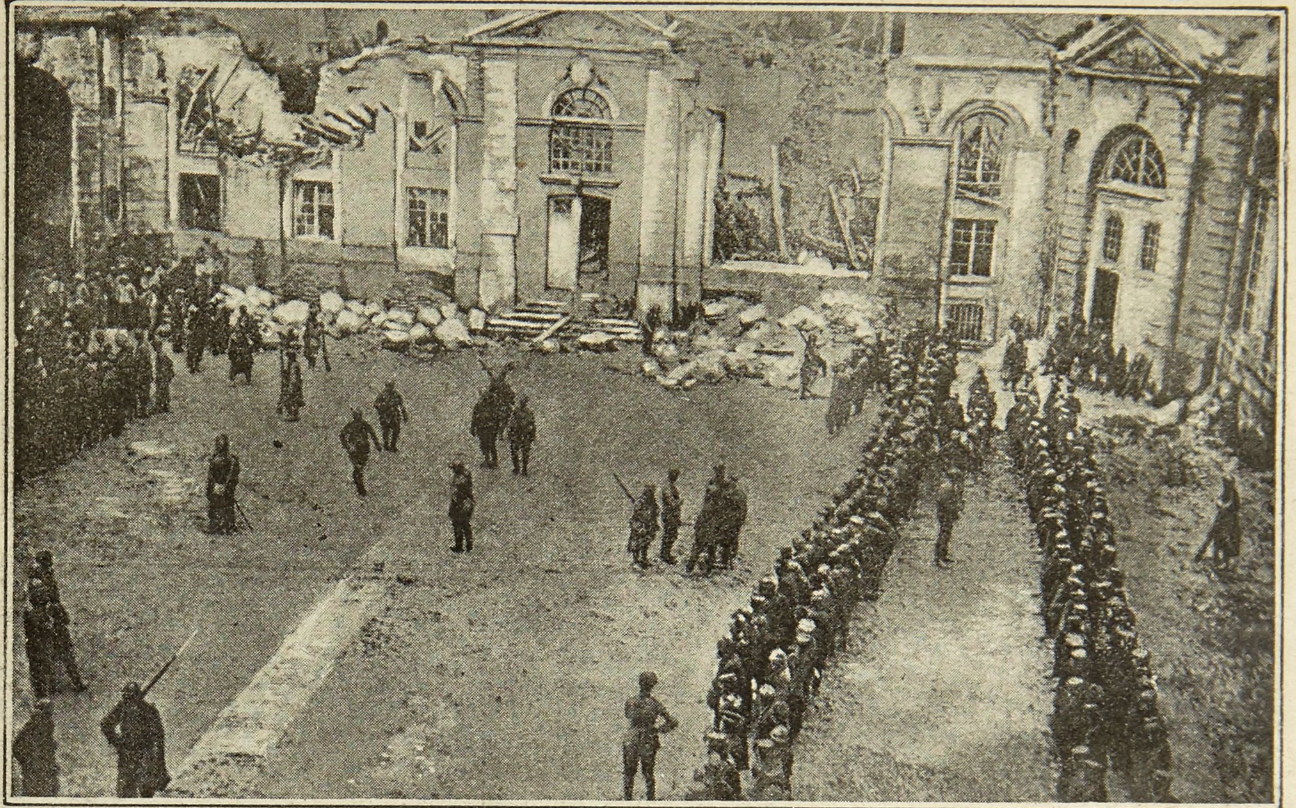
Why the Lists are High

The fact that the daily communiqués from General Headquarters indicate fairly heavy losses in the Flying Corps, chiefly in the way of machines logged as "missing," does not necessarily imply any inferiority in the machines or the pilots. British aviators are operating on the German side of the lines practically the whole time, and as the prevailing strong winds blow from the west, a machine which has been damaged by anti-aircraft guns or by hostile aeroplanes may be unable to get back home, whereas under similar circumstances, assisted by the wind, a German aeroplane might do so.

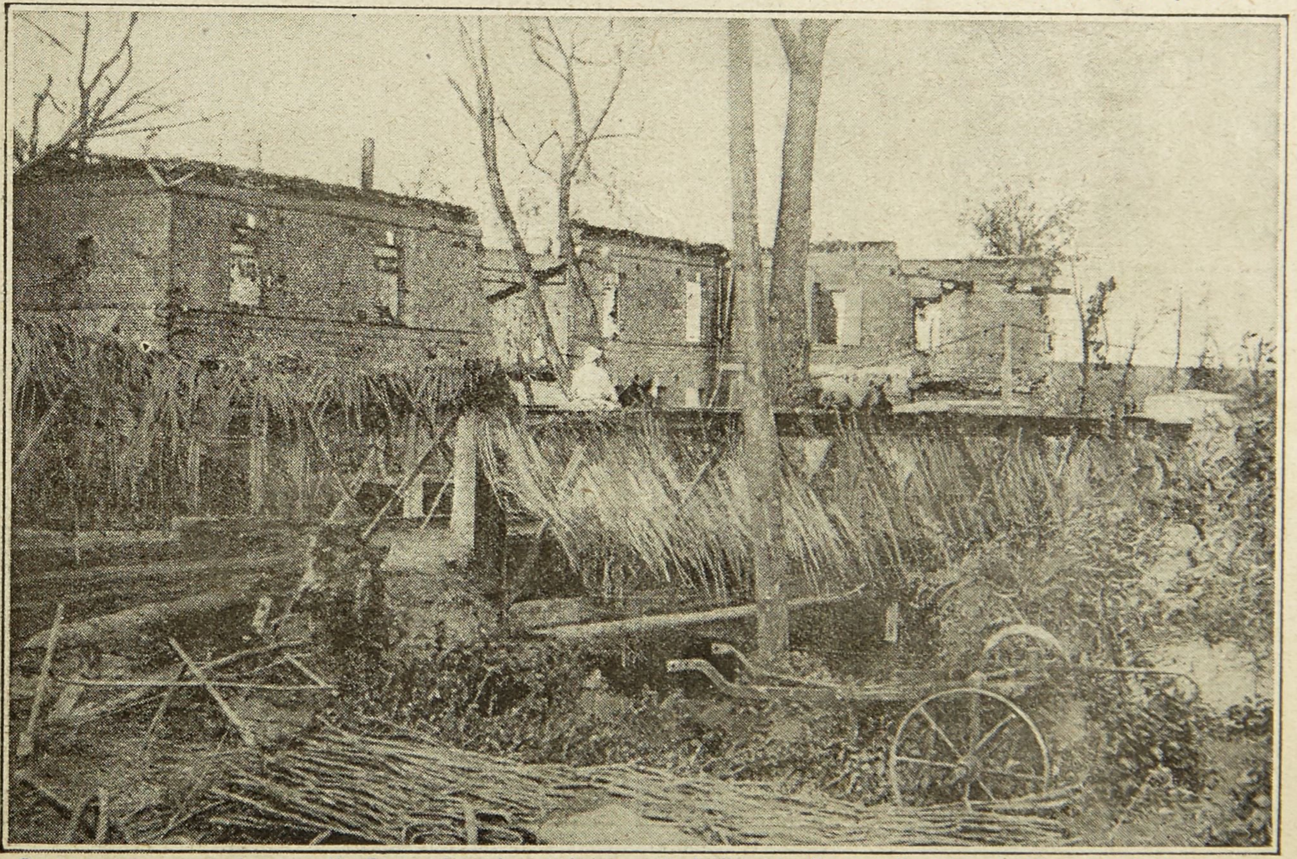
Furthermore, aero-engines are still far from being as reliable as motor-car engines, and, consequently, an engine failure in a British machine means that it must come down in territory occupied by the enemy, whereas engine failure in a German machine means that it can land behind its own lines. These disadvantages alone are sufficient to account for the fact that the R.F.C. seems to be losing a greater number of aeroplanes than the Germans admit losing, or than the Flying Corps claims to have brought down. The number of R.F.C. officers who are notified as being prisoners of war in Germany and unwounded further confirms the view that a number of the losses are caused through sheer inability to get back across the fighting-line.

Taking everything into consideration, therefore, it is fair to state that while the R.F.C. itself does not actually hold the complete command of the air in its own section, it certainly has a marked superiority over the enemy.

German Legions Reach Verdun in Bondage



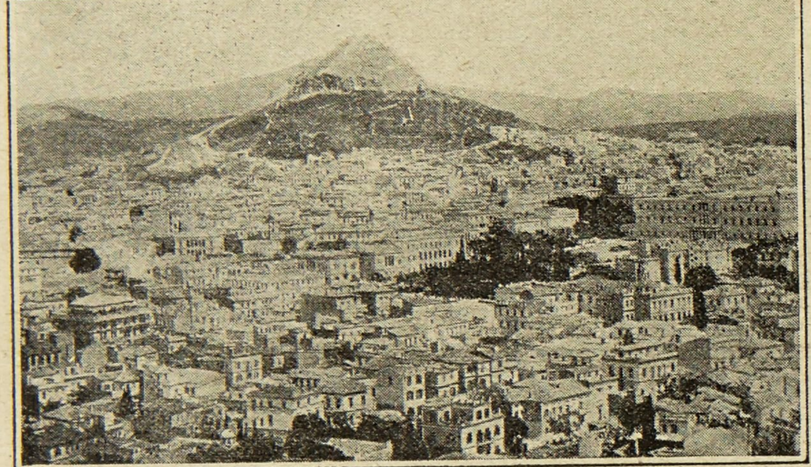
Surrounded by the havoc of their own guns some of the thousands of enemy prisoners are lined up in the Place de L'Archeveque. French soldiers wearing the steel helmets may be identified here and there, while German officers are being interrogated by interpreters.



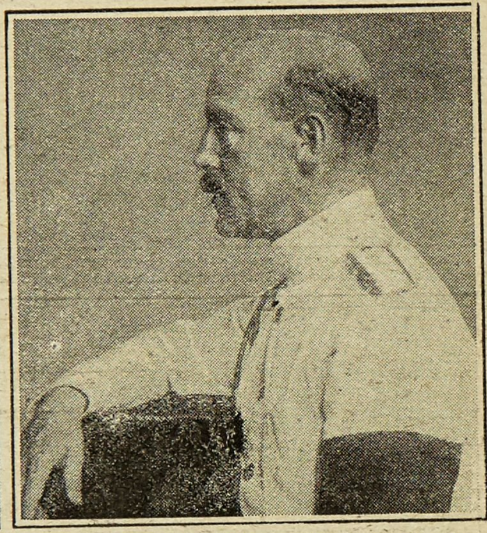
German airmen venturing over the Somme front have to be unusually brilliant to discover dispositions. Most of the bridges are so screened with rushes and foliage that it is almost impossible to detect them even within a few yards. (French official photograph.)

Men Who Matter in the Policy of Greece

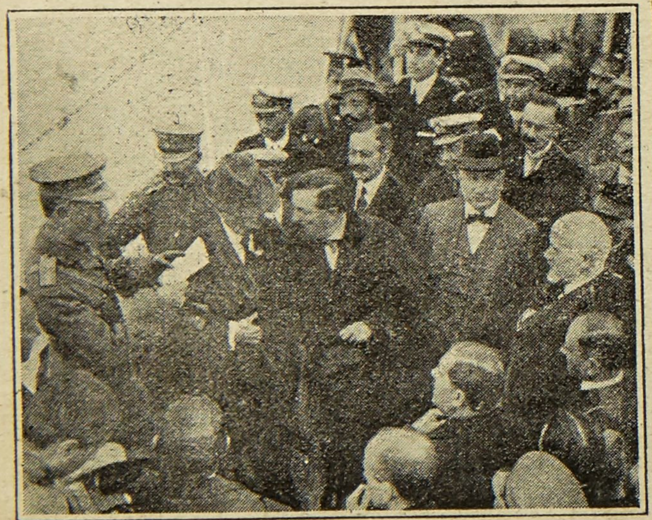
Greek volunteers off to fight the Bulgars under the flag of revolution. Inset: Lord Granard with General Zimbrakakis, Minister of War to the Provisional Government.



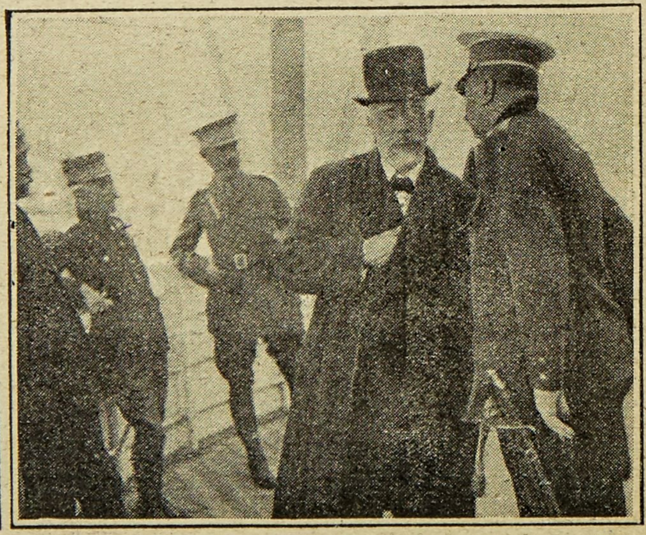
General view of Athens from the Acropolis. The ancient citadel of Greece is perhaps the most vulnerable capital to sea-power in Europe.



King Constantine of Greece, the monarch who believes in the victory of the Central Powers.

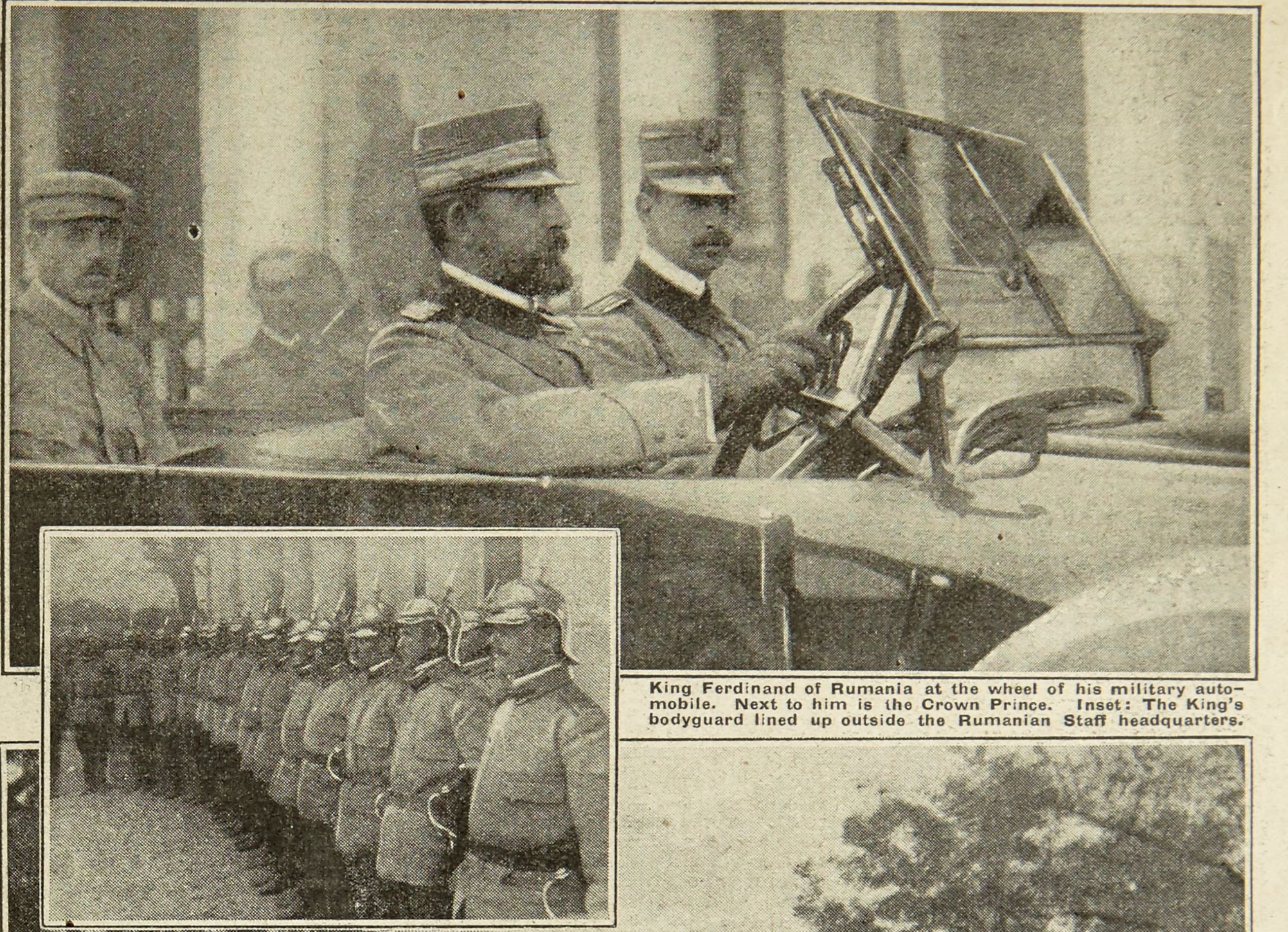


General Zimbrakakis reading an address of welcome to Venizelos on the arrival of the venerable Greek patriot at Salonika.

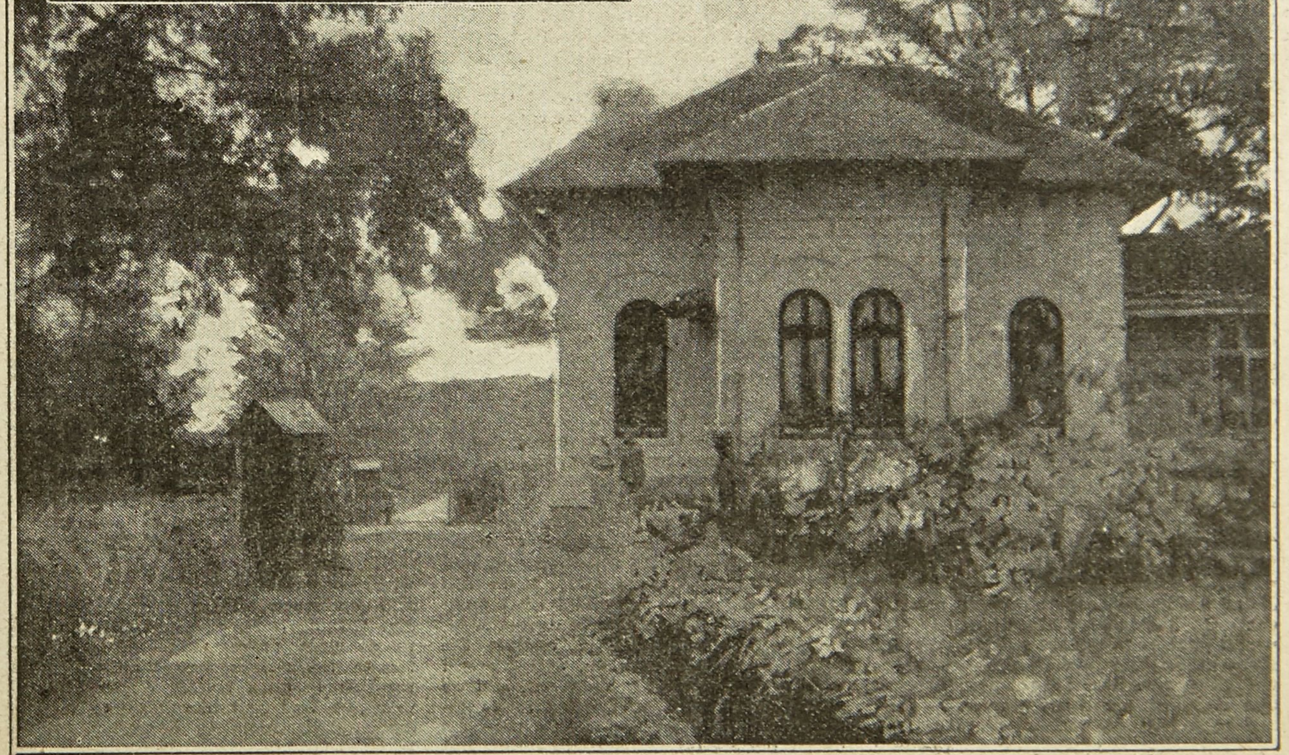


Venizelos talking with a member of his Staff on the Hesperis, which brought the head of the Greek Provisional Government to Salonika.

King Ferdinand at the Rumanian Headquarters



King Ferdinand of Rumania at the wheel of his military automobile. Next to him is the Crown Prince. Inset: The King's bodyguard lined up outside the Rumanian Staff headquarters.



King Ferdinand's shooting-box, which constitutes the headquarters of the Rumanian armies. His Majesty, in a recent Order of the Day, praised the valour of the Army, and bade each man stand firm and yield no territory to the foe.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

THE TAKING OF THIEPVAL

BY PRIVATE W. BROOKS

ALTHOUGH I'm telling this story, I want to say right at the commencement that you are not to run away with the idea that my regiment was the only regiment used in the greatest attack of all history. It was only one unit of a great force.

The night before the attack commenced we had a lecture by our commandant, who told us as much as the Headquarters Staff knew about Thiepval. He said that the place had been the headquarters of a brigade of Würtembergers for two years, and that the men had come to regard it as a soft and easy job. In fact, when they were about to be relieved by other troops and sent to other parts of the line, they begged to remain.

They had improved it in their own way, he said, and had underground passages running in all directions, to which they would descend when our artillery fire got too hot to be comfortable. They would, as a point of honour, hold the place to the end, and would no doubt fight strenuously before the end came.

Wine for the Winners

We were told that the hub of the defence would be the chateau, which had been made as impregnable as possible by every device known to warlike science. But—he finished—in the cellars of the chateau were a fine lot of cooling drinks—wines and the like—to slake the thirst of those who won.

We made up our minds to have some of these drinks at all costs, and as that meant the taking of the chateau, it of course also meant a warm time for the comfortable Huns. The artillery, as usual, opened the ball the night before, raking the place from end to end and combing it through thoroughly. Then, from our trenches at the foot of the hill—Thiepval lies on its crest—we advanced steadily, as fast as possible, but still only at a walking pace.

Every trench and shell-hole was held against us, but we simply marched up to them, whacked a few bombs into them, and then cleared them out with the bayonet. Whatever prisoners we took were sent back under nominal escort to the rear.

We had reached the second line of German trenches—they were mere heaps of mud and dead bodies, with here and there a machine-gun party strafing away at us as we marched onwards—when one machine-gun team surrendered en bloc. They hadn't used half their cartridges, either, and we could only surmise that they must have been fed-up with the war. Anyway, we put the sixteen of them in charge of two of our slightly wounded, and bundled them off to the rear, taking their gun and ammunition with us to strafe their comrades.

Prisoners Become Restive

Half-way down the hill these sixteen prisoners seemed to change their minds about being captives, for they made a dash at the two Tommies. As luck would have it they managed to keep the Huns off fairly well with their bayonets, though they sustained slight flesh wounds. Our sergeant saw what was happening, and took half the platoon down to talk to those silly Germans. We did—with the butts of our rifles, and when we had finished those sixteen went along as quietly as mice, without a word, and all whimpering and nursing the places where good, hard, English fists had touched them.

We advanced again, steadily, and all the time we were chafing because we had to wait for our own artillery to lift. It crept along cunningly and slowly, and at certain times jumped about a hundred yards. Then we broke into a run, bashed everything that tried to stop us, and settled down to follow the creeping, searching shells again.

The Tunnelled Chateau

We came near to the tunnelled chateau, and were held up, both by the artillery and the enemy's fire. He had as usual thousands of machine-guns, hidden here and there, popping up and down like Jacks-in-the-box. They were in shell-holes, in wired trenches, and in strongly held redoubts, and no ordinary troops could have lived through the fire.

But we had a "tank"—a great big beast of a "tank." It went ahead, straight up to the centre of the position, in spite of bombs, hand-grenades, and machine-gun bullets which the enemy aimed at it with all his vigour. Suddenly it started to add its din to that already existing, and we had to laugh at the way the Germans disappeared in front of it.

We didn't lose the opportunity, but dashed on after it, treading between the places where its caterpillar wheels had marked the soft ground. Just as we reached it the machine-gun people tied white flags to their rifles, though the trench holders still slugged away at it, trying to put it out of action. It simply turned to the right and went waddling down the trench, its guns going all the time. Some intrepid Germans even swarmed on its back, and tried to poke rifles through the slots in its armoured hide; but they fell off like dead flies.

A French aeroplane swooped through from the sky, and came down within four hundred feet to see the sport. The Huns thought they were going to be bombed, and, throwing down their rifles, did the Kamerad trick like one man.

Retreat to the Cellars

On the heels of this initial success the infantry dashed forward irresistibly. We stormed the chateau, fighting in the good old-fashioned style, though helped by our artillery, who dropped shells with a nice precision into it every few seconds. The Würtembergers retired to their cellars, leaving us in charge.

Then commenced the queerest part of this fight—the hunt underground. We would search around for the entrance to the cellars, when suddenly from behind us would come a volley of rifle fire. Turning round quickly, we'd be just in time to see half a dozen Germans doing the disappearing act down a tunnel. You can bet we were after them like terriers after rats. They had the advantage at first, being in the dark and invisible, while we were silhouetted against the light. But we pressed on, and engaged them on equal terms. They ran, and we followed. It was like fighting in a coal-mine. Every here and there passages would branch off towards the right and left, and sometimes we would hear the sound of firing, telling us that others of our lads were engaged in private hunts of their own. We never gave our quarry an opportunity to bolt, but keeping him in sight followed every twist and turn of the tunnels.

Bombs in the Dark

In one place they passed a heap of bombs, and as they went they stooped and slung a few back at us. When we reached the heap the rear men stopped and gathered armfuls of the bombs, while we in front kept in touch. When they rejoined us we made Fritz a present of a few of his own bombs, and judging by the shrieks and yells with which he received them, he didn't appreciate the gift a bit.

And all the time our lads were dropping, after three hours' fighting well below the earth's surface. But the Germans' game was up, and we got them in a corner. We expected they would fight like rats, but to our glad surprise they chucked up the sponge and came over with their hands in the air. And we fifteen marched back forty-three Germans, including one officer, right to the place where we had started from, after telling them that if they led us into an ambush they would get strafed first.

We found that what the lecturer had told us was quite the truth, and one of the great Würtembergers had the nerve to say to me, "We fought well, didn't we?"—after he had surrendered with a clean bayonet as well as a fully-charged magazine.

When we got to the top again and got rid of our lot of prisoners, we received orders to prepare for a gas attack. The enemy was still holding on to a house in the north-east part of the town, and he had to be smoked out somehow. We'd hardly got the gas-masks over our heads before the grey-green clouds rolled along, with the wind behind them.

Then the Germans gave us another Kamerad exhibition, rushing through the fumes with their hands up and their masks on to surrender.

Bombs, Liquid Fire, and Gas

For two hours we got a rest, and then the Germans, having massed all their available troops, came back again in a counter-attack. This was no Kamerad business—they were desperate, and, tired as we were, we had all our work cut out to hold them. But hold them we did, in spite of their guns and shells, bombs, liquid fire, gas, and machine-guns and—what is more—we hurled them back and counter-attacked.

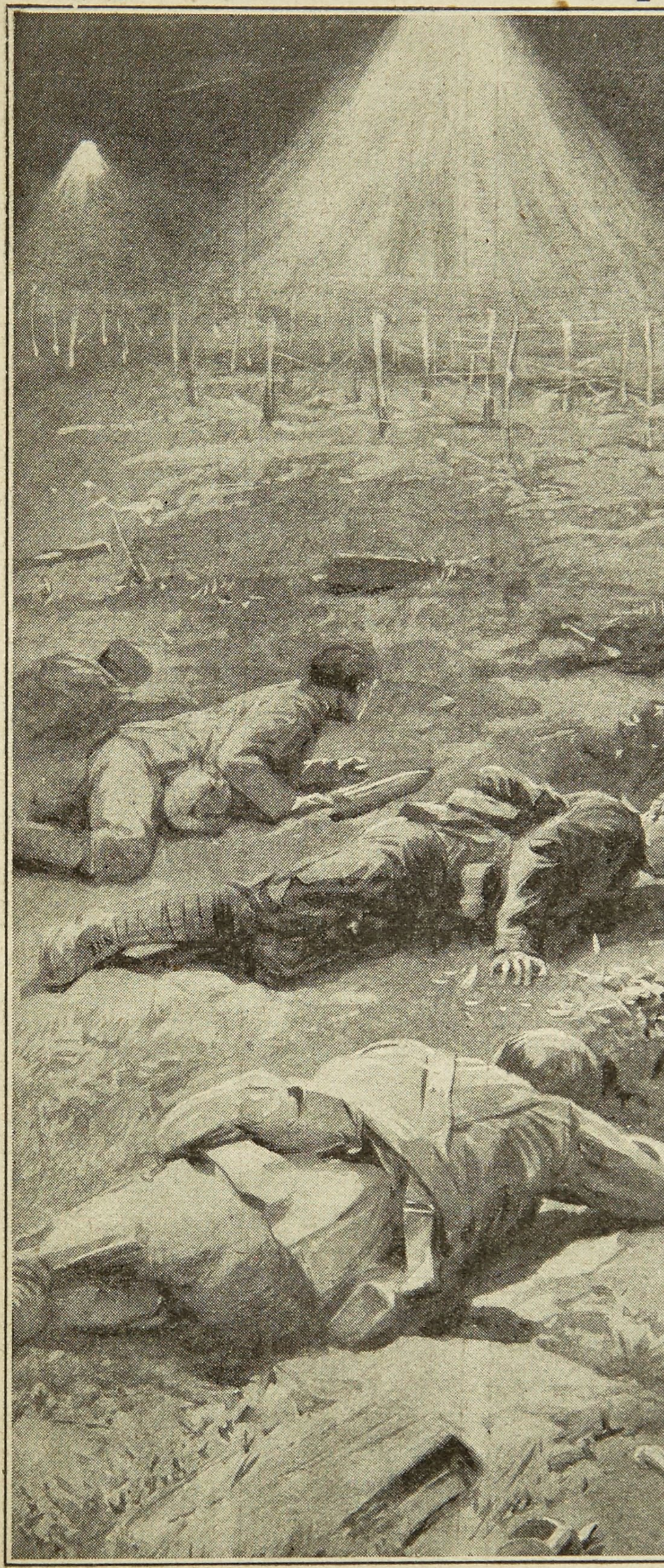
And, as we went over the top of a battered and captured German trench, some spiteful machine-gun bullet came, smacked my steel helmet, and tore it off, tearing part of my scalp with it. And so, after the stress and turmoil of Thiepval, I'm back in a London hospital—and thank God for the rest! Though, mind you, I wouldn't have been out of that scrap—no—not even for a month's leave when the Cup Ties are being played.

——o——

BELGIAN SLAVERY

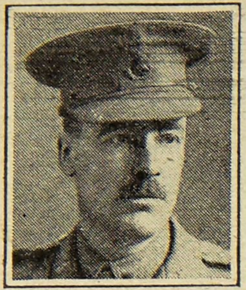
The German "round-up" in Belgium, which began in the middle of October and embraces Flanders, the Tournai, and the Mons districts, has been applied to at least 15,000 men. These unfortunate individuals have been herded together in open trucks, exposed to all weathers, and sent like cattle to various destinations, some to Germany, others to the Verdun front, undoubtedly for work of a military nature.

Night Raiders Held Up by German Flares

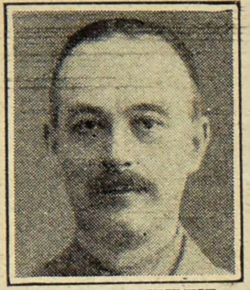


When there is a lull in operations due to weather conditions there are many duties which fall to the lot of the enterprising soldier. The most perilous of these is perhaps the night raid. The men have to crawl over the gruesome neutral ground, and at every few yards they must lie still as the dead, for the enemy, expecting such raids, sends up flares. Any sign of life would draw a deadly fusillade from the German trenches. The raiders reach the wire at a snail's-pace, force their way through, and are disappointed if they do not account for a number of the enemy and bring back a prisoner or two.

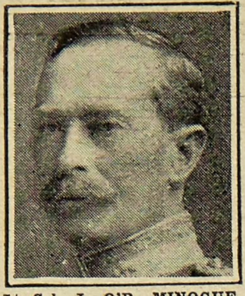
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



Lt.-Col. H. B. BURNABY, D.S.O., R. West Surrey Regt.

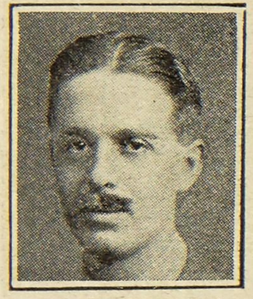


Lt.-Col. C. J. WILKIE, Welsh Regt.

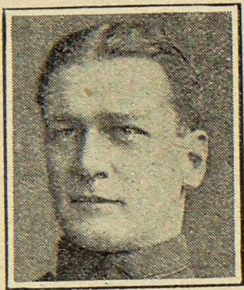


Lt.-Col. J. O'B. MINOGUE, C.M.G., West Yorks Regt.

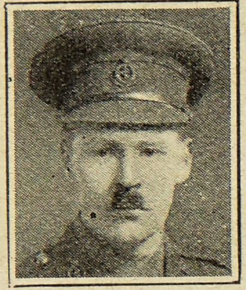
Maj. W. A. IRVING, Canadian Field Artillery.



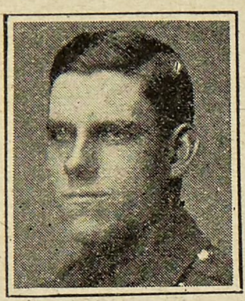
Maj. A. G. ASTLEY, M.C., Royal Fusiliers.



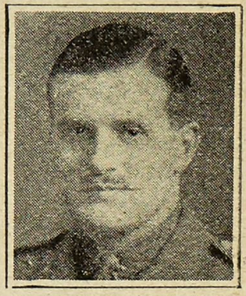
Maj. U. S. NAYLOR, Royal Irish Regt.



Capt. C. M. NICOL, M.B., R.A.M.C.



Capt. D. L. EVANS, Northamptonshire Regt.



Capt. C. E. D. KING, M.C., K.O.Y.L.I.

Capt. R. H. V. THOMPSON, Royal Fusiliers.

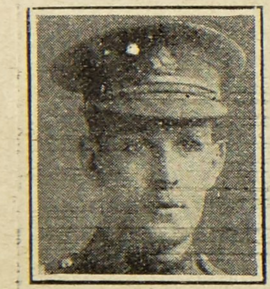
Lt.-Col. Hugo Beaumont Burnaby, son of the late Rev. S. B. Burnaby, served with the Wiltshire Yeomanry in the South African War, and rose to the rank of captain and won the D.S.O. He was part owner of the well-known Roeketer Game Farm. At the outbreak of this war he obtained a captaincy in the Durham Light Infantry, and was chosen to raise a battalion of the Royal West Surrey Regiment, which he was commanding when killed.

Lt.-Col. John O'Brien Minogue served with the Burmese Expedition, 1885-89 (despatches, medal with two clasps); Chin-Lushai Expedition, 1889-90 (despatches, clasp); Ashanti Expedition, 1895-96; and as D.A.A.G. in Tibet, 1903-4, being present at Niani, Gyantse, and the march to Lhasa (despatches, medal and clasp). In 1908 he took part in the Mohmand operations, including the engagement of Matta (medal with clasp). He retired in 1909, and in 1915 was given command of a battalion of the West Yorkshire Regiment.

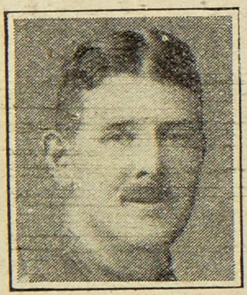
Capt. Charles Mill Nicol, M.B., Ch.B., died of wounds, entered the R.A.M.C. in 1909. In 1913 he had promotion, and was gazetted to the Staff as Deputy-Assistant-Director of Medical Services. In Egypt when the War broke out, he was transferred to France, and was mentioned by Viscount French in despatches. His youngest brother, Lt. Alexander Nicol, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was killed at Achi Baba.

Capt. Charles Eustace Dickson King, M.C., was educated at Wellington College and Sandhurst. Out since the beginning of the war, he was three times mentioned in despatches and awarded the Military Cross. He was twice wounded. A fine horseman and cricketer and all-round sportsman, Captain King held, with Captain A. C. G. Lowther, the Army Double Racquets Championship.

Capt. R. J. SMITH, York and Lancaster Regt.

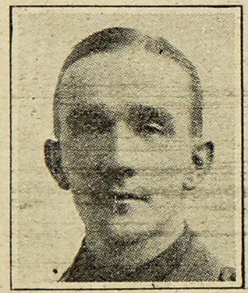


Lieut. L. M. NARES, Canadian Infantry,



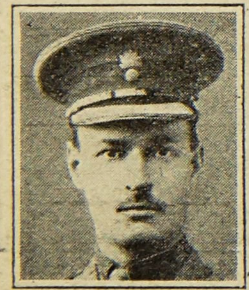
Lieut. E. H. LINTOTT, West Yorkshire Regt.

Capt. J. O. C. COWAN, Royal Scots.



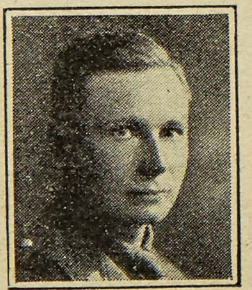
Lieut. W. L. PERKS, Worcester Regt.

Lieut. J. Y. SCOTT, Rifle Brigade.



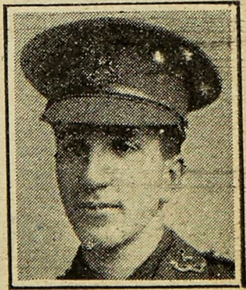
Sec.-Lt. A. C. FLOWER, Grenadier Guards.

Lieut. G. R. McGUSTY, Royal Irish Rifles.



Lieut. A. T. JARVIS, Essex; att. K.O.Y.L.I.

Sec.-Lt. A. G. TOMKINS, Irish Guards.



Sec.-Lt. H. S. GREENWOOD, Royal Warwickshire Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Swaine, Claude Harris, Yorick McGill.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

THE WHITE EAGLE

WHEN this war was only a few days old many people foresaw that when it should draw to its close and the representatives of the nations should gather round the table in the council-chamber to signify their assent to the readjustment of the map of Europe as redrawn by their swords, a ghost-like figure would advance from the background, demand to be heard, and show cause why it should materialise once more and take its place among the existing Powers. Before Russia, Prussia, and Austria should once more come to terms Poland would raise her voice, and this time not in vain. And it was natural that they should see something tragically ironic in the contingency by which the despoiled and violated should become the courted and entreated and the weak be offered her own as an inducement to rally to the aid of the strong.

FOR more than half a century now so little has been heard of Poland outside the three partitioning Powers that you will find plenty of people of average education who are ignorant of the great place she once held in international politics. They have some recollection of various manifestos issued by Napoleon in 1812, and the oldest may remember hearing of the insurrection of 1863 and of the quiet that reigned in Warsaw. Of the great Polish kingdom that stretched from Danzig to the Carpathians, from Brandenburg to Czernihow, and from Plock to the Black Sea, they know nothing at all, and they would not believe you if you assured them that once Prussia was a feudal tributary State of Poland, and that until the end of the seventeenth century every Prussian prince did homage to Poland's kings. All these things, however, Poland remembers, and she has never ceased to hope for the day when freedom should again be hers and opportunity to resume her old proud place as champion of religion and culture and liberty. Has it dawned at last?

IT is, of course, the recent political move of the Central Empires that brings this question to mind at the moment. It took the form of a proclamation to the inhabitants of the Government of Warsaw, informing them that the German and Austrian Emperors had agreed to form the Polish districts—which they had snatched at such heavy sacrifices from Russia—into an independent State with a hereditary monarchy and a constitution. The delimitation of the frontiers of this new Kingdom of Poland was reserved for the time being; its army was to be organised, trained, and commanded "by mutual agreement," and their Teutonic Majesties gave rapturous expression to the unctuous joy with which they were filled at the prospect of having this free and happy State, rejoicing in its national life, thriving upon their eastern frontiers.

NO move made by an enemy during war can be ignored with prudence, but at once the opinion may be expressed that this proclamation of the establishment of a revived Kingdom of Poland by the Central Powers is only a false dawn of liberty for that too long unhappy country. The offer is empty, the device too transparent. For, in the first place, the Central Empires have not wrested these particular districts of the Kingdom of Poland from the Russians, and the firm confidence in final victory of the Teutonic arms, which is the alleged cause of the offer being made, is not shared by any of the other belligerents, nor even held, we are firmly persuaded, by their Imperial Majesties themselves. Not until the war is finished will one side or the other have won, and any offer made by either side in the meantime will be subject to the confirmation of the other then. At this moment the Central Empires are making an offer and a promise which it is not within their power to make good.

IN the second place, it is very foolish policy to protest too much and to do too little. If these gentle Germans were really as anxious to have a free and happy Poland on their borders as they profess, they would begin with those portions of the former Kingdom of Poland of which they have the power to dispose, since these were placed under their rule by the terms of the partition and the Treaty of Vienna. But according to the terms of the proclamation, Galicia explicitly is to remain under Austrian domination, and no mention whatever is made of Prussian Poland. Only ingenuousness of a very rare kind could conceive the possibility of a nation of intelligent people being won over to Powers who offer liberty to the one-third of them whom they have no power to release, but withhold it from the two-thirds whom they could set free.

THE territorial offer thus amounting to nothing, one looks to see why it is made, and finds it avowed, once more with rare ingenuousness, in the proclamation and in words spoken and permitted to be written by representatives of German authority. The new kingdom is to be in close military connection with the Central Empires, Baron de Burian said; and semi-official German papers explain that Germany's security demands that Russia shall never be able to use a militarily consolidated Poland as an invasion gate to Silesia and West Prussia. With a German prince established as hereditary monarch, and commanding an army of perhaps half a million men trained, organised, and, very probably, paid by Germany, this precious kingdom will have uncommonly little independence. It is the very crudest plan to place five hundred thousand cheaply purchased Polish bayonets between herself and Russia that Germany could have devised.

THE Poles are a people who are entirely absorbed in their national cause. They live in the past, they forget nothing, and they know and hate the Prussian. Prussia pursued a policy of extermination and, finding repression within the bounds of law impossible, adopted methods unheard of before in civilised countries—Laws of Exception by which thousands of Poles were expelled from their land for ever, Colonisation Bills which meant compulsory conversion of Polish territory into German settlements, and at last, as late as 1908, the Expropriation Bill, which was merely a long word for robbery.

MUCH has been written about this German proclamation of a new Kingdom of Poland, and we agree that it must not be disregarded. It brings the Polish question forward once more as an international one, and Russia, on behalf of herself and her Allies, would be well advised to repeat her own promise, and give some intimation of what Poland may expect when the war is over. Our own belief is that Poland will resume her place among the nations. But she will never do so as a result of Prussia's kind offices. This proclamation is a bid for conciliation made by a bully who has discovered that his victim might be able to help him now that he himself has his head in chancery.

C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

COUNT REVENTLOW, advocate-in-chief of the German policy of frightfulness, must have received something of a shock on learning that the only two casualties in connection with the Arabia disaster amounted to two members of the crew. One can imagine nothing more eloquent of the superiority of the British mercantile marine over that of the enemy than the skill and courage with which Captain Palmer, of the Arabia, directed the transference to the boats of his seven hundred and twenty-one passengers in twenty minutes. Out of this vast number there were one hundred and sixty-nine children, not one of whom suffered more than temporary inconvenience during the ordeal. Nor must one forget the traditional British nerve of the passengers, which contributed in no small measure to what was little short of a miracle. Germany's future lies on the water, the Kaiser is reported to have said. Can any sane nation picture herself as a heaven-inspired keeper of the seas with a torpedo in one hand and the Jolly Roger in the other ?

The Beloved of the Gods

THE growing list of losses among men of poetic temperament dispels a persistent theory—that those who sing of ideals are frequently physically and mentally unfitted to fight for them. Is not patriotism itself a great basis of poetic sentiment ? Many men, disciples of the lovely and tender, have seen the beautiful side of war through all its mud, blood, and profanity, and have given their lives, as Sidney gave his for the same ideal some centuries ago. When a poet dies young, the world feels something of a personal compassion, for he is beloved of humanity no less than of the gods. Thus, some controversy is rife as to whether men of genius should sacrifice themselves on the field of battle, but one cannot imagine that such fine characters as Rupert Brooke, Harold Chapin, Professor Kettle, and Arthur St. Clair Tisdall, who won the V.C. for giving his life to save his comrades on Gallipoli, would have desired any other death than that which was so in accord with their lofty principles.

Lord Northcliffe's War Book

BY common consent, the despatches from the various fronts which attracted deepest attention and were most widely read were those sent home by Lord Northcliffe on the occasion of his several visits to France and Italy. Unfettered by the regulations which trammel war correspondents, though yet holding a unique position in the newspaper world and enjoying the personal friendship of the men most highly placed in all the allied countries, Lord Northcliffe was able to see much that was withheld from all ordinary civilians, and to exchange opinions with men who to all others would have been dumb. Informed with exact knowledge, and brilliantly written, his despatches from Verdun and from the Isonzo, and notably his tribute to the work of the medical service, were read and quoted the whole world over.

"At the War"

LORD NORTHCLIFFE has now prepared a volume entitled "At the War," embodying the experiences gained and opinions formed in his unofficial but peculiarly privileged capacity, and the immediate publication of this is announced by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The work is a handsome volume of nearly 300 pages, and it will be issued at the popular price of 5s. net. We draw the attention of our readers particularly to it, because the subject—war—is the one exclusively dealt with in our illustrated pages. We do so primarily and chiefly, however, because it is announced that the entire profits from the sale of the work are to be devoted to the British Red Cross, and, therefore, every copy purchased represents the buyer's substantial contribution towards the work of healing our wounded and mitigating their sufferings.

Help the British Red Cross

THE scarcity of paper and the exceptional difficulties attending production to-day, in consequence of the shortage of labour in all industries connected with the manufacture of books, compel Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton to announce that, although the first edition of the work will be very large indeed, only a limited number can possibly be available before Christmas. Readers, therefore, who contemplate buying the book to give as a Christmas present will run the risk of being disappointed if they delay placing their order with their bookseller. The book is a notable one in any case. We recommend it as especially suitable for a gift at Christmas time, because the purchase of a copy is automatically a donation to the funds of the British Red Cross.

Shakespeare and the War

"THIS"—writes an English soldier on the western front, in a letter quoted by Sir Sidney Lee—"is my second autumn out here, and somehow I manage to cart around my Shakespeare. Some of those speeches in 'Henry V.' on war are the most wonderful things—absolutely true." Apropos of this remark, which is not singular, may be given some extracts from the plays sent to the "Morning Post" by Mr. D. H. Lambert. In "Julius Cæsar," Act II., Scene 2, we read :

> Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
> In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
> Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
> The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

So much for aviation. Then we have something that may well be applied to the dropping of bombs on defenceless cities, in "Julius Cæsar," Act I., Scene 3 :

> But never till to-night, never till now
> Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Lastly, how applicable to our present preparations and their strain and stress are the following lines from "Hamlet," Act I., Scene 1 :

> And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
> And foreign mart for implements of war ;
> Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
> Does not divide the Sunday from the week ;
> What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
> Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day ;
> Who is't that can inform me ?

Truly is the national poet "not for an age but for all time."

For Our Boys at the Front

THE simple act of handing a copy of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED into any post-office in Great Britain will result in its being forwarded by the authorities for the use of our soldiers and sailors. Here is a little kindness which it is possible for anyone to do occasionally, and for many to do regularly, to the brave fellows who are fighting our battles by land and sea.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand ; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa ; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
J 48 Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

Journal

The War Illustrated, December 2nd, 1916.

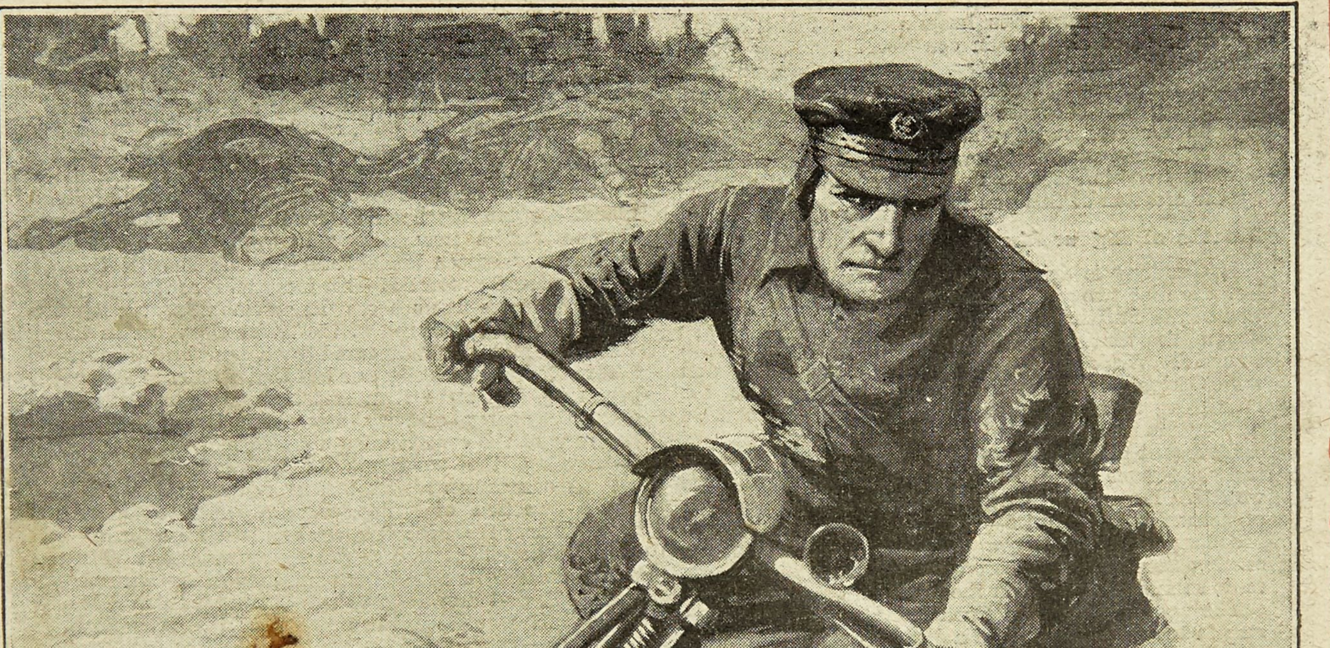
Regd. as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

Britain's Day at Beaumont-Hamel by Max Pemberton

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

ALL THE BEST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



Vol. 5 An Engine-cooler on the Somme: Despatch Rider Braves a Rain Pond at Full Speed No. 120

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

THE war is entering on a new stage. Both sides find themselves face to face with a situation demanding exertions and sacrifices far surpassing any known before. Germany, realising that in spite of temporary successes in certain fields, her prospects are steadily growing darker, has resolved upon a levy en masse of her people. Men and women, youths and old men in the sixties, will be obliged to place themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Government. Everyone will be wanted.

Germany is further revealing her dread of coming exhaustion in man-power by her desperate efforts to tap fresh sources of supply. The slave-raids in Belgium have been dictated by the desperate necessity. The Germans themselves knew well that this wholesale raiding of civilians in conquered territory would offend every neutral country. They persisted in their course, however—not because they undervalue neutral sympathy, but because *they must have men*. The scheme for creating a phantom kingdom of Poland under German suzerainty owes itself to the same need. Germany wants Poles to fight for her, and she hopes by the creation of this paper kingdom to obtain them.

Months of Rigour Ahead

If Germany is driven to greater efforts, so are we. For the first two years of the war the civilian population of the United Kingdom scarcely felt in their everyday affairs that we were engaged in a life-and-death struggle. Work was plentiful, food abundant, and wages high. Even now certain luxury trades are flourishing as never before, while in some West End restaurants there can be witnessed nightly scenes of extravagant gaiety equal to anything known in peace times. France felt the full burden of the war before we did. For many months France has been a nation of mourning, with grief—glorified grief, if you will—brooding over almost every family. Now the war is coming home as never before to Britain, and it is likely to do so more and more in the months ahead.

The appointment of a Food Dictator is only a first step in the establishment of a system that will regulate the lives of every member of the community. We have to outbid the enemy in patriotic self-sacrifice.

The continued victories of the British army in the west are fully dealt with in another part of this number by Mr. Max Pemberton. They give ground for solid satisfaction, not only on account of the thousands of men taken prisoners and the important German positions captured, but for their deeper significance. There came a point in the Battle of the Somme when many experts felt that we had reached the limit of possible accomplishment. The Germans had revised their methods of defence. First trenches had become death-traps; for when our men reached them they found them full, not of soldiers, but of pits and tangled wire, with approaches commanded by cleverly-placed machine-guns. We have now devised measures to counteract the German readjustment of defence.

Rumania's Critical Rallying-Point

The hope freely entertained by our Rumanian ally that the spell of bad weather had caused such a delay in the German attack that the defences of the mountain front had been made secure has unfortunately proved false. Latest reports at the time of writing state that the Germans have succeeded in breaking through the Rumanian positions on the Yiu Valley, in the south-west, and have reached the Wallachian Plains. Part of the Orsova-Craiova Railway is reported to be in enemy hands. It now remains to be seen if the Rumanians can make a real stand at Craiova itself.

Craiova is a vital position. It commands the centre of the Craiova Valley, guards the approaches to various great passes, and is the real defensive centre of Western Rumania once the Transylvanian Alps are crossed. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that the successful passage of the mountains by Von Falkenhayn's forces is a victory of far-reaching importance. If the Rumanians had been able to hold out a week or two longer winter would have come to their aid and proved a most puissant ally, for it would have made a farther German advance in force almost impossible. Now Von Falkenhayn sees before him a most precious prize—fertile pastures, abundant supplies of food, rich oil-fields.

The Renaissance of Serbia

Even if Craiova falls the enemy will not, however, have a clear way to Bukarest before them. Rumania is remarkably well rivered, and each river in itself is a natural means of defence. Well behind the Craiova comes the Aluta, cutting straight through Rumania from north to south, a broad, strong stream, splendidly placed for holding back an invader. But unless the German armies now pouring through the gap can be captured or beaten back, Rumania will have lost her most powerful protection—her mountain frontier.

The gloomy news from Rumania was somewhat relieved by the triumph of the Allies elsewhere in the Balkans—Monastir recaptured by a combined Franco-Serbian force. This city was lost to the Allies in December, 1915, and since then had been a centre for considerable enemy activity along the Greek frontier. It is one of the commanding situations of the Balkans, dominating the roadways of Western Macedonia, and its occupation makes farther advances, especially in the direction of Prilep, practicable. The Serbians have during the past few weeks more than justified the high hopes entertained for their new Army. They have revealed in difficult mountain fighting a resolution, skill, and desperate valour beyond praise. Time after time, when brought up against the Bulgarians, they have conducted their advance with dash and verve, shattering the moral of the enemy.

Vital Problem of Submarine War

My statements in the previous issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, about the effect of the last phase of the submarine war on this country, was written before Mr. Runciman made his important speech on the food question. The recent debates in Parliament have to some extent torn the veil of secrecy from the shipping situation. Lord Beresford, in the House of Lords, stated that, from the beginning of the war up to November 3rd, vessels sunk by enemy submarines were: Steam and fishing, 714 British, 314 Allies, and 281 neutral, of which Norway owned 160. Since that date thirty more vessels had been sunk.

These figures may be compared with statistics published in America. According to the "New York Journal of Commerce," a very reliable authority, the total of shipping destroyed during the twenty-seven months ending November 1st, by both sides, totalled 1,820. In October the loss reached its maximum.

This loss, so far as it deals with the British mercantile fleet, represents only a very small percentage of our total merchant shipping. But its effect upon the future of the war and upon our food supplies cannot be lightly dismissed. The new submarine war is our most vital problem to-day. We have solved big problems before, and signs are not lacking that we are already beginning to find the solution of this one. But its effects are bound to be far-reaching, perhaps more far-reaching than any of us to-day realise.

2nd December, 1916. No. 120. Vol. 5.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD of Events by Land, Sea and Air. Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

THE WATCH ON THE SOMME.—Cavalry patrol on the watch at twilight, a statuesque impression which is reminiscent of Physical Energy, the colossal bronze man and horse by G. F. Watts in Kensington Gardens, possessing the same symbolism of vitality and valour. (British official photograph.)

MY ADVENTURES AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT

A MIDNIGHT ESCAPE FROM THE AUSTRIANS

From Czernovitz to Rumania with the Enemy in Full Cry

By BASIL CLARKE

"IS there any immediate likelihood of Czernovitz being evacuated ?" The Russian Staff officer was evasive. He could tell me nothing for the moment, he said, and he recommended me to call later in the day on one of his brother Staff officers at the Schwarzer Adler Hotel. This was ominous. Previously he had been so open and frank with me as to the Russian movements. I left the general's quarters and went to the Town Hall. The officials there were all mum or mysterious. One of them abruptly stopped speaking to listen again to the Austrian guns which were booming away to the south of the town. It struck me he was trying to hear whether they were any nearer.

In the cafés and shops—such of them as had not been closed owing to the war—there was everywhere an air of suppressed excitement. Rumanian citizens of Czernovitz feared the worst and were in the dumps; for a return of the Austrians would mean death to many of them. Austrians and Jews—who were anxious to see the back of the Russians—were suppressing an elation they could scarce conceal.

In the early evening I called on my Staff officer at the Schwarzer Adler. He received me in his bed-room—a courtly Russian with a flowing yellow moustache. He assured me that I should be right to stay in Czernovitz for the present, at all events, and that if there was any thought of evacuation he would let me know in good time, so that I should not fall into the Austrians' hands.

A Bayonet at the Portico

With this I had to be content. Still I did not like the look of things. I engaged a room at the hotel, and then sought out the night porter. I gave him first a handsome tip, and then some very definite instructions. At the first sign of any movement of troops in the streets during the night, I told him, or at the first sign of shooting in the streets, or even at the first sign of Russian sentries being withdrawn from the streets, he must come and waken me at once. He agreed. I then thought to go into the city to establish yet another safeguard against surprise, but at the hotel door was a Russian sentry with fixed bayonet. I must not pass. He pointed to his watch and to six o'clock; waved his hand towards the streets and then shook his head. It was quite clear; no one must be out of doors after six o'clock.

There was no restaurant in the hotel, and for some reason all its public rooms were locked. There was nothing else for it but to stop in one's bed-room. And here I had to dine that night. My Rumanian assistant, Dobias, foraged for food, and by some good luck managed to get ham and bread and a bottle of some sweet sort of Austrian wine. Sitting on the bed we consumed this. About 7.30 p.m. the electric lights were turned out. In my bag was a candle. We lit it and sat in the half light. Once I lifted the window and looked out. A Russian sentry shouted up at me from the pavement below. I did not understand. He lifted his rifle as though taking aim at me. I pulled in my head quickly enough. Apparently all blinds must be down and no heads must be put out of windows.

"The Austrians are Here!"

At eight o'clock Dobias went to his room, and I wrote by candle-light till after eleven o'clock. Then I ran downstairs to remind the night porter of his promise, and to see whether he had heard any fresh news. All was normal, he said. Then I went to bed. All was quiet in the city. I could hear the tramp of the sentry on the pavement below me. Then the tramping ceased. I jumped out of bed and peeped behind the blind to see why. It was snowing again. Newly-fallen snow had muffled his tread.

A splash of hot wax falling on my wrist woke me, and I opened my eyes to see the night porter bending over me with a candle shining into his black, glittering eyes. "Get up, get up, sir!" he was saying breathlessly. "The Austrians are here!"

I sat up in bed. At that moment Dobias came dashing into the room in a blaze of excitement. As a Rumanian he had, perhaps, some cause to wish to avoid the Austrians, but hardly as much as I had.

"The Austrians, the Austrians!" he exclaimed wildly.

"How long have they been here?" I asked. "And when did the Russians clear out?"

There were many things I wanted to know before I came to any decision as to what I must do for the best. But Dobias was a bundle of nerves, and the porter was little better. I could get nothing coherent out of them. I believe the porter had gone to sleep instead of watching, and had known nothing till the moment he woke up and saw troops passing the hotel door.

"You Will Get Me Murdered!"

I rested on my elbow thinking what to do. At this Dobias threw up his arms, and, with eyes nearly bulging out of his head, said, "Get up, get up! What can you be dreaming of to lie still so? You will get me murdered and yourself, too, if you don't make haste." Rather nettled, I told him if he wanted to go he could go at once, though I did not see how getting "into a sweat" was going to improve matters. He wrung his hands, but was quiet.

I jumped out, and he scurried round to help me—passing me collar and tie and boots as I wanted them. But every moment he was halting and listening and gesticulating—clearly at his wits' end with excitement. If only to make him more reasonable I took things as naturally as I could, though I was pretty scared, too, inwardly. When I asked the porter to get our bill Dobias nearly went frantic again.

"If you wait for that you will be murdered!" he gasped.

We paid the bill in the corridor to the night porter, and then he led us down to the front door. There was no light. He had just opened the vestibule door when a faint sound of muffled tramping came through it. He closed it quietly again. We hid in the shadow. Through the glass panels of the door, a moment later, we could just make out a line of troops marching by.

Muffled Tread of the Enemy

Pressed tight against the wall in the vestibule we stood in the darkness and watched this shadowy army march past, their arms swinging, their bayonets a-bristle, and catching now and again a faint flash from the feeble street-lamp on the farther side of the square. Their greatcoats were grey with snow. Their feet made hardly any noise.

"Austrians?" gasped Dobias.

"Yes," said the porter, "and you nearly walked into them."

Full five minutes we waited there in the dark of the doorway watching them pass. Behind were carts and waggons and men on horses. Then all had passed. The sound of their tramp quickly faded away.

The night porter opened the door stealthily and looked with anxious eyes both up and down the street. "Now!" he exclaimed. He literally pushed us down the steps and then shut the door behind us. He had come to the conclusion, apparently, that it would be no nice thing to be caught by the Austrians harbouring an Englishman. Nor was it a pleasant thing, I could have assured him in return, to be turned loose at dead of night—for it was about one o'clock—in a strange city street, into which might come at any moment some new enemy patrol, nervy and excited and fearing ambush at every point.

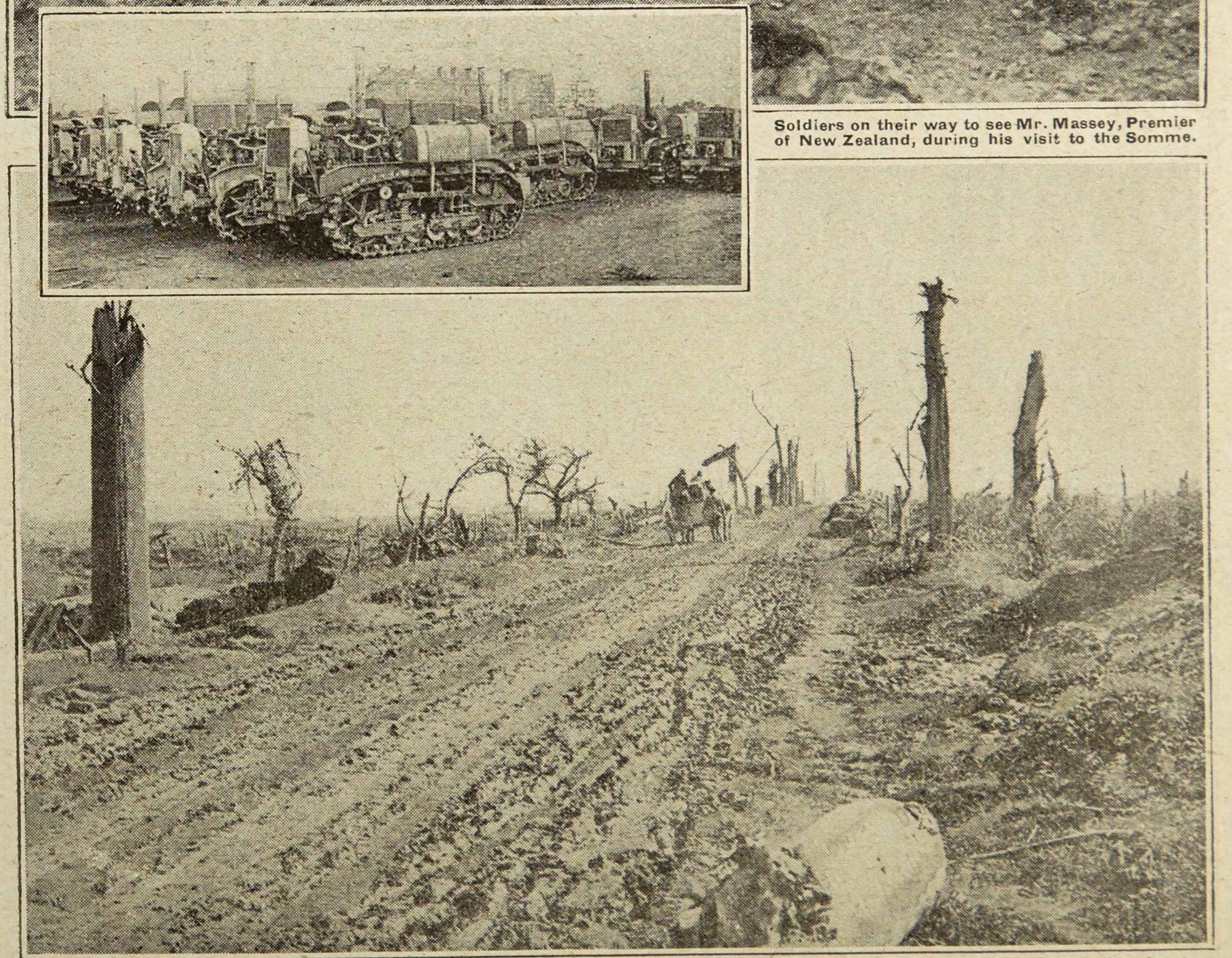
I was for following the Russians. We knew they must have retreated by the road going north. Dobias said no.

[*Continued on page* 364

Highways and Byways to and from the Trenches

British and French Official Photographs

Soldiers on their way to see Mr. Massey, Premier of New Zealand, during his visit to the Somme.



An important road on the Somme front. Hardly a tree along the highway has escaped the tornado of conflicting shells. Inset: Tractors used for heavy transport work and the conveyance of guns and munitions.

MIDNIGHT ESCAPE FROM AUSTRIANS

(Contd. from page 362.)

We must get into Rumania—ten or twelve miles away to the east over wild and hilly country, which in places was many feet deep in snow. He was not in a fit condition to argue it out calmly, so I told him definitely I was going to follow the Russians, and that he need not come unless he liked. He gave in, and quietly followed me down the street.

We crept some distance, keeping close to the dark shops and houses on our left hand. There was not a sound in the city. We had gone a few hundred yards, keeping a bright look-out all the way, when a huge and livid flash shot up into the sky to the north and a deafening explosion split our ears. Poor Dobias stood still right under a street-lamp, his hands lifted and his eyes bulging.

I dragged him into a shop doorway, out of sight. Then he recovered and became suddenly calm. "That settles it!" he said. "Now you *must* go to Rumania. The Russians have blown up the river bridge. None will get across after them."

He was right. "Yes, we'll make tracks for Rumania," I said. "And we must hustle if we want to get there."

"Why?" he exclaimed anxiously.

"Because the Austrians are coming up from the south," I answered, "and will surely move up in line, right along the whole Rumanian frontier. They would never come into Czernovitz without making sure the Russians could not flank them on the east. They will move up the Rumanian frontier simultaneously with their movement on Czernovitz. And if they are not there already, they soon will be."

Slipping Through Austrian Patrols

He was not a very robust sort of fellow, friend Dobias, but he put an amazingly good foot foremost on that journey. First we had to get out of the town. Not a soul was in the streets, and we certainly did not wish to meet anyone, for none but Austrians or friends of the Austrians could be about. Dobias proved most valuable. "We want to get to the Mamornitza road," he said. "That will take us by the nearest way to the Rumanian frontier, and as it leads to the most northern point of the frontier we shall have more chance of escaping the Austrians, because it will take them longer to get to that point than to one farther south." This was sound sense, and I was glad to find him recovering his wits, for he was a bright man in normal times, was Dobias.

But first to get out of Czernovitz. We must avoid the bigger streets. Austrian patrols would be distributed over them before many minutes, and if we were once challenged we could not hope, either by bluff or by running, to escape. I was not anxious to have my fate left in the hands of the Austrians—probably in the hands of Lieutenant Klappa, "the Butcher," whose sinister activities in hanging people I have mentioned in an earlier article.

As we passed along one narrow street we saw a figure at the end standing under a street-lamp. Dobias pointed him out, and said he could see the glint of a bayonet. That was enough. Touching me on the arm, Dobias quietly scaled the five-foot wall which was on our right hand. I followed. With an unerring instinct he led me over gardens and fences and fields and brick-crofts, and twice through the very yards of houses before we emerged finally into an entry, and thence into a street again. Another quarter of a mile and the street became a road. It was the Mamornitza road. Not far along it was a barrier and a sentry-box, where only a few hours previously a Russian guard had stood. Was there any guard there now, Russian or Austrian? We did not dare to look. We turned to the right, and cut over some fields deep in snow, and thus rounded the sentry point. Farther on we joined the high-road again and made for the east.

Rumours about Wolves

The snow became deeper as the ground rose. Soon the road itself became indistinguishable from the surrounding country—all was equally white—and but for telegraph poles by the roadside I doubt whether we should have been able to keep to it. At one telegraph pole it was not always easy to see the next one, and in searching for it one was liable to leave the road and flounder in snowdrifts in gullies and ditches. Once the telegraph poles themselves must have left the road to cut off some corner, for we were floundering for half an hour over snowdrifts and fencing and ditches innumerable. I did not thank Dobias for remembering—and mentioning—that wolves had been reported that winter in these districts of the Bukovina. Not long after reporting this piece of news he stopped suddenly and said "Listen!" What he heard was, fortunately, not wolves but the dogs in a neighbouring homestead. As we were burning with thirst, we went into this farmyard to get a drink from the well there. One of the dogs resented it, and jumped around us, barking frantically. I kept him off with a stick while Dobias lowered the bucket on its windlass to the water, and drew up a bucketful. When he had drunk he stood sentry with the stick while I took a drink.

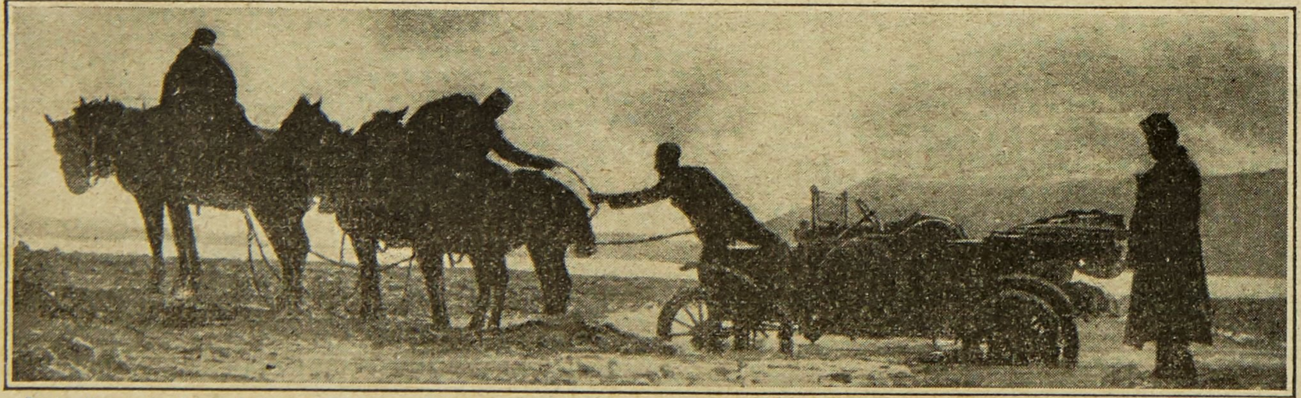
Across the Frontier to Safety

During all the five hours that journey took us we kept a most anxious look-out on our right for Austrians. We saw them first when we were not more than half a mile from the Rumanian frontier. From the top of a hillock we could make out two mounted scouts riding easily along the road leading up the frontier side from the south. Dobias was for hiding. That would have done for us. We ran instead, and we did that last half mile and down the hill to the frontier post at a gallop. The horsemen saw us as we were descending the hill, and put spurs to their horses. But they were coming slightly uphill while we were going down. Their horses slipped and stumbled in the snow, and headway was slow. We slipped, too, but forwards, not backwards. I wondered they did not shoot. They seemed too busy riding. After a little fruitless galloping they slowed down to a walk.

We got through the frontier posts at a gallop, greatly scaring the Rumanian sentry on the other side. The horsemen dismounted and waited for the main body behind them to come up. By the time we had breakfasted—less than an hour after we had slipped over the frontier—there were some hundreds of Austrian soldiers, guns, horse and foot at the Rumanian frontier posts.

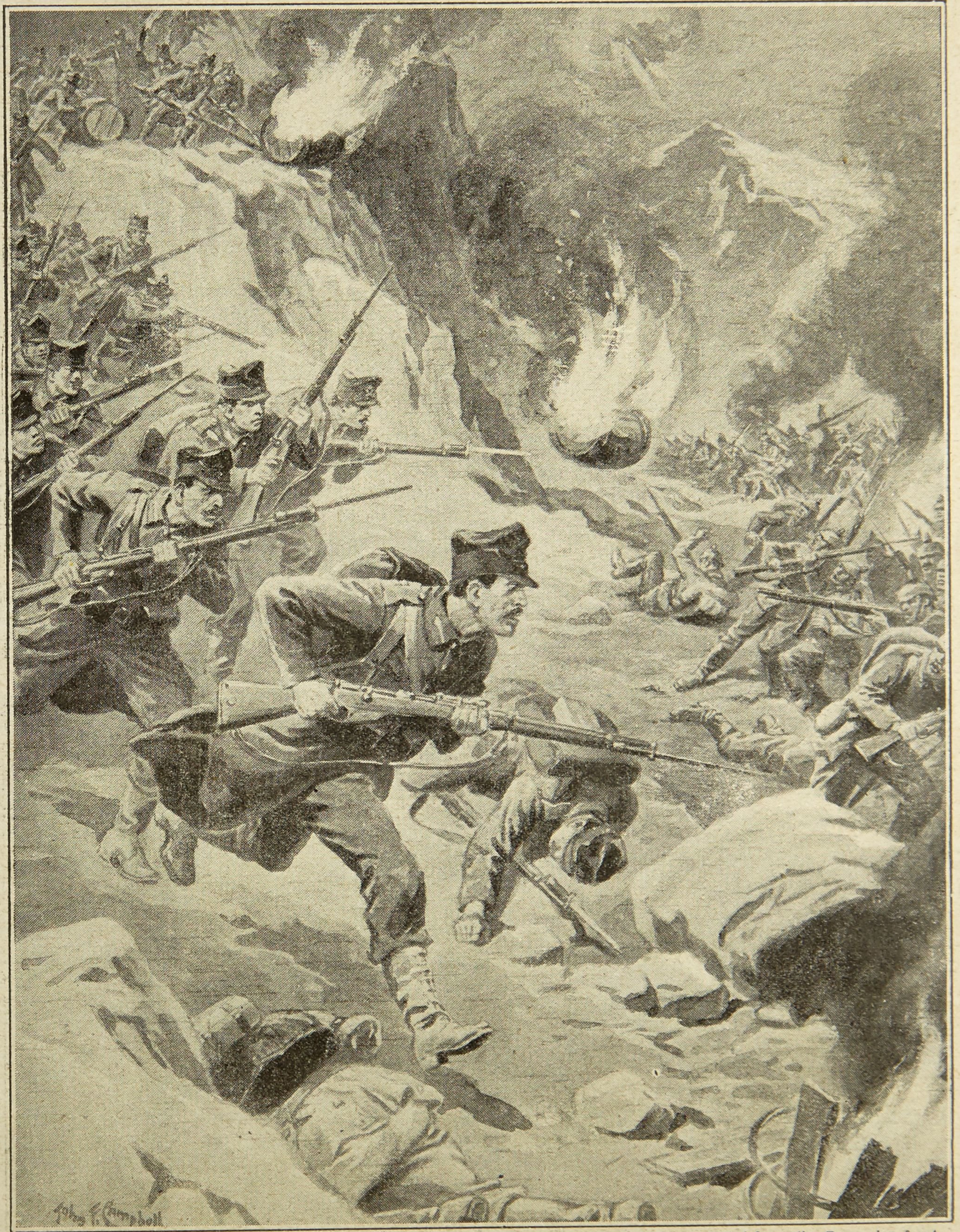
Klappa was among them!

Next article: On the Road to Constantinople



As in the early days of the automobile. Serbian artillery horses helping to haul an officer's car out of the quagmire on a Balkan plateau, in the neighbourhood of Serbia's recent victorious onslaught on the Bulgarians. (Official photograph.)

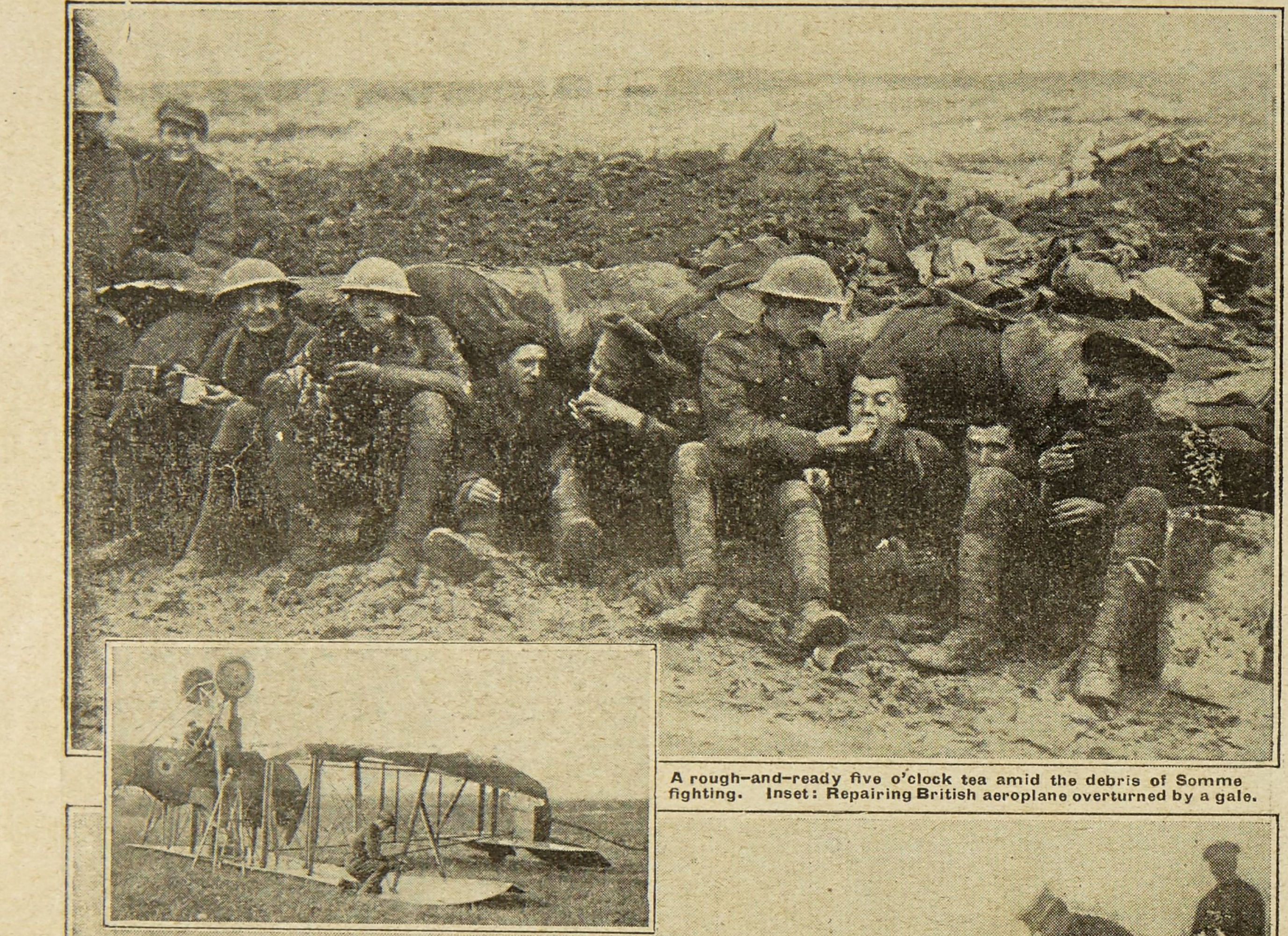
Rumanians Scatter the Foe with Casks of Fire



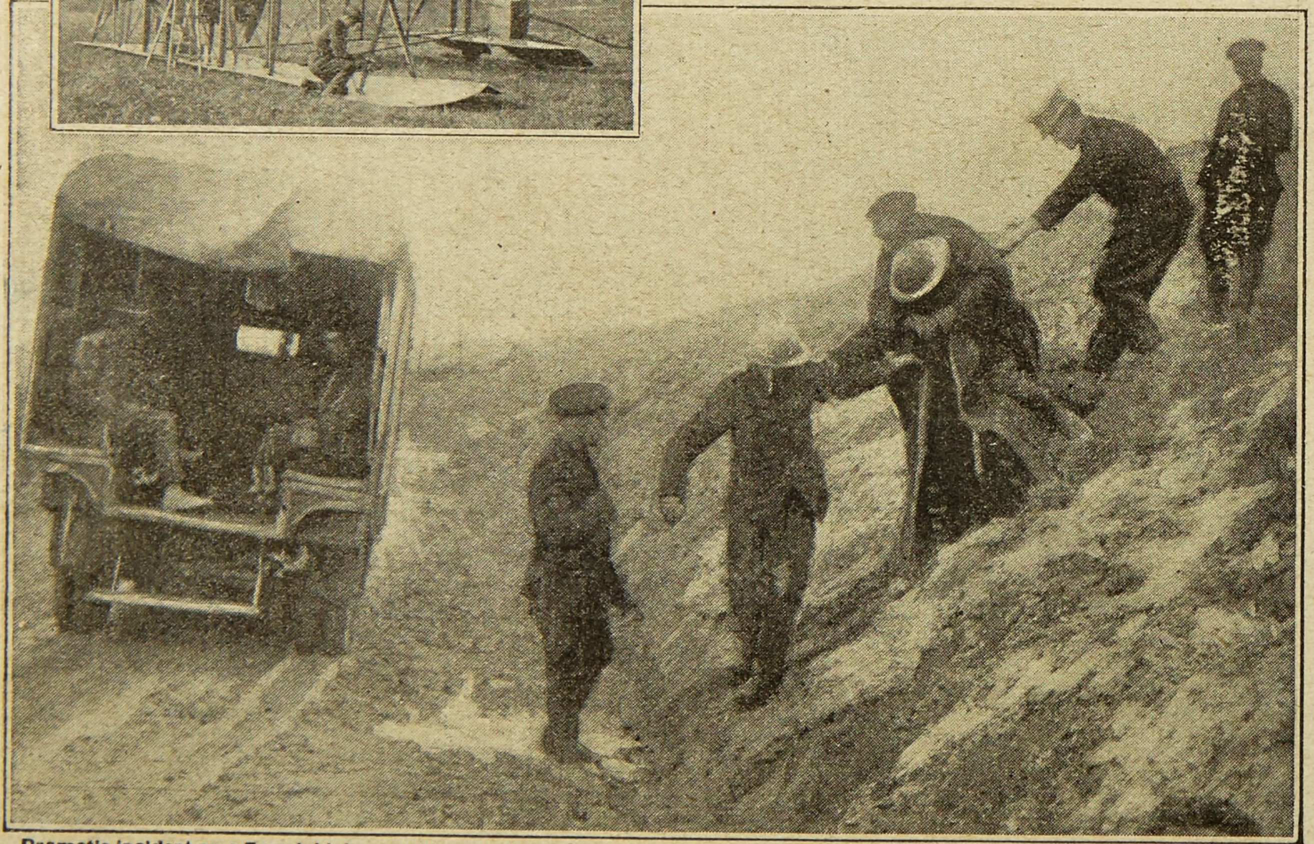
In spite of the terrible inventions of science, many simple devices have proved, in emergency, far deadlier than the greatest gun or the most powerful mine. Frequently in the Vosges and Alps soldiers have scored a triumph by rolling huge boulders down on to the unsuspecting foe. The latest instance of this primitive method of campaigning is reported from the Rumanian front. Our most recent ally scored a notable victory in the mountains by hurling casks of burning naphtha into the Austro-Germans. This ruse disorganised the enemy ranks, which were thereupon routed by the Rumanian infantry at the point of the bayonet.

Afternoon Tea Under Difficulties on the Somme

British Official Photographs



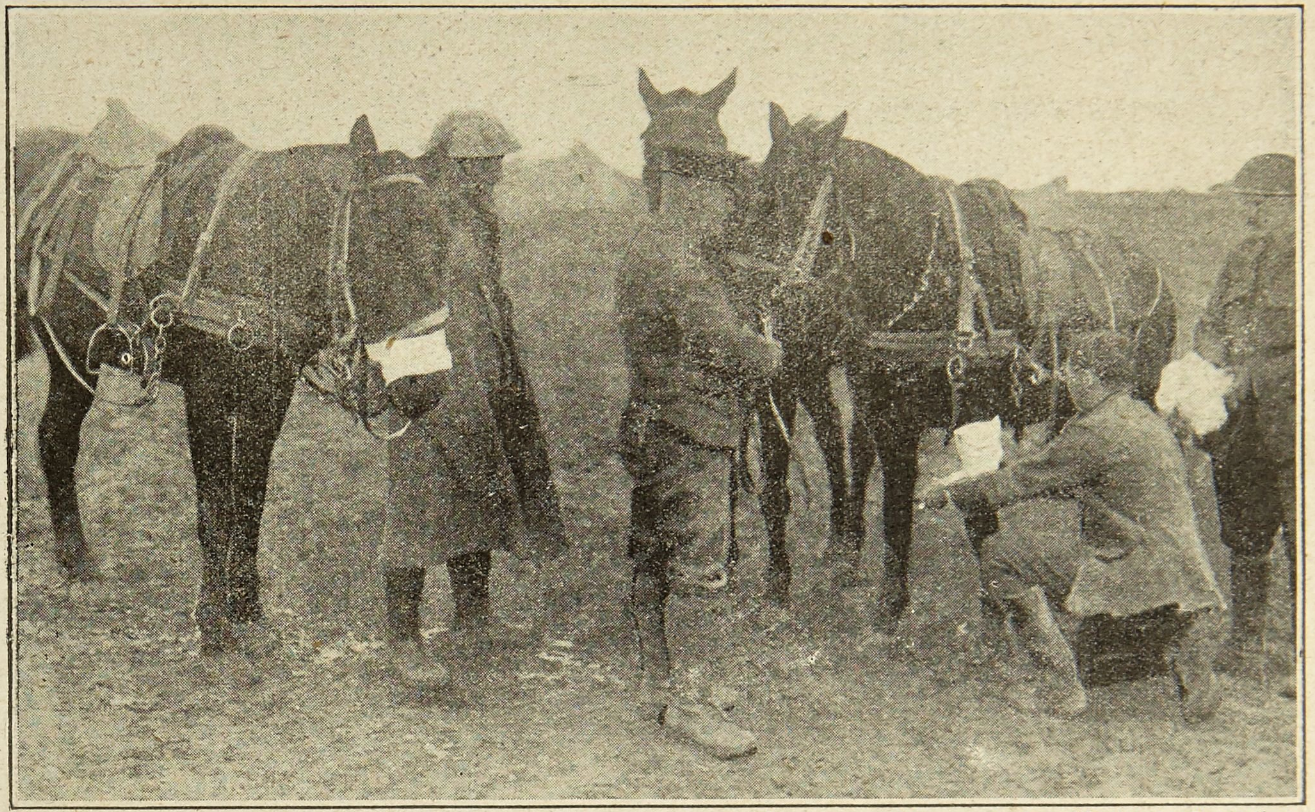
A rough-and-ready five o'clock tea amid the debris of Somme fighting. Inset: Repairing British aeroplane overturned by a gale.



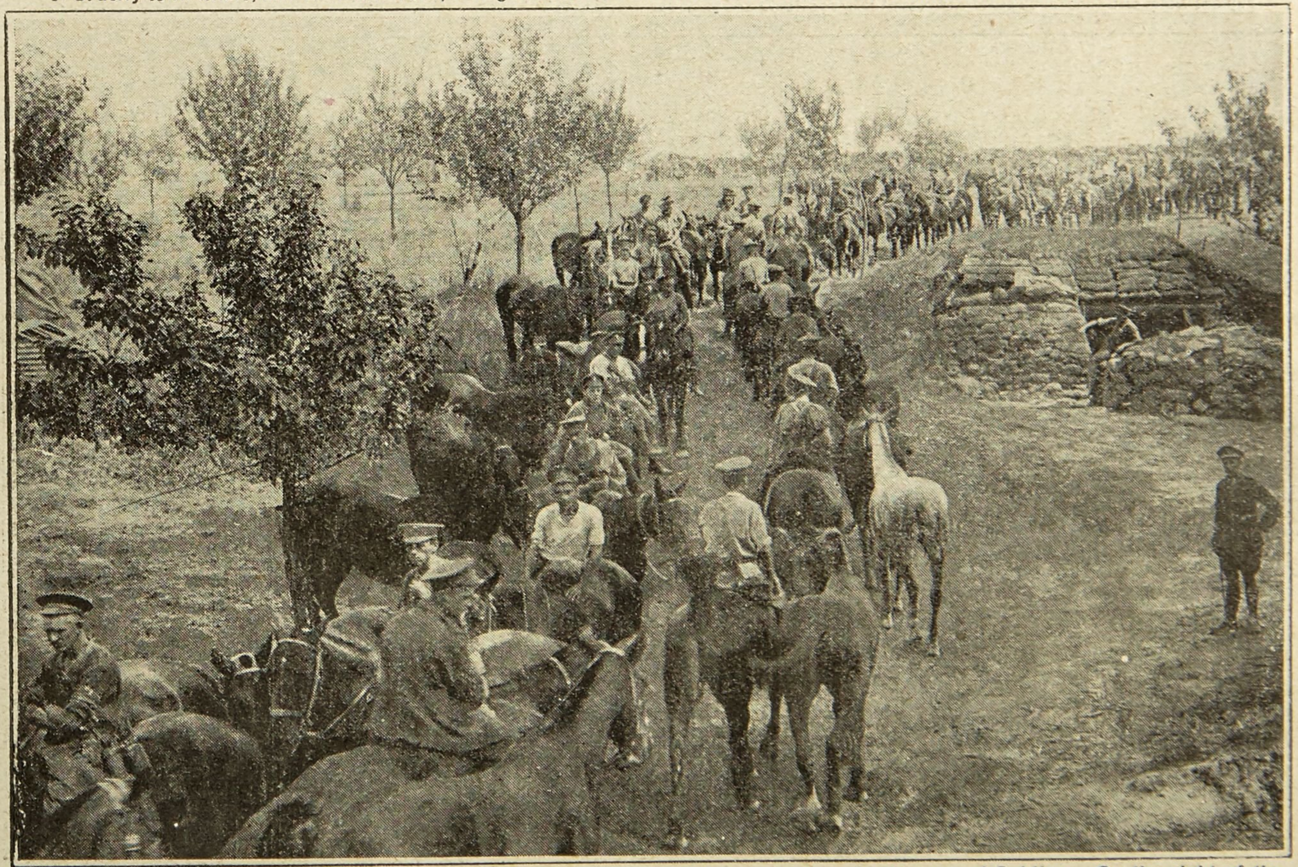
Dramatic incident on a French highway adjacent to the battlefield. Wounded soldier being carried pickaback down an embankment to the ambulance which will convey him to one of the various dressing-stations between the Somme and "Blighty."

Rapid Treatment for Equine Casualties

British Official Photographs

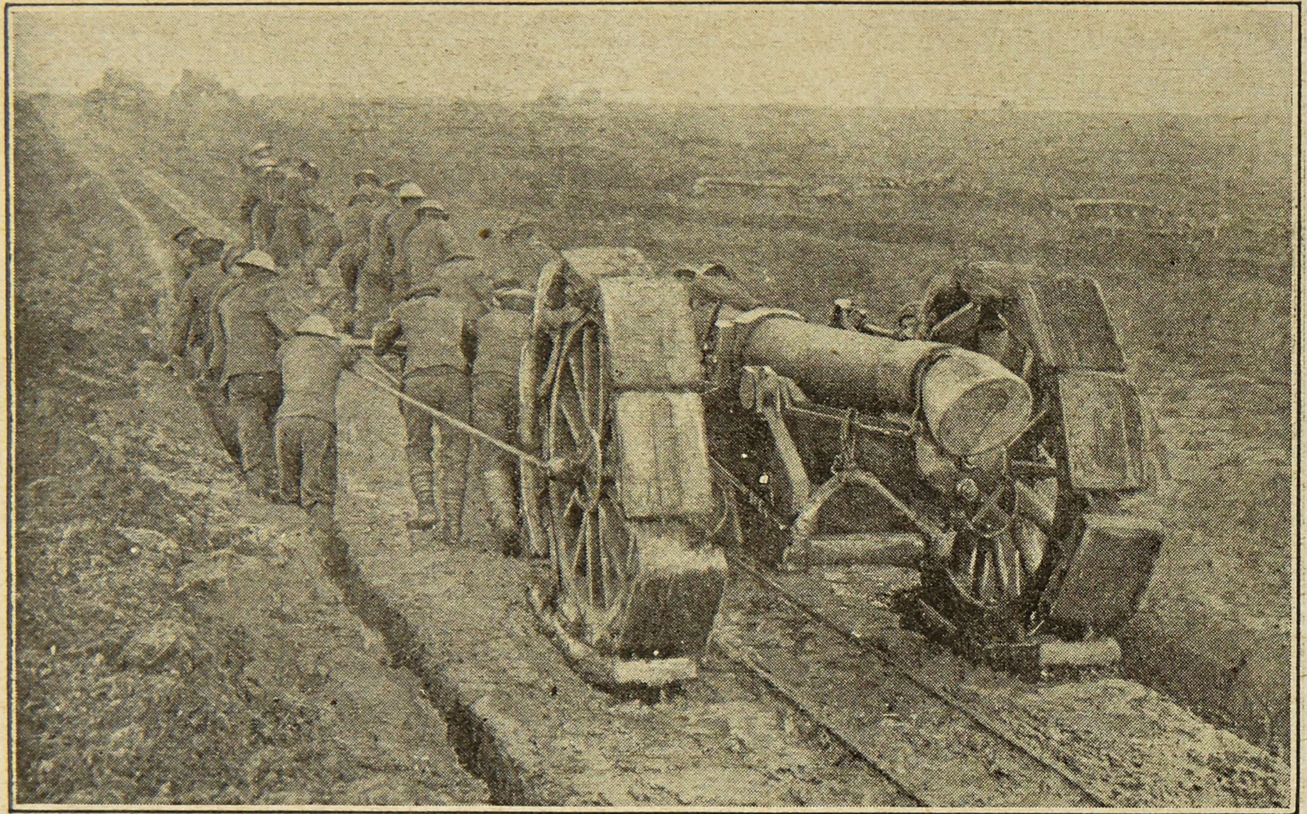


Tending the wounds of horses in France. Thanks to the splendid work of Our Dumb Friends' League, the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Blue Cross, a large number of valuable horses are saved, and much needless suffering is avoided.

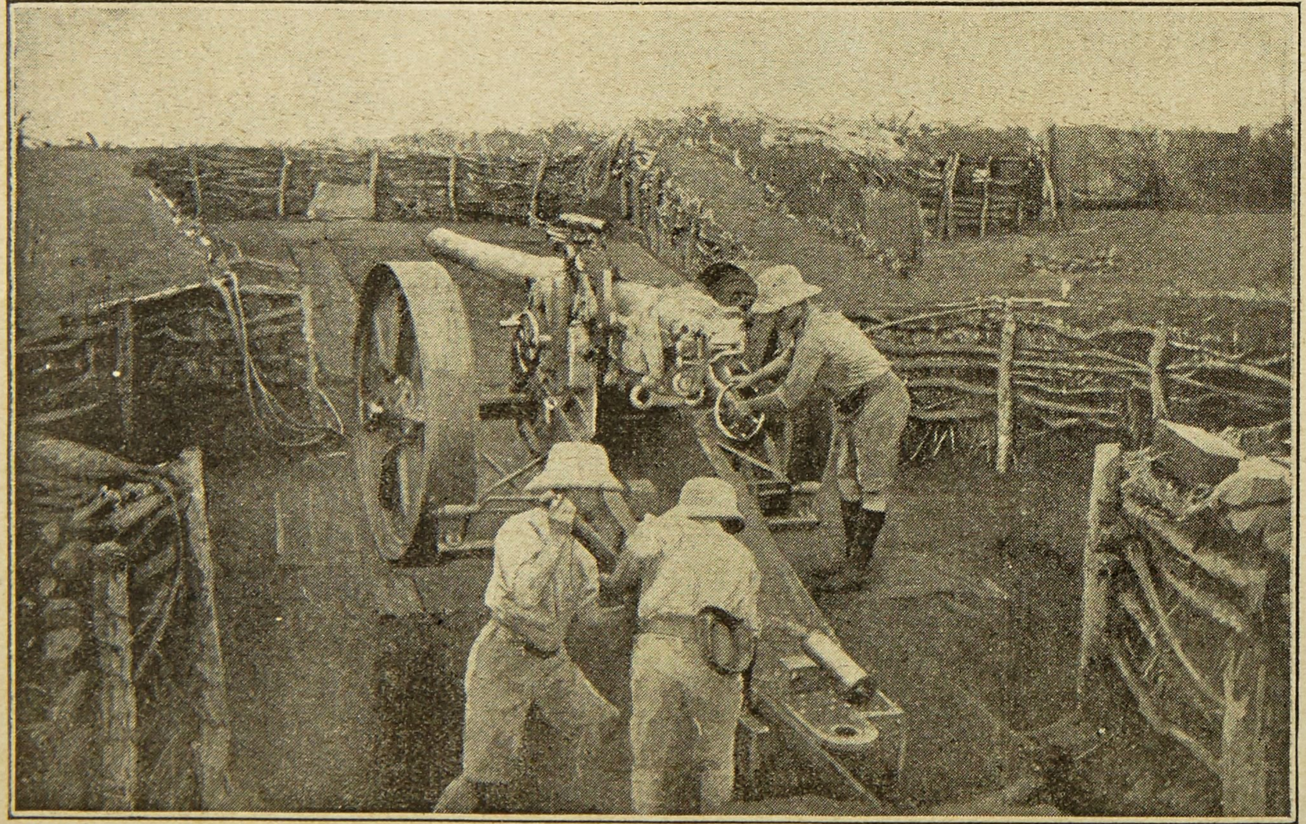


Watering time for artillery horses. A long column on its way to and from a river in the area of fighting. On the right of the photograph is seen a typical artillery dug-out.

Guns to Volley Over the Grave of German Hopes

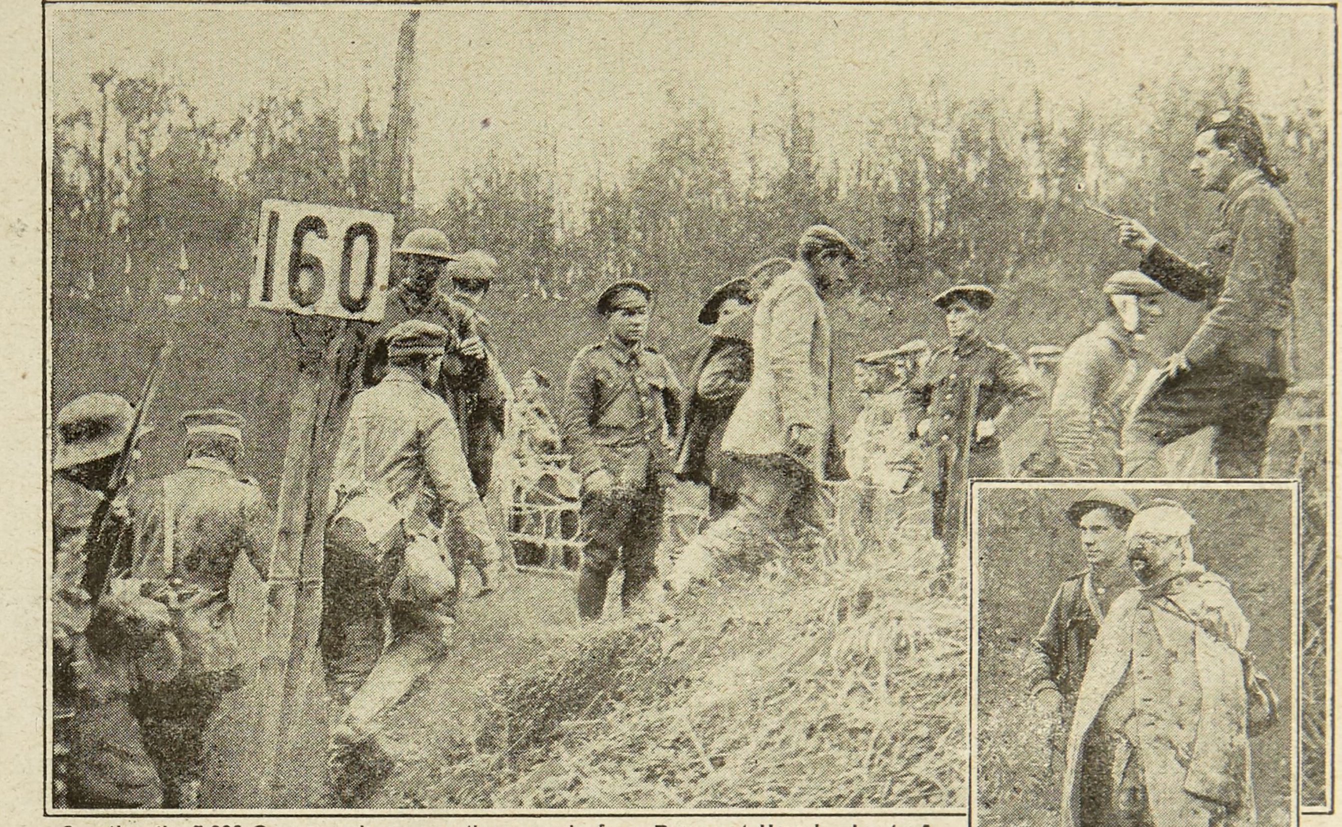


Moving big guns up to the front by hand during the Allies' advance in the west. Railways for lighter traffic and caterpillar wheels for heavy artillery and tractors made progress just practicable over the winter mud, but even so the labour was colossal. (Official photograph.)

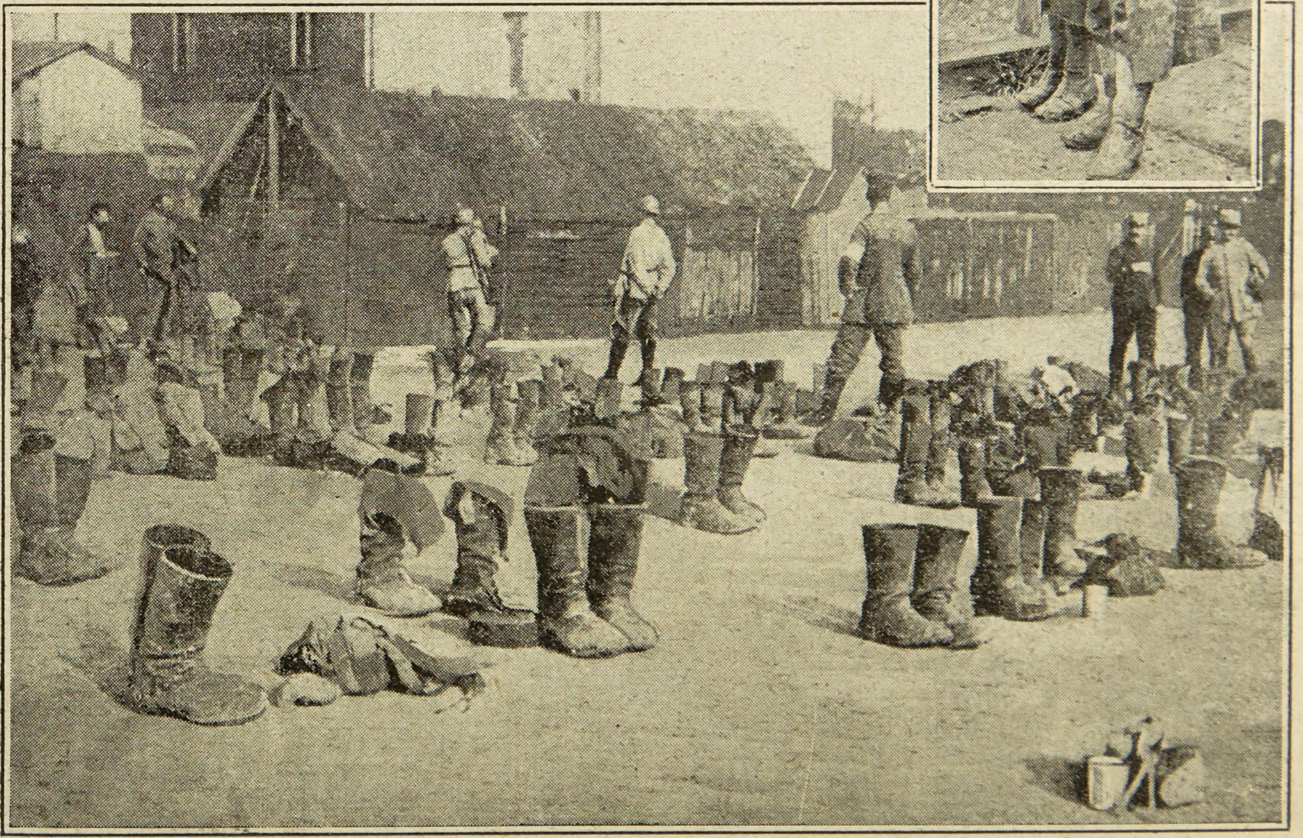


Bringing up naval guns in the course of the campaign in East Africa. Although General Smuts's operations were not definitely concluded thereby, the capture of Dar-es-Salaam virtually marked the obliteration of German East Africa from the map.

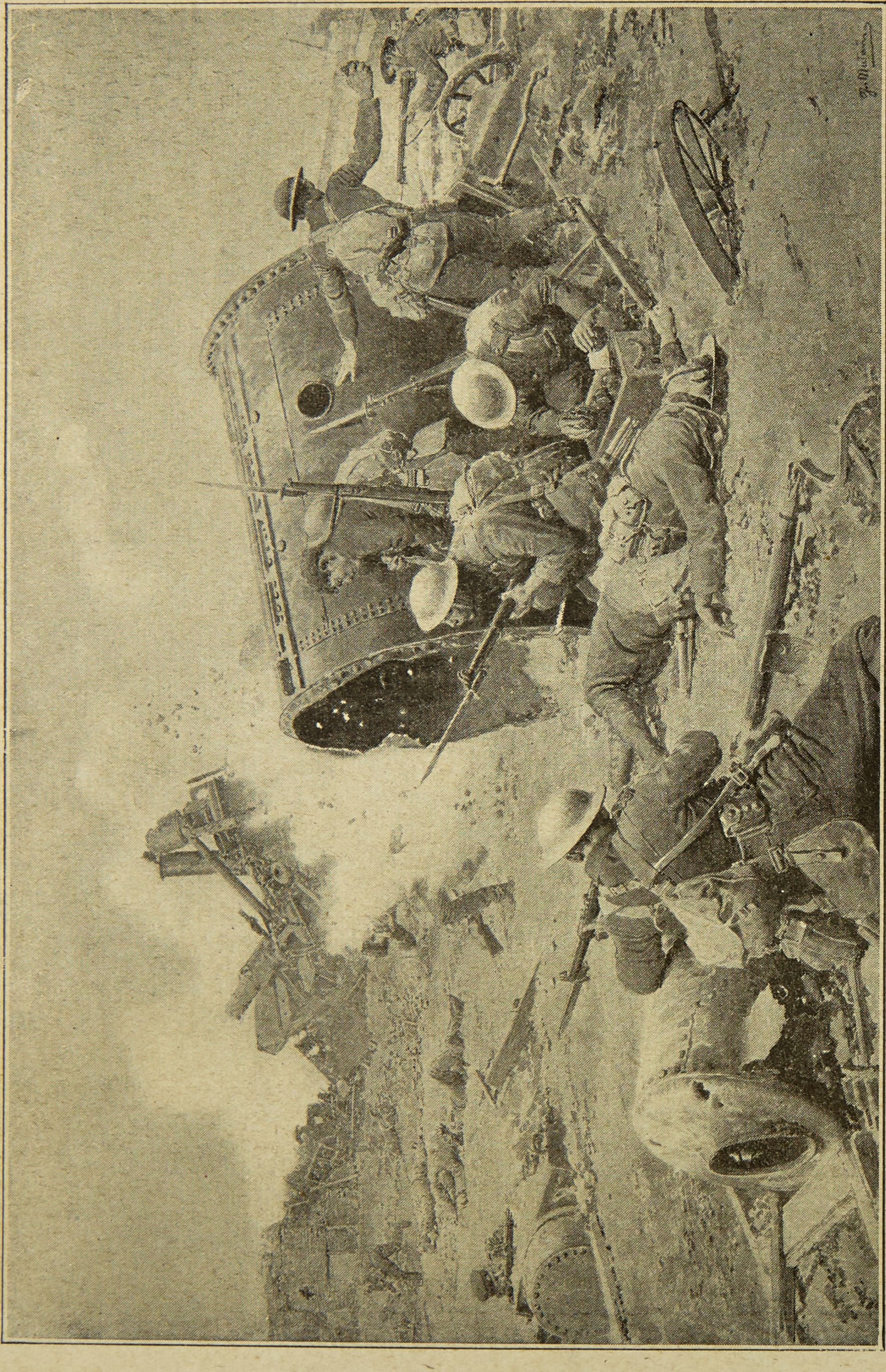
Five Thousand Captives Counted on the Ancre



Counting the 5,000 German prisoners as they came in from Beaumont-Hamel. Inset: A German prisoner, wounded and muddy, taken at St. Pierre Divion. (Official photograph.)



Collection of prisoners' effects, chiefly boots, assembled for disinfection after their long use in the pestilent trenches. The boots supplied to the German troops remained noticeably good, although in Germany their production was affected by our blockade.



CANADA'S DAY AT COURCELETTE.—September 15th, 1916, was a day of fine achievement by the Canadians on the Somme. They took part in the storming of Courcelette and Martinpuich, and fought a fierce battle round the sugar refinery, where the new "tanks" gave help in silencing the enemy machine-guns. Men lobbed bombs at one another at a range of only a few feet, taking cover by cylinders and other parts of the refinery which had become detached from the main building. Many Germans were killed by the bayonet.

BATTLE PICTURES of the GREAT WAR

Britain's Day at Beaumont

by Max Pemberton

ON the morning of Monday, November 13th, we fought upon the River Ancre the most successful battle which has been waged in France since the Marne. Verdun, of course, remains the last word in the heroism of defence, and the retaking of Douaumont and Vaux were gigantic achievements; but this new victory which Sir Douglas Haig has won is *sui generis* and altogether remarkable. Incidentally, it brought about the fall of the fortress of Beaumont-Hamel, which for nearly two years had been regarded as impregnable by the German Staff.

Neither Thiepval with its subterranean city, nor Combles with its amazing labyrinth of trenches, was considered by the experts to be the equal of Beaumont. "You will never take it," said a captured German officer to Mr. Beach Thomas as late as June 30th. We took it on November 13th, and with it that other fortress of St. Pierre Divion, which lies upon the very brink of the little River Ancre.

People at home are becoming familiar nowadays with this god-forsaken country, and are beginning to get some idea of the unsurpassable horrors of the Somme. They know that the scene is a vast landscape of chalky undulations, horribly pitted by the shells and so denuded of foliage that a few wan stumps alone mark the site of ancient forests. The villages within the fighting area no longer exist. There are not even the ruins of villages in many places, for the walls of church and street and mill and factory have been so powdered that their very dust has been absorbed again by Mother Earth.

Latterly all this wilderness has been little better than a woeful bog. Trenches have been running with water, the chalk has turned to a slimy mud into which men sank over their knees and through which it was almost impossible to walk. The rivers themselves—the wide Somme upon the south and the little Ancre upon the north—became flooded and overflowed, so that all the low-lying land about was nothing but a marshy and forbidding pool.

Hideous Conditions

So bad were the conditions that the Germans, forgetting our splendid victories, began to say that the advance upon the Somme was drawing to an end. Their papers spoke of a lull until the spring of the year, during which all might be repaired.

We knew that they had brought up vast quantities of heavy artillery and an odd assortment of troops—the overflow of divisions which Ludendorf had gathered in his wild striving for men. But these were to be the mere idlers in those advance trenches where nothing would be doing until the spring. How terribly Sir Douglas Haig undeceived them the record of November 13th and of the following days establishes in words that are unforgettable.

Take a map of the Somme district and study it closely. Pick out Thiepval and Courcelette, Eaucourt l'Abbaye and Gueudecourt—that is a line running over the high ridge of chalk, past the Schwaben Redoubt, which is at the summit, and so away upon the slope towards Beaulencourt and the Bapaume Road. Standing at any point upon this line and looking due north, you will see the shallow ravine in which the River Ancre runs. Beyond this ravine the German trenches lay both north and south of the puny stream.

German Fortress Lines

They crossed the river practically at St. Pierre Divion, once a collection of a church and a few houses, but latterly a fortress only second in strength to Beaumont-Hamel; thence they ran northward by the village of Beaucourt up the rising ground to Beaumont itself, behind which is the considerable hill of the upland. So you see that both lines came down, as it were, from the north and the sea, suddenly swung respectively to the left and the right, and carried in that direction all the way to Sailly-Saillisel and the French positions.

The country itself is exactly as the rest of the Somme district, but its altitude is lower, for it is on a slope of the ridge which we have won by such desperate fighting since July came. The River Ancre itself has a marshy edge for a little way upon either side of it; then a steep, often cut by shallow ravines and always affording the Germans an opportunity of digging into the earth and there establishing those vast subterranean barracks which are beyond the imagination of the maddest child that ever dreamed of a robber's cave.

Our task, then, was to take these fortresses, to drive ahead north and south of the Ancre, and to straighten our line so that instead of running due west before Thiepval, we "tidied up" in the north and cut the German salient. So well was this done that we heard on Tuesday morning of the shattering of the great German first line on a front of some three or four thousand yards on the left bank of the river; of the capture of more than five thousand prisoners, and of the fall both of Beaumont and St. Pierre Divion at a single coup. Beaucourt itself fell late on the Monday night, and the fighting for consolidation was carried on vigorously all Tuesday.

An Amazing Triumph

So remarkable was the victory that the correspondents at the front were at a loss at first to give us any exact account of it. They spoke of varying numbers of prisoners from two to four thousand; told of wild wanderings in a fog; of surprising victories, here with hardly the loss of a man, there with stubborn fighting by which we suffered considerably. But all recorded that the troops engaged were chiefly Scottish and of our own home regiments. It was a famous day for the men of the shires. Never has greater coolness been shown by any troops since the action upon the Somme began. Let us tell of it now a little more in sequence.

The action began at six o'clock on the Monday morning. A weird fog lay over the barren land. It was one of those November dawns when the earth seems loath to discover itself. For a little while, when the troops were first awakened, there was not a sound on the still air. A loom of white vapour rolled everywhere unbroken. It chilled the waiting infantry to the marrow, and sent men stumping up and down the trenches for warmth, as those on a football field when waiting for the whistle. Everywhere in our lines the men of the shires were ready, and thought of nothing else but the enemy behind that great curtain of vapour.

Seething Cauldron of War

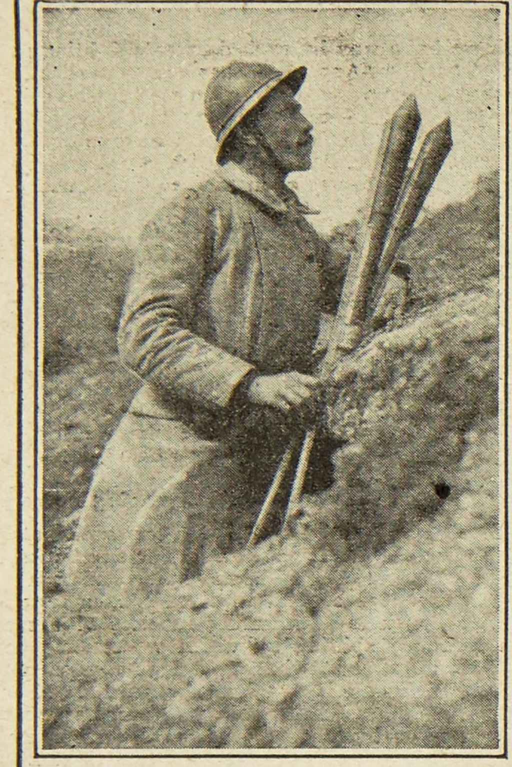
"It should," says a correspondent, "have been light after six," but it was still as dark as a November night, and the figures moved as the shadows of sleep; yet all was ready and the signal awaited with just impatience. When it came it was not by voice or whistle, but with a crash and thunder of guns which made the very earth heave and churned the sodden fields until they frothed. Now the fog gave pictures like to none yet seen since the beginning. The red and brown and black smoke of the great explosives mixed with the looming mists to form a mighty curtain in the air, against which the play of gold and yellow light was ceaseless. Terrible to see and awful to hear, men hearing and seeing could jest when they thought of Fritz down there in the bowels of the earth, and wondered what he was making of it. Would he come out like the rabbit that will peep to see if the stoat be there; or was he lying low, believing in his boast of impregnability? Time would show—the end of that brief hour during which this unsurpassable tornado endured—not a long preparation, but sufficient for the work to be done.

Tommy at any rate believed it to be so, and when the whistle blew he went out of his trenches like a shot from a gun. Immense tasks had he done—a thousand heroic things since he set foot in France—but nothing like this thing. Helter-skelter into the fog, losing sight almost of the very man at his elbow, stumbling in and out of

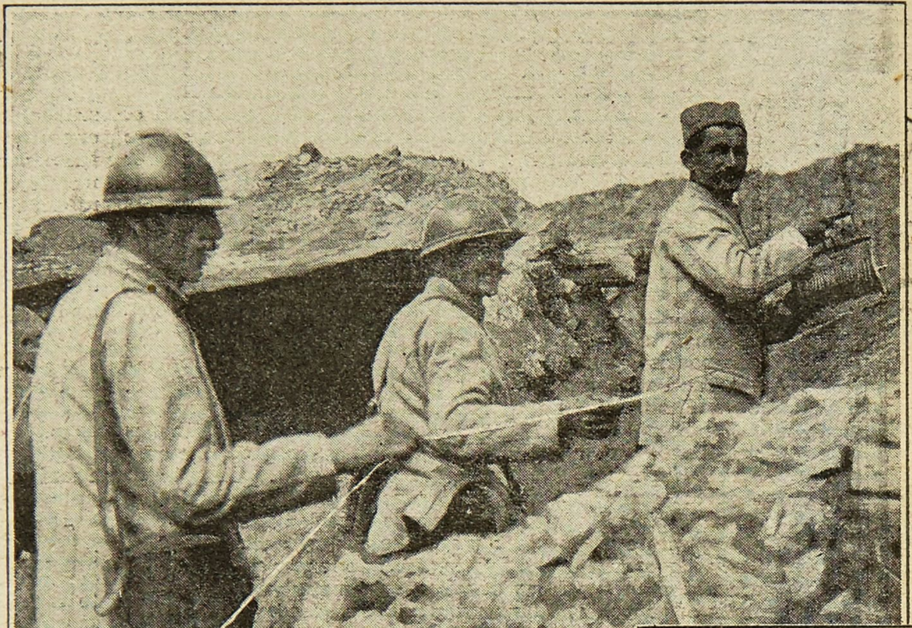
[Continued on page 374

Serbia Strikes Hard Against Her Aggressors: Scenes in the Victorious Advance to Monastir

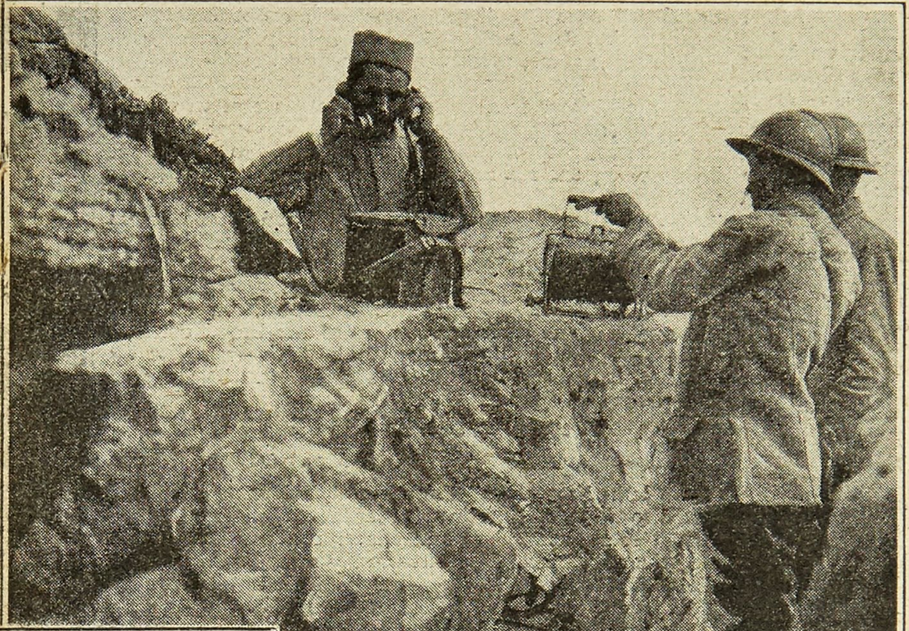
British Official Photographs



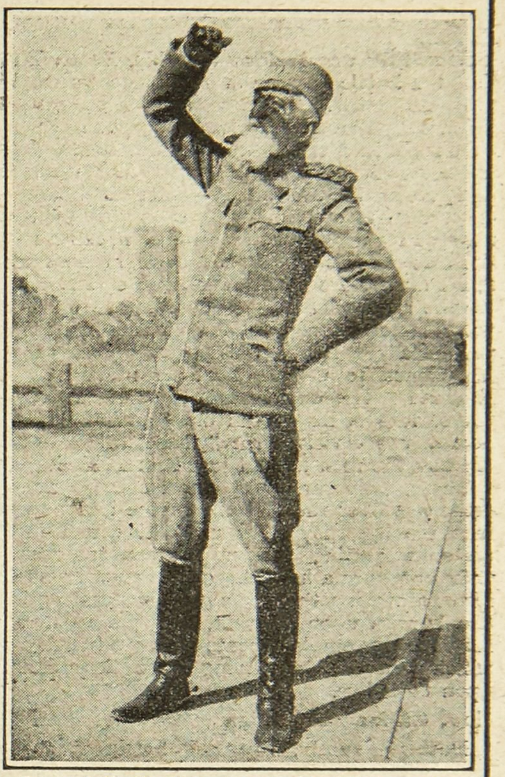
The man with the rockets. A lonely soldier in a remote part of the Salonika front.



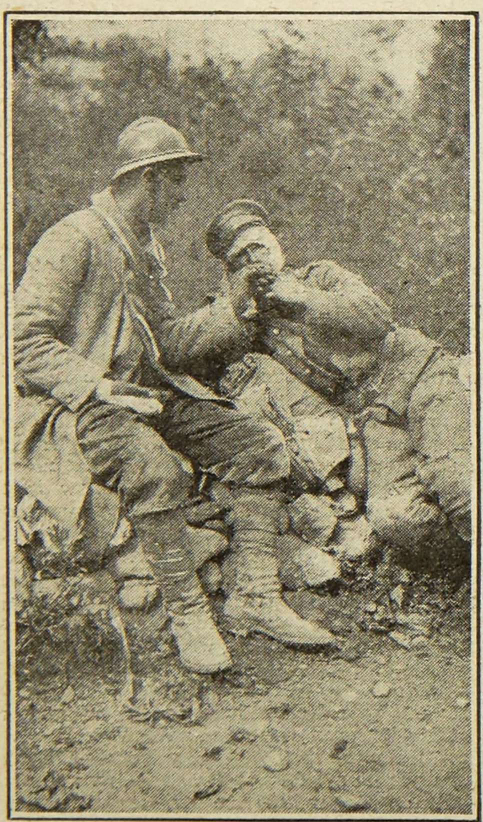
Live wires over barren ground. Serbian soldiers linking up communications over captured territory.



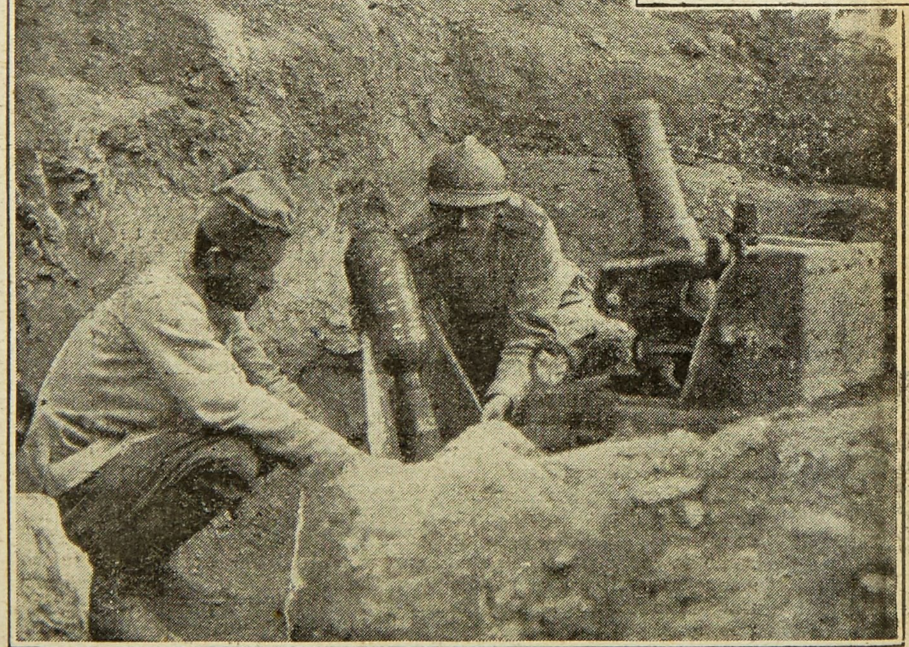
Getting on to Serbian headquarters. An operator testing the new line which he and his comrades have just laid down.



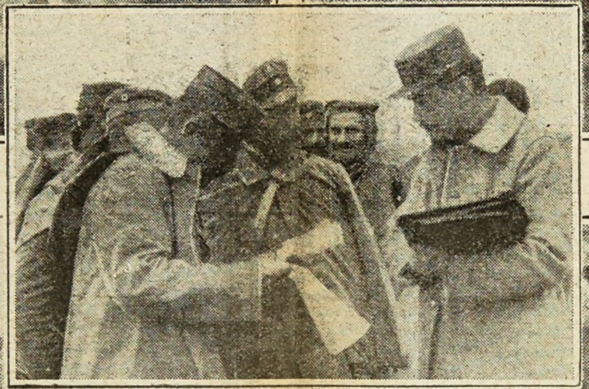
General Yankovitch, a venerable Serbian campaigner in the cause of Karageorgevitch.

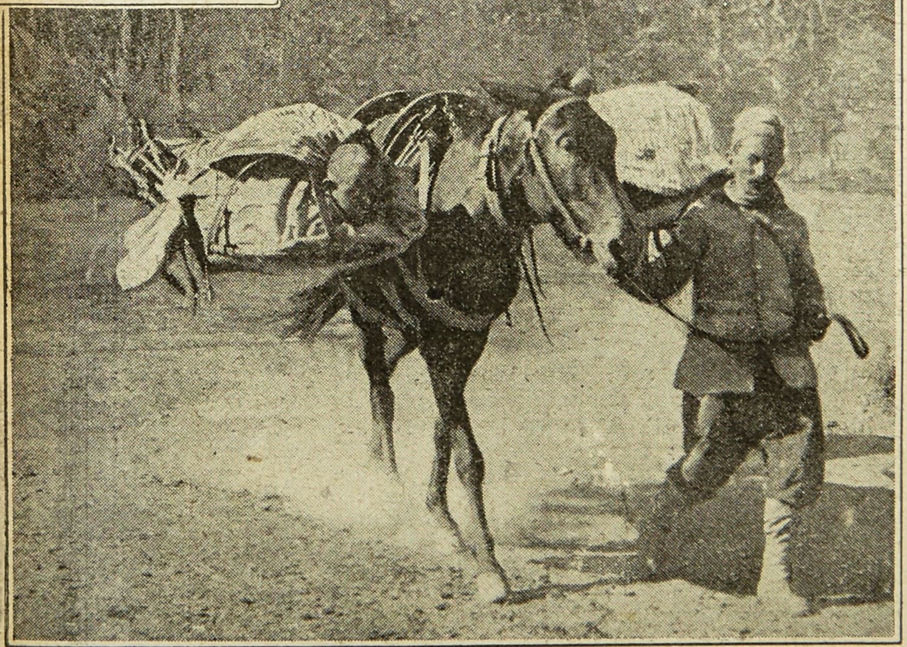


The fraternity of suffering. Recent enemies, Bulgar and Serb, now wounded smoke cigarettes by the wayside.

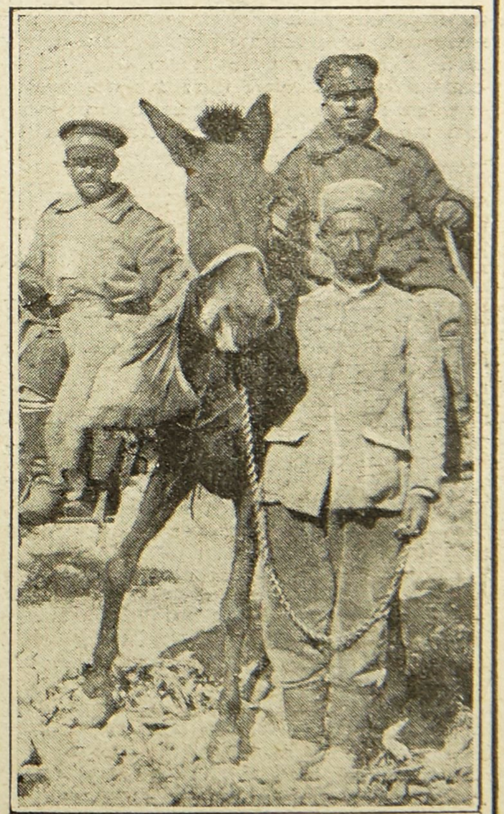


Serbians about to launch a "pigeon," or aerial torpedo. King Peter's soldiers have adopted the French steel helmet and tunic. These splendid fighters have already experienced the joy of revenge in worsting the Bulgars.





Photograph showing a primitive but effective means of conveying Serbian wounded over the mountain tracks. In centre: French officer interrogating captured Germans, one of whom was an Alsatian, not sorry to be a prisoner.



Another ingenious method of carrying wounded. Two Bulgarian prisoners coming down with a Serbian on a double-saddle chair.

BRITAIN'S DAY AT BEAUMONT

(Continued from page 371.)

hollows and climbing up steeps, diving into unexpected trenches; yet all upon a compass line and wondering what in God's name he would find before him. Perhaps he hardly understood the superb gallantry of that first rush which carried him at a bound into Beaumont-Hamel and found him the master of it before he recognised where he was.

So swiftly was it done that Mr. Beach Thomas has said that the battle became in some places almost a rout at the very beginning. "The men who stormed the positions north of the river and along it might have been advancing over roofs in a street fight. Underneath them were rooms upon rooms containing hidden and unsuspected groups, and down in the street—trenches below—some nearly empty, some crowded—the enemy lifted their hands and shouted for mercy or occasionally fired into the air."

These fellows were sent back in squadrons large and small almost from the first hour of the day. They went for the most part in good content, their officers insolent as usual, but Fritz himself whistling cheerily as one who should say "My war is over." One of them had the impudence to declare that he must now learn to love England. His officers in the same breath complained of the barrage of his own artillery and of the fact that he was herded too closely with "those swine"—truly signifying thereby the men he had just commanded.

These, however, were but instances apart. The great scene was over there in the ravine and upon the hillside—men moving they knew not with whom in the fog; odd platoons coming suddenly upon trenches and heaving their bombs at a hazard; others pressing on into Beaumont itself, searching the dug-outs, disappearing into the ground like hounds upon a scent, brought up here and there by machine-gun emplacements—always fighting with a ferocity which was amazing, dying when they died with a laugh upon their lips.

Gay, Gallant Shiremen

Nothing, surely, like this battle in the fog has been known in our story. The marvel of it is that we got through at all, picked our way across hill and hollow, discovered the trenches, had the nerve to go down into catacombs and bring the Huns out. Yet we did it with a sang-froid unsurpassed. These shiremen, says every correspondent, were the merriest fighters that ever came to the Somme. They were breakfasting off the coffee the Germans had left before the battle was two hours old, and the wounded among them declined to be moved while they could still see the fun. In all truth, this "impregnable" fortress was brought down by them as a house of cards by a child's breath. Yet even when they had taken it they hardly knew that it was done, so heavily did the mist loom upon their handiwork.

South of the river things went just as well. The "Daily Mail" correspondent has called Divion the crowning marvel of the German defence. "If you slip along the river road," says he, "you come to an opening about seven feet high in the clay cliff, and when you have penetrated into the secret place you find a new world—a Monte Cristo world. Even the guns, which thunder to madness outside, are blurred to a murmur; indeed are often wholly inaudible. A sickly reek pervades the place—not the reek of dead bodies, though a few wounded men from the battle, vainly seeking shelter here, lie where they have fallen in the passages.

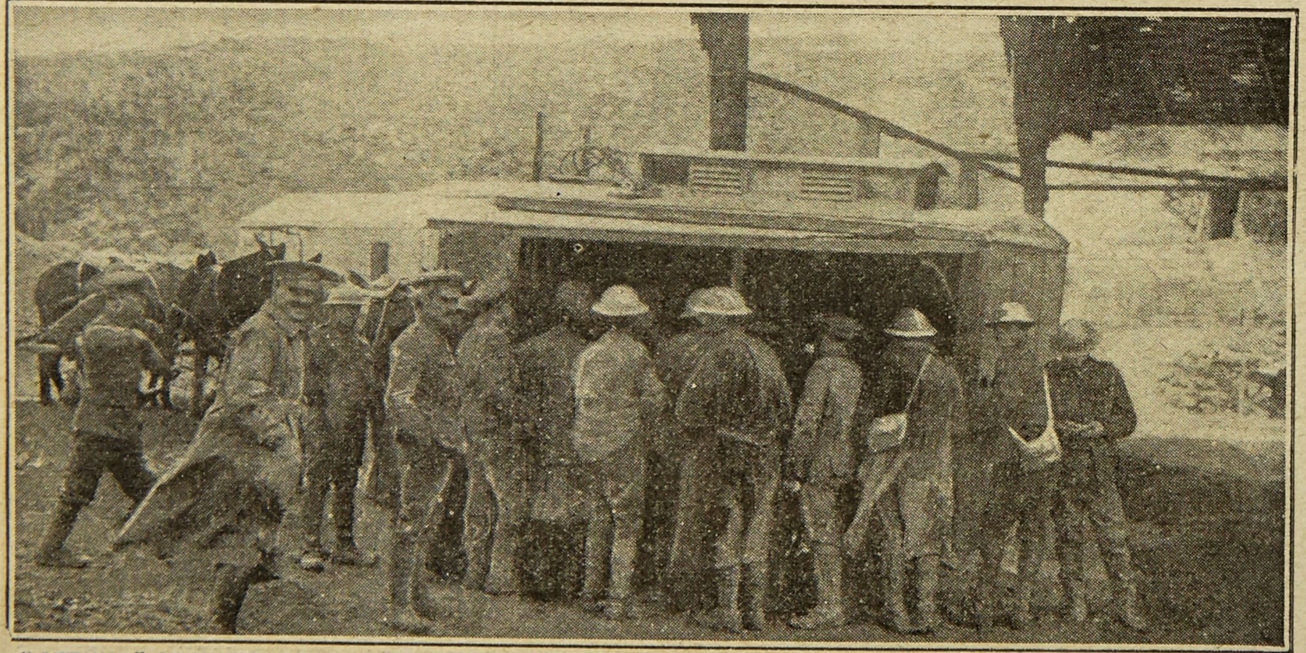
"Meat and bread perhaps have mouldered in the stores and the volatile dust of the fungus blends with the pungent dankness of the clay. But those who first entered this cavern had no other thoughts than curiosity or apprehension. They walked into the unknown, on and on round one traverse after another, until the broad corridor—seven feet high and as much in breadth—was cut by another of like sort leading right and left. The leg of this T-shaped avenue is about three hundred yards, and the arms—not yet fully explored—are at least two hundred.

A Monte Cristo World

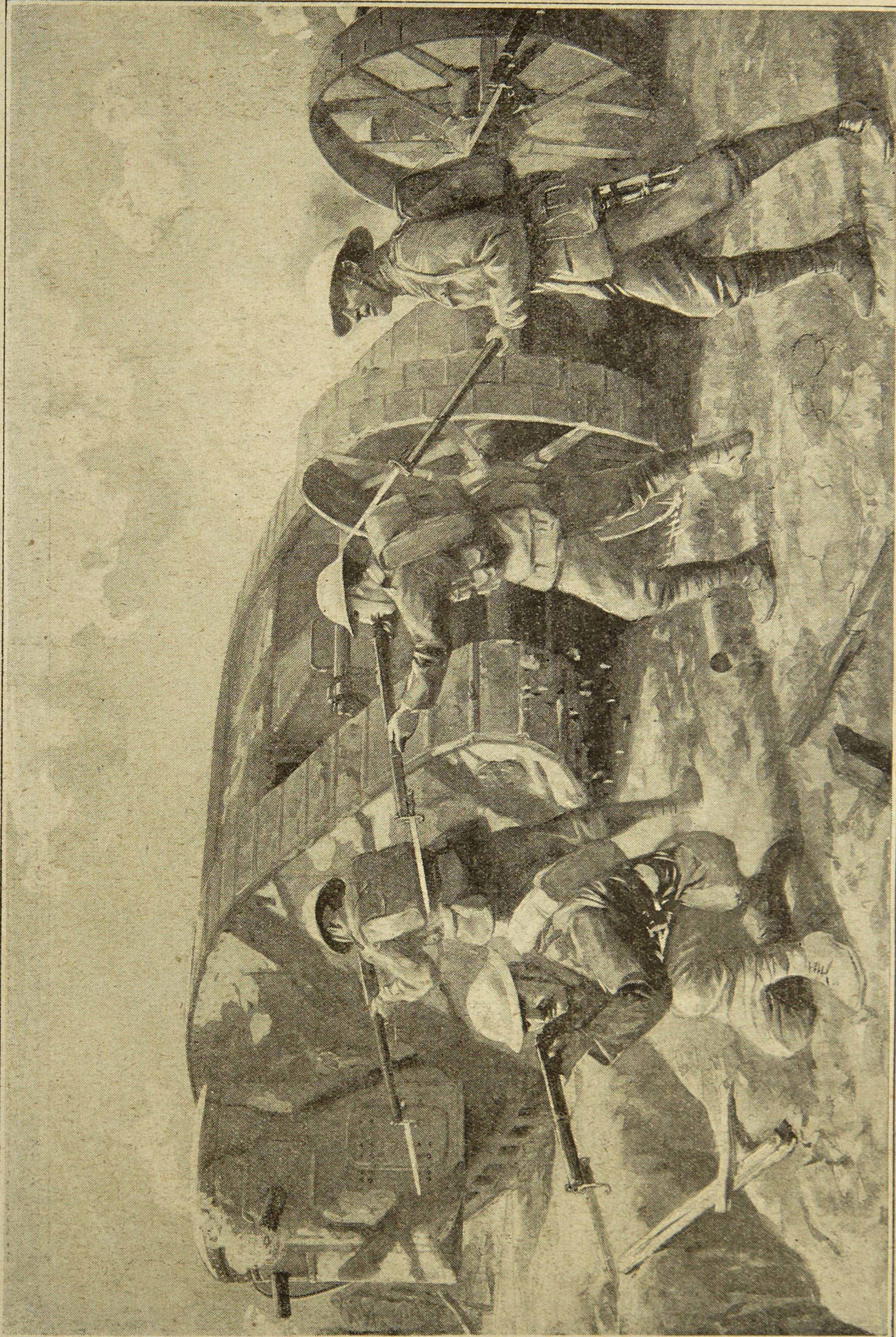
"Double bed-rooms and chambers of various sizes lead off from the corridor. How many men could barrack here I do not know; but over four hundred enemy soldiers took refuge during the attack and filed out meekly after it was over."

We took St. Pierre Divion—but it should not be thought that the task was light. Some of the old-style fighting characterised the fall of that redoubtable fortress—bayonet and bomb found men apart, sanguinary duels, and the death-cry which follows steel. So also at Beaumont there had been splendid work done, and Sir Douglas Haig justly reminds us of the personal heroism of the Scots and the shiremen by which this magnificent victory was won. The troops against us were a medley whose very variety is astonishing. Silesians were there and the Prussian Guard—old men and young men—units representing many regiments, the 2nd, the 15th, the 23rd, the 55th, and the 68th. They were all glad to come out of their burrows and surrender to the hated British who could go singing even into such a hell as this.

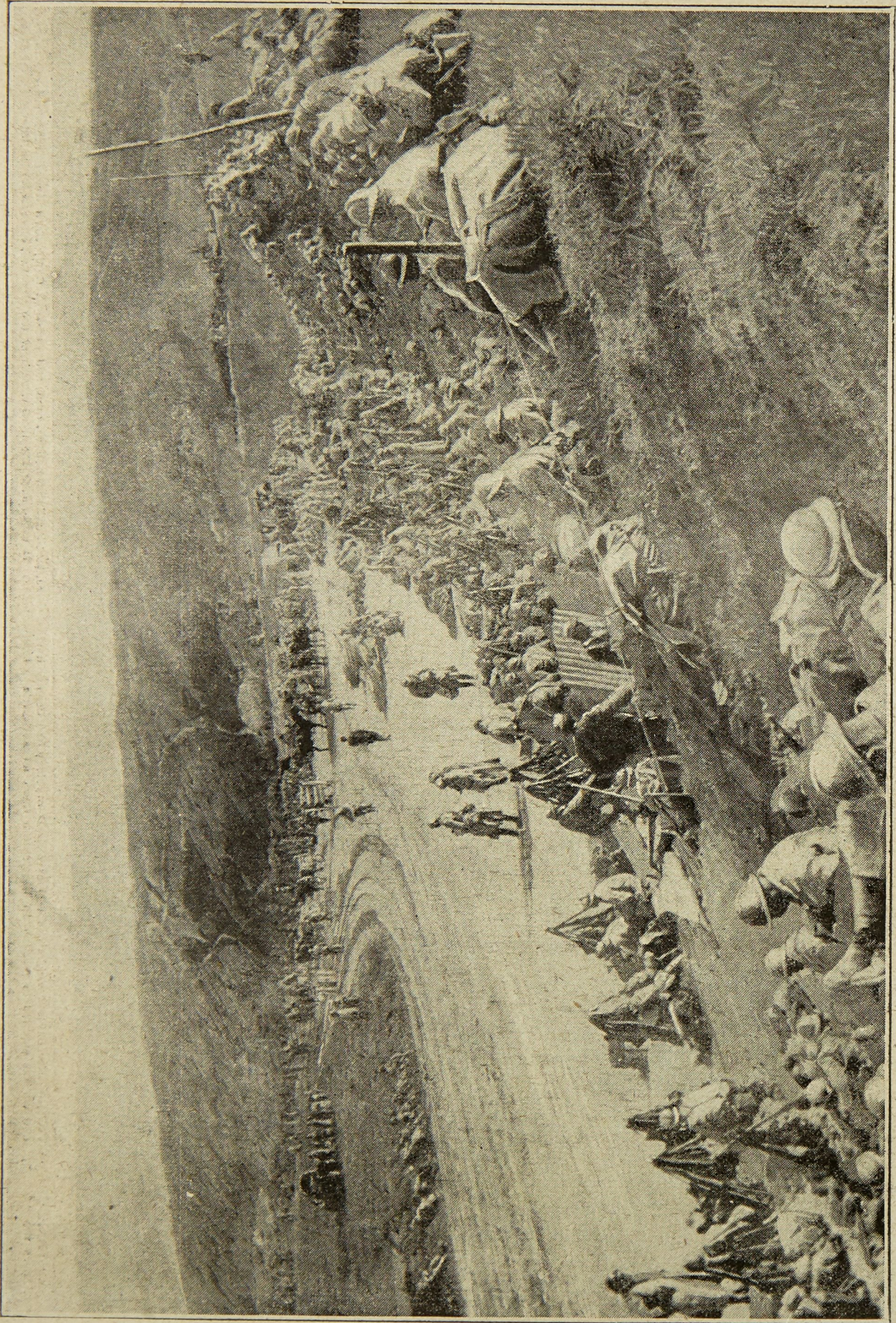
The King has voiced the nation's gratitude to Sir Douglas Haig and his men. The people echo the words gladly. A great victory—a day which may never be forgotten.



"ARTHUR" AT THE FRONT.—A London coffee-stall behind the lines. "Arthur's" familiar counters, with shining urns, glowing stove, and plates of cake and bread-and-butter, are a welcome sight in London on a rainy night. How much more welcome must they be in the devastated, rain-sodden land behind the firing-line. (Official photograph.)



THE "TANKS" IN ACTION.—After several weeks the veil of official mystery has been lifted from the "tanks," and we are enabled to publish an illustration from an authentic document of the fantastic monster that levels trenches, crawls up the sides of craters, consumes barbed-wire, fortifications, houses, men, and guns. This Western Juggernaut is a veritable land-cruiser. It tacks over the mud wastes of the Somme, steered by its intrepid crew into the very midst of the enemy, whose efforts to stop its deadly progress are generally futile.



ONE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN OF VICTORY.—On a road winding through a Somme valley, beyond the view of the enemy, a concentration of French troops is taking place. It is an hour before the attack on Sailly-Saillisel, and the Poilus are being brought up by light railway. Quietly the troops were assembled, rifles were piled, and the men meanwhile rested on the embankment until the moment of the attack was announced—an attack which was to be crowned with the laurels of success; the village was won on November 1st.

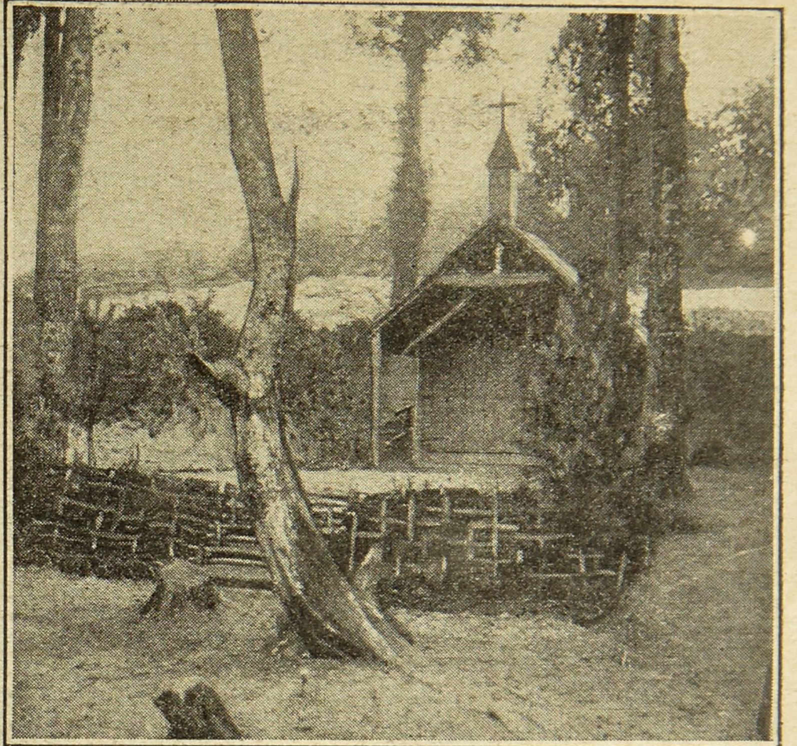
War Shrine Built by a French Art Student

WITH the French, perhaps more than with any other nation, this war is a holy war. Since 1870 the patriotic zeal of France to recover her lost provinces has never wavered for a moment, and after two and a half years of great resistance the spirit of the French nation is one of pious hope and resolution.

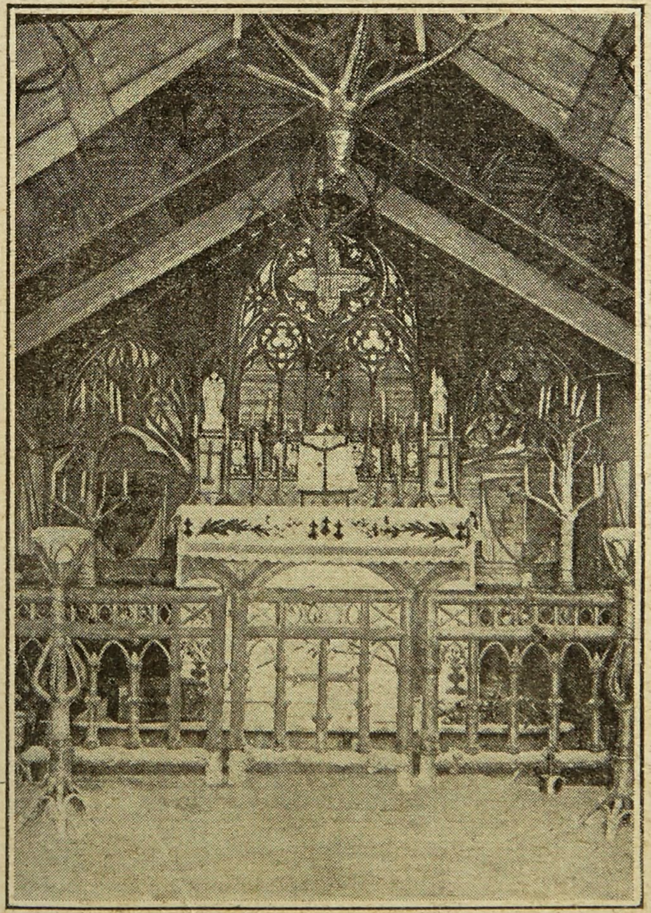
Of the many sacred buildings improvised by soldiers on the French front to take the place of churches shattered by gun fire, that illustrated on this page is surely as unique as it is beautiful. It is the work of a young French artist, holder of the Prix de Rome, which is the most coveted and lavish prize given to students by the French Government, ever ready to encourage native genius.

The edifice was erected actually on a front under fire at intervals, and is the conception of one man. Marvellously complete as to detail, correct in design and proportion, the chapel was built entirely with pine-wood, from the roof to the smallest candlestick. Even the actual pine-cones were utilised in various ways to heighten the decorative effect. Of the three allegorical figures on the altar, Joan of Arc, as truly symbolical of the French spirit to-day as she was in the Middle Ages, is seen on the right-hand side.

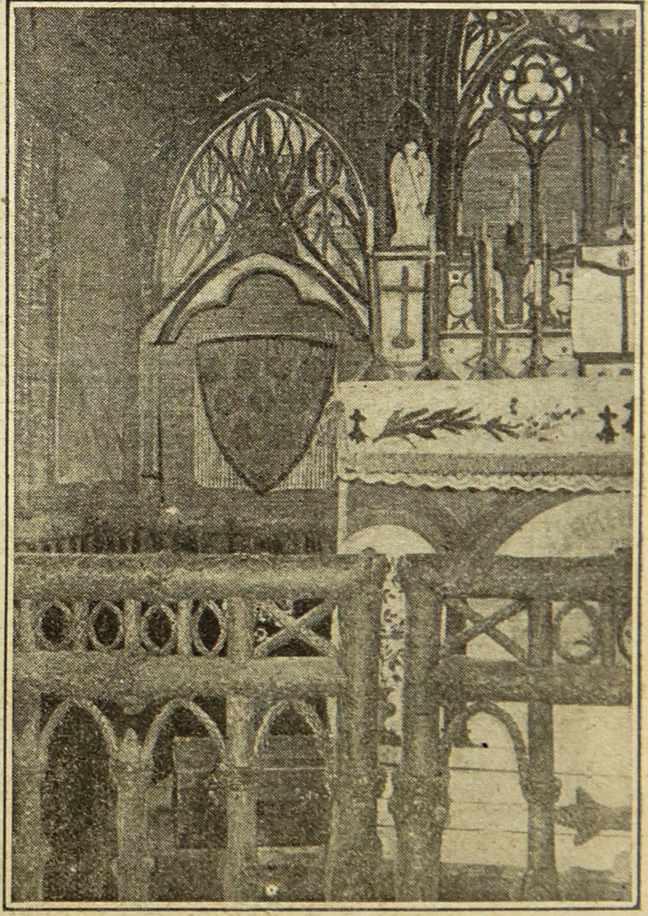
The church is sufficiently large to accommodate several soldiers, and after a long spell in the trenches there is no lack of devotees. Men who are entrusted with an unusually perilous mission come here to receive benediction before going forth to do their duty for Sainte France.



Little wooden church erected in the vicinity of the French front, charmingly situated in the centre of a clump of trees.

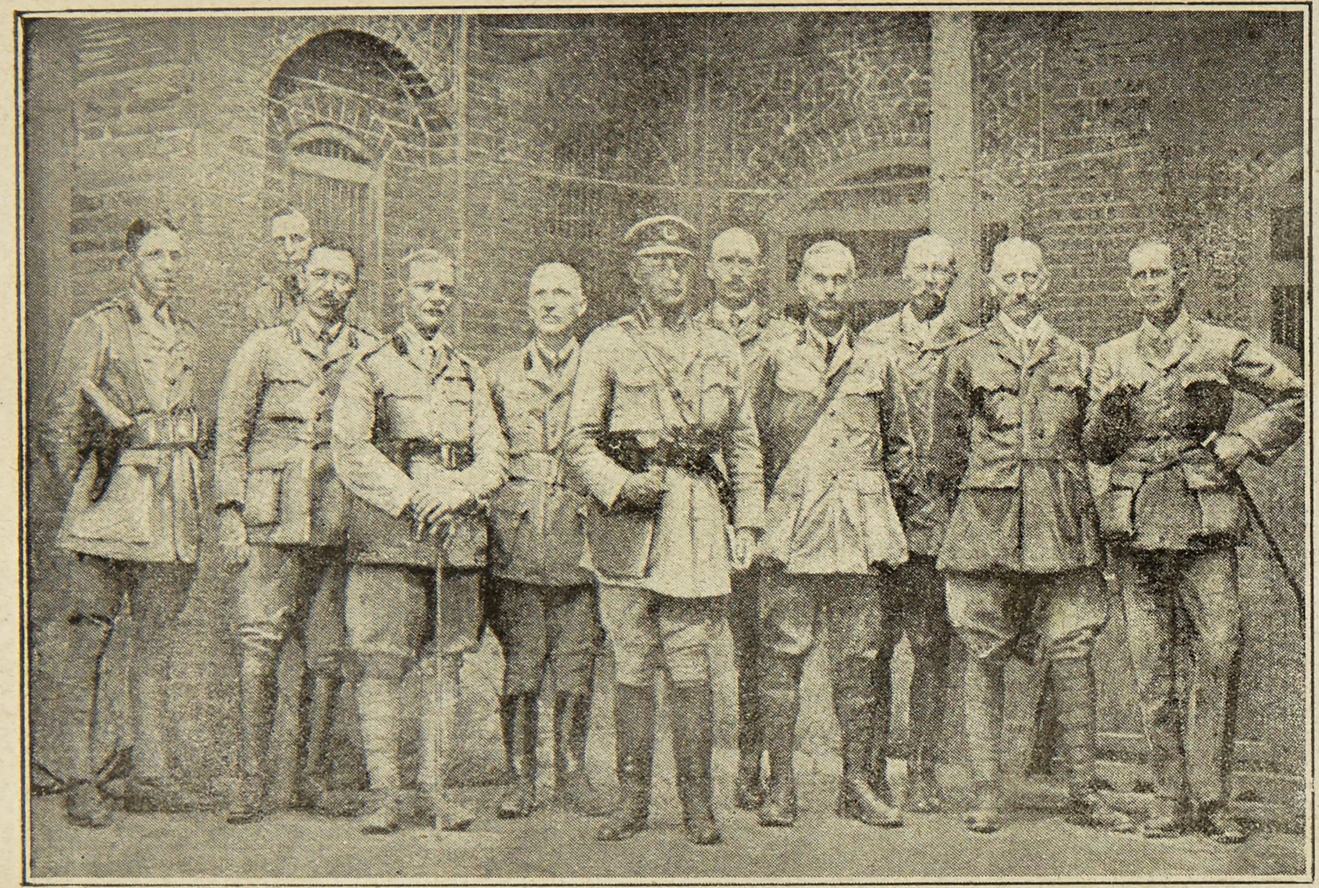


Chapelle de L'Esperance (Chapel of Hope), a beautiful little sacred edifice, the whole conception of which is due to a French soldier artist, holder of the Prix de Rome, the famous French prize.



Another view of the interior of the Chapelle de L'Esperance. The scheme of decoration is carried out with pine-wood. As the work of a soldier in the first line the chapel has a unique interest.

General Townshend and Staff at Kut-el-Amara

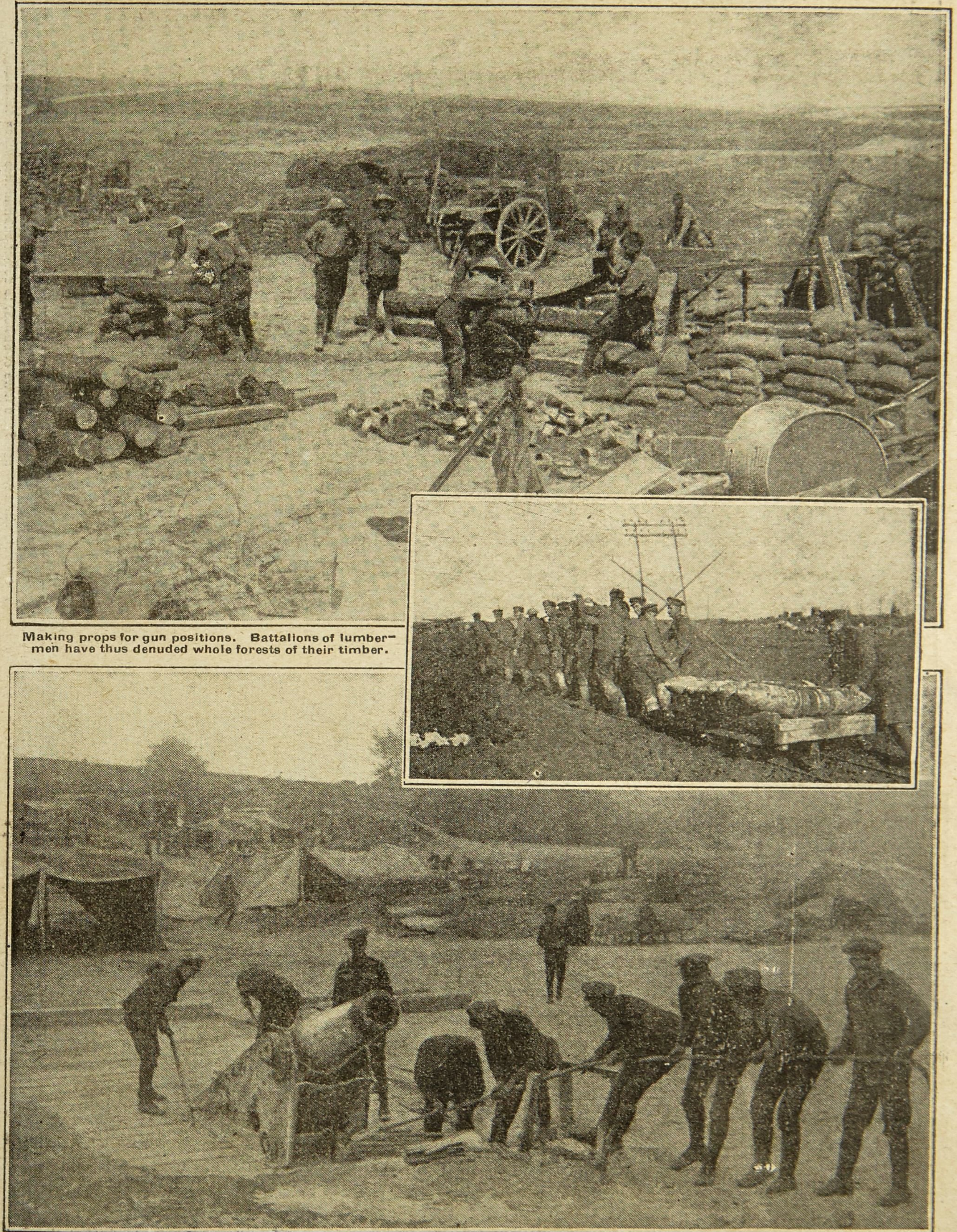


Historic photograph, taken just before the capitulation of Kut, and received through the agency of an exchanged prisoner. It shows General Townshend with his Staff. Third from the left are Colonel Annesley, A.D.S.T., Brigadier-General Evans, Colonel P. Hehir, C.B., General Townshend. On right: Major Gilchrist, Colonel Chitty, Colonel Maule, R.F.A., Colonel Parr, Colonel Wilson, R.E.

Some of the Indian sick and wounded who were sent down from Kut seated somewhere in Mesopotamia watching the removal of more serious cases. The Turks allowed most of the wounded to come down the Tigris on barges to the British lines after the fall of Kut.

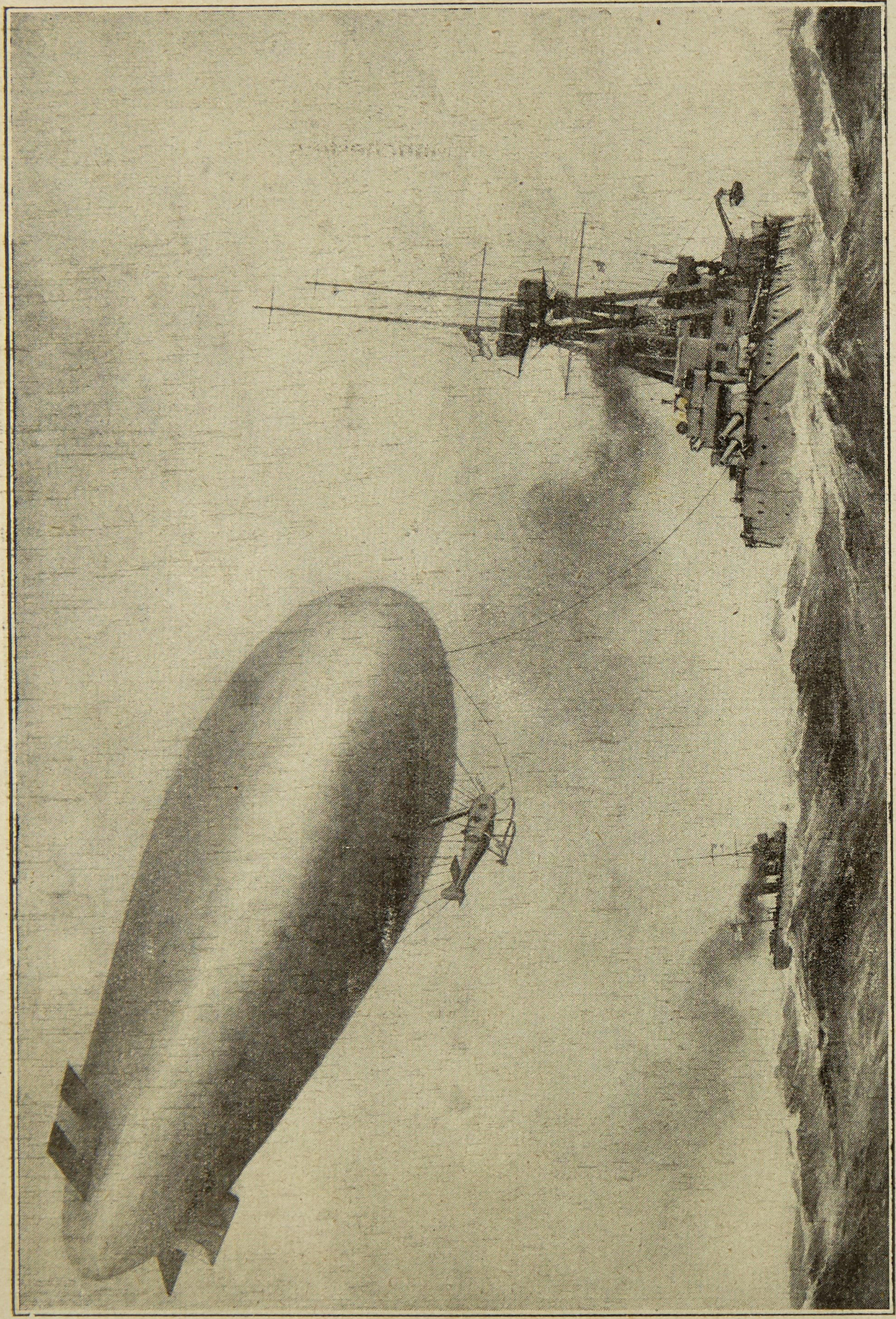
Wooden Pedestals for Mighty Weapons of Steel

British Official Photographs



Making props for gun positions. Battalions of lumbermen have thus denuded whole forests of their timber.

Getting a French howitzer into position. Inset: British soldiers taking shells up to the guns along a light railway laid for that purpose. The keen satisfaction our men take in this work may well encourage the munition workers at home who are "delivering the goods."



MUTUAL SOCIETY AND AID.—An interesting and very graphic study, by the well-known artist, Mr. C. M. Padday, of a British warship towing a British airship against a strong head wind. Dirigible balloons are of immense service to the Navy, not only as scouts but as being able, owing to the laws of optics, to detect submarines when submerged.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XXIII.—The Manchesters

> *"The fort was before us. With such arms as the troops had in their hands they had to assault; and silently and swiftly, in the face of the artillery playing upon them, the troops ascended the hill. The men had orders on no account to fire. Taking the colours of the 63rd and bearing them aloft, Sir Henry mounted with the stormers."*
> —THACKERAY. ("The Virginians.")

A DISTINGUISHED Oxford scholar, who was recently killed in Flanders, suggested in one of his letters home that after the war the "front," that tunnelled and blood-stained strip winding from the North Sea to Switzerland, should be consecrated and set aside as a Holy Way. Along it are the bodies of thousands of brave men, and the places where they lie must always be sacred ground.

At Givenchy

If this idea of a "Via Sacra" ever comes to anything, the road will run through Givenchy, a village between Ypres and Lens, where there was some very desperate fighting in October, 1914. At that time the Indian Army Corps, after a rest at Marseilles, had just reached the seat of war. Like the rest of our army, it was divided into brigades, and each brigade was composed of three battalions of native and one of British troops. Among these battalions was the 1st Manchesters, under Colonel Strickland.

The Manchesters arrived on the scene near Givenchy at a critical moment. Some of their Indian comrades had just been driven back, and they were sent forward to turn the scale. In spite of heavy losses they advanced steadily, company by company and platoon by platoon, and by nightfall they had regained the lost trenches which were in and about Givenchy. Then, as so often happens, came a check, due to the strange conditions and the lack of adequate reserves. The Germans had the range of the trenches, and by the light of some burning haystacks they were able to see the Manchesters crossing the open ground to help one of their companies which was in difficulties. The snipers took their deadly toll of the moving men, and the result was that the movement failed, and the various companies of the battalion were cut off from each other.

Nearly Surrounded

On the next day, October 25th, the Manchesters were in the trenches they had regained, but they could get no farther forward. Their position was bad, and of this the Germans took full advantage. They came on in front, worked round the left flank, and after some terrible hours forced our men to retire. But these Huns did not have it all their own way. The retirement was orderly, and the company which covered it succeeded at one time in driving back the enemy. Then Colonel Strickland rallied the whole battalion, and after the Germans had made another savage attack brought it into comparative safety.

These Manchesters had been fighting continuously for thirty hours, and in the engagement they lost some three hundred officers and men, or over a third of their numbers. But everyone agreed that they had done a valuable piece of work. The general commanding the Lahore Division, H. B. B. Watkis, said that Givenchy was the most important point in his line, and Sir James Willcocks added that "by your gallant conduct in holding on to it you rendered greater service than you probably realised."

Not far from Givenchy a little later was the 2nd Battalion of this distinguished regiment. Under Lieut.-Col. H. L. James it had crossed from Ireland to Havre at the beginning of the war, and as part of the 5th Division it had suffered very heavily indeed in the retreat from Mons. First of all the men were stationed along the canal, and after the fighting on the Sunday they retreated as ordered to Dour. There on the Monday they fought a rearguard action, and then they got back to Bavai and Le Cateau.

Saving the Day Again

In the stand at Le Cateau the Manchesters had a great share. If the whole army was to avoid disaster, the Germans must be kept back, for a few hours anyhow, and so Colonel James was ordered to turn and fight them as soon as ever they got close enough. Choosing a position, he prepared to obey, and then came a terrible time. As we know now only too well, alas! the Germans had the big guns and the abundant shells and we had not. These were used with great effect against the Manchesters, but, although half the battalion was soon out of action, the survivors held on to their task. At length it was done. The main body had had time to get away, and the rearguard could withdraw. The battalion reached a camp where they could have food and a brief rest, and the worst of the retreat was over. With the rest of the division these Manchesters fell back to the Marne, and when the British troops turned round they made their way as an advanced guard across that river, this time in the right direction.

Leach and Hogan

The last ten days of October were a testing time for these Manchester men. On the 22nd they were hurried up from reserve to prevent a German advance, and Viscount French has placed it on record that they carried out their task. But the 29th was their great day. A German rush carried the first trench, but from the support trenches they were repulsed, and then Sec.-Lieut. James Leach and Sergeant Hogan went forward alone, killed eight Germans, and seized a trench with sixteen prisoners. These two heroes received the Victoria Cross.

Space will not allow us to follow these two battalions through the campaign, but one or two of their deeds can be indicated. The 1st took part in the attack on Neuve Chapelle in March, 1915, and shared in the Second Battle of Ypres in the following April. They came up to St. Julien to take the place of the gassed Canadians, and on the 26th they made an attack on the Germans there. They were sent forward in the daylight against an enemy well supplied with guns and ammunition. Officer after officer fell, and the "London Gazette" contains the account of how, led by some gallant fellow, the men struggled on until there were few of them left. Their colonel, H. W. E. Hitchens, was killed.

No Eight Hours' Day

Another story quite as inspiring can be told of the Territorials from Manchester. As a brigade, four battalions of this force went out to the Dardanelles at the beginning of the campaign there. They were in the fighting for Krithia in June, and about that time they lost their general, Noel Lee. In August they were again attacking in the same neighbourhood, and on the 8th an officer of the 9th Battalion, W. T. Forshaw, performed one of the outstanding deeds of the war, for which he was deservedly awarded the Victoria Cross. Nothing short of the exact words of the award can describe this feat. "He held his own, not only directing his men and encouraging them by exposing himself with the utmost disregard of danger, but personally throwing bombs continuously for forty-one hours." Relief came, but he continued in command of his detachment. "Three times during the night of August 8th-9th he was again heavily attacked, and once the Turks got over the barricade; but after shooting three with his revolver, he led his men forward and recaptured it." Forshaw was assisted among others by Corporal S. Bayley, who also remained at his arduous task for forty-one hours—little short of two whole days. Forshaw and Bayley belonged to a regiment with a long and grand history.

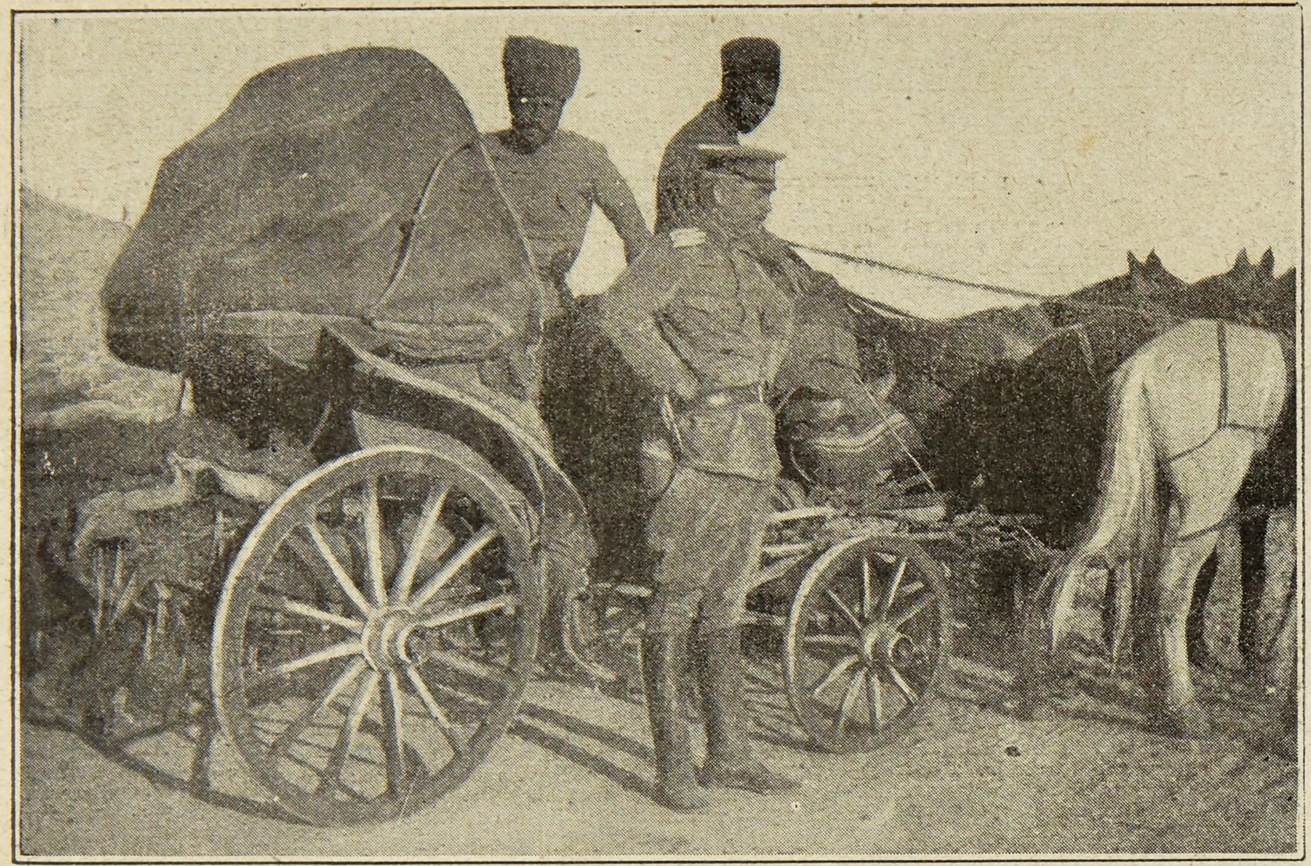
Bunker's Hill and Inkerman

First the 2nd Battalion of the 8th Foot, now the Liverpool Regiment, it became the 63rd in 1758, and with the 96th Foot was formed into the Manchester Regiment in 1881. Its early reputation was won in America in the unfortunate War of Independence. The 63rd were at Bunker's Hill and Brandywine, and in "The Virginians" Thackeray has described how Sir Henry Clinton led them against Fort Clinton in 1776. They remained in America until the end of the war, and then saw a good deal of active service in the West Indies, Flanders, and Holland.

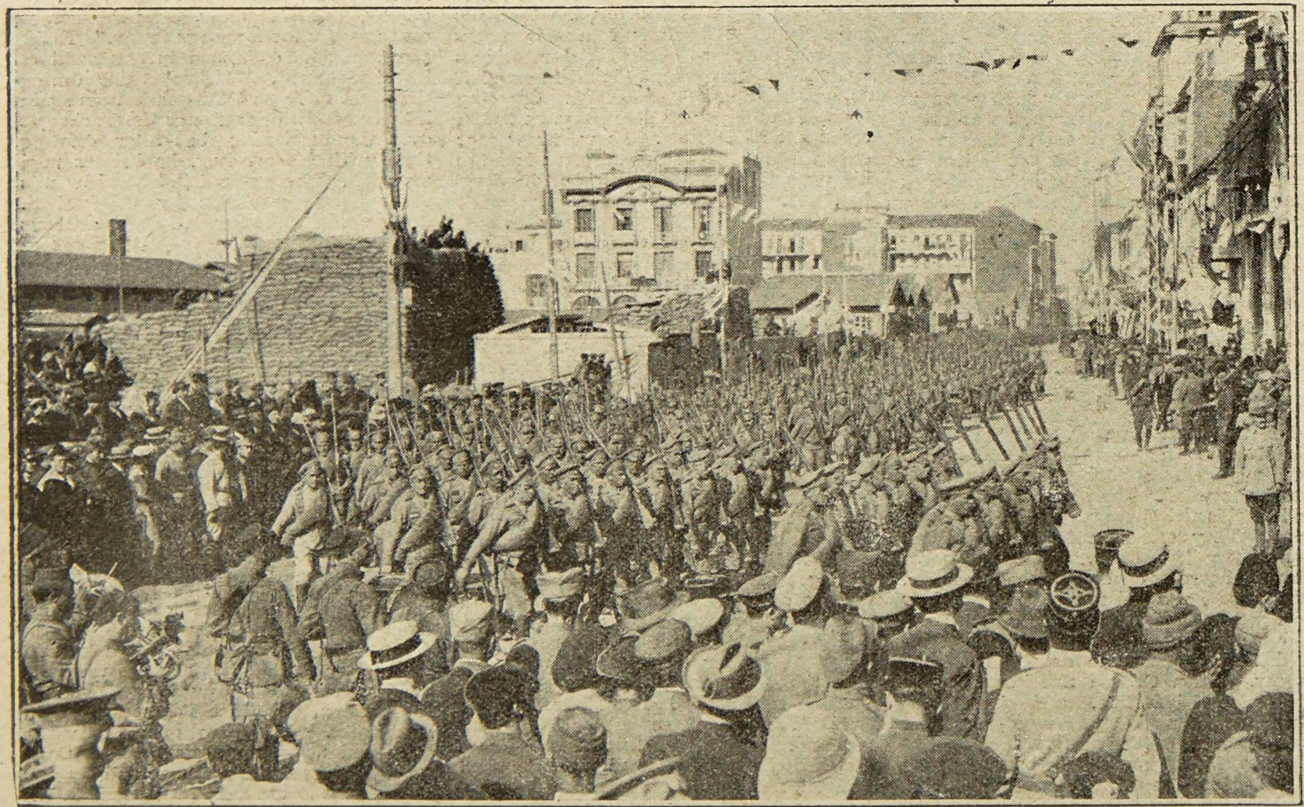
After the long peace the 63rd showed its fighting spirit at Inkerman, when its losses were very heavy indeed, and in Afghanistan. Its 1st Battalion was in Ladysmith, where two of its privates, Pitts and Scott, won the Victoria Cross for defending Cæsar's Camp, and its 2nd Battalion also did very good work in the South African War. Manchester was proud of them then, but she is prouder of them now.

A. W. Holland

More Russians take the Field in the Balkans

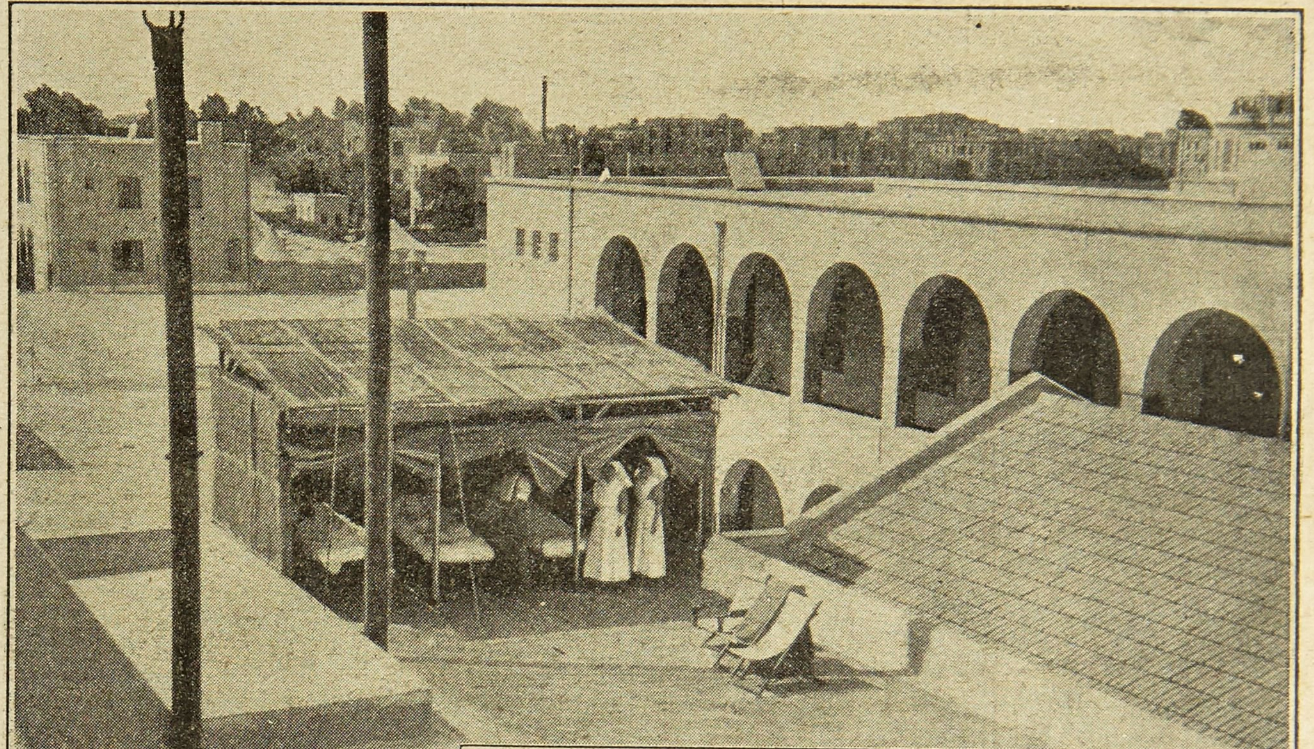


Russian ambulance carrying an Armenian Red Cross doctor who has already dealt with thousands of refugees. Germany's atrocious treatment of civilians in Belgium and France was eclipsed by the horrible treatment, amounting to extermination, which was meted out to the Armenians by Turkey with the express sanction of Germany.

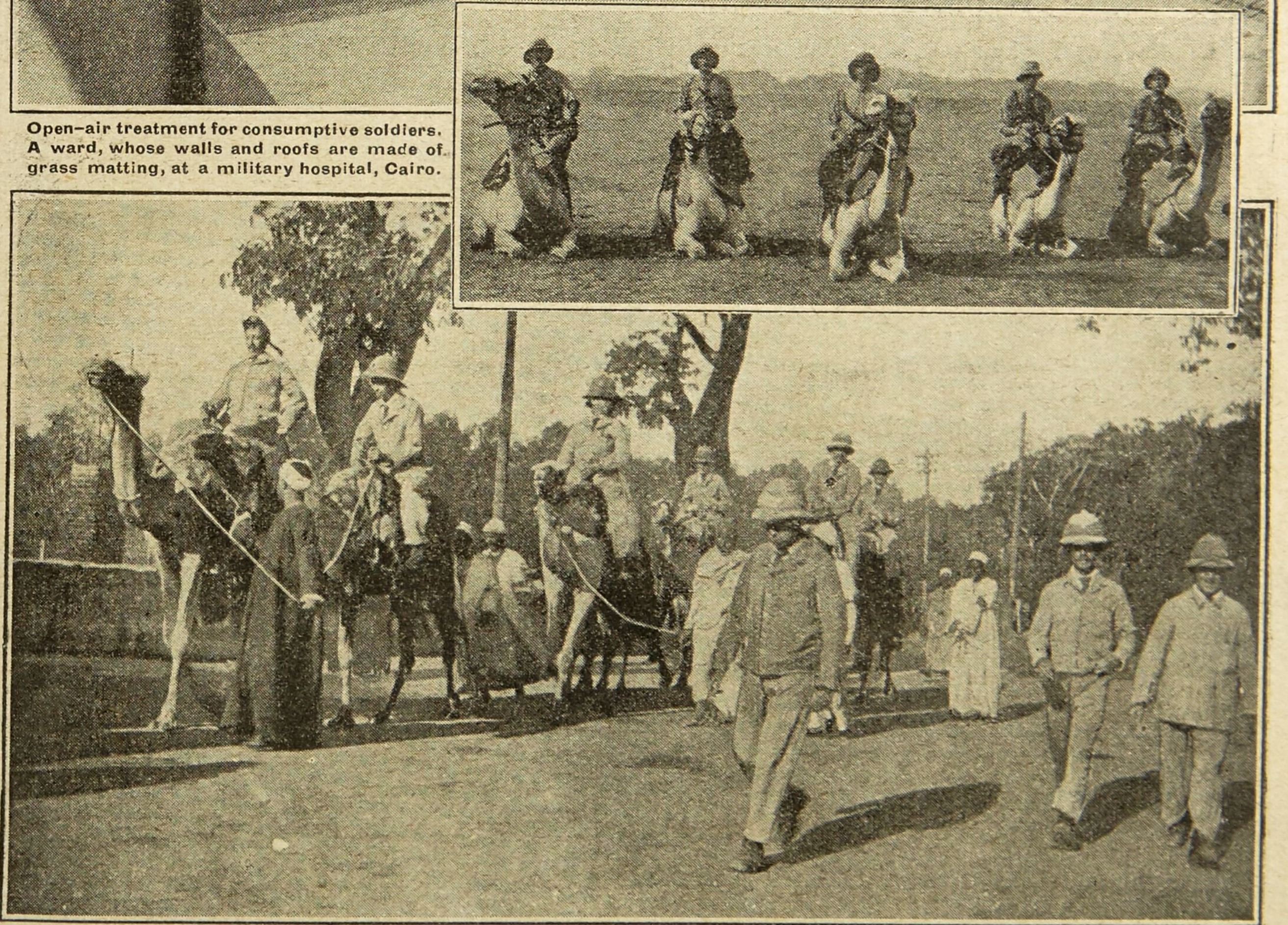


Russia's inexhaustible supply of man-power constitutes the most readily appreciable menace to the Central Empires, who are coming within sight of deficiency of reserves. Russian contingents have been fighting for some time now in France and in the Balkans, and a fresh contingent is here shown arriving at Salonika. (Official photograph.)

Winter Season with the Wounded in Egypt



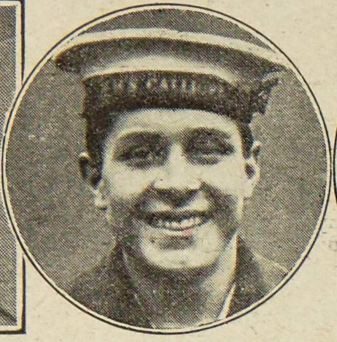
Open-air treatment for consumptive soldiers. A ward, whose walls and roofs are made of grass matting, at a military hospital, Cairo.



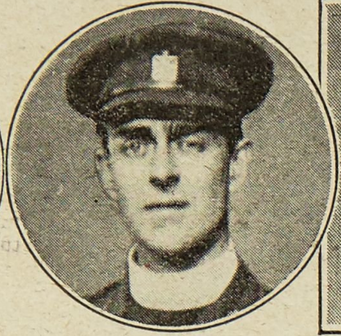
Convalescent wounded soldiers' jaunt to the Pyramids. After leaving the tram terminus the journey is continued by camels or on foot. Inset: Officers of a company of the Imperial Camel Corps. Left to right: Sec.-Lieut. Orchardson, Lieut. Gregory, Captain Lord Winterton, Sec.-Lieut. Hon. Leslie Melville, and Lieut. Mills, Australian Imperial Forces.

New Members of the Great Company of Heroes

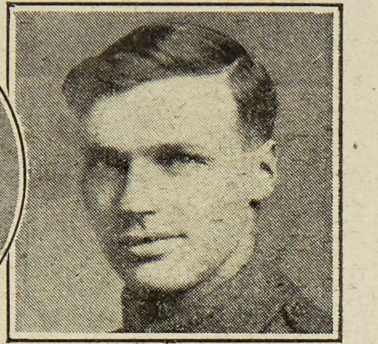
Temp. Capt. **ERIC R. WOOD,** awarded a bar to his Military Cross for rallying his own men and organising stragglers under heavy fire.



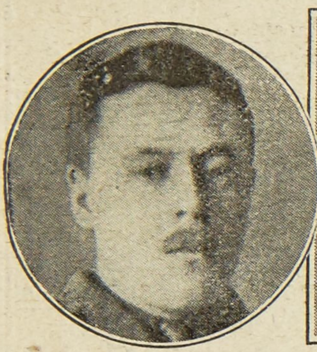
Able-Seaman **H. J. BOUTELL, D.S.M.** In the Battle of Jutland continued to serve his gun throughout the action, though wounded in both legs.



Rev. Canon **C. S. WOODWARD, M.C.,** Temporary Chaplain 4th Class A. Worked for thirty-six hours tending wounded under very heavy fire.

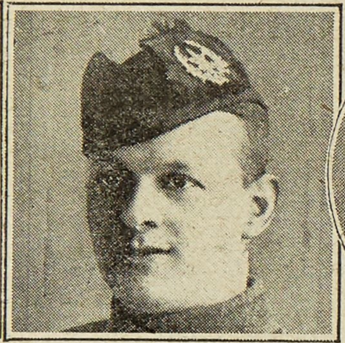


Acting-Corpl. **LEO CLARKE, V.C.,** Canadian Infantry. Heavily attacked while defending a trench, he killed five of the enemy and captured a sixth.

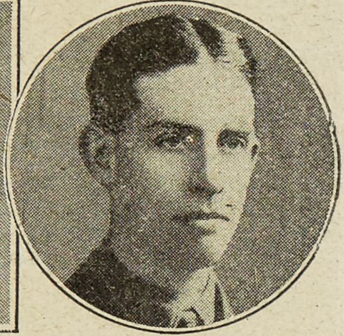


Capt. **F. LONGUEVILLE, D.S.O., M.C.,** Coldstream Guards. Led his company to the second objective through intense barrage.

Lieut. **J. A. MANN, M.C.,** Scottish Rifles and R.F.C. Killed. With his pilot, disposed of eight German aeroplanes in seven days.

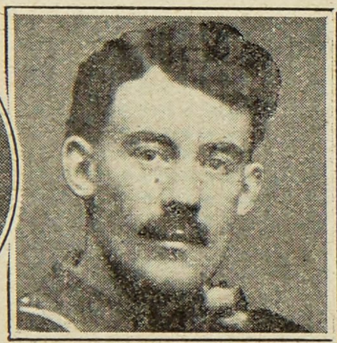


Coy.-Sergt.-Major **J. BAXENDEN, M.C.,** Cameronians. All his officers being wounded, he took command of half the battalion at Martinpuich.

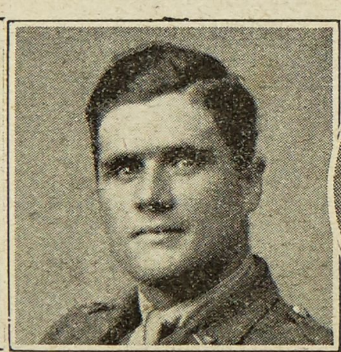


Capt. **E. E. WOOKEY, M.C.,** Gloucestershire Regt. Rewarded for conspicuous gallantry in action. Already twice mentioned in despatches.

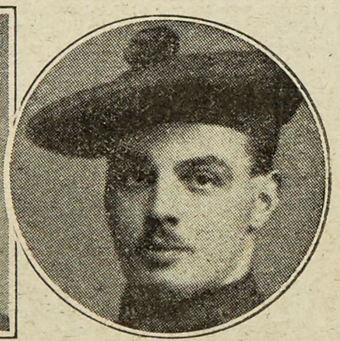
Sec.-Lt. **J. N. RICHARDSON, M.C.,** Royal Berkshire Regt. He is son of the Rev. G. F. Richardson, Vicar of St. Paul's, York.



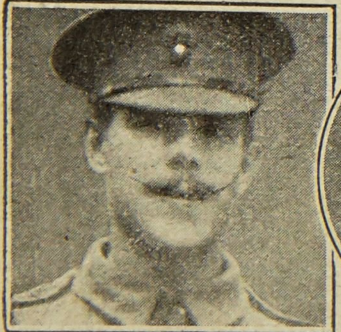
Sec.-Lt. **J. S. GRANT, M.C.,** Gordon Highlanders. Formerly of Broughty Ferry. For reconnaissance work, trench raids, and bringing in wounded.



Sec.-Lt. **A. H. BLOWERS, M.C.,** Machine Gun Corps. Fought his Tank with great gallantry, reaching his final objective and assisting infantry.

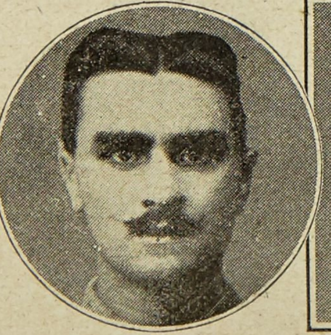


Capt. **A. D. SPARK, M.C.,** Gordon Highlanders. All the officers of a company being wounded, he assumed command, and covered retirement.



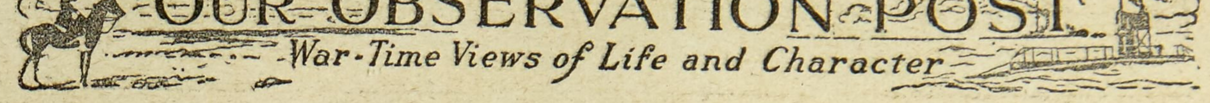
Lce.-Corpl. **H. W. LANE, D.C.M.,** Grenadier Guards. For particularly gallant conduct in the storming of Lesbœufs, which won him "heaps of congratulations" from the officers.

Sergt.-Major **FROST, D.C.M.,** New Zealand Infantry. Killed at Armentieres. Crossed No Man's Land five times, bringing in wounded comrades each time.



Sergt. **F. E. GARTON, D.C.M.,** Leicester Regt. Awarded bar to medal for great bravery, capable command of his platoon, and repeated offers for dangerous work.

Pte. **J. WALSH, D.C.M.,** West Riding Regt. Went to the front early in 1915, was badly gassed, and after months in base hospitals, went back and showed distinguished courage.



OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

GERMANY'S DESIGNS ON BELGIUM

AFTER Poland, Belgium. At the recent sitting of the Grand Committee of the Reichstag the German Chancellor made a statement on the future of Belgium. The essential parts of his suggestion were that, while Belgium must become independent again in name, the country must remain a German dependency. King Albert, being an implacable enemy of Germany, must be deposed, because he would be a perpetual menace if allowed to remain on the throne. By arrangement with the Belgians a new king could be elected, but he must be a German prince. Belgium must conclude a perpetual offensive and defensive alliance with Germany, and must maintain an army of a certain specified strength, and a German military commission must be permanently installed in Belgium to supervise the Belgian Army and ensure its efficiency.

AS in the case of the proclaimed new "Kingdom of Poland," so in the case of the proposed new independent Belgium, emancipation is the thinnest possible disguise for annexation. Ostensibly, the idea is that German security requires that Poland should never again be available as a gate through which Russia might invade East Prussia, and that Belgium should never become a gate through which France might invade Germany from the west. Actually and really the plan is that these two States should be German dependencies, guarded by German-officered armies, buffers against invasion into Germany, but in virtue of offensive alliance with that Power affording her gates for invasion into Russia on the one side and into France on the other, if and when it suited her purpose to make a new aggressive movement.

GERMAN mentality is a very astonishing thing. It seems incredible that the memory of statesmen can be so short as to lose sight entirely of the causes that had certain definite effects. And it seems incredible that men of presumable intelligence should imagine it possible that other men of intelligence should be unable to see through perfectly transparent pretences. Finally, it is past understanding how an entire large party, like the governing military caste in Germany, can be wholly unappreciative of the human factor in the social equation. Yet all these things are true. The German Chancellor must have forgotten the events and the facts that led up to the establishment of Belgium as an independent Power in 1831. He must assume that statesmen of the other Powers will accept his arguments on their face value. And he must believe that the attitude of the entire Belgian people, and their wishes with regard to the future disposal of themselves, are negligible.

BUFFER States are very useful things. And it was chiefly because Britain and Prussia desired to maintain her as a bulwark against France that in the treaty of 1839—which regulated the external position of Belgium from that date until August 3rd, 1914—the clause from the treaty of 1831 was incorporated, imposing perpetual neutrality on Belgium with the guarantee of the five Great Powers. The interesting fact is that at that time the Belgian National Congress did not desire neutrality. It was "imposé" upon them, as King Leopold I. told Queen Victoria. Nevertheless, in course of time the Belgians came to see that neutrality was in their real interest, and to value it as the best safeguard against their country again becoming the cockpit of Europe. The policy of their kings and their statesmen was to keep alive the guarantee of the Powers. The treaty of 1839 was the charter of their liberty and their life. And it was the treaty of 1839 which Germany tore up as "a scrap of paper" in August, 1914.

WHAT can the reasoning processes be by which the German Chancellor supposes people work? Germany wants a buffer State between herself and France. She had one—Belgium, guaranteed neutral and independent by the Great Powers, including herself. Why did she convert that neutral State into a hostile one ruled over by a King whom she converted into an "implacable enemy"? Germany desires to see an independent Belgium, enjoying liberty and full right to live her own life. She saw one. Only twice between 1839 and 1914 did the independence of Belgium appear to be threatened—once in 1852, and once in 1870, when Bismarck published a draft document, alleged to be in the handwriting of Napoleon's ambassador, proposing the annexation of Belgium by France, and the publication of that document so alarmed the British Government that it obtained from both France and Germany short treaties reaffirming the neutrality clause of 1839, a fact which might have assured Germany in 1914 that Great Britain would not connive then at its violation.

THUS, two of the things which Germany now professes to desire in respect of Belgium already existed before the war, and were only destroyed by her own malicious iniquity. The third incomprehensible point in the discussions of the Grand Committee of the Reichstag is the serene indifference of that august body to the feelings of the Belgian people, and their apparent assumption that that unhappy nation will accept German promises as worth anything at all. Liberty and independence to be secured by arrangement with Germany? The proposition is grotesquely preposterous. The very week which sees it put forward sees also Cardinal Mercier's protest to the world against the deportation into slavery of thousands of Belgian civilians, with the choice between treason and starvation. Fancy a presumably sane council of a nation selecting that same moment to put forth talk about liberty and independence!

IT has been reserved for the German Empire, which poses as the representative of the highest type of civilisation the world has yet known, to reintroduce and to defend by argument slavery as complete and as degrading as any known in the darkest periods of history. From the district of Antwerp alone thirty thousand Belgians have been transported to Germany, in spite of formal assurances by Baron von Hühne, confirmed by Marshal von der Goltz, categorically declaring that Belgians would not be deported to Germany.

CAN the Germans truly believe that people will accept their protestations about liberty and independence when they are enslaving thousands of men from Belgium and thousands of women from France? Can they truly believe that the fool lives who would regard this Von der Goltz's "word of honour"—God, what a mockery!—to the sealed signature of Britain? Are they, indeed, sane? Small profit, perhaps, to inquire deeply into that. The world's one business now is to make an end of all their infamy.

C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

IN the course of its unique career THE WAR ILLUSTRATED has received many compliments from interested readers all over the Empire, but few have been couched in such generous and sincere terms as a recent letter from a member of a notable siege battery on the Somme. The gallant gunner, who has been on active service for nearly two years, has had the honour of taking part in every battle since Neuve Chapelle. In spite of his strenuous and perilous work he still has time to look forward with restlessness, as he puts it, to his favourite paper. It is very gratifying to the Editor to know that THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is appreciated actually on the battlefield by the men whose great work it is our privilege and duty to record. We take this opportunity of reciprocating our gunner-correspondent's cordial wishes.

The Question of Leave

NOW that the initiative has been definitely wrested from the Germans on the west front it is to be hoped that a little more generosity as to leave will become possible. It is no secret that soldiers on active service tend to deteriorate in quality if kept hard on duty without a temporary break. Some men, owing to unavoidable circumstances, have been kept unusually long at their posts, and in parts of the French line many veterans have had no holiday from the trenches since the war began. There are, happily, indications that this condition of things is being remedied.

Good News for Alsace

THE Crown Prince, having confirmed France in her possession of Verdun by his airy sacrifice of half a million German soldiers, has now been transferred to the command in Alsace. The lost province may therefore rely on being restored shortly to France. The Crown Prince's father has lately visited the western front, with the result that the Allies' offensive proceeds with increased vigour and success. It is really a remarkable fact that the Kaiser's arrival at various points to witness a German victory, or take the leading place in a German triumph, has been invariably the signal for a German debacle. We wonder that the German people have not taken notice of the sinister coincidence.

"Preventive Arrest"

WAR has compelled us to adopt a good many measures which individualists denounce as tyrannical, but the widest interpretation of the Defence of the Realm Act could never embrace the system of preventive arrest now established in Germany, and defended in the Reichstag by Dr. Helfferich, the Minister of the Interior. The Socialists, with reason, denounce it as a political weapon used against the Opposition. At the end of October there were four hundred and twenty-four persons under preventive arrest, and 1,053 restricted in respect of place of residence. Many of the victims had contracted mental disease as a result of the horrible treatment to which they were subjected.

Teutonic Callousness

THE most notorious case is that of Dr. Franz Mehring, an aged Socialist, who has been thrust into a cell because in a private letter he declared himself in favour of a peace demonstration. Dr. Helfferich said he preferred that Dr. Mehring should be under arrest rather than that dead should lie on the Potsdamerplatz. There is characteristic German ingenuousness in the callous remark. When dead lie there, Dr. Helfferich knows pretty well that they will be the tyrants, slain by the people who have at last revolted against the tyranny of German "Kultur." So mote it be! But some of our peace cranks and "individualists" in England might well perpend the situation. German victory would make short work of the Habeas Corpus Act, which keeps these same cranks safe.

A Memory of Monastir

MONASTIR, the most important town in Macedonia, was occupied by Allied troops just four years after its capture from the Turks by the Serbs. Sir Arthur Evans, in a reminiscence of the place contributed to the "Times," writes: "The panorama of Monastir itself as it opens from the neighbouring spurs, with its minarets and cupolas and tall central clock-tower, and its white houses half embowered in foliage, is exceptionally beautiful. In some respects it recalled Sarajevo in its old days, itself often known as 'the Damascus of the north.' The view, backed by the generally snow-clad heights of Mount Peristeri, takes in a long stretch of the spacious plain. To the north it is bounded by the blue Babuna range, rising above Prilep, outlined against which is the two-peaked hill on which are perched the ruins of the legendary Castle of "King's Son Marko." Eastwards stretch the wild highland ranges of Murichovo and that of Nidje, culminating in the peak of Kajmaktchalan, some 8,200 feet high, so gallantly stormed by our Serbian allies. This is the key position of the whole south-western part of the Peninsula."

Mr. Pennell's Drawings

THE exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery of the remarkable drawings recently executed by Mr. Joseph Pennell, illustrative of the work now in progress at the great munition factories and foundries in the kingdom, is being held at the instance of the Ministry of Munitions. The exhibition will continue until the close of the year. Afterwards the drawings will be exhibited in the chief provincial cities, and finally in Petrograd, Rome, Paris and New York. Some of these beautiful lithographs will be reproduced in "The Great War."

"England, My England!"

THE love of their own land, which is at the root of the New Army's valiant devotion, finds memorable expression in Lieutenant Geoffrey Howard's "England," which we quote from a notable little volume of "Soldier Poets," published by Erskine Macdonald:

> Her seed is sown about the world. The seas
> For her have path'd their waters. She is known
> In swamps that steam about the burning zone,
> And dreaded in the last white lands that freeze.
> For her the glory that was Nineveh's
> Is nought: the pomp of Tyre and Babylon
> Nought: and for all the realms that Cæsar won—
> One tithe of hers were more than all of these.
> And she is very small and very green
> And full of little lanes all dense with flowers
> That wind along and lose themselves between
> Mossed farms, and parks, and fields of quiet sheep.
> And in the hamlets, where her stalwarts sleep,
> Low bells chime out from old elm-hidden towers.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

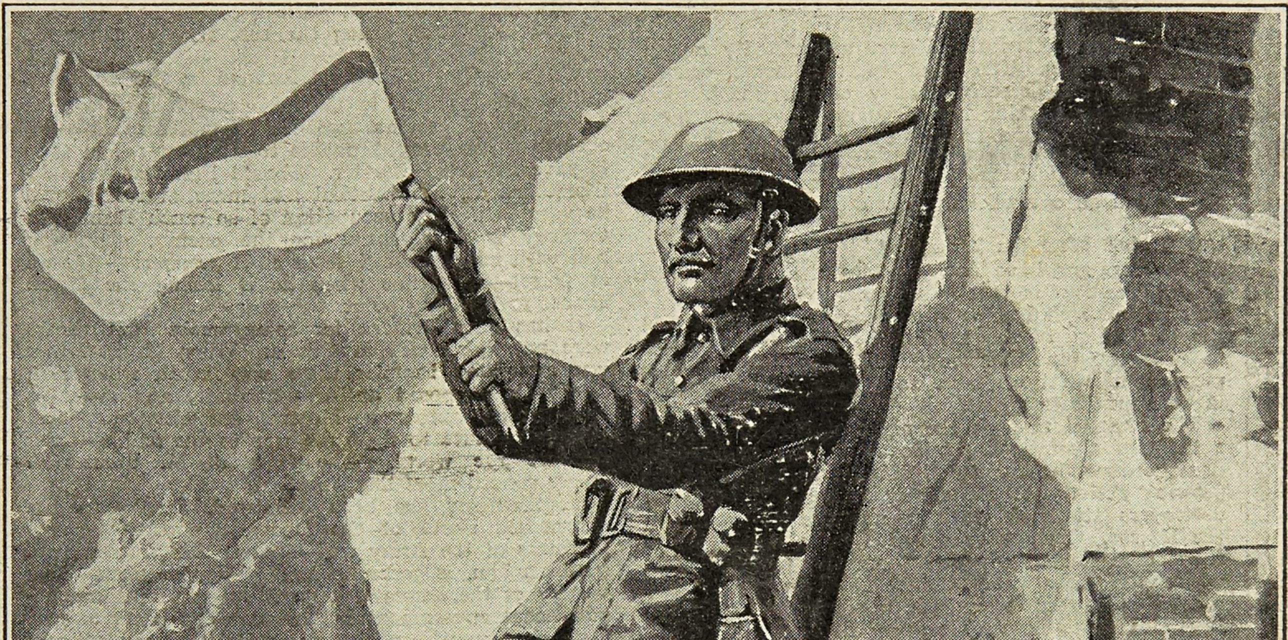
The War Illustrated, 9th December, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Night-Cruising in a 'Tank' by Max Pemberton

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

ALL THE BEST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



Vol. 5

An Emergency Signal: A Link in the Chain of Communications

No. 121

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F. A. McKenzie

PUBLIC interest continues to centre upon the situation at sea, the German advance in Rumania, and the dramatic change of Government in Russia. Little fighting is happening on the western front owing to the sustained bad weather. Both sides are preparing to renew their efforts on a greater scale than ever at the first opportunity. The tragi-comedy of Greece continues, though there are prospects of important developments there, even before this review is published. Admiral du Fournet has threatened to occupy Athens if the demands of the Allies concerning disarmament are not met. This may well bring matters to a head.

Recent happenings at sea have undoubtedly caused some uneasiness. The man in the street cannot understand the defensive policy of our Fleet. He sees Germany pushing her campaign in several ways—by extensive mine-laying, by indiscriminate submarine attacks upon neutral and allied merchant ships, and by raids. He knows that we have the best sailors and an overwhelming superiority in ships.

Submarine War On Wounded

The Germans have now sunk to the lowest depth of inhumanity in their sea war. The deliberate sinking of hospital ships is a greater crime that even the torpedoing of the Lusitania. It marks a return to barbarism pure and simple, and may be taken as a measure of what we have to expect from Germany in the immediate future.

The Channel raid on the night of November 23rd-24th was absurdly insignificant in the amount of damage done, but highly significant as a sign of the growing activity of the enemy at sea. Six German destroyers attempted to approach the north end of the Downs. They were detected by a patrol, which they claim (mistakenly or dishonestly) to have sunk, whereupon they fired about a dozen shells and retired. One shell injured the upper part of a drifter. It is clear, I think, that the purpose of the destroyers was not so much to attack as to make a demonstration of daring, and to draw our ships in pursuit.

Despite its lack of damage, the incident leaves a disagreeable taste in the mouth. Where were our Channel guards? Why have we no plans in operation for cutting off such raiding destroyers?

Rumania's Fatal Plight

The situation in Rumania is moving so rapidly that any comments made now are almost certain to be belated before they are published. The position, as I write, is this. The entire line of passes from the Predeal, southwards and westwards, has been taken by the enemy. The armies of Von Falkenhayn have turned the Rumanian line on the Aluta to the north; they have occupied Craiova, and have gone considerably beyond it. They have been joined to the south by another powerful force under Von Mackensen, which has crossed the Danube at several points, and turned the Rumanian line to the south of the Aluta. This means for one thing that the favourable accounts of the retirement of the Germans in the Dobruja received two or three weeks ago must have been false. The situation in the Dobruja is plainly so satisfactory from the German point of view that Von Mackensen is able to divert large forces to this other field.

The German armies have occupied a large part of the richest Rumanian territory. They are forming an ever-growing circle, and, unless something is quickly done, the Rumanians, who are fighting as I write on the banks of the Aluta, will be forced back, to avoid being surrounded and captured. The country from Alexandria to Bukarest is a plain. The Germans are within about fifty miles of the Rumanian capital, and the position of the Rumanian Army is as bad strategically as it well could be. The fear of a great disaster cannot quite be repressed at present.

What are the possibilities of relief from the allied side? Nothing effective can happen from the south. There has been vague talk of a big allied counter-offensive from the north, when a powerful Russo-Rumanian force should crush Von Falkenhayn's daring troops. So far, there is no sign of this coming to pass. We have little reason to be proud of our Balkan record this year. The Salonika advance was delayed for weeks, losing the best time of the year.

Allies' Record in the Balkans

The allied policy in Greece was for long one of weakness and procrastination. When Rumania came over to us we proved unable to lend her aid in time to save her from disaster. Should Bukarest fall into enemy hands, the political and material results will be very bad. The occupation of so much Rumanian territory is providential for the enemy, supplying him with much needed fresh food resources—as well as petrol—at a time when he is feeling the strain almost to breaking point.

It has been evident for some weeks that things were not going well in Russia. When M. Steurmer was appointed Premier there was much whispering about his supposed anti-war attitude, and even his repeated assurances at Moscow and elsewhere, that he was resolute to fight the war to the end, did not reassure the world. The fears of M. Steurmer's critics proved more than justified.

M. Steurmer has been dismissed, thanks to the determined stand of the Duma, supported by the Ministers of the Army and Marine. M. Trepoff, who succeeds him, is generally held in good esteem. The victory of the Duma is a great step forward in constitutional government in Russia. The affair affords a striking example of the unceasing intrigue Germany is maintaining throughout the world. When a campaign for peace could be carried on in the Russian Cabinet, where may other similar campaigns not be planned?

British people are apt to make one mistake. "Time is on our side," they say. "If we fail this year, we will try again next year, and so on." Time is not wholly on our side. We cannot expect our Allies to continue indefinitely to exhaust themselves. We must show our maximum strength in the quickest possible time. Speed is one of the essentials of war. Every day wasted is a further weighing of the scales against us; every week lost counts as the loss of a battle.

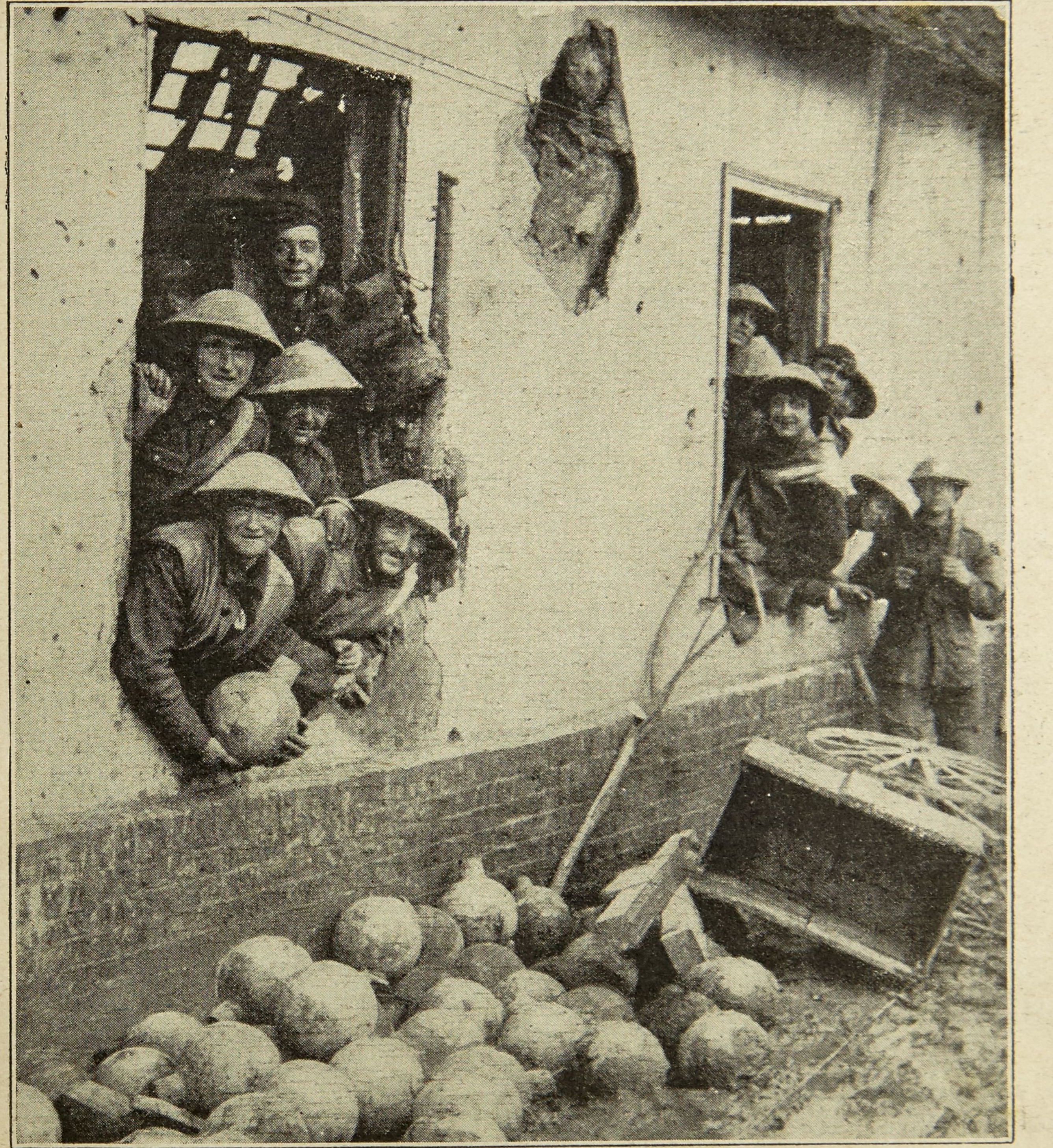
Our Winter Watchword

Sir William Robertson has summed up the lesson for Britain in one striking sentence. "We may look forward to the future with complete confidence, subject to the condition that we do the right thing and do it in time." In the west our men only wait for a break in the weather to strike home again. The desperate efforts now being made in Belgium, in Poland, and in Serbia, to find fresh labour for the enemy, shows how heavily German man-power has been exhausted. Our munition production has now reached a point where we are almost independent of foreign aid. Bad as recent happenings in Rumania undoubtedly are, the vital decision of the war will be obtained not in the south-east, but in the west. It is for us this winter, by conserving our resources, by redoubling our preparations, and by breaking down every internal force that hampers or delays us, to make ready for the great blow in the spring.

9th December, 1916. No. 121. Vol. 5.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



HOUSE FULL!—A little grey home in France and some of its cheerful tenants. The windows have been taken out and the roof is ventilated almost beyond the skill of the average tiler, but the fighting man is "at home" anywhere after a spell in the muddy and unsheltered trenches. A number of mortar-bombs are seen lying haphazard in the foreground.

MY ADVENTURES AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT

ON THE ROAD TO CONSTANTINOPLE

Wanderings in Bulgaria and a Brush with the Prussians

By BASIL CLARKE

RECENT events in Bulgaria have set my memory harking back to the snowy day I arrived in its capital, Sofia, and was driven behind two lightning ponies and a coachman—who cleared traffic out of his way with waving arms and the wildest shouts—to the Hotel Splendide Palace. That hotel was a house of some mystery while I was there, and I was not surprised to read somewhere the other day that it is now the headquarters of one section of the German Military Staff in Bulgaria.

Many German officers will be quite "at home" there. They have been there before—if not in uniform. For even before Bulgaria entered the war on Germany's side Bulgaria was a friendly stretch on Germany's road to Constantinople, and Sofia was the favourite stopping-place on that road. Diplomats, statesmen, spies, soldiers in mufti—all used that road; and the Hotel Splendide Palace was one of the most friendly havens on it.

The proprietor, whom I afterwards discovered to be German, was politeness itself. With his own hand he showed me my room—one of the most perfect hotel rooms I have ever seen. He offered me a drawer in his own safe in which to "deposit any valuables or papers I might have," and I myself was to keep the key of this drawer. (I don't doubt that he had another.) And then, having almost wearied me with attentions, he calmly announced that, through fear I should be lonely in a strange country, he would take "to himself the honour" of presenting to me a countryman of my own who knew the city well.

Species of "Hyphenated" in Sofia

The "countryman of my own" did well to disclaim this kinship. He spoke a sort of German-English, adorned at intervals, when he thought of it, by a strong American accent. "No," he said, "I cairn't say I am a genuine Englishman. I'm American, of 'Bridish' descent." Had he said "Born and bred in Germany of German stock," I should have been more inclined to believe him.

The landlord had seen from my passport that I had come that day from Nish, the temporary capital of Serbia, and the "American" evinced the liveliest interest in Serbian military affairs. As my train had toiled through the mountain passes to Nish from Uskub, the Serbian soldiers, hungry and ill-clothed, had begged bread from our carriage windows. They had no overcoats, no shelters, no food, and many of them no arms. The Serbian Army, good as it is to-day, was in a bad way just then. At Nish Railway Station scores of soldiers stricken down with typhus fever lay almost uncared-for on the station platforms. I had to step over them to get from the booking-hall (which was also full of patients) to the train. Guns and munitions were scarce. A retreat was certain if the Germans attacked the Serbian positions in any strength.

The Credulity of German Spies

But this was not the kind of thing to tell that British-American-Hun. I am afraid that I pitched him such a yarn about Serbia as must have turned the German Intelligence Staff's hair grey if ever his report reached it, as no doubt it did. Imaginative as it was, he swallowed it all, and he apparently thought it news of importance, because no sooner had I told it to him than his haste to get away became positively indecent. We might have been wanting to "scoop" all the other busy German spies with whom Sofia abounded. Let me say in passing that one hears a good deal about the excellence of the German espionage system. I have met some number of German spies, and can say that of all the amateurs I have come across in this rather expert and exacting profession the German spy is the most amateurish. He has neither tact nor plausibility, and his gullibility is beyond belief.

A week spent in Sofia, seeing diplomats, Ministers, Ambassadors and others, led me no nearer to an answer to the great question of that moment, which was: "What will Bulgaria do?" I saw the Premier, M. Radislavoff; the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, M. Herbst; the British and French Ministers, and many others. But beyond the fact that Bulgaria was "bargaining," there was nothing definite to be learnt. There is no doubt that Bulgaria was willing to join either Germany or the Entente. It was a puzzling position, and one that baffled more diplomats than any other question of the war. But whatever the higher people of the State thought, I am sure that the humbler people at that time quite thought they were going to fight alongside the Entente Powers. I made a round of the people's cafés one night to hear their songs.

Bulgarian People for the Allies

Popular songs and music will often give some index to a people's feelings when all other signs are neutral. In one huge café, I remember, which was full of Bulgarian working people of all kinds, men and women, war songs were the order of the evening. On a raised platform was a band of musicians dressed in national costume. They had tight white trousers made of home-made cotton cloth, and white "shell" jackets trimmed with black braid and sequins and little flowers of bright colours. Many of the audience wore similar costumes. They were men and women from the country who had come into the city for a jollification. Those people were clearly "spoiling for a fight," and apparently they wanted to fight on the side of the Entente—especially with the Russians. The Russian National Hymn was played and sung, and was encored many times. The "Marseillaise," too, though less known, was well applauded.

I was greatly surprised when one of the men at my table, a rough-looking peasant dressed in native costume of most fantastic sort, said, "Say, bass (boss), guess you air American, ain't you?" I said I was English, but had been in America. To which he replied that he had worked in America, and he began to tell me of his jobs there.

A Glorification of Gladstone

Later he told me the meaning of many of the songs that were being sung, and insisted, moreover, on buying me a drink. The enthusiasm of the crowd he explained by saying that they wanted to help Russia, and to smash the Turks again. This bore out views I had gathered elsewhere. Popular feeling towards England was friendly. Every Bulgarian peasant, as I found later in moving about the country, knows of Gladstone and what he did for Bulgaria. They spoke of him as "your great countryman who saved us." I have often wondered since just how the Bulgarian people took it when they found they were ranged on the other side, helping their immortal enemy the Turks. King "Ferdy" has put his foot in it in more ways than one. The Bulgarians are hard and cruel fighters. The Turks, as opponents, taught them only too well the dirtier tricks of war. I fear they will be none too gentle with King Ferdinand. Even in days of peace there was no monarch in all Europe more afraid for his own skin. For years, without any great cause, he has gone about in trembling fear of assassination. By his work in this war he has not improved his chance of escaping it.

I saw a great number of Germans about Sofia and Bulgaria generally. Once you have learnt the shape of a German head you need no further index of nationality. They were about the cafés and hotels, always eager to watch an Englishman—but out of the corners of their eyes. Some of them were merchants and clerks; others, stiff in bearing and autocratic in manner, were undoubtedly officers in mufti. They were quiet enough when alone, but noisy and overbearing when in any force. The solitary German is the most boneless creature alive. He will

[*Continued on page* 388

Resolute Rumanians Defend Their Fatherland

Rumanian soldiers who resemble Siberian troops passing along a communication-trench in the vicinity of their hard-pressed front.

Fighting in a wood from a wattled entrenchment, which gives the position the appearance of a pen. A wounded soldier is being attended by a Red Cross doctor. Inset: A pastor who takes up his position with his flock in the first line.

ON THE ROAD TO CONSTANTINOPLE

(Contd. from page 386)

stand much indignity. In company, when he outnumbers you, he is different. I came into collision with a party of German soldiers in one of the main-line trains in Bulgaria.

In these trains you were pretty sure to run across some German soldiers. They were being sent to Constantinople in great numbers, and were coming down from Germany through Hungary and Rumania, sometimes forty and fifty at a time. They were not in uniform, and their passports described them not as soldiers, but as merchants, clerks, artisans, etc. These were the only concessions made towards "maintaining the neutrality" of these countries. These men were going out as petty-officers to the Turkish Army and Navy, and were nearly all drawn from that most objectionable of all the German classes—the petty-officer class. The ordinary German soldier does his one, two, or three years in the German Army and then goes out into the world. The petty-officer remains behind. He is a soldier by profession. He represents German militarism at its very worst. He is generally both bully and brute.

German Militarism at its Worst

I was in the dining-coach of the train when four of them came in. It was a hot day. There were ladies in the coach, yet one of the Germans—an ugly, hulking brute—took off coat and waistcoat and tied his braces round his waist; and then, sitting down to table, rolled up his shirt-sleeves to the shoulder. A bright little Frenchwoman at a neighbouring table asked her companion: "Is monsieur going to take a meal or a bath?" The taunt was lost on the Hun, who did not know French. He shouted for beer. All the beer had been drunk. He was noisily indignant. "Bring wine," he shouted. The waiter brought a bottle of white wine and uncorked it. The Hun took a drink.

"The stuff is warm," he bawled. "Bring ice."

"There is no ice," said the waiter; whereupon the brute flung wine, bottle and all, out of the open window with a curse.

"We got proper wine in Belgium," he remarked with a sinister leer. Then he looked round at the French girl and added significantly, "And pretty girls to bring it us, too."

I longed to kick the brute. Seeing my eye fixed on him, he addressed his next remarks to me. "Yes, Belgium's the place for wine." I was angry, and cared little what I said so long as it was insulting. "I hear there were many of your people in Belgium," I said, tauntingly, "who liked the wine too well and the fighting too little, and that they were being sent to Constantinople for a change." He must have noticed my English accent, for he stopped, tongue-tied. "English?" "Yes, English," I answered. "Then what you say about Belgium is lies," he blurted. "I don't doubt you know all there is to be known about Belgium," I replied, "especially so far as the wine goes." "Did you eat any babies there, too?" The Frenchwoman tittered. The Hun was about to reply, when a colleague, who was probably a senior officer, ordered him to be quiet. The four of them gazed at me, but they left me in peace for the rest of my meal.

When I went back to my compartment down the train the Hun was waiting in the corridor. It was dusk now, but the lamps had not yet been lit. He was still in his shirt-sleeves.

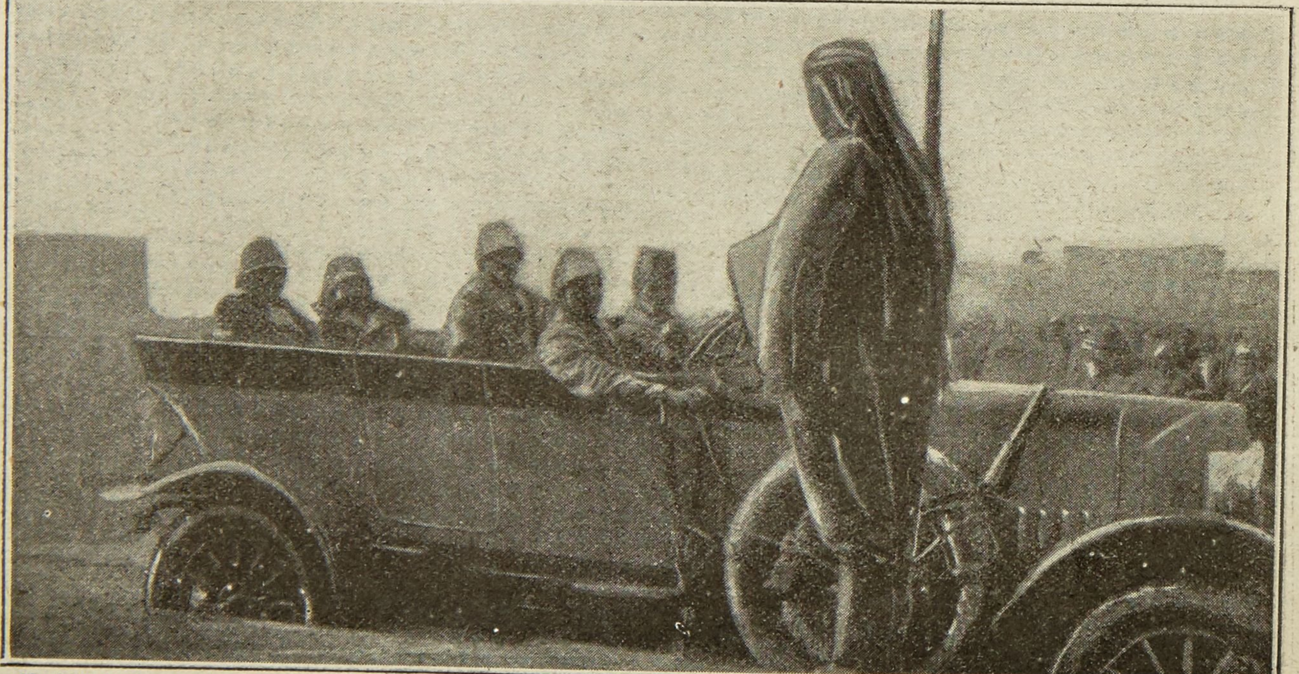
He poked his ugly face into mine. "You say I was sent out of Belgium for drinking," he hissed. I was ready for a blow, but none came. Caring little how I insulted him, I replied, "For that or something worse, I don't doubt."

"You lie! You lie!" he gasped, scarlet and trembling with rage. "I left Belgium because I was shot. See there," he went on, thrusting a scarred knuckle right beneath my nose, "one of your blasted English bullets did that—fired by your dirty scum."

I longed to hit him. He carried a good thirteen stone to my twelve, but I would have given much to have had a try at him. I pushed his hand down roughly, and shouted, "A pity the bullet did not blow your ugly head off, too. Get out of my sight, you loathsome beast!"

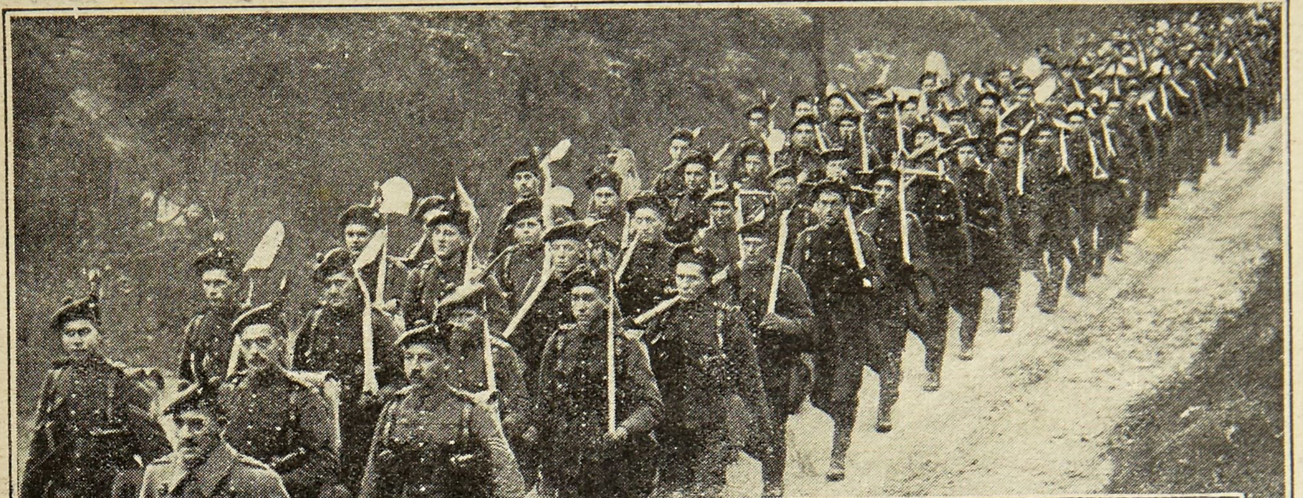
Exit the Truculent Hun

I moved towards him with clenched fists. I must have looked ugly, for he backed and let out a scared screech of "Karl, Karl!" A comrade came running along the corridor from the next coach. Thus reinforced, the Hun grew braver—and almost hysterical with rage. "He insults the German Army," he shrieked. "He calls us all Prussian pigs. He tried to give me a slap" (Backfeife). (I could have assured him it was more than a slap he nearly got.) Expecting a joint onslaught, I slipped round the man so as to have the two of them on the one side of me. Karl was now the nearer. I looked him well in the eyes, waiting for him to come on. He came forward two paces threateningly and then went back hesitatingly behind his colleague. Then, to my surprise, he caught his colleague by the waist of his trousers and pulled him backwards into their own coach. That was the last I saw of them.

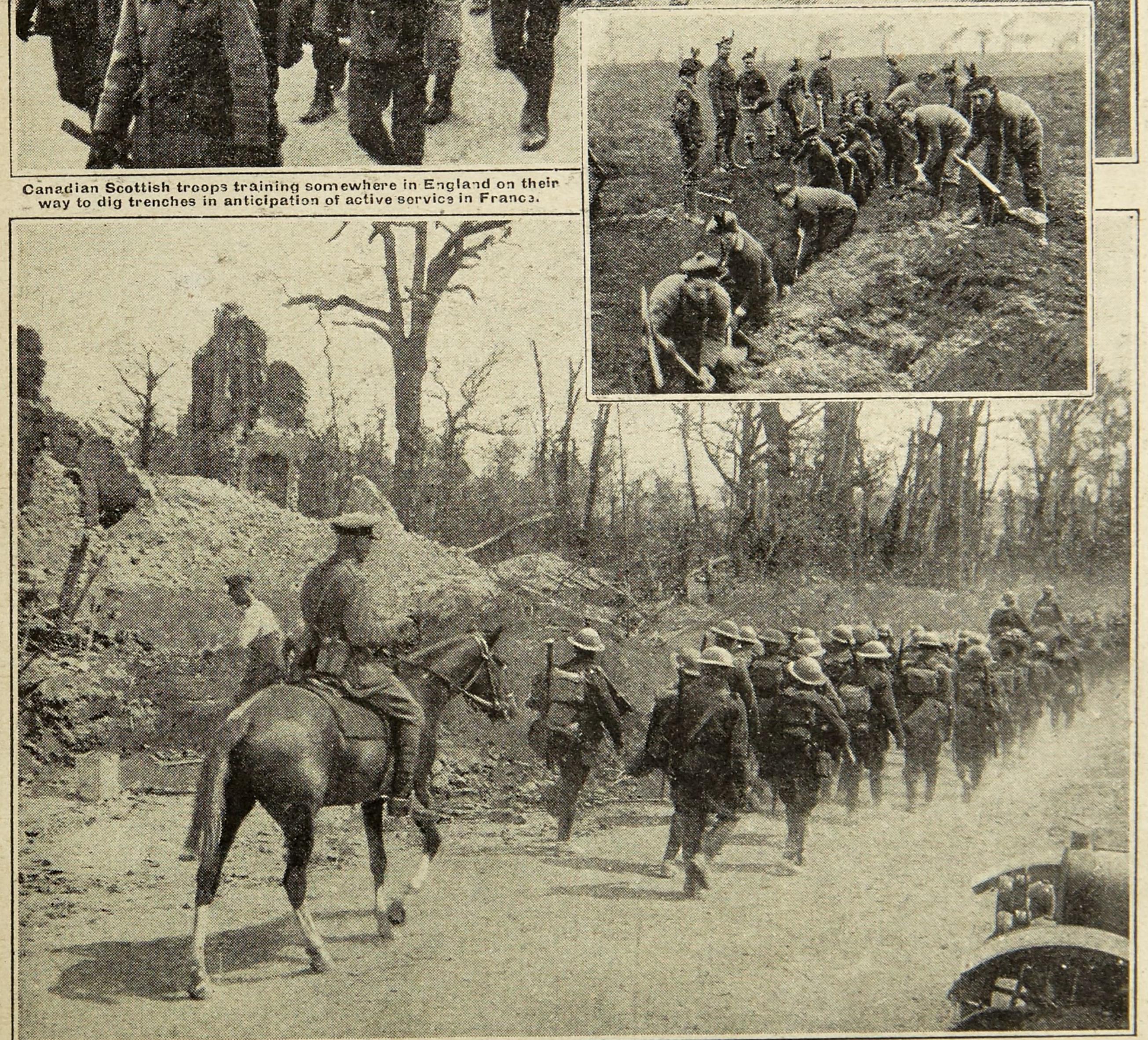


Turkish leaders in the vicinity of Sinai. Enver and Djemal Pasha inspecting Turkish troops after an action in Egypt. A sentry stands at attention as the virtual rulers of the Ottoman Empire pass by.

Canadians in Training and First-Line Veterans



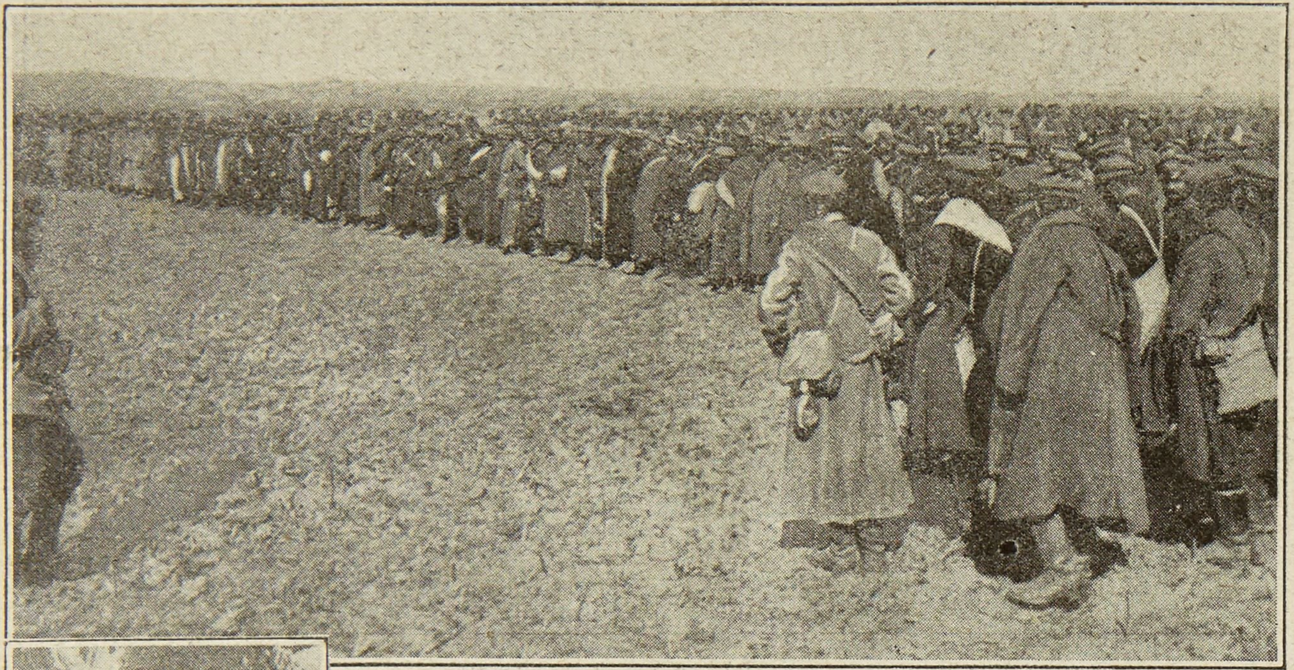
Canadian Scottish troops training somewhere in England on their way to dig trenches in anticipation of active service in France.



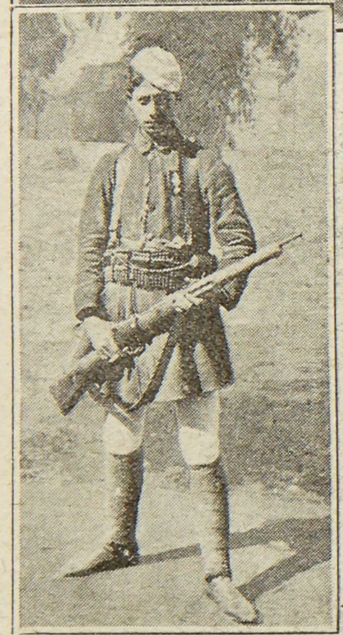
British troops marching through a ruined village adjacent to the Somme front. (Official photograph.) Inset: Canadian Scottish putting in some spade-work along the peaceful British countryside, thereby completing their training for the battlefield.

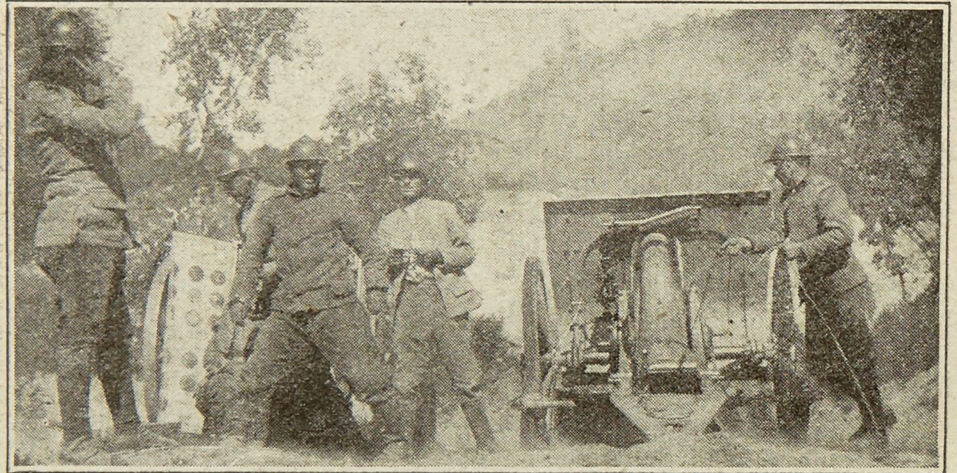
France and Serbia Jointly Punish Bulgaria

French Official Photographs

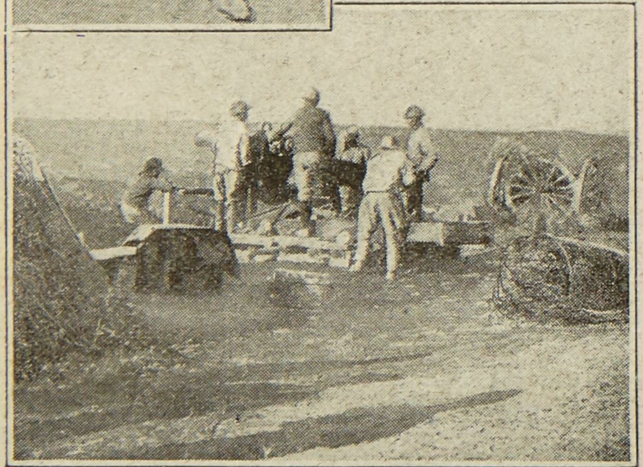


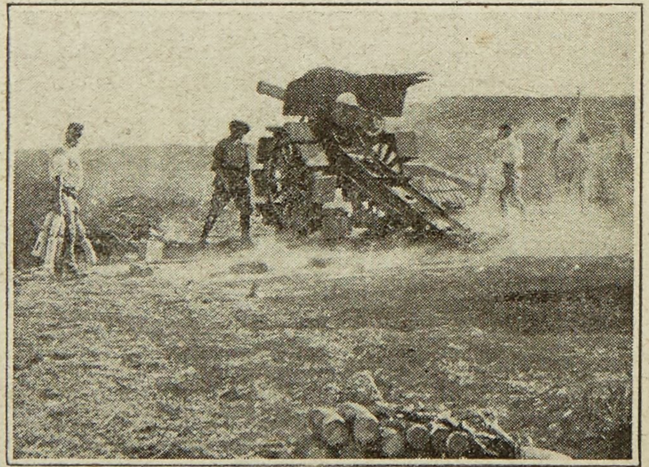
Eight hundred Bulgarian prisoners, part of the Franco-Serbian haul on the occasion of the capture of Monastir.





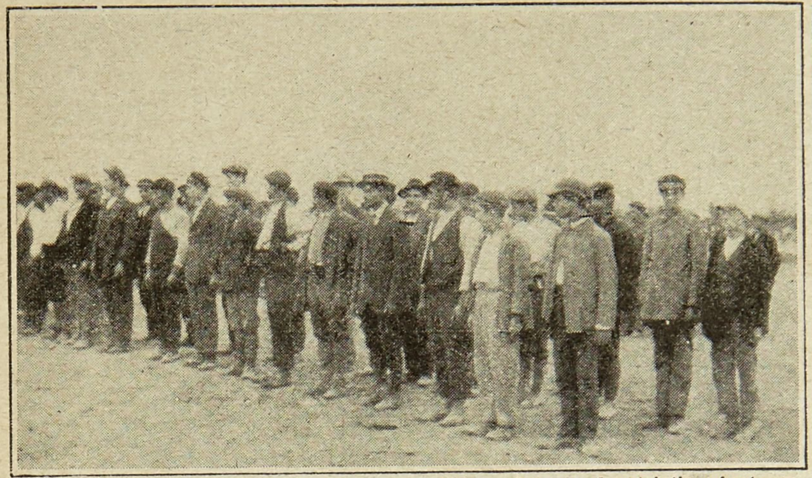
Type of Comitadji who are joining up with the Allies as a result of the fall of Monastir. On the right a 6 in. howitzer in action.



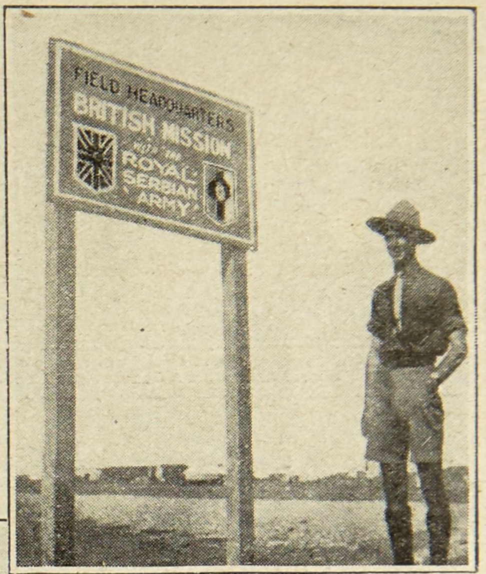


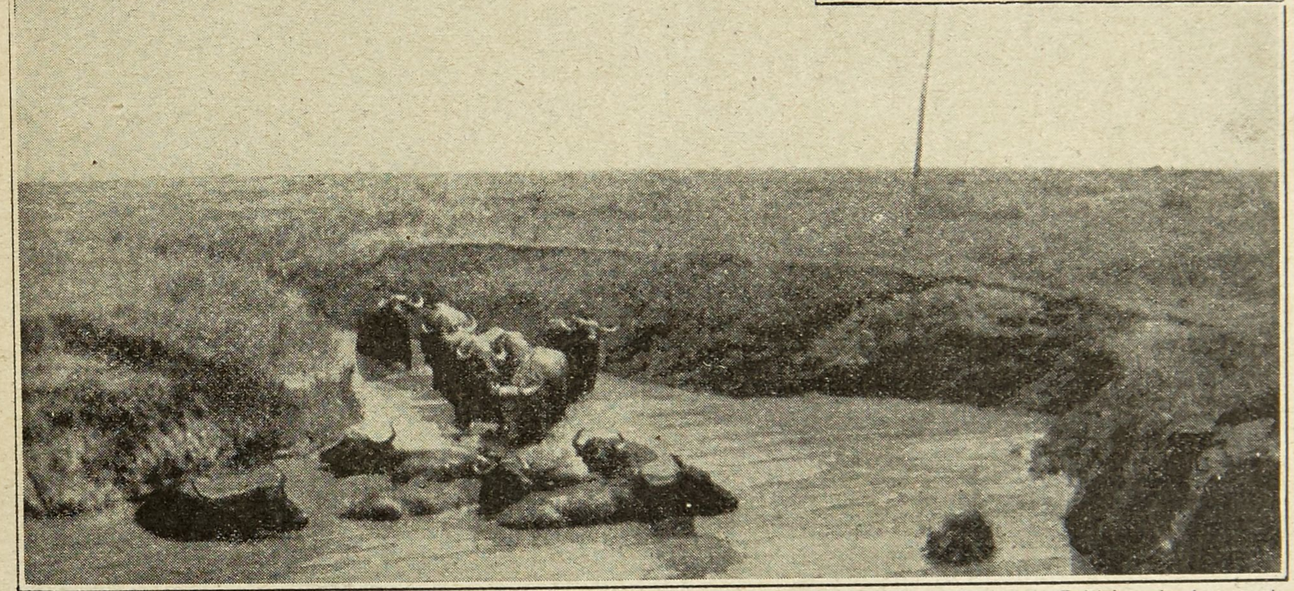
French 120 mm. (4·8 in.) gun pounding the Bulgarian lines. On the right a particularly effective 155 mm. (6 in.) short weapon, which has lately appeared on the Balkan front to the Allies' distinct advantage.

Outposts of the Allies in the Balkan Field

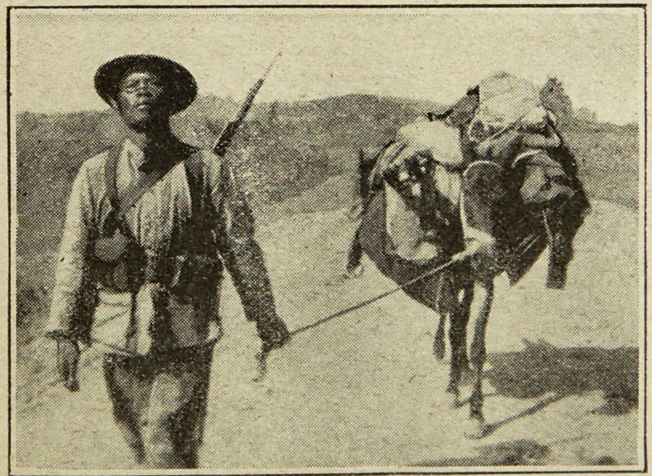


Greeks loyal to the cause of Serbia and the Allies. A troop of patriotic volunteers who revolted against the policy of King "Tino."

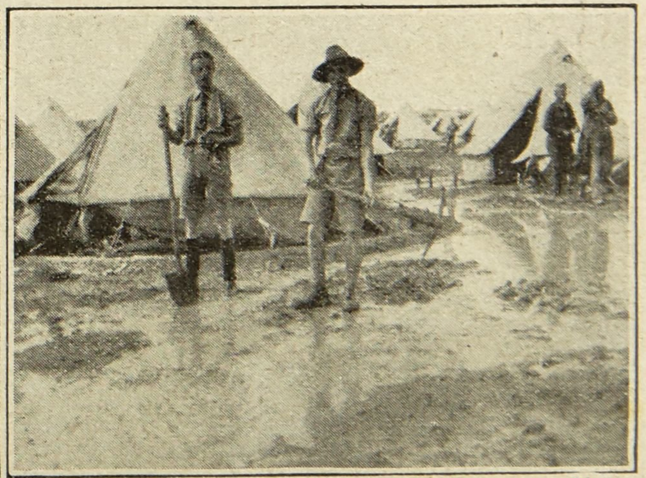




Buffaloes on their way down a Macedonian stream. Top right-hand corner: Outside the headquarters of the British motor transport attached to the Serbian Army.

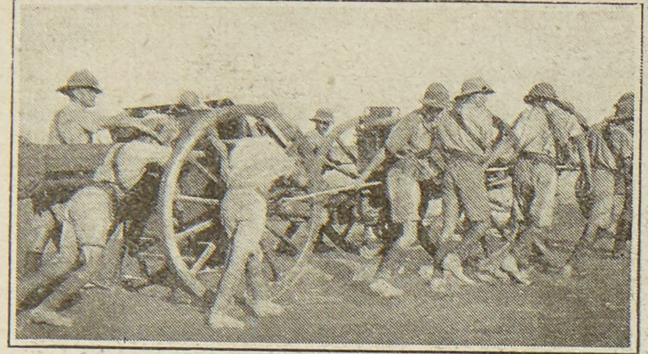


French Colonial soldier from Cochin China en route for Ostrova with a heavily-laden mule. (Photographs exclusive.)

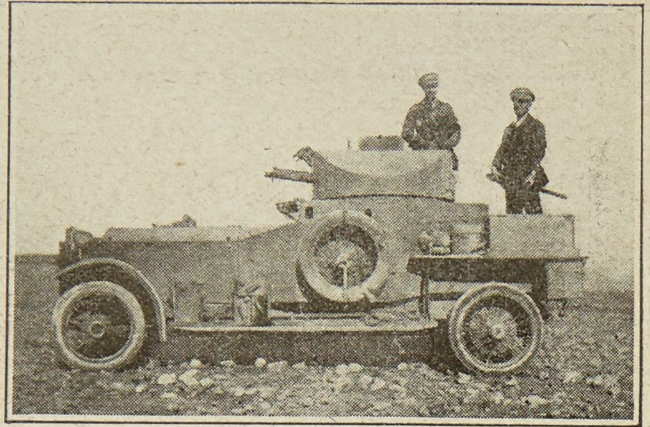


Flooded out. A strong offensive on the part of the weather adds to the discomfort of camping in the British lines near Salonika.

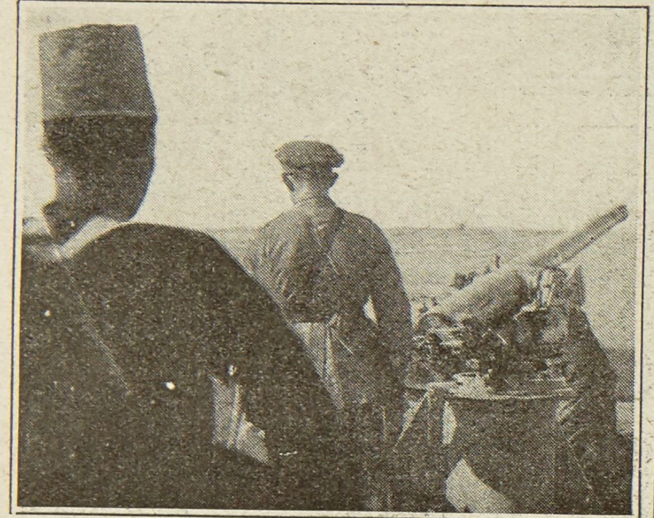
On the Nile Far from Europe's Fog and Mud

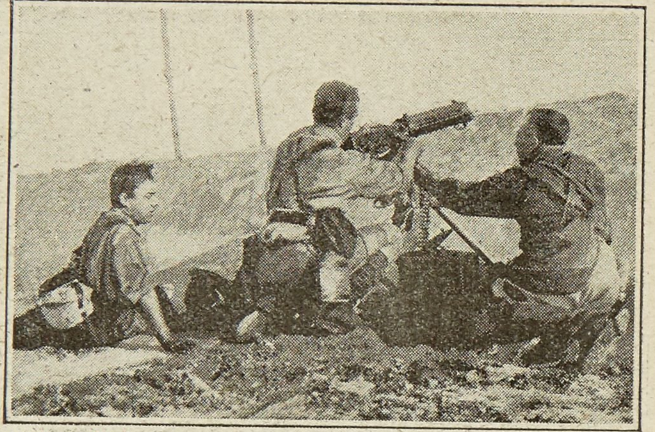


Warm work even in winter. Dragging a gun over an Egyptian desert to bombard Senussi positions.

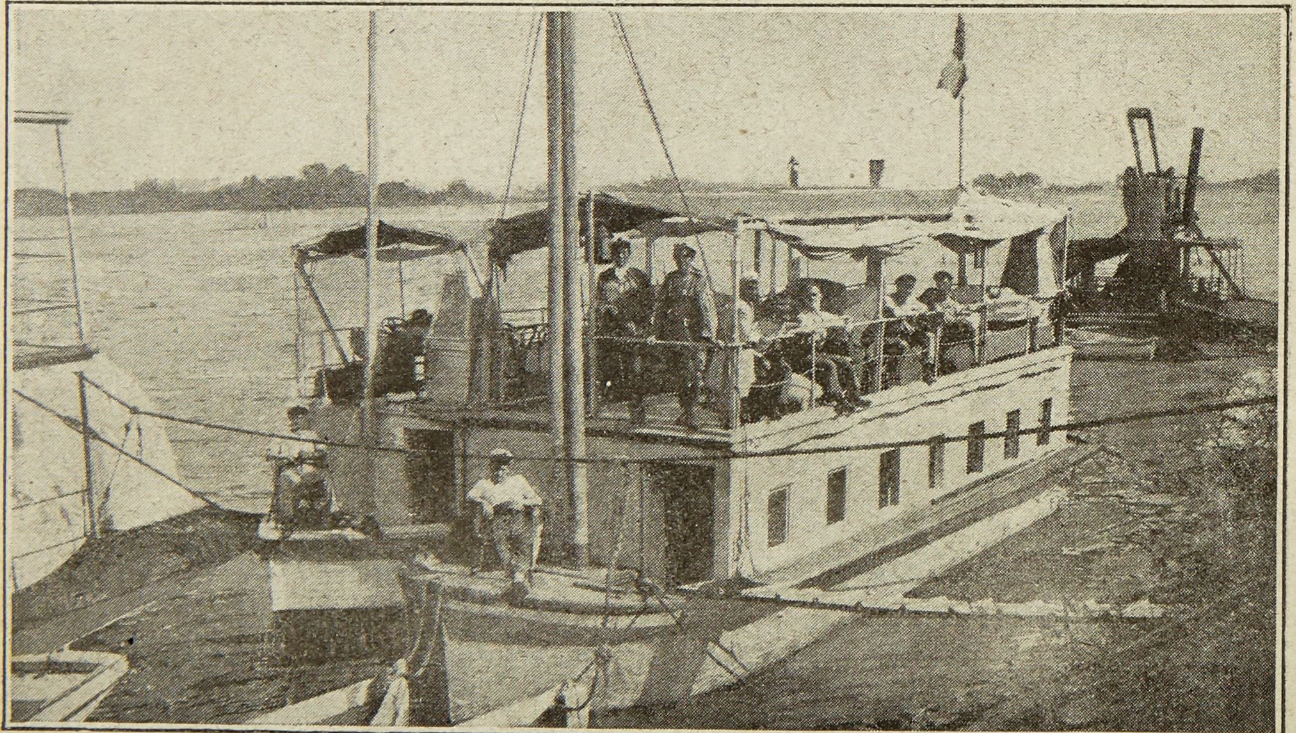


Armoured car in the Libyan Desert. Note the condition of the track, which ruins tyres in record time.





Guarding a main artery of the Empire. Naval gun on a patrol boat ready for any emergency, submarines or Senussi. Right: Machine-gun in action on the bank of the Suez Canal, where, to-day, the best English summer weather prevails.



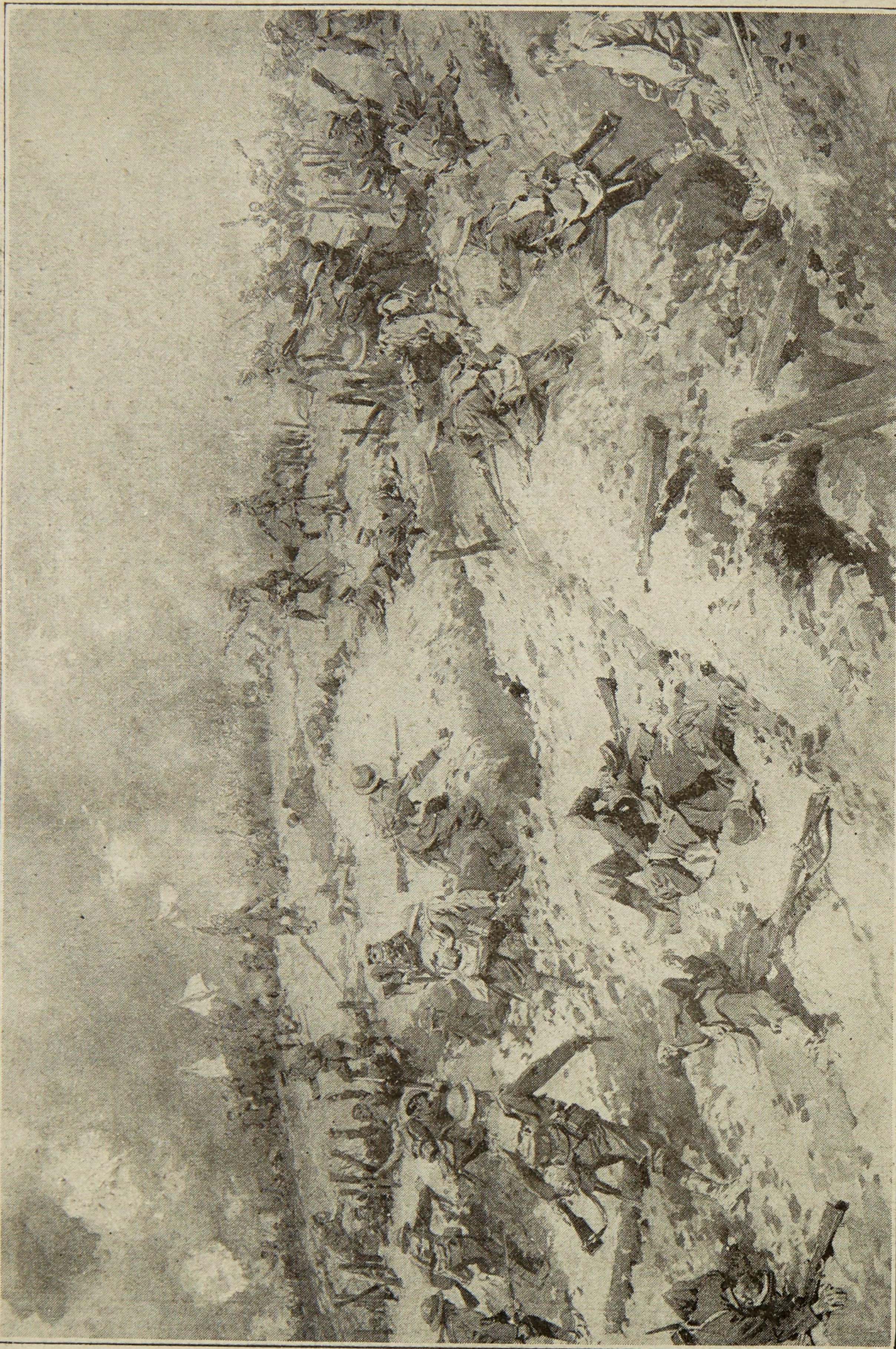
November on the Nile. After a hard day's work a quiet bask in the setting sun aboard a pleasure steamer. The comparatively happy lot of some of the Empire's units on service in Egypt.

A Royal Inspection of Stalwarts from Erin

British Official Photographs

Collecting German rifles left at St. Pierre Divion, where some of the fiercest fighting took place on November 13th.

Irish troops marching past the Duke of Connaught, and (inset) the Duke inspecting men of an Irish battalion. Immediately after his return from Canada, where he had manifested constant solicitude in the raising and equipping of the Canadian contingents, the Duke of Connaught visited the western front and inspected the Irish troops, who have added such splendid lustre to the Empire.



STORMING SCHWABEN REDOUBT.—This formidable position occupied the crest north of Thiepval, the highest ground on the Thiepval Spur, commanding a full view over the northern valley of the Ancre. Directly the barrage lifted, our infantry advanced through a hell of fire, smoke, and death. At three different points in the front line the enemy raised white flags, indicating the surrender of positions which he had held for two years. When the redoubt was fully secured, hundreds of German prisoners were in our hands, and the maze of trenches down to the valley bottom, with support lines and communication-trenches, was completely dominated by the British on the crest of the ridge.

BATTLE PICTURES of the GREAT WAR

Night Cruising in a "Tank"

by Max Pemberton

It is evident that the " tank " has not come to stay. It is here to go on. When it first burst upon the astonished Germans like a dragon upon children from a wood of fables our critics were a little doubtful about its future. " It is experimental," they said. " Famous things have been done, but we do not know how far it will go." Well, it has gone a long way already, and we may say in all moderation that it has but begun.

There have been new things in this war—as, perhaps, in all wars—but the " tank " was both a new and a humorous thing. When Hannibal introduced the Roman to the elephant there may have been laughter in Carthage, but no historian has recorded it. Gunpowder about the time of Crecy does not appear to have inspired the Harry Tates of the time. The first man in armour may have amused his relatives at home, and no doubt the small boy of the period had observations to make upon his appearance. For all that, the man in armour is ever historically a gentle knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. Even throwing back to the East and the coming of the Juggernaut, it has needed a twentieth-century artist to hitch laughter to that singular coach. Yet I suppose the Juggernaut is the true forbear of the " tank." Some people will tell you that it all arose from the employment, both by us and the Germans, of the armoured car at the beginning of the war. We put machine-guns upon fine Rolls-Royce chassis, sent them into France and Flanders, and often left them in a few weeks but rusted wrecks upon a roadside. They were not new, for, oddly enough, in the very earliest days of the motor movement inventors came forward with contraptions of the kind; and so closely did they resemble the machines which fought in Flanders that one must look twice at the picture to discover their lack of modernity.

Deadly Drolleries of the Somme

For all that, the very failure of the initial armoured car inspired the inventor of the " tank," and his secret was well kept. How many people knew before that famous day of September 15th that in many great factories the ribs and heart, the lungs and the steel bodies of these pachyderms had been hammered and forged during the summer of 1916? Soldiers sometimes learned of it, but wisely held their tongues. It may be that the higher authorities had little expectation of the monsters, and regarded them drolly as gargantuan puppets to scare the Germans. But, however it may have been, and whoever is entitled to the credit of them, a comfortable fleet of the new landships was parked for the battle of September 15th, and with such success that the whole of the world laughed at the story before twenty-four hours had run.

We have the photographs of these drolleries by this time, and the man in the street knows at last what they look like. Sometimes he will say that they are vast hump-backed turtles; others call them toads. They are driven, as we see, by two caterpillar bands, and they have controlling wheels behind which help them to steer.

New Knight of the Old Time

Functionally we must not discuss them, but we know that their crew of eight climb into their bowels through a panel, and that once inside nothing but a shell of large calibre can fetch them out. Eyes the monsters have, though vision thereby is—as Sam Weller's—limited. Their speed, they tell us, is as high as ten miles an hour, though frequently slower for obvious reasons. Nothing, as we know, stops them. They squat upon trenches and shell the defenders out. Houses come crashing down upon their approach. They break great trees like sticks; barbed-wire before them is like string at the touch of a locomotive. The captain of the " tank " is a new knight of the old time. He enters the dragon's wood, and should the beast devour him, there is none to hear his groans. His mission is not so much to slay as to prepare for slaughter. The infantry follow him as the Carthaginians followed the elephants more than two thousand years ago.

Let us take the imagined case of such a captain and of his adventure.

It is a night of early autumn, and a drizzling rain is falling. You cannot see your hand before your face, except in those lurid intervals when the star-shells burst like enduring meteors above. Fitfully the searchlights sweep the sodden ground and their aureole is a mighty arc of silver.

Into the Bowels of the Mystery

The boom of cannon thunders everywhere; the far horizon suggests the forked lightning of a summer storm. The nearer field is ever and anon shaken by the crashing explosion of the larger shells. Men are dying in this darkness, but none see them fall. Night hides a thousand horrors. It hides also the British trenches, where the infantry are awake and waiting.

Meanwhile, the captain of the " tank " and his merry men are busy in their places apart. The oiling of the brute, the replenishment, the loading of munition, the many details of preparation, were done before dark came down. And now the crew climb into the bowels of the mystery as boys disappear through the manhole into a boiler that must be cleaned. They have their instructions, and yet, how difficult it would seem to carry them out! The luminous compass is in the captain's hand, but the void before him is black as Styx. He has to go over yonder and cut the wire of the German first and second and, perchance, of their third line trenches. Behind him, at a proper interval, will follow the infantry, held ready for the night attack. Well he knows the perils of the way. It is a horrid land of vast pits and craters and roads hacked to pieces—a land covered by the debris of ruined villages and factories laid low, and cemeteries so broken that the long-hidden dead have come to light again. But tell him this, and he and his men will laugh at you. It is all nothing to the " tank." The very mystery of it delights the boys who hold the castle. No youngsters upon a sand-heap which defies the tide are more merry. " Let her rip! " is the cry, and with the noise of half a dozen Zeppelins she digs her bars into the soft earth and heaves forward on her way.

Its Forward Plunge

" A black night," says the captain, as he stands trying to pierce through that fish-like eye of bullet-proof glass. He sees, in truth, nothing at all; has no idea what the ground is like over which he is lurching; can in no case make himself audible to the others because of the row. For all that he stands there, his men at their posts, the guns ready, the " tank " driven everywhere irresistibly. Sometimes at the very beginning there will be a terrible lurch, which throws the whole crew headlong, but is attended by nothing worse than the English of Stratford-le-Bow. " She is over! " you would say—and yet the words would hardly be out of your lips before she has righted herself again. Now it will be a monstrous plunge like that of a bull-nosed tramp into an Atlantic hollow; again a rearing-up as though she were a thoroughbred horse confronted suddenly by a peace tract on a high road. But the wildest capers are hardly incidents to the captain and his trained crew. " Cheer-oh! " they will cry, and " Good old girl! " —and they peer more intently into the blackness, and even their shield of armour cannot hide from them the nearer booming of the shells.

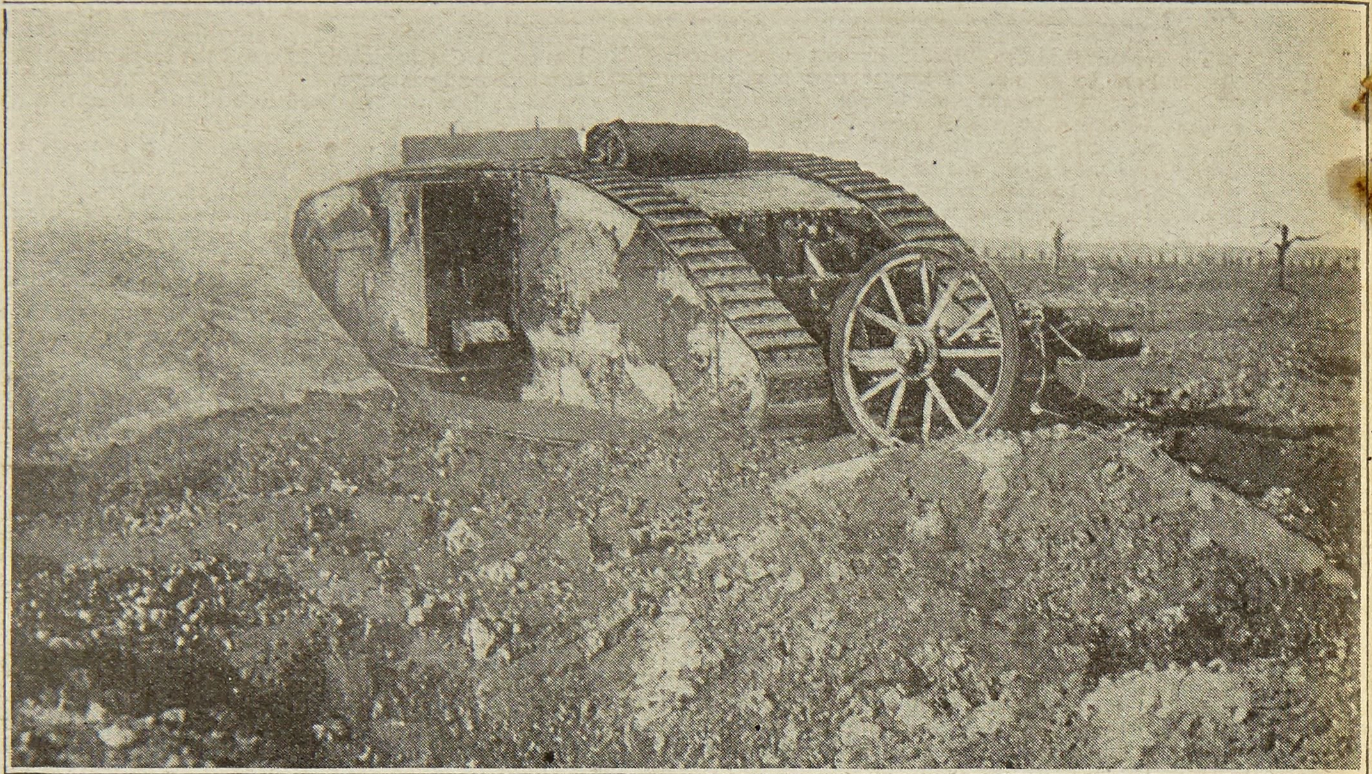
So we come to the first line of the German trenches. There is wire before them—a very forest of wire, crossed and tangled—a death-trap for any infantry that should come upon it unawares. To the " tank " it is a little scratching of the back—a light caress such as a patient dog will suffer at the fireside. Those inside do not know that they have gone through wire at all. There is a great

[*Continued on page 398*

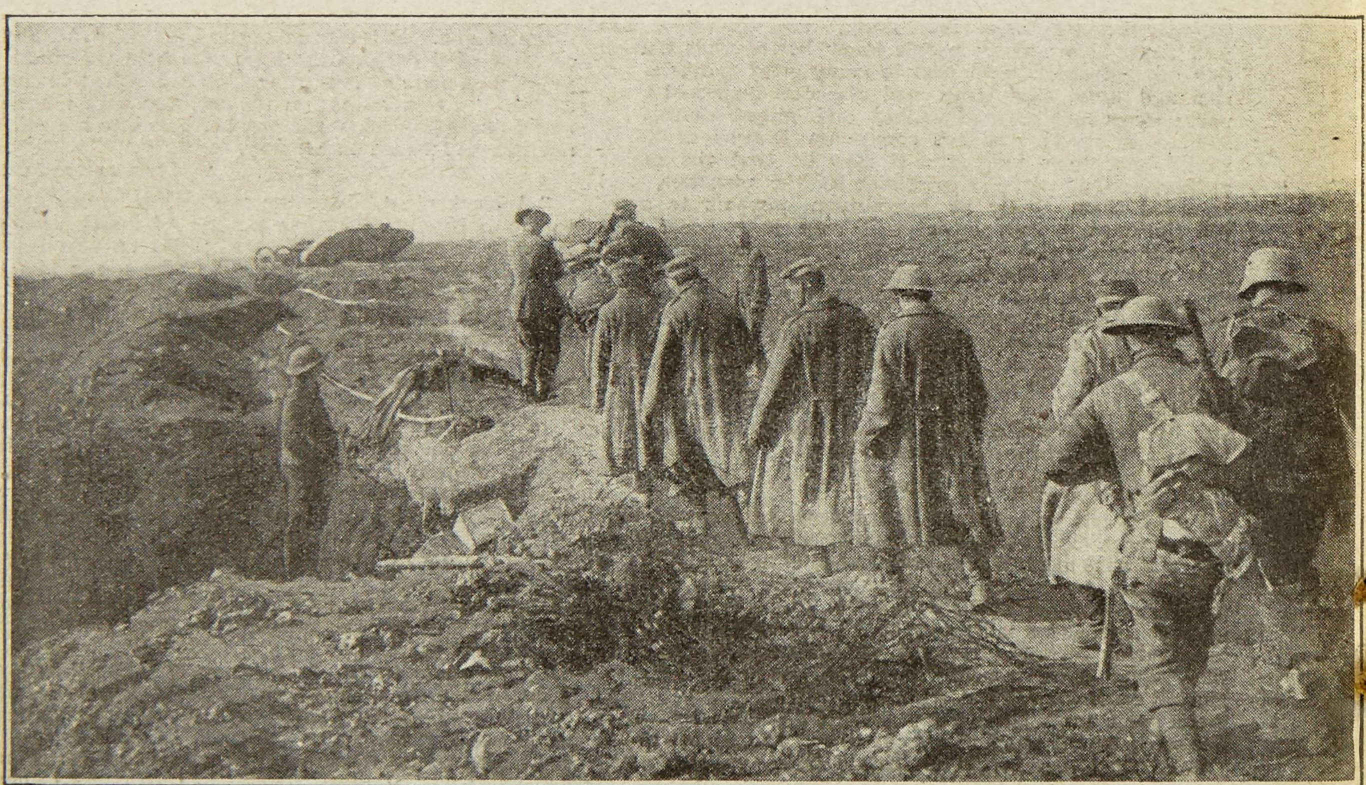
Mysterious Monsters on the Muddy Somme: Land-Cruisers Luffing into the Battle Line

Canadian War Records

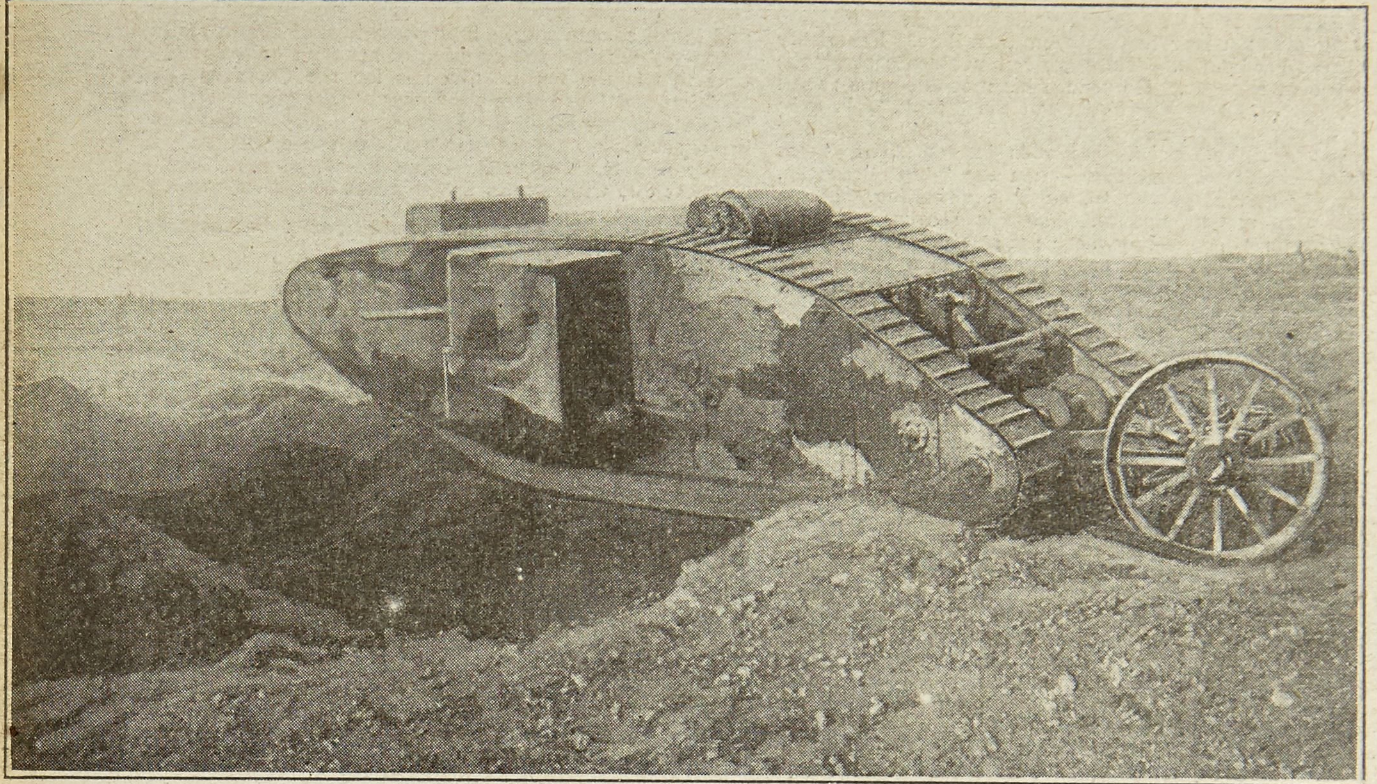
Official Photographs



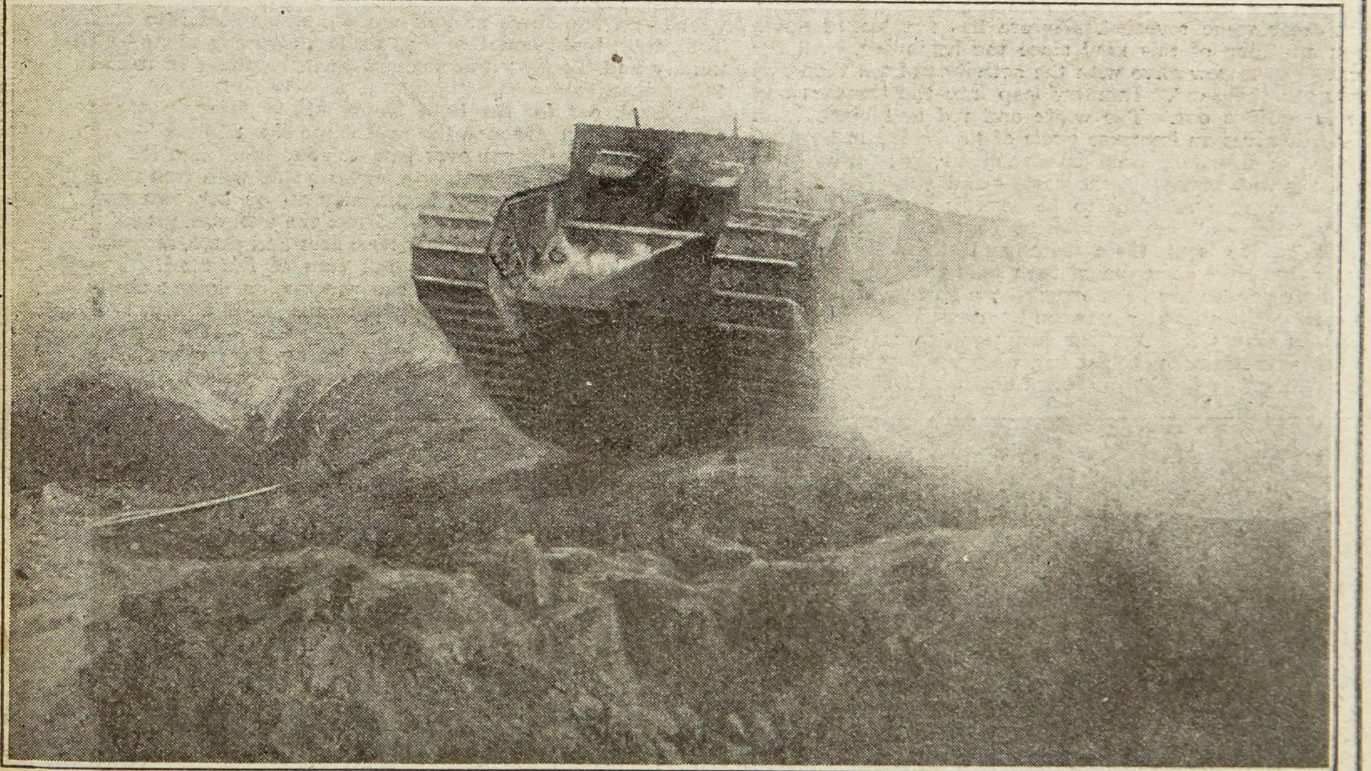
Crash against the enemy, the "tank" goes into action with something of the bravado of a mediæval knight in armour. A monster of living steel, it churns its way over obstacles and into positions with a blind, implacable fury that recognises no obstacles.



While the "tanks" caused roars of laughter from Britons who witnessed the first move into action, the Germans suffered a painful surprise, and, in many cases utterly demoralised by the steely and apparently invulnerable novelty, surrendered en masse.



A mail-coated leviathan spitting fire as it goes. A "tank" crawling over the desert of war steered by its invisible crew, whose bravery is akin to that of submarine men bringing their craft into position during a naval action.



Craters and shell-holes to the landship are like so many waves to a powerful destroyer. The "tank" weathers them all with an imperturbability which is sometimes as comic to those behind it as it is tragic to those who have to face the onslaught.

NIGHT CRUISING IN A "TANK"

(Continued from page 395.

jolt at the trench's edge—a warning cry; then the flashing of lights; the discovery in the pit below of the white and ghastly faces of men. Well may the Hun cry out in fear. What is this terror that is upon him? Is it of earth or hell? His flares show him the great round dome and the blinking eyes; never has he seen their like. Feverishly he heaves his bombs. They are but pebbles cast at the ramparts of a castle. He swings his machine-guns round and the bullets rain like hail upon the "tank." It does not answer; its laughter is imagined. Wilder and wilder still becomes the Boche. He yells in his fright, turns tail and would run, and then—then the "tank" speaks. Its deadly gun flares the trench in a twinkling. Flame vomits from unseen mouths. There is a *sauve qui peut*, a mad sortie of men—anywhere for safety. The captain of the "tank" gives an order; she climbs laboriously from the pit leaving, it may be, the crushed and mangled bodies which she has cast from her deadly embrace. Again she is a rover. Direction is only got by the compass, but that is well enough. There comes a fearful crash, and for a moment she staggers—a house, maybe, has stopped her, but soon it will be a house no more. She withdraws and charges it. A hail of bricks rains upon her. She crunches the fallen walls between her relentless teeth, and presses on she knows not whither.

Letting Her "Rip"

The wood that should have been impassable is clearly marked upon the map; but maps mean nothing to captains of "tanks." This particular captain drives on and merely cries, "Hold tight!" when the first of the trees is struck. He knows now that he is in the wood, and "lets her rip" because of it. She ploughs onward over the stricken trunks, rolling them almost joyously in her jaws—emerging gorged upon the plain and confronting the second line of trenches. Within you hear the bullets raining upon her; you are shaken when the bombs burst; you feel her almost lifted when a great shell bursts near by—but confidence remains. "Nothing is going to hurt Creme de Menthe," you say.

Here is the second line at last; we are going to wipe it out as we wiped out the first. The infantry must soon be upon our heels. Dawn is breaking, and the whole of that drear scene revealed. Aurora has not looked down upon anything of this kind since the beginning. All the great plain is now alive with the activities of ten thousand times ten thousand. Infantry leap into the trenches and the Hun leaps out. The white and red and black loom of battle gives an immense circle of smoke for an horizon. Flashes of fire dart from concealed covers; cries come from the very bowels of the earth—and yet, after all, the number of men actually to be seen is small. Only his fellow "beetles" are of interest to the captain of the "tank." He sees them here and there as fabulous things that have come out of their lairs to greet the dawn. One over yonder has been struck by a shell, and lies upon its side. It is a barrier between bombers, who heave their grenades across it. Another has waddled into a trench and there is struggling to get out, while all the time its guns are rattling. A third has broken down, and is surrounded by a host of excited Huns. Now surely they have got it. Their cries are fiendish as they run right up to it and smash their bombs at its iron ribs. A colonel, flushed to the point of apoplexy, roars for a jack to lift the thing and heave it upon its side. He has caused machine-guns to be thrust at its very forehead, and there to be discharged triumphantly as though this must be the end. We watch the scene and laugh consumedly. Is it possible that Daphne is lying "doggo" with all the cunning of her sex? We soon learn that this is the truth. She has let the Germans cluster thickly about her before she looses off her guns. Suddenly with a cheering rattle she opens fire. The ground around her is strewn with dead before a man can count ten. The Boche flies terror-stricken—what is left of him. He will tell that tale with awe in any dug-out he can find to-night.

The Hun Watchword: "Surrender"

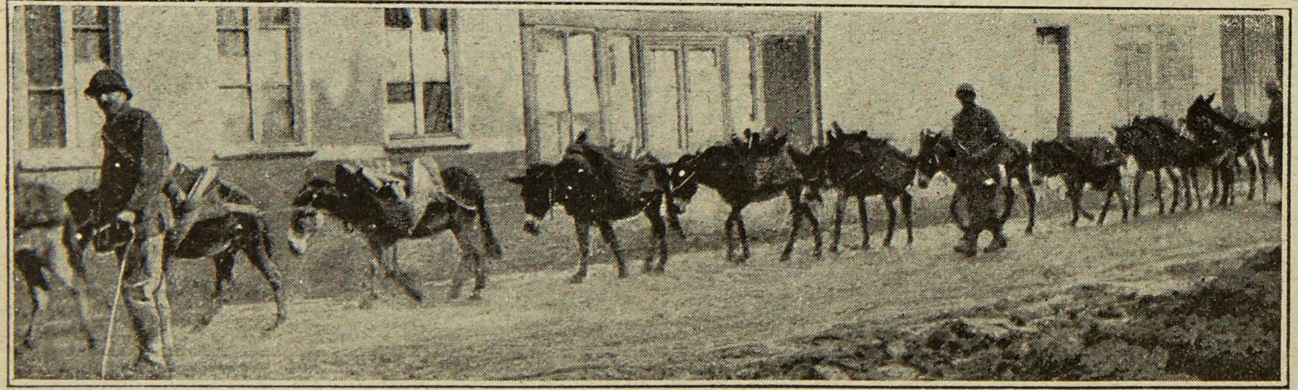
But, if some of our consorts enjoy bad luck, others enjoy the best. Look at that fellow over there by the wood who has been enfilading the enemy's trenches for a long while and is now wondering why the infantry is not there to support him. Disturbed at being alone, he makes a return journey of more than 1,500 yards to discover that his supports have been held up by a group of machine-guns turned upon them from a trench they thought unoccupied. "We will soon make an end of this," says the "tank," and calmly thrusting itself astride the trench it knocks out one machine-gun after the other until nothing but the bodies about them speak of its recent position. Farther away still, upon the brink of another wood, a white flag is being waved vigorously and there are fearful howls for mercy. These are faint-hearted fellows whom Colossus has driven almost mad with terror. Surrender at any price is their watchword. They climb from the depths and run toward the unpitying horror with hands uplifted. It drives them headlong back to the cages, and they do not hesitate to tell of their gratitude. So at all points of the field the "tank" is making this a famous day. There will not be a dinner-table in London to-night which will not echo the story with laughter.

Like a Pantomime Animal

As for Tommy himself, we know well what he thought of it. "I heard," says one lad, "a sound out of the fog which was like three or four motor-horns rolled into one. Toot, toot, toot! and the boys came staggering along—all muddy and bloody; but some of them laughing fit to kill themselves.

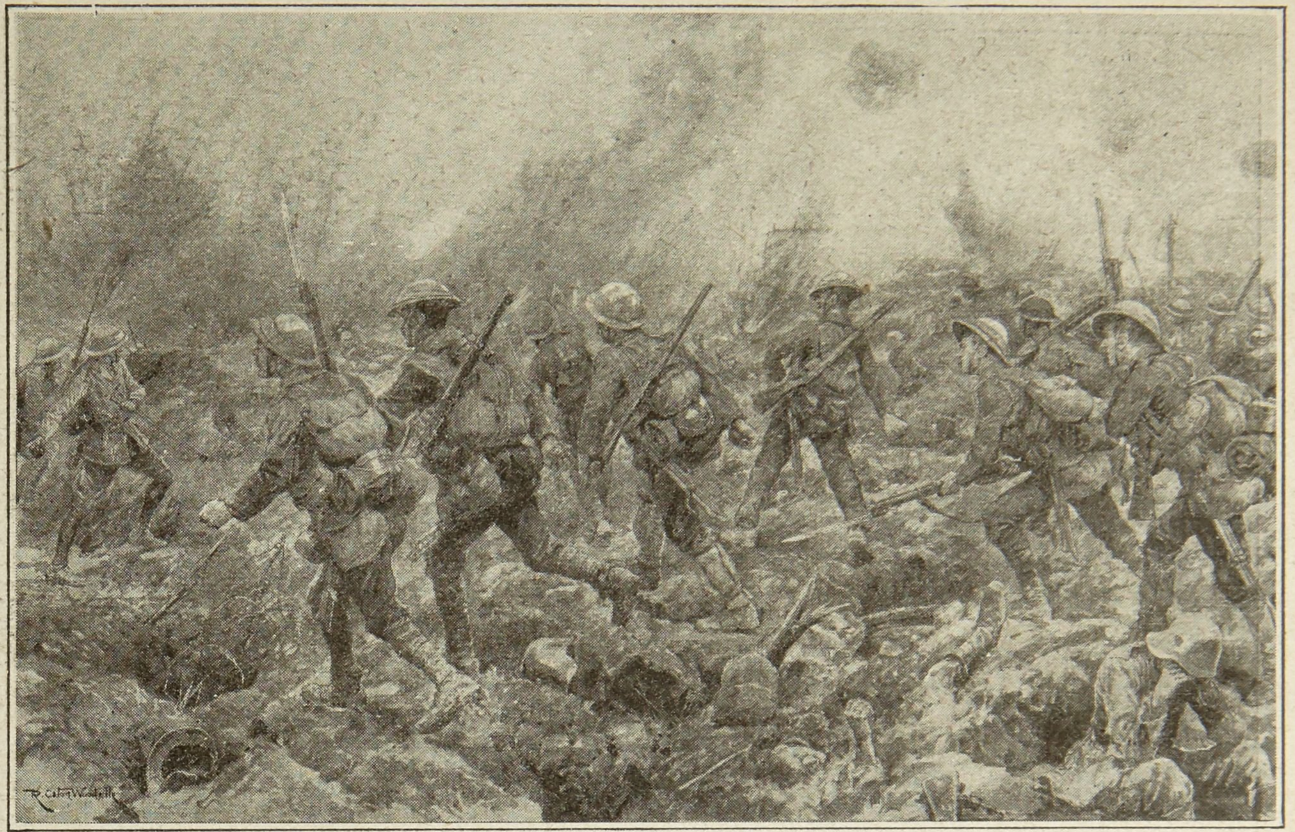
"'Look out for the Lord Mayor's Show,' sings out one chap, and then through the mist came No. 1 'tank'—the most comical sight you ever saw in your life. She looked like a pantomime animal, or a walking ship with iron sides moving along, very slow, apparently all on her own and with none of her crew visible. There she was, and groanin' and gruntin' along, pokin' her nose here and there, stoppin' now and then as if she was not sure of the road. The last I saw of her was when she was nosing down a shell-crater like a great big hippopotamus with a crowd of Tommies cheering behind."

It could not be better. We take up Tommy's cheers for the "tank." May its shadow never grow less!

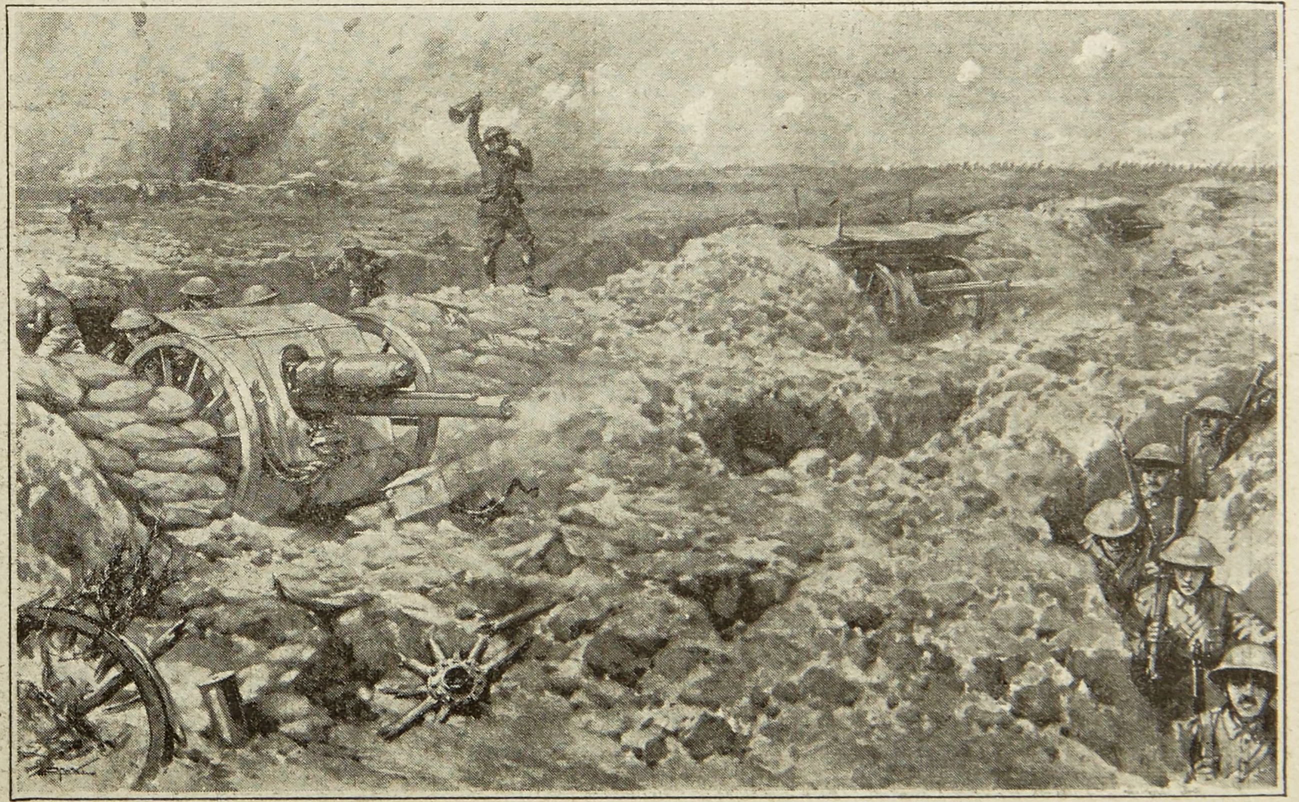


A frivolous quadruped engaged in the serious work of transporting munitions to the guns. The small proportion of the donkey renders this animal less susceptible to shell fire when passing through communication trenches.

Scenes of Valour When the Big Guns Lift

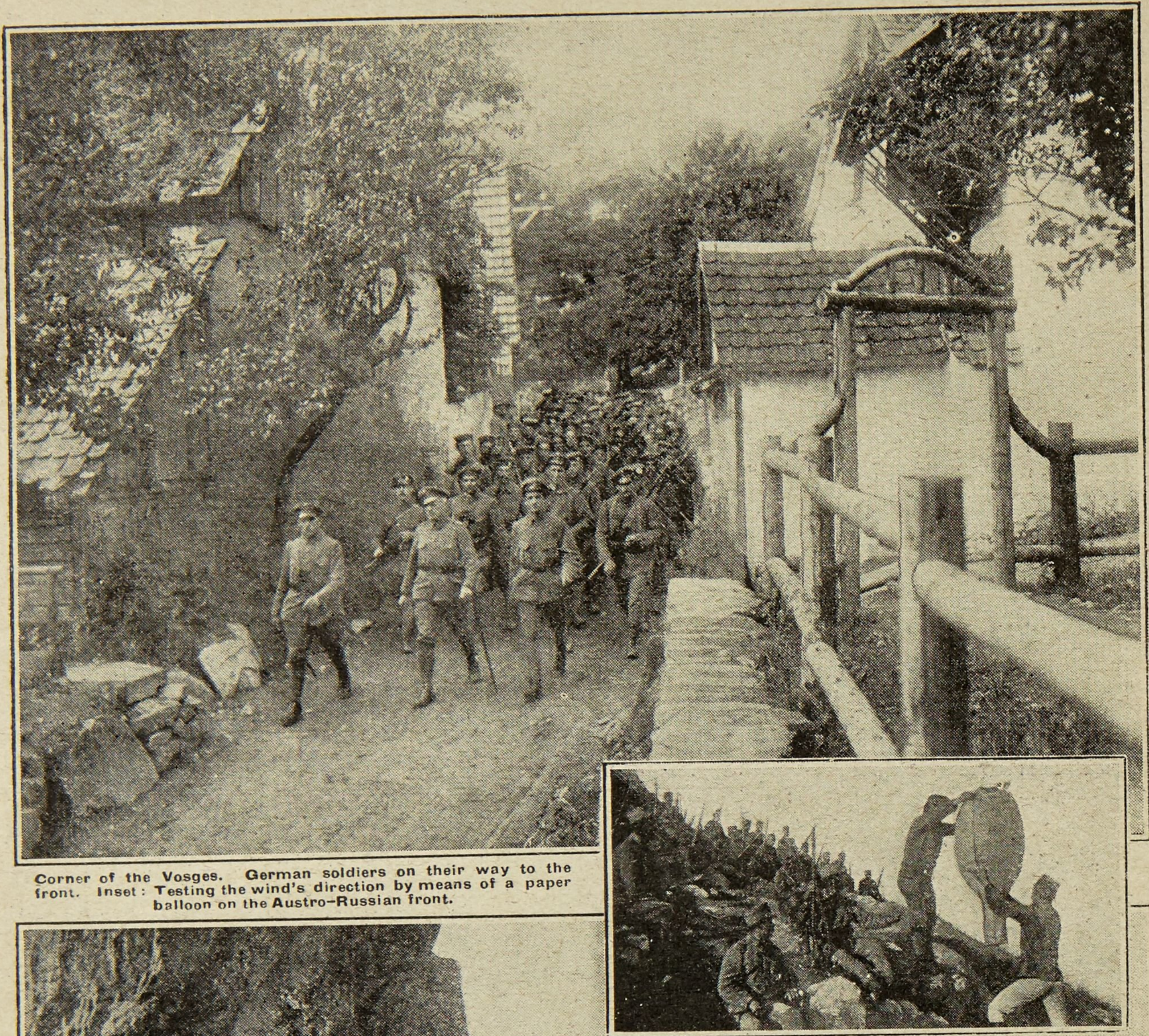


Some spirited hand-to-hand fighting characterised the capture of Thiepval village, a strong bulwark in the German line of defence. Only after a very complete bombardment did the British advance, and even then the enemy put up a stern resistance. This vivid illustration was designed to show the triumphant moments when our infantry secured a footing in the fortress, headed by the bombers.

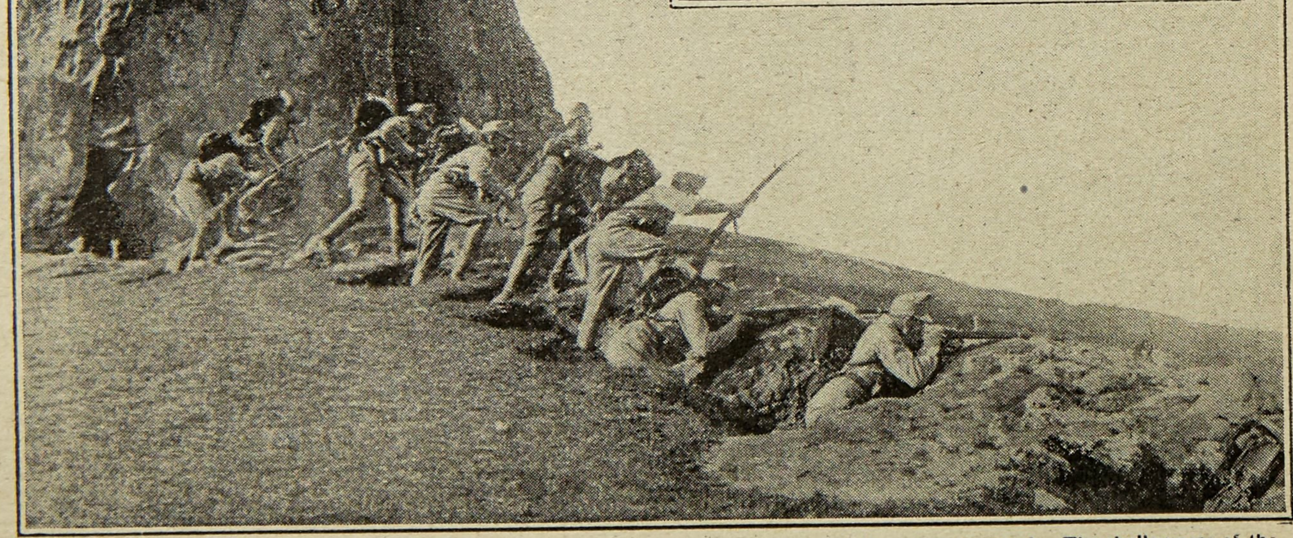


Before Combles fell to British arms and prowess. Dramatic illustration showing a British officer standing on a parapet and giving the signal for the barrage to lift so that the infantry might advance. In the background are some heavy guns. The top right-hand corner shows the infantry going forward, while in the foreground a party of men are threading their way along a trench with a Lewis gun.

Teutons Fighting Three Hereditary Foes



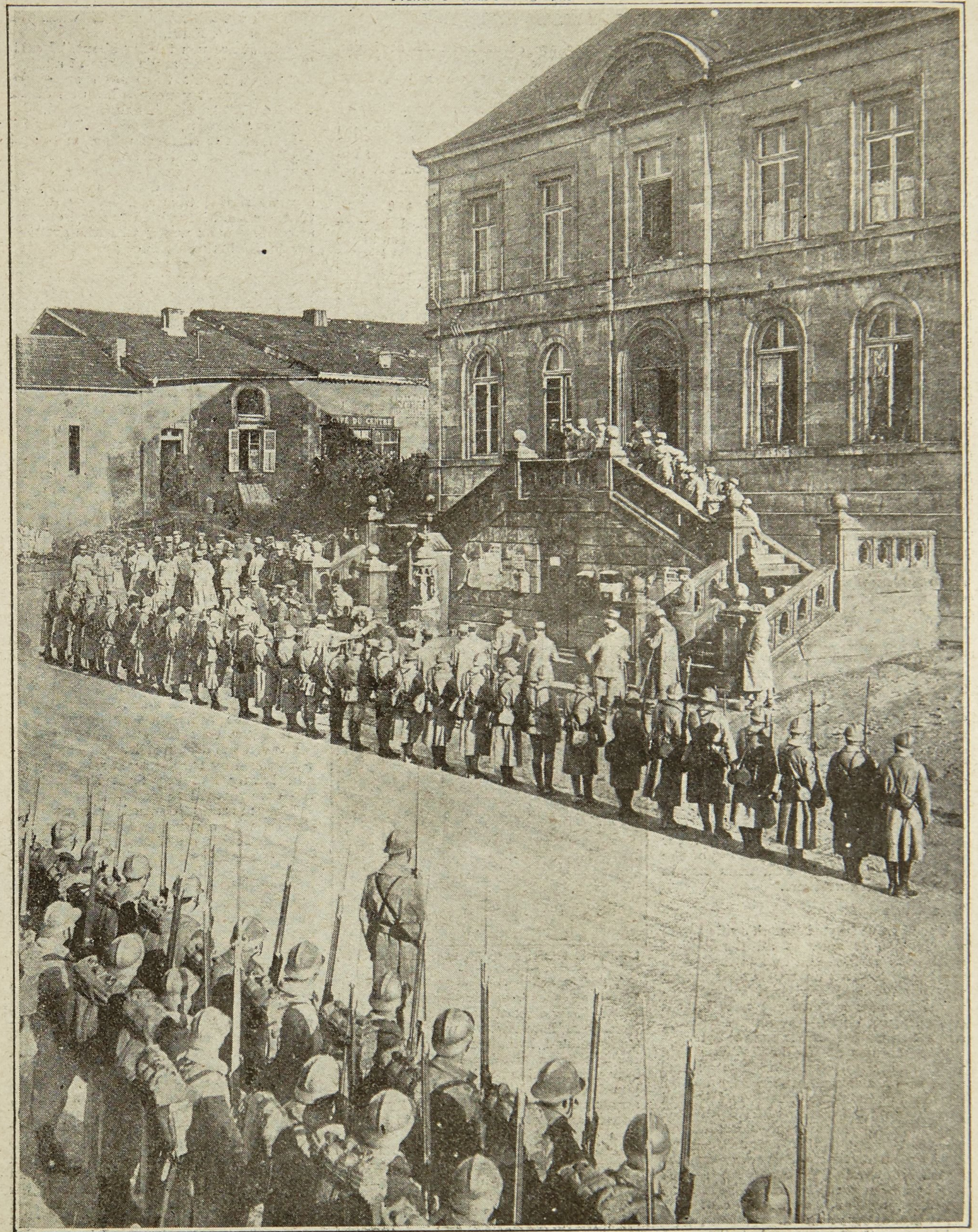
Corner of the Vosges. German soldiers on their way to the front. Inset: Testing the wind's direction by means of a paper balloon on the Austro-Russian front.



Flanked by an enormous rock an advanced Austrian force is just leaving the trench to attack an Italian patrol. The shallowness of the trench in this area is no doubt due to the rocky soil, which makes entrenching a matter of great labour.

France Honours the Guardians of Her Gates

French Official Photographs



Unique honours were given to the fortress city of Verdun by all the Allied Powers when it became evident that she had finally defeated Germany's prolonged and desperate assaults. The tribute paid to the city was followed by recognition of the prowess of the men who took part in the defence. In token of Great Britain's admiration Prince Arthur of Connaught was charged with the pleasing duty of decorating General Nivelle, and General Mangin and his heroic troops who sustained the fury of the siege. This photograph shows his Royal Highness, assisted by Generals Nivelle and Mangin, pinning the medals on the gallant soldiers.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

THE TAKING OF REGINA TRENCH

BY A CORPORAL OF THE CANADIAN INFANTRY

If there ever was a bit of ground that made itself an infernal nuisance over on the Continent it was the trench we called Regina. It was a German hot-bed, reeking with snipers, and they made life miserable for us. You simply couldn't move in some parts without a bullet slamming into the earth alongside you, and more than one casualty has gone down to the base as a result of the unceasing vigilance of the Huns.

And there was no spotting the snipers, either, or some of our own marksmen would soon have put paid to their accounts. They were skilfully hidden, and the incessant firing that took place got on our nerves. And, like all the other ground over there, the place we occupied was all greasy, slippery mud—and you can't hop very lively in mud, even if Brother Boche has picked you out as his own special target

Splendid Barrage Work

The operation was purely a minor and local affair, though we needed Regina for a variety of reasons. The troops employed were Canadians, and the artillery preparation that went before the attack proper was the best bit of barrage work that has been carried out over there.

It was a glorious sight. The night was brilliant, the moonlight perfect, and the sky seemed like some bright-blue silk curtain stretched across from horizon to horizon, and studded with pieces of looking-glass, each reflecting a special light of its own. And on this background the bursting of the shells seemed as though some giant hand was throwing heaps of diamonds and sapphires into the air, and scattering them with a burst of orange-red flame.

And the jewels turned and shifted in the air above a thousand yards of black-scarred mud, ankle deep, which was the snaky line of the trench. Part of Regina was already in our hands, but this thousand yards—past the turns in the original line of trenches—was strongly held by the Germans, and our attacks had failed to dislodge them. The guns roared and growled, and occasionally, like a tenor solo, you would hear the crackling of the smaller pieces as they took their part in that grim, great overture.

The Guns Lift

The barrage started just this side of the trench, and in spite of all the hail of shells and machine-gun bullets that came through it towards us, we clambered over the parapet and advanced steadily towards the enemy. We got close up—as close as we dared—to the fire-working shells, and waited for the guns to lift.

Two minutes at the longest was that wait, and then, timed to the precise fraction of a second, the whole line of fire lifted at the same instant, and started ploughing up the earth exactly a hundred yards ahead. There wasn't a hitch in the whole thing, and it struck one—even at the moment that one disappeared into a shell-hole to avoid the enemy's fire—that this had been carried through with hair-splitting precision, and at the cost of a great deal of organisation.

The ground was rotten, but the crust was fairly dry, for the winds had been at work on it, and although cold it was dry cold, and a mere fleabite to what we Canadians are accustomed to at home. I don't think the enemy expected the attack, and we certainly got the nearest to surprising him that has been done so far in this war of open and known movements. As a result of the surprise, he did not get a chance to use his machine-guns as freely as he desired, and we experienced very few casualties on the way up to the trench itself.

Hasty German Retreat

The machine-gun officer had a very miscellaneous collection of weapons in his section, as we afterwards learned from prisoners, and these included Maxims captured in East Prussia from the Russians, and Schwarzlon guns captured by the Russians from the Austrians, and retaken by the Germans in the east. We got the whole of these.

Most of the garrison of Regina Trench, when they saw us coming, took to their heels and flew, and the remainder, as soon as they realised the Canadians were up against them, did the "Kamerad" trick in approved Hun fashion.

We captured fifty men and three officers in the trench, and before we sent them back took their names and regiments. One chap smiled as he told us, and then, when asked what the joke was, replied:

"You got a bit of a surprise when you took Mouquet Farm, eh?"

"What are you talking about," I said. "We haven't had any surprise at all."

"What, hasn't there been an explosion? Haven't your men been all blown to pieces?" he asked, flabbergasted.

"Not a bit of it," I replied. "Why?"

He didn't seem like telling me, but I fetched it out of him all right. It appeared that the farm had been extensively mined by the Germans against the day we should take and occupy it, and that it should have been touched off, but something went wrong with the arrangements. This prisoner of mine had been one of the fellows who'd had the job of getting the dug-outs and tunnels beneath it ready for us. Of course I reported the conversation to the officer, and I believe that when Fritz went to the rear the Staff had a special confab with him, and perhaps this chance-gained bit of information saved quite a lot of lives.

"Remember the First of July!"

There wasn't much fight about the capture of Regina, although we gained ground to the depth of five hundred yards over the thousand yards of front, and joined up with the other British regiments to right and left of us. That was one of the main reasons for trying to take it, as the enfilade fire the Huns turned on our lads was more than hot at times.

We expected, of course, that, seeing that it was so important, the Huns would have put up a bit of a fight, and our watchword as we advanced was "Remember the First of July!" We have a special score to pay off on the Huns for that day, but we didn't do much towards chalking it off at Regina, beyond taking the ground from them.

The artillery were pleased that we'd managed to take it, and refused to share the honours, although we who took part in it know that the excellence of their fire saved hundreds of lives. The Huns were dazed by the incessant rain of shells, and hardly had any fight left in them when we reached them.

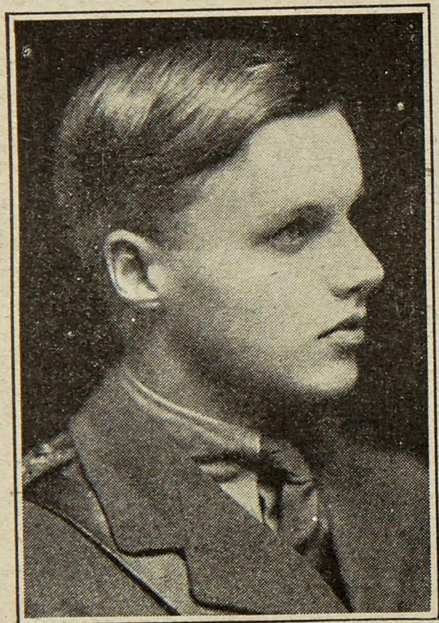
The morning dawned gloomy and cloudy, with a promise of more rain, and just after eight the German gunners set to work to try and smoke us out of the trench. But their shell fire was nothing like what ours was. Some shrapnel occasionally spluttered the earth around us, and about ten o'clock they strafed us in real earnest for about ten minutes. They had no observing airmen aloft, and so could not correct their range.

Shelling and Counter-shelling

One big gun kept dropping shells in precisely the same spot. One—the first—came sailing over, and dropped with a crump and a scrunch that shook Regina. Then a second shell followed, and before the mud and stones had properly settled down from the bursting of the first shell, they were flying in the air again.

At noon our own guns started giving Fritz something more to do than shell the trench he could not hold, and for about half an hour the ruined woods and scarred fields were lit up through the sullen daylight with the flashes of our own shells. This gave us an opportunity for getting to work to consolidate the position we had taken. And now the field is at its usual winter quietness—the winter quietness of the Somme.

* * *

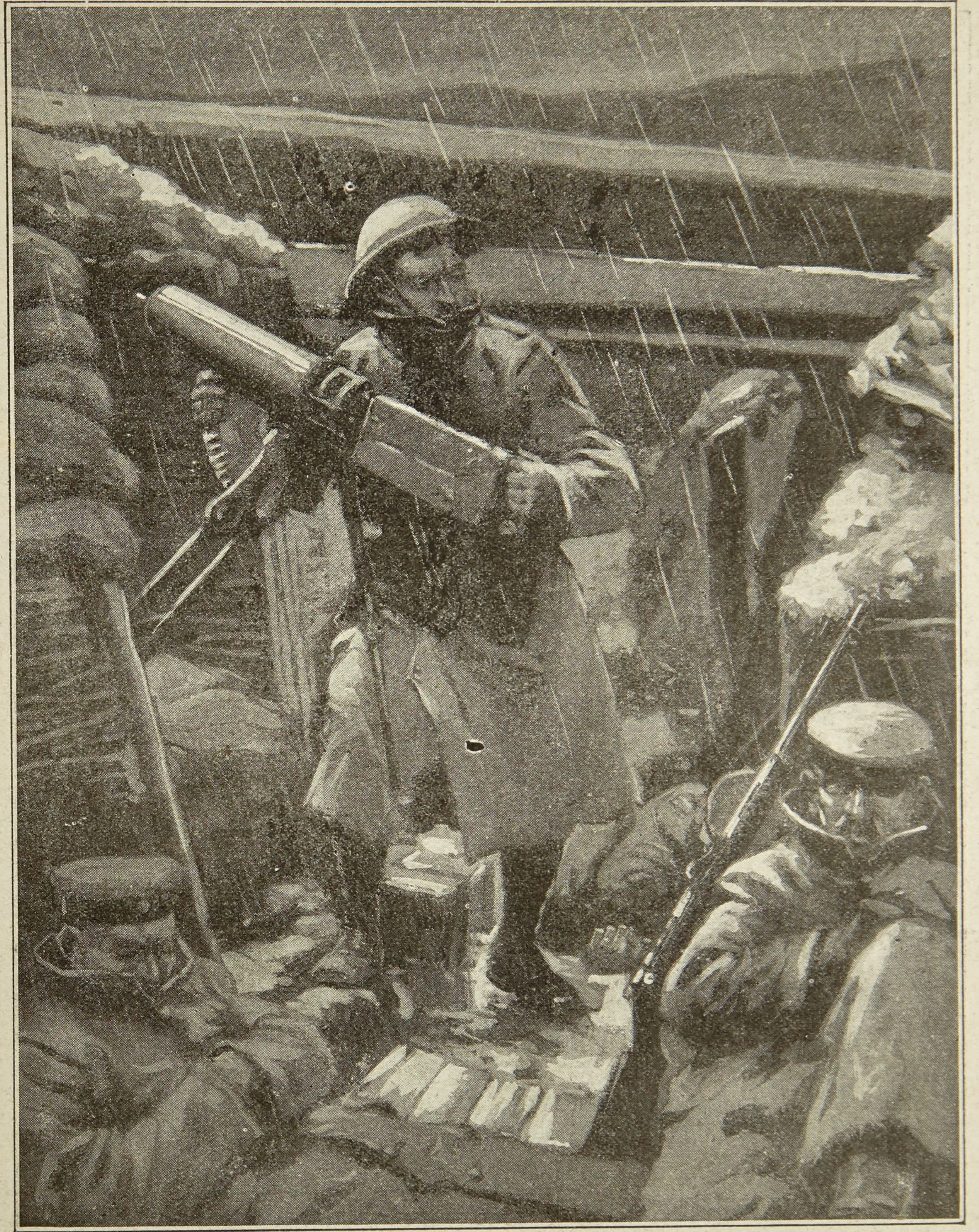


LT. THE HON. V. S. T. HARMSWORTH, R.N.V.R.
Killed in action November 13th, 1916.

THE second son of Lord Rothermere and nephew of Lord Northcliffe, Lieut. the Hon. Vere Harmsworth was educated at Osborne and Dartmouth Naval Colleges. He became a midshipman in the Royal Navy, from which he retired on account of gun-deafness. Recently he refused a Staff appointment, saying that the "greatest honour an officer can receive is to lead his men over the parapet." His end was splendid, and the men of his battalion who survived the action are thrilled with pride in his name. Though wounded twice, he led his men to the third German line, where he was hit by a shell and killed, but not until by his courage and endurance he had brought his men through a highly critical juncture.

* * *

An Enemy in Their Midst at Dead of Night

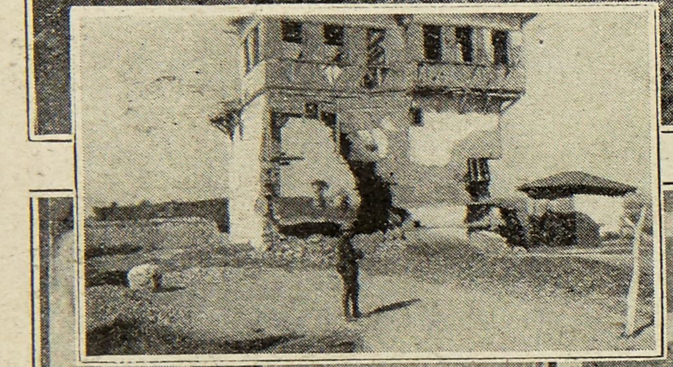


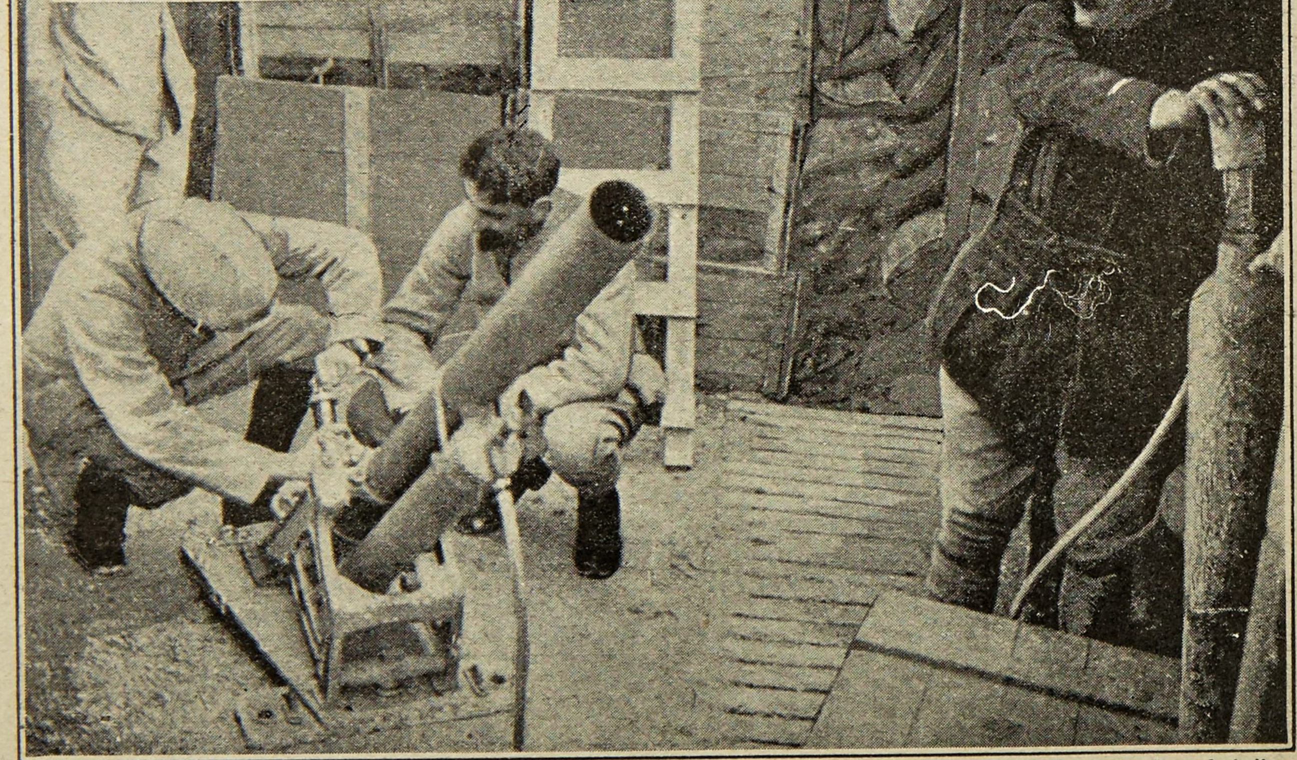
An astonishing instance of daring occurred in the night of November 4th, immediately before the fierce fighting for the northern half of Zenith Trench, east of Lesbœufs. A young British officer, reconnoitring a position, crawled into a German trench, through a dead black night with spits of rain. He crept along, passing dug-outs packed with men sound asleep and came at last to a machine-gun bay, with the gun under its waterproof covering and the crew asleep near by. This was the point he chose for leaving the trench with the information he had gathered; and he did so, taking the gun with him, single-handed, and bringing it intact into the British lines.

Tricolour Triumphs from Lorraine to Monastir

French Official Photographs

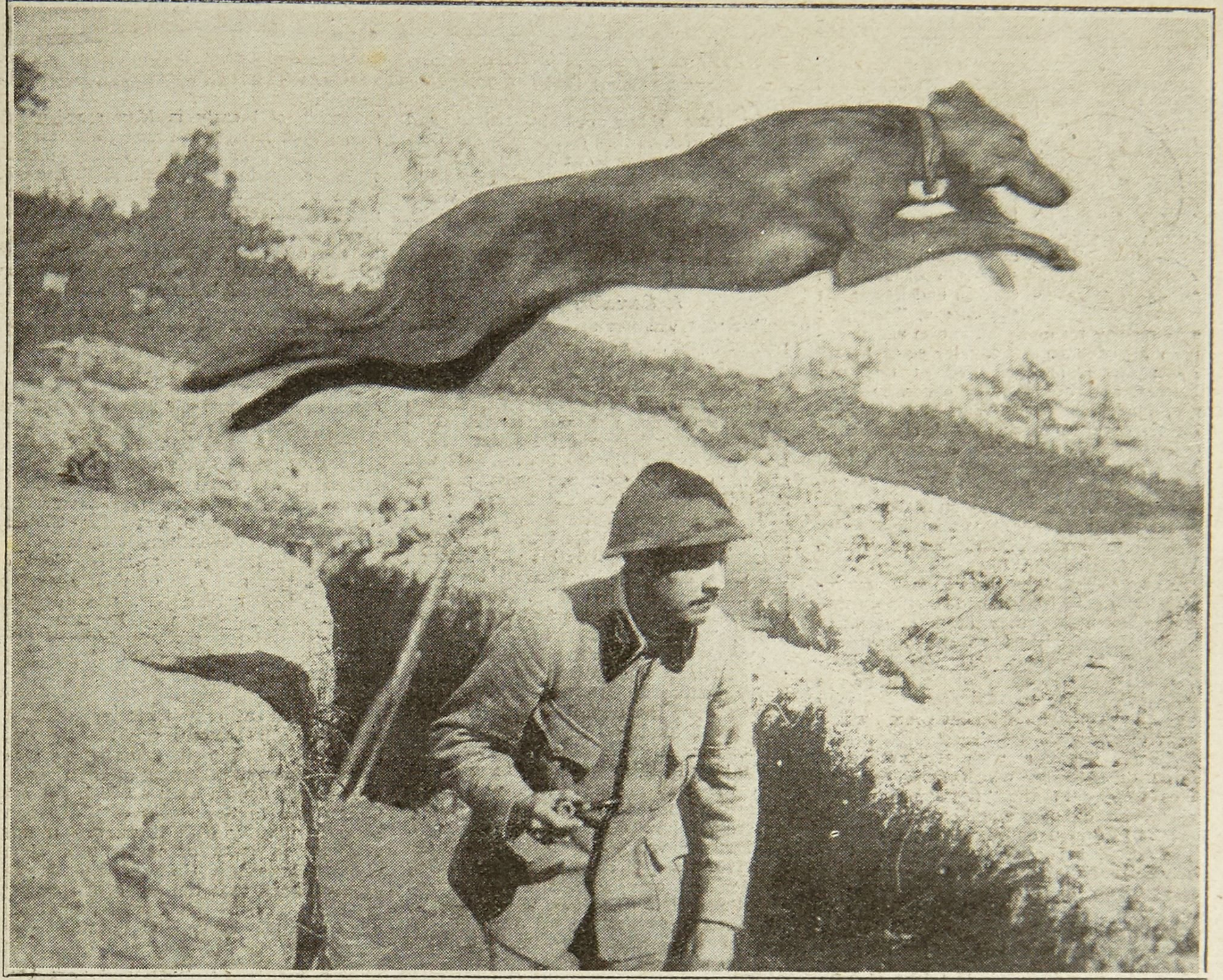
French infantry make a forward move in Lorraine, where every inch of territory is sacred ground to France.





Pumping air into a pneumatic mortar. Novel way of projecting shells into the German trenches. Inset: Freakish effect of shell-fire on a Balkan villa in the line of the Franco-Serbian advance near Salonika. The shell has blown at least half of the lower storey away, yet the villa still stands, proving a stability which even the architect might have doubted.

Canine Energy and Machine-Gun Efficiency



Army liaison dog leaving with a message attached to his collar. Dogs are playing an ever greater part in the war as sentinels, as assistants in Red Cross work, and as runners, work for which they are pre-eminently fitted by their size and speed.

French quick-firers and crews working in a depression ahead of their front line. It would be hard to find a better presentment of the intentness with which the French are fighting than these lads with no eyes for anything but the effect of their shooting.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XXIV.—The 15th Hussars

THERE are few British folk who did not read with quite unusual delight Sir Douglas Haig's message of July 15th, 1916. In it he stated that a squadron of Dragoon Guards had been after the enemy, "the first opportunity for mounted action which has been afforded to our cavalry since 1914." From this it is quite evident that our Hussars and our cavalry generally have not, during the Great War, had anything like the opportunities which their ancestors enjoyed in the Peninsula a century ago. Then, as we know, in the intervals between spirited little encounters with the French—such as the one at Sahagun in December, 1808—they exercised their horses by chasing the fox behind the lines of Torres Vedras.

Nevertheless, like brave men everywhere, our cavalrymen made opportunities, and when made they have used them well. They, almost as much as the infantry, have had their fill of hard fighting, and the story of their deeds is well worth telling. Certainly, he who tries to tell it will not be cut short by any want of material.

All are familiar with the notices of deeds of gallantry which from time to time appear in the "London Gazette." Therein are the names and actions of those officers and men on whom the King has been asked to bestow the Distinguished Service Order or other military decorations. One of the first of these lists—at least, as far as the Great War is concerned—appeared in October, 1914. It was quite a short one, for then the war was only a few weeks old, and it contained in all but twenty-two names, men recommended for the D.C.M. Six of these names, or more than a quarter, however, belonged to the cavalry, and three of those six to one regiment—the 15th Hussars. This is pretty good evidence that the cavalry had been up and doing in those anxious days, for, unlike the Iron Cross, the D.C.M. is not given for merely looking at the enemy.

The First Taste of War

The regiment went to France from Longmoor Camp quite at the beginning of the war to act as divisional cavalry for General Lomax's 1st Division. On August 24th, the Saturday before Mons, they were hard at work, and for his services on that day one of their officers, the Hon. E. C. Hardinge, son and heir of the late Viceroy of India, won the D.S.O. A little later in the war this fine officer was severely wounded and died of his wounds.

The men were worthy of him. This is what is said of Lance-Sergeant A. J. Earl, one of the three just referred to: "For gallantry under fire on the night of August 22nd and 23rd, August 27th and September 10th." About his comrade Corporal W. Darley we were told: "For good reconnaissance on two occasions, when he penetrated the enemy's position." The Hussars then were scouting. They were riding out in troops and patrols trying to find out how many Germans there were in front of our lines, how many guns they had and where they were, and anything else about them which might be of use to French and Haig. They were doing the work for which our cavalry had been trained for generations, and they did it exceedingly well.

A Cavalry Hero

But that was not all. On Monday the retreat began, and on Tuesday the Guards in the 1st Division were heavily attacked at Landrecies. With them were the 15th Hussars, and one of their troops had been cut off from the rest and, in the darkness, surrounded by the Germans. Then Private W. J. Price did his bit. It was night, and the Germans were pouring from the woods into the streets of the little town when Price heard how the troop was situated. He first of all swam a canal, and then made his way through the Germans until he reached his comrades. He told them what the position was, and through his courage and promptness the troop escaped capture.

Two days later, on the Thursday, these 15th Hussars were again to the front. Every history of the war has told the story of how the Royal Munster Fusiliers were left behind and surrounded by Germans, because the despatch-rider who was taking to them the order to move on with the rest of the corps, was made prisoner. They do not all, however, tell the sequel; how some of them got away, and how this was owing to the help of the 15th Hussars. Hearing of the impending disaster the cavalry dashed up, fought with those of the Irishmen who remained, and then carried them off through the ring of their foes. For this deed four Hussars received the D.C.M.

Turcos in Form

We must pass now to the First Battle of Ypres, and specially to one of its critical days, November 11th. The Hussars were still serving the 1st Division, assisting in every possible way the hard-pressed infantry. A sergeant of the regiment, E. J. Clark, was one who proved himself a hero on November 11th, the day when the Prussian Guard broke through the British line and General Fitzclarence, V.C., commanding the 1st Brigade, was killed. All was confusion, and every man fought where he was, cavalryman and infantryman, French and British, even white and coloured side by side, hardly knowing where they were. By some strange chance Clark found himself forced into a chateau with thirty Turcos. With a Turco sergeant he took command of these men, and together they kept back the surging Germans for two hours, holding the chateau against attack after attack, very much as a century before the Guards held Hougomont.

Some few weeks later the Hussars ceased for the time being to act as cavalry, and in the Second Battle of Ypres they served, to their eternal honour, in the trenches as infantrymen. They were not there at the beginning of that long and terrible fight, but as it progressed and the infantry became fewer and fewer they were sent up to assist, and early in May cavalry brigades were holding a considerable stretch of the line near Hooge. There, on May 15th, a sergeant of the 15th, E. E. Everest, when a piece of the line had been lost, rallied his troop and took it forward to regain the position. He did this, although in the confusion someone called out to him that an order to abandon it had been received and all around him men were falling back.

But there was a greater trial of fortitude on the 24th. On a beautiful summer morning the Germans sent along their asphyxiating shells, and then loosed a cloud of gas from their infernal cylinders. For nearly five hours this was blown towards our men, but by that time they had respirators, and so they were by no means incapable of action when the Germans came on. In one or two places the enemy broke through, but before the day was out he had been beaten back.

The 15th Hussars were in the thick of this fighting, and one of their captains, C. J. Leicester Stanhope, was specially commended for the way he rallied his squadron and led the men forward at a very critical time indeed. Two non-commissioned officers, B. Durnford and H. F. Borough, were equally daring and useful, and not only their regiment but also the 9th Lancers profited by their gallantry. Both were suffering to some extent from gas poisoning at the time.

The new British armies which got into their stride in the Battle of the Somme have no cavalry with them, and it may well be, in spite of much talk about pushing horsemen through gaps in the enemy's lines, that the day of the cavalry is over. Yet do not let us forget that when Britain needed them they were there, and in her hour of need none served her better than the 15th (The King's) Hussars.

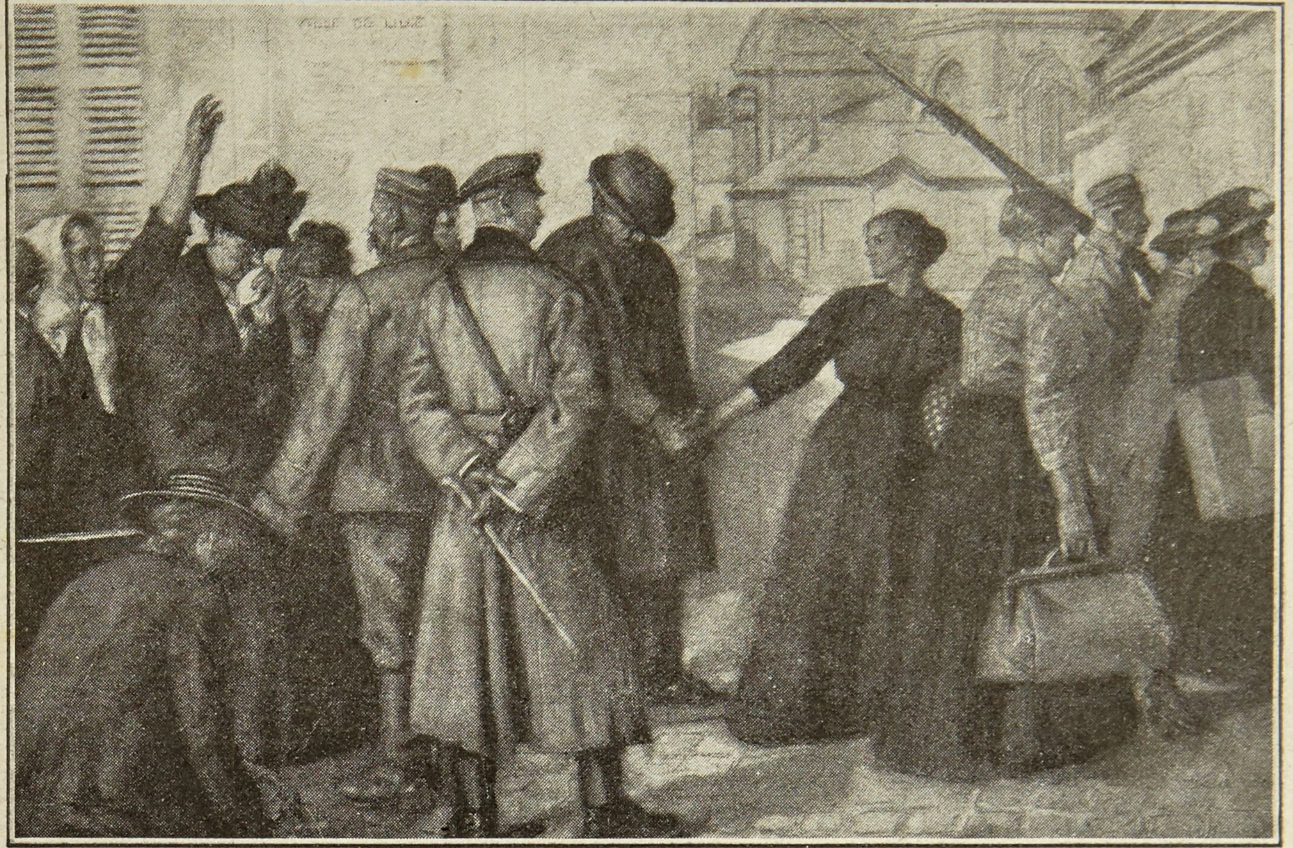
The Birth of a Regiment

This regiment was first raised in 1759, the wonderful year, the year of Quebec and Quiberon, Minden, and Wandewash. At that time it seems that troops of light dragoons were attached to the various cavalry regiments, presumably to move more quickly, and to go in front of their heavier comrades. Then it was decided to form separate regiments of these lighter men, and the 15th Light Dragoons, as it was then called, was one of the first of these. It was raised by Colonel G. A. Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, famous as the defender of Gibraltar.

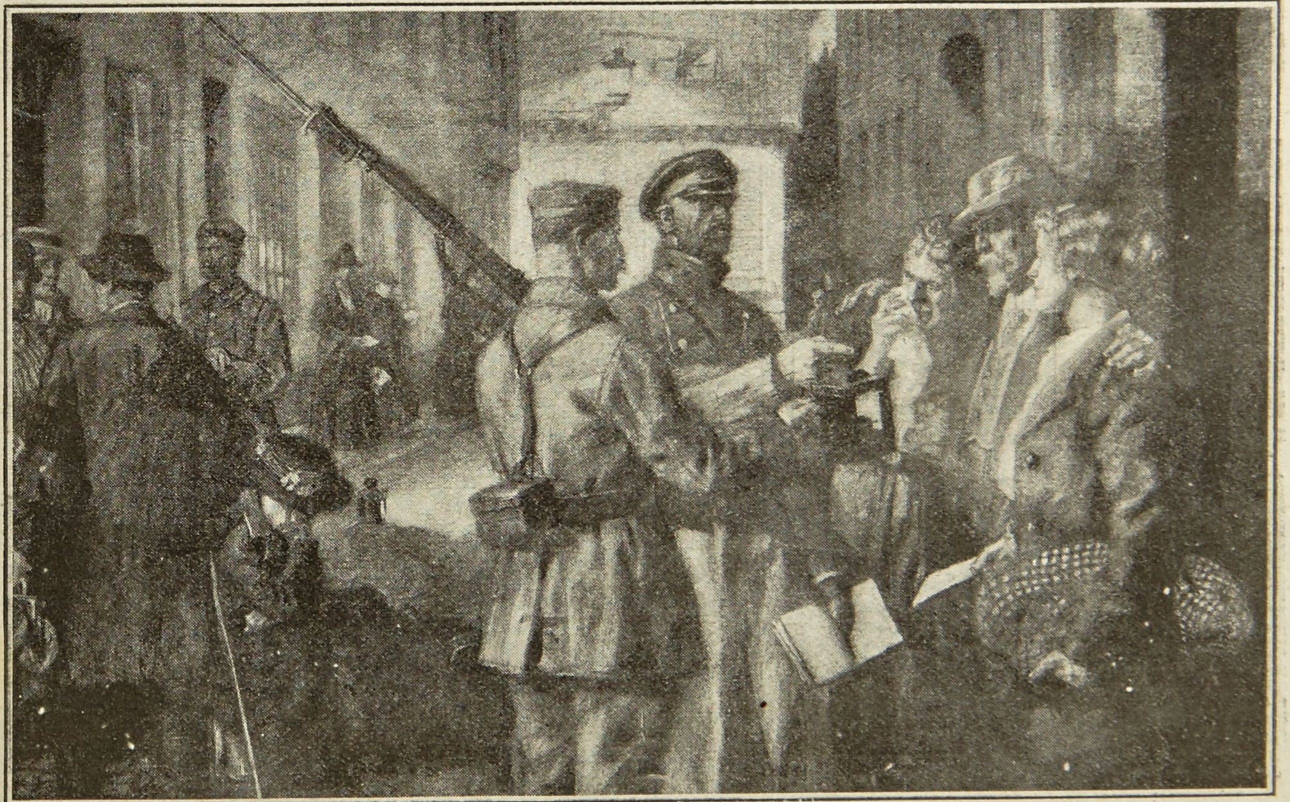
In 1760 the 15th were sent to Germany, and they did good service at Emsdorff and Willems, but their real glories were won in the Peninsula, whither they went in 1808. Their encounter with the French chasseurs at Sahagun was most creditable to them, and they were also allowed to inscribe Vittoria on their colours. From Spain they passed to Belgium, and at Waterloo they did their part in beating the French. Years then passed without any active service, but the Hussars went from one part of the world to another, and in 1878 found themselves detailed for service with the expedition into Afghanistan.

A. W. Holland

German 'Civilisation' Reintroduces Slavery

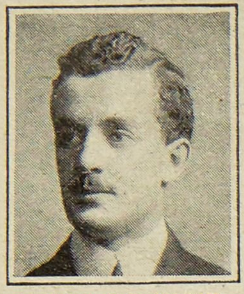


Under stress of their growing realisation of failure to keep up reserves the Germans have renewed their policy of terrorism in Belgium and France. From Roubaix, Turcoing, and Lille General von Graevenitz has deported 25,000 French subjects—girls, women, and men—without distinction of class, and compelled them to work in the fields.



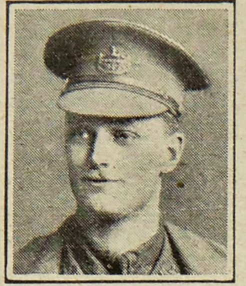
There were heartrending scenes when the soldiers came and paraded the unhappy civilians at the doors for their officers to pick out victims from each family. Protestation was useless and attempts at evasion were punished ruthlessly. People were taken off quite arbitrarily, separated from their relatives, and packed off to unknown destinations.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

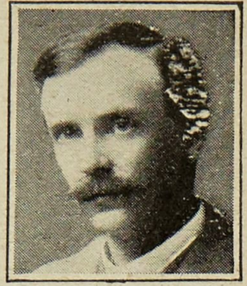


Lt.-Col. T. H. P. MORRIS, M.C., Rifle Brigade.

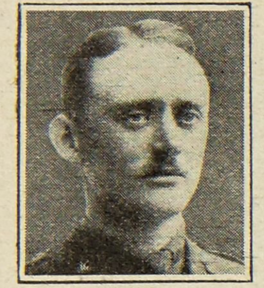
Squad.-Com. I. H. W. S. DALRYMPLE-CLARK, R.N.



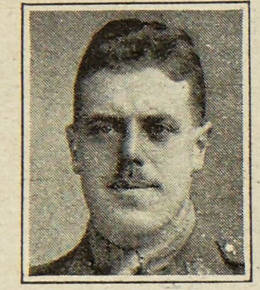
Capt. R. H. K. BYERS, Gloucestershire Regt.



Capt. KEITH LUCAS, R.F.C.

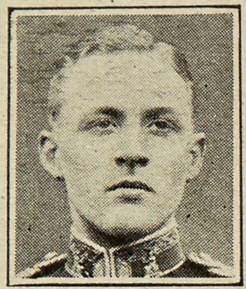


Capt. A. W. GREENWELL LAX, R.G.A.

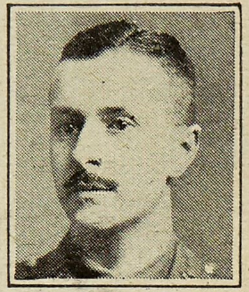


Capt. F. R. JESSUP, Border Regt.

Capt. G. T. NEAME, East Kent Regt. (Buffs).



Capt. A. C. O'CONNOR, M.C., Norfolk Regt.



Lieut. H. CLOUDESLEY, R. W. Surrey Regt. (Queen's).

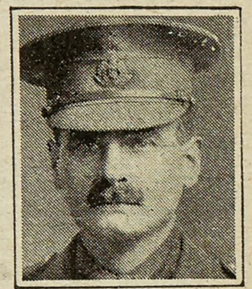
Lieut. G. SPRING-RICE, Border Regt.

Lt.-Col. Thomas Herbert Picton Morris, M.C., died of wounds, was only son of Mr. and Mrs. Picton Morris. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he received his commission in the Rifle Brigade in 1902, and served in the South African War (Queen's Medal and three clasps). He went to the front in March, 1915, and was mentioned in despatches and awarded the Military Cross.

Capt. Keith Lucas, Sc.D., F.R.S., of the Royal Flying Corps, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow in 1904. He was elected F.R.S. in 1913. He had won a world-wide reputation as a most promising physiologist, and possessed a delicate command of instrumental methods. Busily engaged in teaching and research, he was one of the directors of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, and at the outbreak of war he devoted his skill and inventiveness to the Air Service. As a result of his study of the conditions affecting the aeroplane compass, the R.A.F. Mark II. compass was produced and standardised.

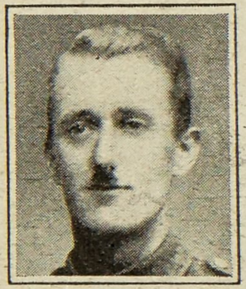
Lt. Gerald Spring-Rice was a younger brother of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador to the United States. After a period of valuable service as county director for Cumberland of the Voluntary Aid Detachments, he joined the Border Regiment in 1915 and was killed in action May 27th, 1916, in the fifty-third year of his age.

Sec.-Lt. Richard Jones was a schoolmaster at Bontrewydd when he enlisted in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers early in the war. Four weeks before being killed in action, by the same shell that killed his colonel, he was promoted from the ranks on the field and transferred to the South Lancashire Regiment.



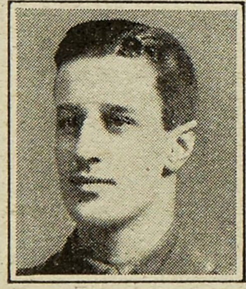
Lieut. A. H. WRIXON, Suffolk Regt.

Lt. G. R. HAYES-SADLER, Royal Warwickshire Regt.



Sec.-Lt. RICHARD JONES, South Lancashire Regt.

Lieut. F. H. DOYLE, Army Veterinary Corps.



Lt. S. E. J. C. LUSHINGTON, General List, New Armies.

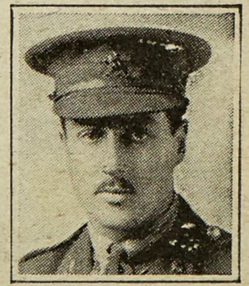
Sec.-Lt. B. G. BOWLES, East Kent Regt. (Buffs).

Sec.-Lt. H. A. HOLGATE, East Surrey Regt.

Sec.-Lt. S. SPEARING-SCHNEIDER, Royal Berks.

Sec.-Lt. H. E. WHITEMAN, Hants Regt., att. R.F.C.

Sec.-Lt. A. J. B. PEARSON, Att. Royal Warwick Regt.



Sec.-Lt. G. M. GRAY, Royal West Kent Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Hughes & Mullins, Swaine.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

THE DEAD EMPEROR

IF pity has not died from off the earth, all thinking people must be glad, for his sake, that the Emperor of Austria is dead. So old, so tired, and so very lonely, the old man was for long the most pathetic figure in the world. Human nature may have locked his failing fingers round the power of wealth and position that remained his to the end, but even failing minds at the last have some perception of values, and in his final glimmer of consciousness Francis Joseph must have been content to know that his closing eyes would open in the other room.

WITHIN the memory of living men no Sovereign has passed away who provided such an object-lesson in the vanity of temporal things or so fruitful a subject for the moralist. To-day the papers are full of biographical and historical accounts of his long reign, and are assessing his share of responsibility for the war that is rending the world. What strikes and holds our imagination most strongly is that to no one but himself and the small circle of his immediate dependents does the death of this great monarch matter at all. A withered leaf has fluttered from a tree. Who should heed that when all the forest is rocking ?

OF all banal platitudes the most exasperating is that one which assures us that we have ourselves to blame for most of the misery that we know in life. It is exasperating because it does not diminish the sense of grievance at the residue of misery for which we contend we are not responsible. Heredity and environment must be taken into account, whatever insistence one may lay upon principle. Only quite unthinking people could suppose that an autocrat had untrammelled control over his own career. The very opposite, indeed, seems to be the fact ; the power which the individual autocrat has to give effect to his arbitrary wishes and designs, so often releasing forces which no human individual has power to check or to guide ; whereas the limitations imposed upon common folk in choosing their own line of conduct and of shaping their life have compensating advantages in enabling them to adapt themselves with less resistance to the mould of the country to which they belong.

HAPPINESS, moreover, is an individual blessing, gloriously independent of condition. No man ever went through life without tasting happiness, but those who have had a surfeit of unhappiness must be very strongly rooted in faith if they are not injuriously affected thereby, embittered perhaps, or rendered indifferent to the feelings of others, or even made cruel and savage And thus, in judging this dead Emperor, the influence upon him of his heredity and environment must be taken into account when his dealings with peoples and affairs of State are under consideration ; and also allowance must be made for the mental and spiritual state likely to have been induced in him by the exceptional amount of domestic tragedy and personal grief which were his experience.

FRANCIS JOSEPH will ever be an interesting figure to the historian because of his reticence and reserve. He held almost unlimited power, and one reason why he did so almost to the end was that he took no one into his inmost confidence. Pride of place had something to do with this haughty aloofness. Theoretically, despotic power belonged to him, and he declined to abrogate any of it practically by devolving responsibility for his statesmanship upon his Ministers. Decision rested with him, and he allowed no one to forget that fact. Pride of race had something to do with it, too. He could not have condescended to the garrulous volubility—half bombast, half protest, wholly weakness—which brands the German Emperor as a man who is " not quite a gentleman." Complex and compact of contradictions, Francis Joseph was a man, and in virtue of that fact was always interesting.

WHETHER he was a great man is an entirely different question. We may express our own opinion that now is not the time to attempt to answer it. Beyond all doubt he was an infinitely sad man, and therefore, there is no saccharine sentimentality in turning a thought to that darkened room in Schönbrunn and acknowledging that for his sake we are glad the Emperor of Austria is dead. " Am I, then, to be spared nothing ? " he is reported to have said when they told him that his wife was dead, killed by an assassin whom she could not possibly have injured in any way. One thing he was spared—life just sufficiently further prolonged to realise that his death did not matter at all.

THAT seems to us to be the crowning tragedy of a tragic life. With all his limitations, and contradictions of character and intelligence we credit Francis Joseph with sincere belief in his own mission and vocation, and with sincere desire to act always in the best interests of his realms. His personal disinterestedness differentiates him, we submit, from the German Emperor, whose spectacular Imperialism is really a splendid cloak for his own vainglorious ambition. Here and now the effects may seem so similar that the causes from which they spring may be thought identical. Later, and somewhere else, the motives will be discovered, and by them the two men will be judged. Meanwhile, however, the long life-work of Francis Joseph is crumbling into ruin, and we do not apologise for our feeling of pity for him and of something like gladness that he was spared the final, complete knowledge of his failure. That the other man may live to see and realise his failure, and drink the bitter cup of defeat to the last dregs, is only part of the punishment we hope may be meted out to him.

WITH the removal of this figure from the throne we may expect the Germans to drop the last pretence of respect for their Austro-Hungarian allies. Already, at once, the comments of the German newspapers on the Emperor's death are so callous and cynical that each must be a new affront to two proud peoples and to their new sovereign. Apparently they wish it to be believed that we and our Allies regard the death of Francis Joseph as in some way vitally important to the development of the war. That is why we have declared our own opinion that the death does not " matter " at all. Owing, perhaps, to senile decay, the dead Emperor had allowed himself to be made a tool of the unscrupulous man who at present is head of the forty-year-old German Empire. His successor can hardly hope to escape from the extremely undignified position. If he does, it will be by way of some of the terms which we and our Allies shall impose upon the Central Empires when we have defeated them. As yet, all that he has had time to do is make the inevitable announcement that he will continue to prosecute the war to the very end. That precisely is our own intention.

C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

As it is being conducted by Prussian initiative, the tendency of the war is to destroy all art and artistic expression. Witness Louvain, Rheims, and Venice. Masterpieces that have lived for centuries have been swept away in a moment of racial passion, while even the ugliest German "Denkmal" remains immune. To Germany a big gun is more valuable than a campanile that has gathered the beauty of a thousand dead years. In an article in the "Daily Mail Year Book" for 1917, on "Literature After the War," Sir Herbert Warren is of opinion, however, that art will not only survive the Great War, but will emerge purer and greater than ever. Literature particularly is likely to be broader, more sincere, and inspired by the age of suffering and sacrifice.

Empire of the English Tongue

"It may pretty certainly be predicted," says Sir Herbert, "that England, ever the home of poetry in the past, will not fail to find her new poets in the new day." As to the English language itself, it will remain, for business purposes, the world language. "Even if the British Empire were to dissolve, the empire of the English tongue would remain." In the view of the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, it is pretty safe to predict that the French language will recover more than its old vogue, while Italy is not likely to be less vocal, and Russia will speak yet more than before to the world at large. As to gallant little Belgium, "at this hour her poets are more the poets of Europe than any others, except possibly our own Rudyard Kipling."

After Thirty Months

While everything purchasable, with one or two remote exceptions, has increased in price since August, 1914, newspapers have managed up till now to keep their prices fairly uniform with pre-war conditions. That the continuance of such a condition is incompatible with the increased cost of paper and production is shown by the fact that the "Times" has increased its price by the modest sum of one halfpenny. In the course of its record career the "Times" has never hesitated to vary its price according to existing conditions rather than deteriorate in the quality of its contents. A hundred years ago its price was as high as sevenpence a copy. Prior to March, 1914, it was threepence. The "Times" has rightly taken the lead in the matter of price readjustment, and other papers, if they are to be produced without considerable loss, will have to follow. At a recent meeting of representative British newspaper proprietors a resolution was adopted recommending the owners of morning and evening papers to increase their selling price by one halfpenny.

The Great Food Problem

With the approach of the third Christmas of the war there are indications that one aspect of the season will be changed materially all over Europe. One refers, of course, to conditions in purely civilian circles outside the immediate area of hostilities. Herr von Batocki, who rejoices in the title of Director of the Imperial War Nutritions Office, will doubtless restrict the menus in the Berlin hotels and restaurants at least as drastically as Mr. Runciman has advised the managers of similar institutions in London to cut down extravagance and display. Austria and Hungary have their Food Dictators in Baron Beck and Baron Kürthy respectively, while in France M. Joseph Thierry, the Under-Secretary for the Commissariat, has been given a similar appointment. Who is to be the British Food Dictator we do not yet know.

The Season of Goodwill

Meanwhile there is a clear call for all in this country to see that the coming Christmas shall be in very fact a season of goodwill, not an excuse for greed or an opportunity for mere merry-making. In times of crisis there are always displays of reckless extravagance. A little thought will give the reason why. For the great mass of the people the task is twofold: (1) To see that our soldiers and sailors have all it is possible to give them to ameliorate the horrors of their environment and to remind them of the dear Homeland for which they are fighting; and (2) to see that the children are specially cared for.

Sir William Robertson's Warning

Some of the extraordinary anomalies of life in London and other of our great cities are due to mere thoughtlessness. As Sir William Robertson says, many of us "still do not recognise the issues at stake, nor the efforts that we ought to make, and can make, if we will but try." In fine, we are "not yet fully awake." As to general food conditions, our forbears had to suffer food restrictions. In the time of Edward III., for example, it was decreed that, in order to restrain excesses in costly meats, no one should be allowed more than two courses at dinner or supper, or more than two kinds of food at each course, except on the principal yearly feast-days, when three courses at most were allowed. Again, an Act of Elizabeth, in 1562, forbade flesh on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, besides Lenten and Ember Days. Similar enactments have been also in force in France in bygone times. As to "standard bread," it appears that in December, 1794, when a famine was threatening, the Lords of the Council proposed to put a stop to the use of fine flour for baking purposes, and to substitute a coarse but wholesome bread known as "standard wheaten bread" for the better class of bread. Mr. Sharpe, in his "London and the Kingdom," tells how their lordships pledged themselves and their families to use no other bread than standard wheaten bread until the following October 1st, and to practise all possible economy in the use of flour.

Retired Admiral's View

The only way to protect our hospital ships, declares Admiral Fremantle, is to place on board each ship, according to size, twenty-five or fifty German prisoners—including, say, five officers—and to notify Germany that we have done so. It is a course for which there is ample precedent, and which has usually proved effective. Perhaps, after all, it is the only way.

Do Not Forget

The War Illustrated is eagerly looked for by soldiers at the front and sailors with the Fleet. It is welcomed in hospitals and rest camps as the true pictorial reflector of events and personalities in the world-wide war. The simple act of handing a copy of The War Illustrated into any post-office in Great Britain will result in its being forwarded by the authorities for the use of our soldiers and sailors. Here is a little kindness which it is possible for anyone to do occasionally, and for many to do regularly, to the brave fellows who are fighting our battles by land and sea.

Printed and published by the Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

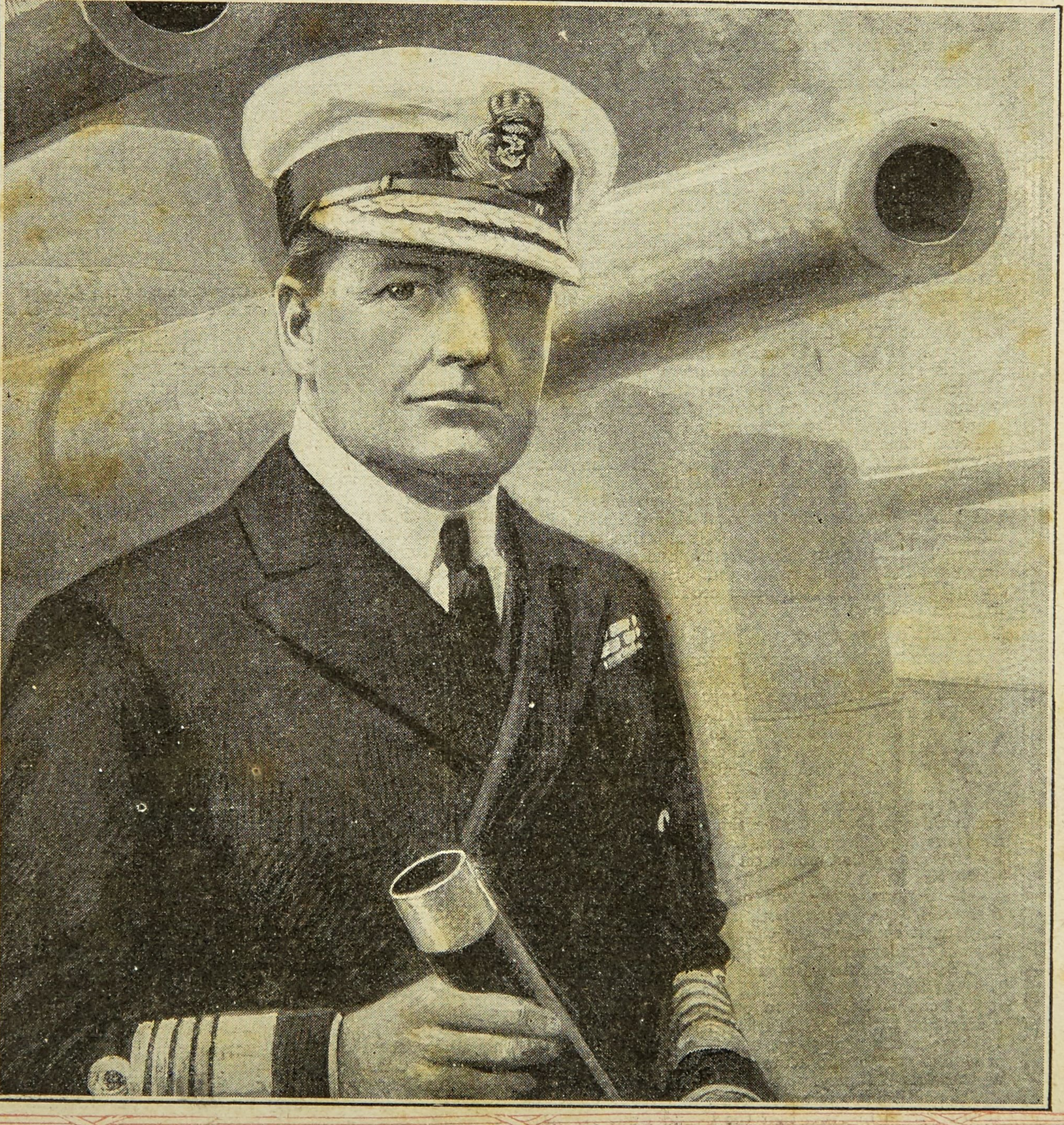
The War Illustrated, 16th December, 1916. Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Fight of the Flaming Ship by Max Pemberton

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

ALL THE BEST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



Vol. 5 Admiral Beatty on the Bridge: The New Commander of the Grand Fleet No. 122

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F.A. McKenzie

THE reorganisation of the Government will have been accomplished before this can be published, and everything points to Mr. Lloyd George becoming the supreme director of our war policy. There is no better man for the task. Procrastination and delay have brought us to a bad pass. The feeling is general that there has been a lack of decision and boldness in the political conduct of the war which has done us great harm. Happily, it is not yet too late to mend our ways.

The changes in the Admiralty are good, so far as they go; but they will go still further—they must. This is the hour for men of action, and it is quite evident that the greatest need of the Navy to-day is an active policy. By this I do not mean, as certain defenders of the recent régime somewhat crudely suggest, that our fleets should fling themselves against Heligoland.

Changes at the Admiralty

The public knows little or nothing about Sir Henry Jackson, who has resigned from the office of First Sea Lord. His friends claim for him that at least "he did not advertise." Talking of publicity, Hindenburg is the best advertised fighting leader to-day, because he is the strongest and most outstanding character. The man in the street did not even know the name of Jackson in association with our Navy. Sir John Jellicoe goes to the Board of Admiralty with a knowledge of actual fighting conditions at sea to-day that cannot fail to be of use there. The appointment of Sir David Beatty to the command of the Grand Fleet is splendid. He has the great gift of youth. He has proved himself a bold, resolute commander—willing, if needs be, to make great sacrifices. It requires supreme courage to put all your fortunes to the test, when victory or defeat involves the fate, not of yourself alone, but of the Empire. Nelson had that courage; Beatty, I believe, also has it.

Meanwhile, the blockade of Britain proceeds apace, and the submarine war increases almost daily. My morning paper reports to-day fifteen ships sunk by U boats—seven British, four French, and one Swedish, Japanese, Belgian, and Norwegian. Even the Channel service is now disturbed, boats crossing to France at irregular intervals.

The Fate of Bukarest

Unless a miracle happens, Rumania is lost. Russia has attempted, late in the day, a big counter-offensive in the Carpathians, but the capture of a long line of ridges in the Carpathians, or of several long lines of ridges, will do little or nothing to relieve the situation in the plains. News has not yet come to hand as I write of the surrender of Bukarest, but the Rumanians have semi-officially announced that it is not intended, should the Germans pierce the defences, to prolong the resistance so as to give the enemy an excuse to shell the city. You do not begin a vigorous defence by announcing that under certain conditions you will withdraw.

The German occupation of Rumania is a serious disaster for the Allies, both morally and materially. Morally, it convinces the world that we are unable to protect smaller nations that join us. "First Belgium, then Serbia, and then Rumania," is a message that has been written very big around the world. Materially, it will enable Germany to perfect her lines of communication with Asiatic Turkey, it will create a strong Balkan barrier against us, and it will largely help to solve one part of the acute food problem in Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The political news from Russia is much more cheerful. It is reported in Paris that the Grand Duke Nicholas has been recalled to high command nearer home. At an earlier crisis he, by his firmness, stamped out threatened treachery. We can rely upon him to do the same again. The new Premier, M. Trepoff, has announced in the most uncompromising terms the national determination to fight to the end, and not to consent to a separate peace. The Allies have pledged themselves that at the close of the war the Dardanelles and Constantinople shall pass into Russian hands.

The situation in Greece has gone from bad to worse. The cables from Athens throw a gloss over the situation which tends to be somewhat deceptive. The allied commander, Admiral du Fournet, faced by the deliberate and repeated refusal of King Constantine to yield to our ultimatum that he should surrender eighteen batteries of field artillery and sixteen of mountain artillery, resolved to land troops and occupy Athens. There is no evidence that he had any force adequate for this purpose. The allied soldiers marched ashore numbered three thousand. They found themselves faced by enormously superior numbers of Greek soldiers strongly placed, and a fight followed. Despite aid from the guns of the allied ships, the allied troops retired, some of them under heavy Greek escort. Their dead were taken off by Greek ambulances. An armistice was arranged, and King "Tino" offered as a compromise to give up six mountain batteries. This derisive offer was refused. Our dealings with Greece will stand out in history as a crowning example of ineptitude.

Sir Douglas Haig and His Critics

On the western front the lull continues. There are the usual trench raids and bursts of artillery fire, but nothing beyond. The attempt by certain hidden politicians in Britain to stir up intrigue against Sir Douglas Haig has met with the fate it deserved. Our commander in the field has a very difficult task which he is executing with the greatest skill. Anyone who studied the Staff work in the early days of the war, and who studies it now cannot but be encouraged by the improvement. We have not yet reached perfection—very far from it—but the problems of handling gigantic armies of millions of men have been tackled with ever-growing success. It is to be hoped that before this is published the weather will have so improved as to permit another forward move. The policy of our army this winter is to advance at every opportunity. This throws a heavy strain on our men, but a still heavier strain on the enemy, who must ever be prepared to meet us anywhere.

Germany's Internal Condition

The feeling of the French people that we should take over a larger portion of the western front, to which I referred recently, grows stronger. The feeling exists not so much with the Government as in the nation. France has paid a supreme tax in men. Her losses have been heart-breaking. The sustained German attacks upon Verdun were a failure in that the enemy did not break through, but they were not a failure from the point of view of compelling France to pay dearly in flesh and blood for holding the enemy back. France also expects Italy to play a larger part by providing more men for the Balkan campaign.

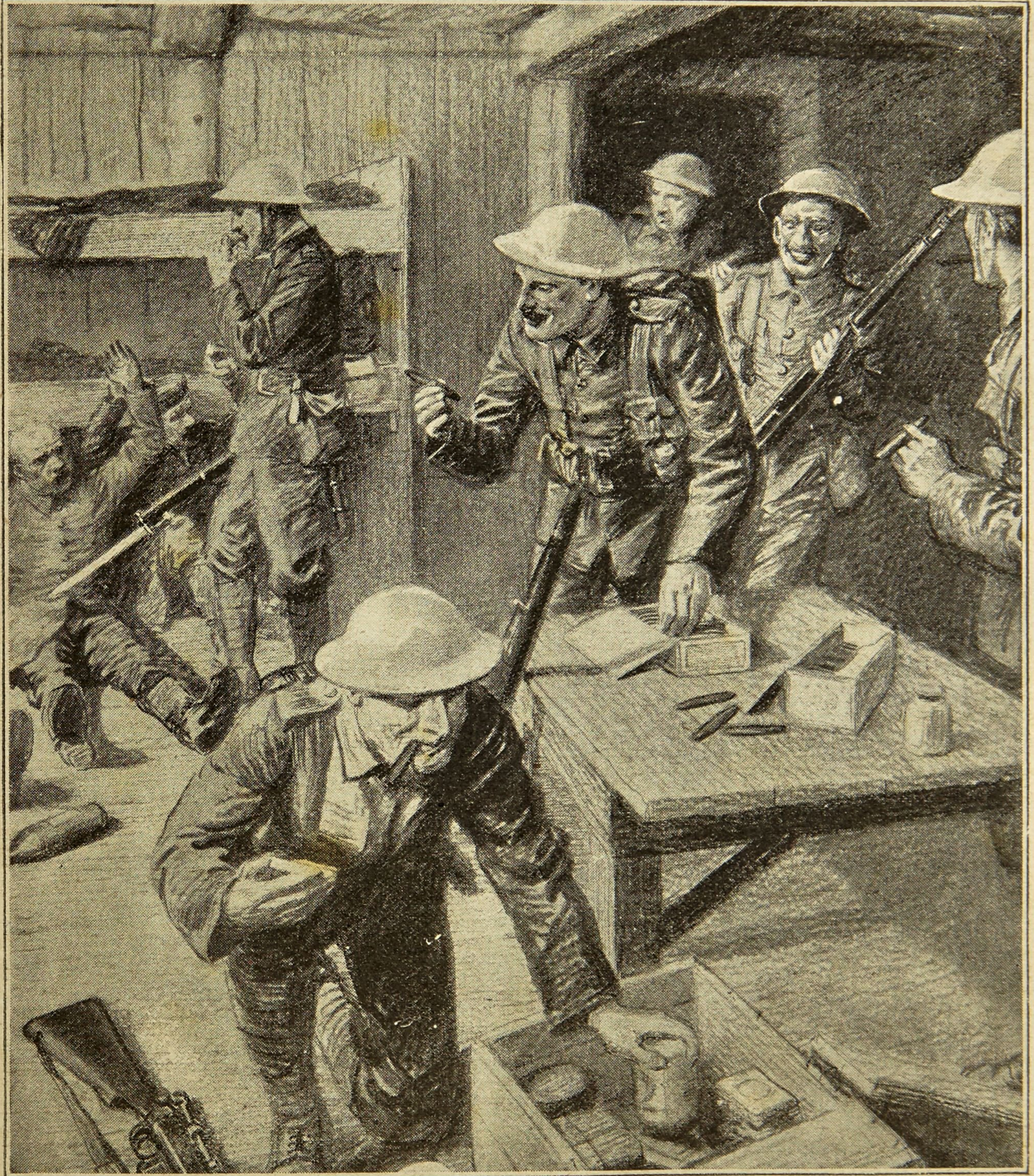
The one encouraging aspect of the situation at the present moment is the internal condition of Germany. Little is heard of it. When Germany scarcely suffered, the world was filled with plaints of starvation. Now that very short commons have become an actuality, scarcely a word is said. Germany is feeling the strain as we have not yet begun to feel it. Now in the hour when darkness gathers is the time for us to show cheerfulness, courage, and resolution.

16th December, 1916. No. 122. Vol. 5.

THE WAR

Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



THE PRICE OF KAMERADERIE! British soldiers, in process of clearing the dug-outs in a captured trench, help themselves gaily to the cigars and other good things with which the dispossessed tenants, now their very good "Kameraden," were well supplied.

THE GREAT ISSUES OF THE WAR

MANHOOD AFTER THE WAR

Is the Great Race passing, or will it survive to carry on the World's Civilisation?

By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G.

IT may seem at first a little irrelevant if I commence this article with a brief extract from a recent number of the "Times."

> ——— a nurse, of ——— was remanded charged with the murder of ——— aged three months. At the inquest on the child's body it was alleged that death was due to improper feeding, and the prisoner in evidence said that she kept a home where women were admitted, and that during the past few months ten children had died there.

One of the most dreadful evils in the United Kingdom, but more especially in England—and the southern and eastern parts of England to a greater degree—is the infant mortality, which is at least twice as high as it ought to be in a State of our degree of civilisation. The State or the commune will *not* intervene summarily and efficiently in the suppression of baby-farming. There are great seaside towns and health resorts in which this abominable traffic in infant flesh is carried on most profitably and under hypocritical disguises of "Homes," "Refuges," "St. So-and-So's" something or other, "St. So-and-So's Crèche," etc. A case heard at one of the Southern Assizes some months ago was typical. The babies' home was run by a sham nurse wearing fraudulently the costume of a nursing-sister.

Healthy Child Used as Decoy

She was herself the mother, illegitimately, of a healthy little boy, and she used this boy, who was always well fed and well cared for, as a lure, while the children confided to her care slowly faded away from lack of food and proper hygiene. She was tried for manslaughter, but got off with a comparatively light sentence, and will no doubt, as soon as possible, attempt to renew her nefarious business somewhere else and under some other disguise.

In thinking out the problem of manhood after the war we must bend all our thoughtfulness, all our energies, to seeing that every child that comes into the world—legitimately or illegitimately, healthy as well as unhealthy—is taken the greatest care of. As a general rule it is far better that the children of poor people—legitimate or illegitimate—should be cared for, reared beyond the dangers of infancy, by the workhouse (there is as yet no substitute for this disagreeable name) in every parish or district. I have visited a good many of these, or my wife has done so, and scarcely ever have we had to take exception to the excellent, kindly, businesslike, and modern ways they have of caring for children, and enabling them to grow up strong and healthy members of the community.

Remove Stigma from State Institutions

Let all stigma henceforth be removed from these institutions, for which the State and the commune are responsible, and which are looked after and governed gratuitously by honest and enlightened citizens, male and female. Baby-farming should be made absolutely illegal. There should be nothing but State or municipal institutions for receiving and nurturing infants whom their mothers cannot properly support. Even charitable institutions, unless they are controlled and managed by the State, must be done away with. Those that are fit to survive must become State institutions.

Mr. Madison Grant, a prominent citizen of New York, has recently published a book called "The Passing of the Great Race." He fears that the cause of the white man all over the Old World, even in the New World, will suffer from the terrible holocaust which is going on and is likely to go on for some time longer, destroying or hopelessly maiming the finest flower of European manhood. Between the ages when man makes the best father, all too many of the most vigorous English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh; French and Provençal, Italians, Russians, Southern Slavs, Rumanians, Germans, and Hungarians are being killed by war weapons, by war diseases, or otherwise made unfit as citizens in a future civilian existence as husbands or as fathers.

Will the White Race Perish?

Well; this ghastly sacrifice seems to be inevitable if right ideals are to prevail and to be firmly established in the world. To put it coarsely, there are only about 150,000 Serbian men left to continue the Serbian people as one of the best, most vigorous, and worthy races of the Balkan Peninsula. The best sires amongst the Montenegrins have already been wiped out, and very likely the same thing has to be said about Germany and Austria. We may not for the moment regret this, because of the horrible twist the German mind has taken under the inspiration of the Hohenzollerns and the typical Prussian statesmen and clergymen. Nevertheless, it will be a dire calamity to white humanity if after the war there is a physically degenerate Germany left on our hands, and a hundred times more lamentable from our own point of view will be the elimination of the best elements—physically, if not mentally—from the British peoples.

However, there it is, to satisfy the mad ambitions of the House of Hohenzollern, to atone for the miserable lack of statesmanship in twentieth-century Britain, a severe blow must be dealt at the primacy of the white man and of the best type of white man intellectually and physically considered. Probably the war will be brought to an end by financial bankruptcy before a complete annihilation of all men within the fighting age has taken place, and we shall be left with a considerable remnant in all these lands from which once again with care to build up our stock of healthy, vigorous, wholesome, handsome, intelligent human beings.

Need of Pure Food and Milk

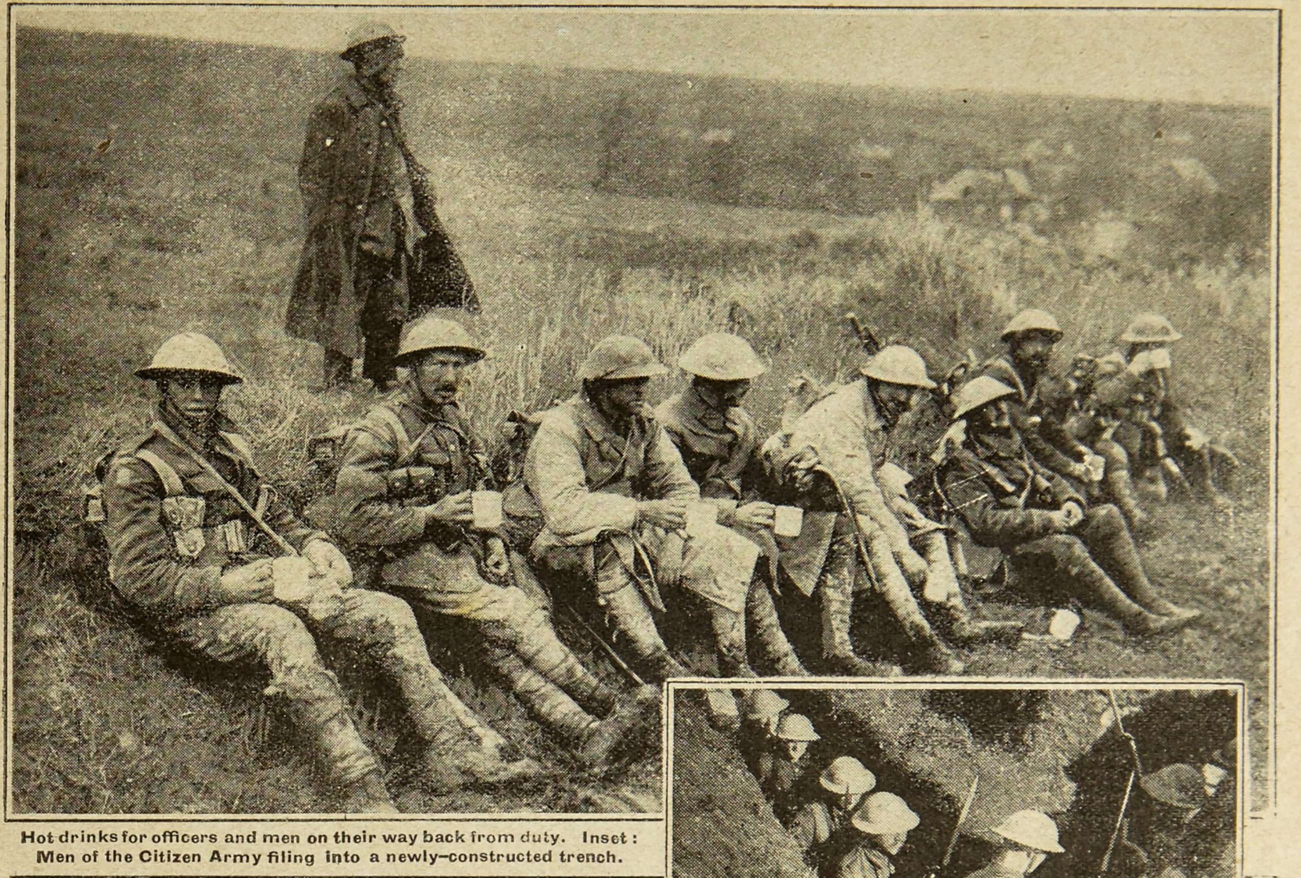
To effect this recovery we must grasp the nettle of alcoholism firmly and unflinchingly. Alcohol is one of the deadliest enemies of our race. It affects the health and vigour of children prenatally; it ruins them as valid citizens and rulers when it seizes on them as adults. It is the great fosterer of crime—and what is worse—venereal disease, the mother of all diseases, the wiper-out of races.

We must not only look a hundred times more zealously and eagerly than we do to the protection of children, but we must take the utmost care of every infant that is born, and do our utmost to combat infantile maladies, and rear to maturity twice as many children as we do at the present day. We must make the adulteration of milk and of food generally one of the most severely punished of crimes. We must very greatly increase our milk supply and make pure milk one of the cheapest articles of diet. We must not eat quite so much meat, and make the good wheaten loaf almost a sacred emblem. We must endeavour so to spread work amongst our people from the highest to the lowest that no citizen, male or female, whatever their wealth or position or their lack of wealth and position, is idle, and equally see to it that no one in any career, however humble, is overworked or deprived of reasonable opportunities for recreation. And to secure these reforms we must give women the vote.

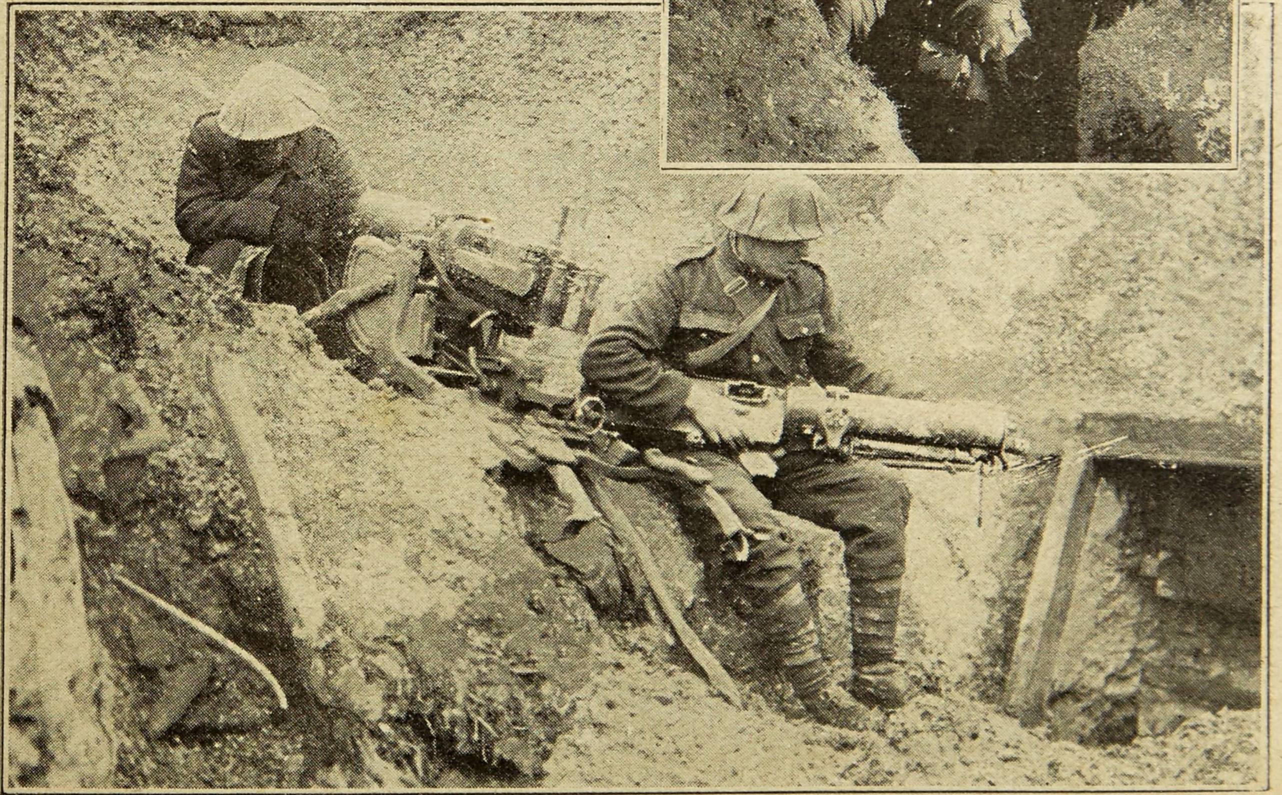
Next Article:
BRITISH INDUSTRIES AFTER THE WAR
An Optimistic Outlook
By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

Near Beaumont-Hamel After the British Victory

British Official Photographs

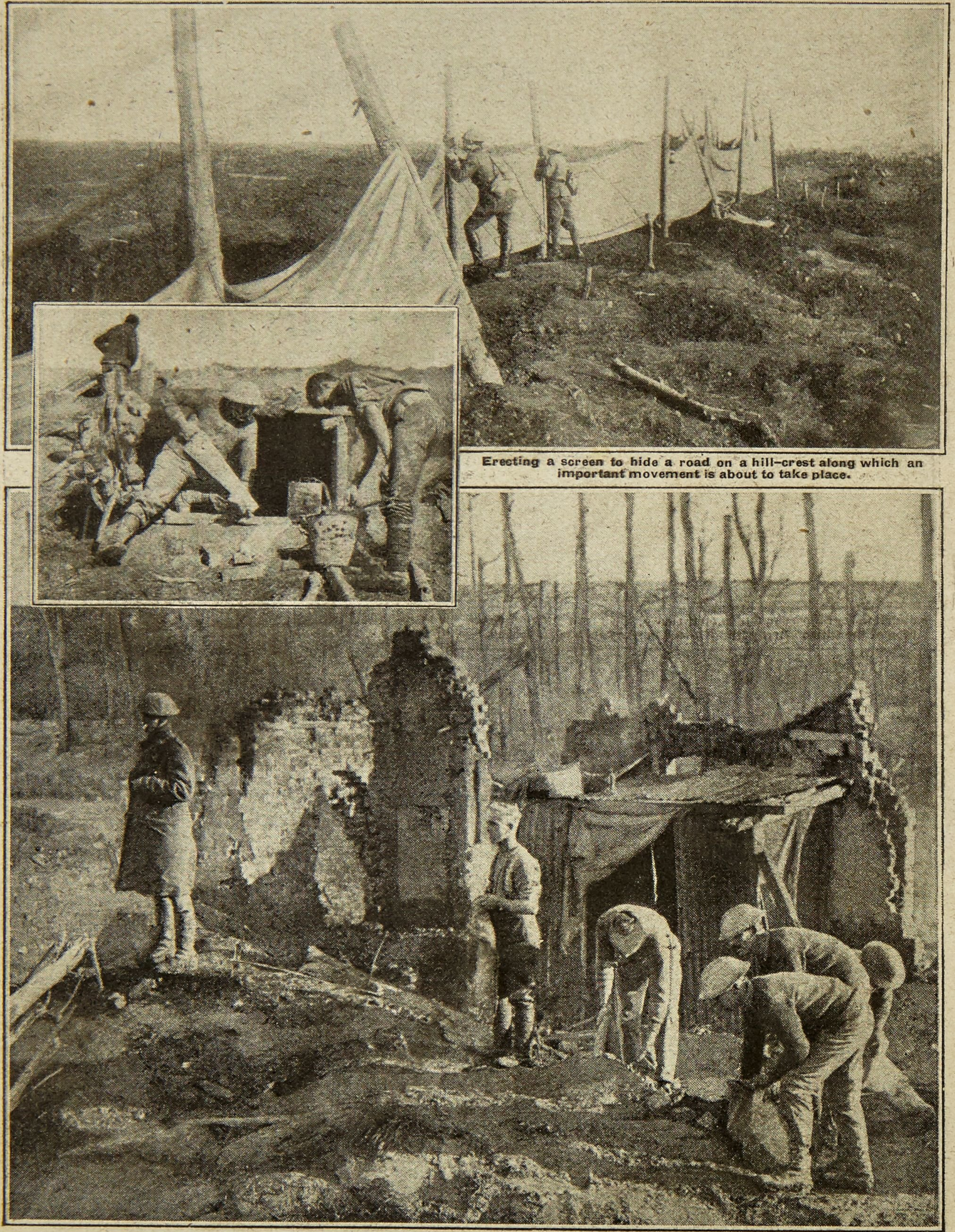


Hot drinks for officers and men on their way back from duty. Inset: Men of the Citizen Army filing into a newly-constructed trench.



German machine-guns captured in the victorious assault on Beaumont-Hamel. Two British soldiers are examining the weapons, which were left fairly intact by the retreating enemy. On the right is the entrance to a captured German dug-out.

Winter Dug-outs for Britons on the Somme

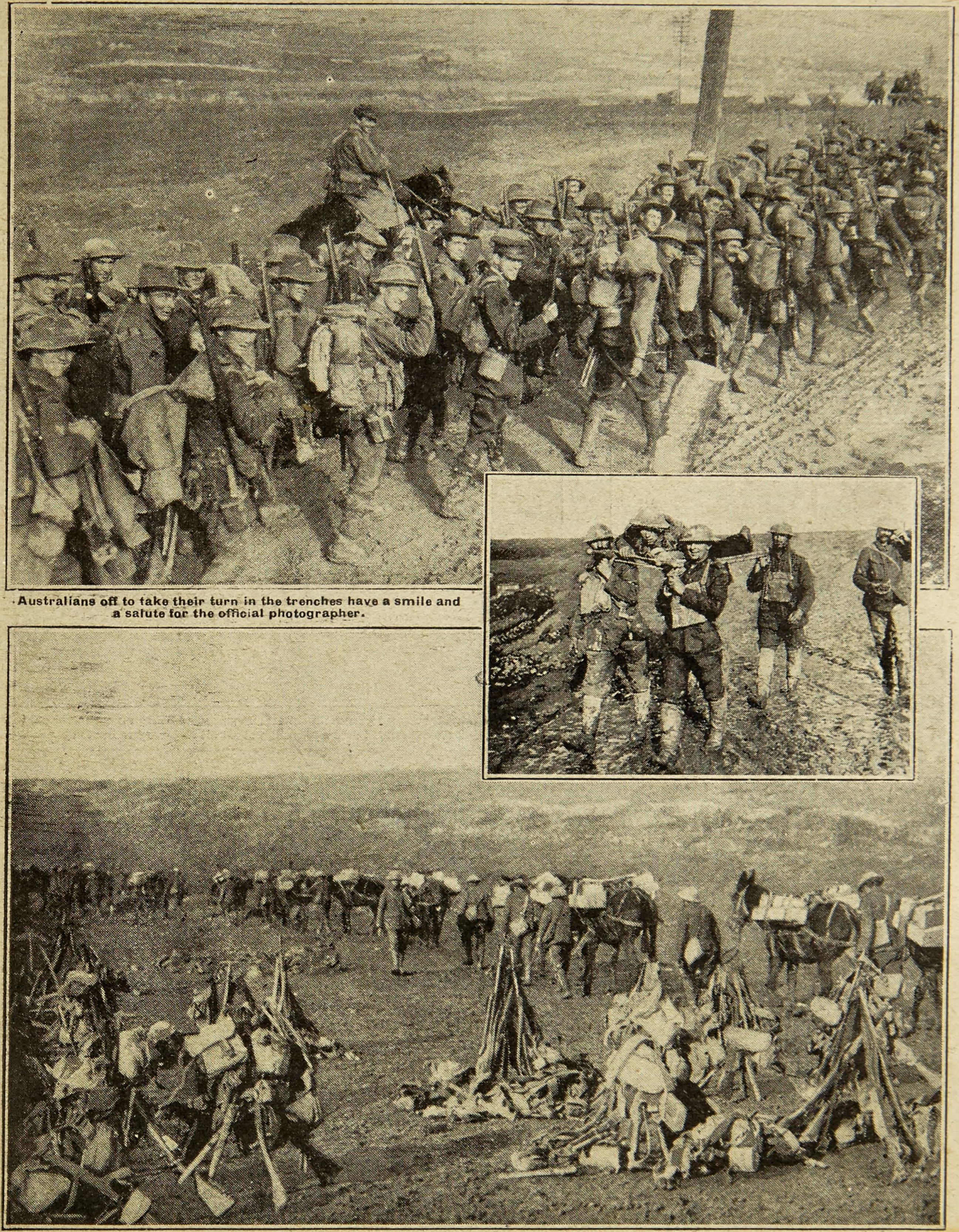


Erecting a screen to hide a road on a hill-crest along which an important movement is about to take place.

Everyone will recall Captain Bairnsfather's humorous drawing, "We are now staying at a farmhouse." This photograph boasts a farmhouse even more dilapidated than the artist's fanciful creation. Inset: Building their winter dug-out.

Tramping to the Trenches Through Seas of Mud

Official Photographs

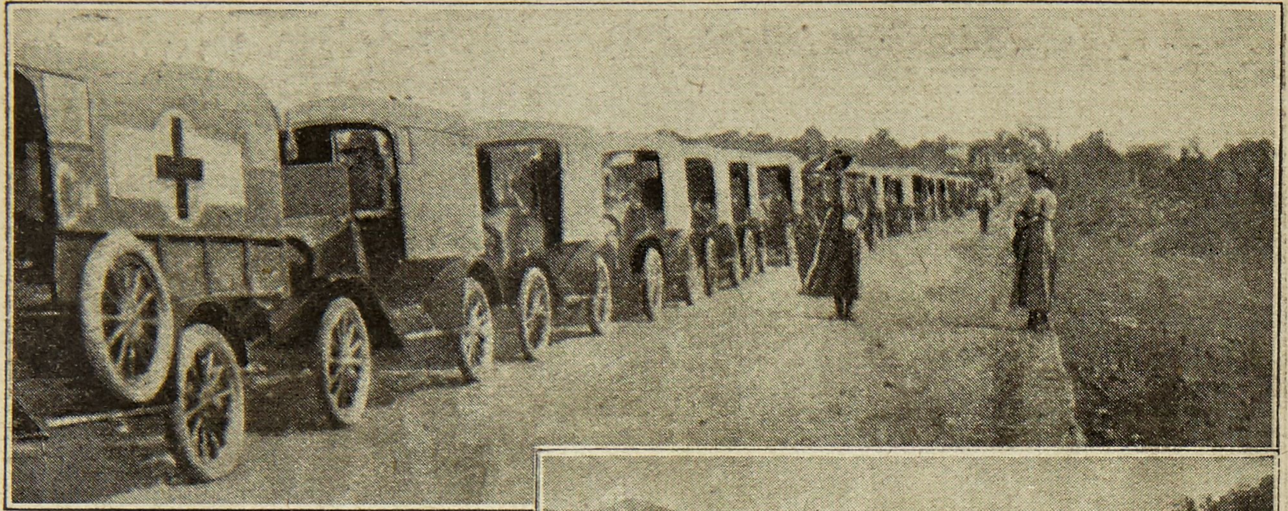


Australians off to take their turn in the trenches have a smile and a salute for the official photographer.

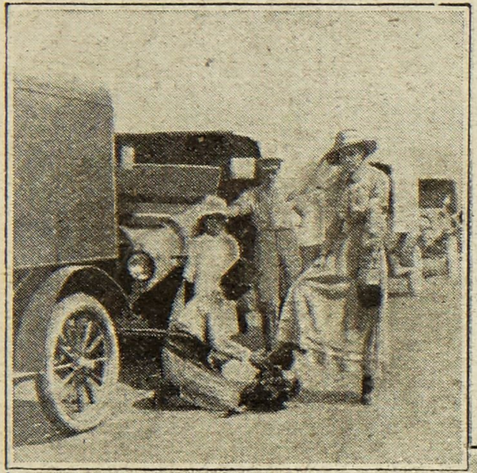
Pack-mules on their way up to the front line. Inset: Four sturdy Canadians carry a wounded comrade through the mud, the casualty seeming as indifferent to the pain of his wounds as the stretcher-bearers are to the discomfort of their march. (Canadian War Records.)

Scottish Nurses on their Way Back to Monastir

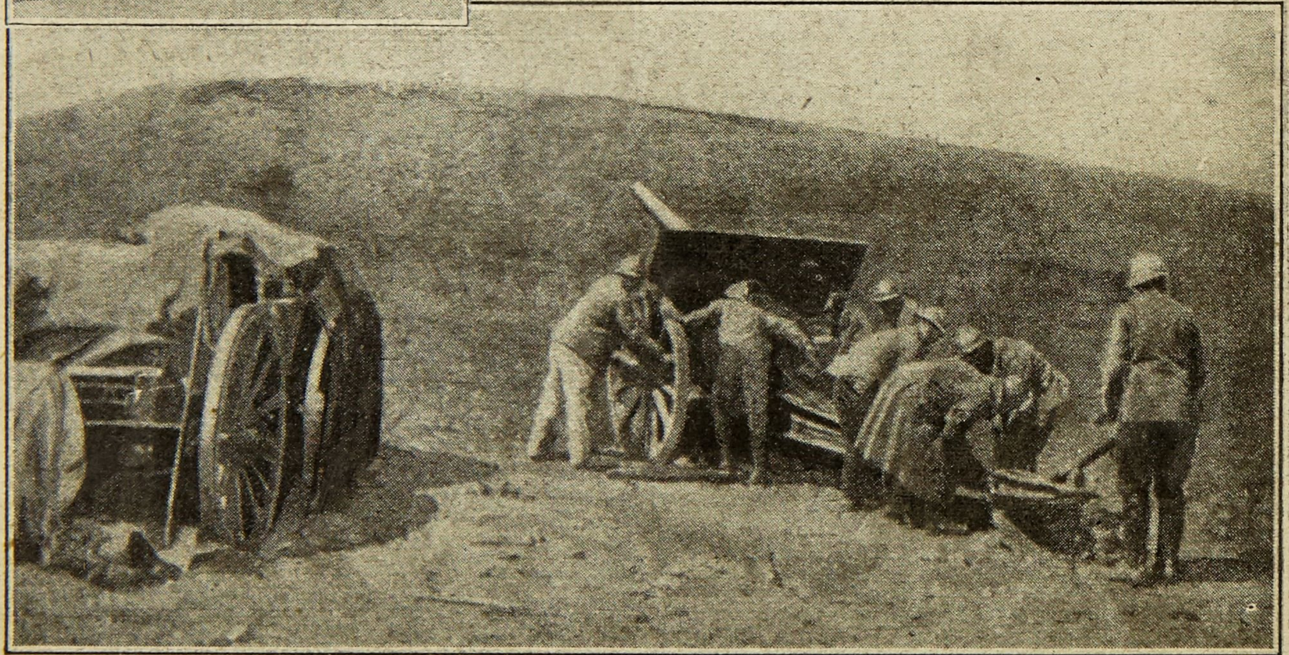
Exclusive Photographs



A convoy taking the Scottish Women's Hospital from Salonika to Ostrovo. This heroic ambulance endured the horrors of the Serbian retreat in 1915.



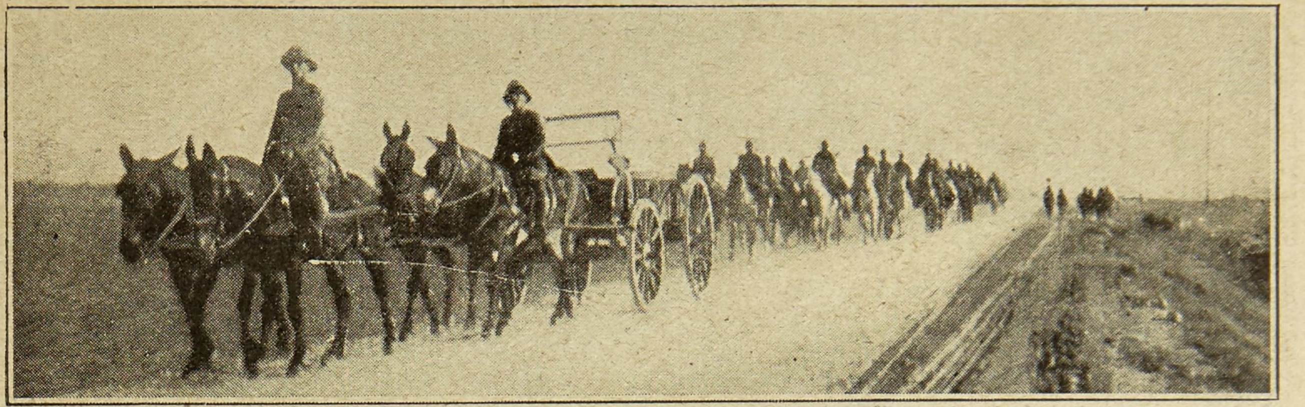
On the road to Ostrovo and Monastir. Left: Smartness being an essential part of efficiency, one of the ladies takes advantage of a halt to have her boots cleaned.



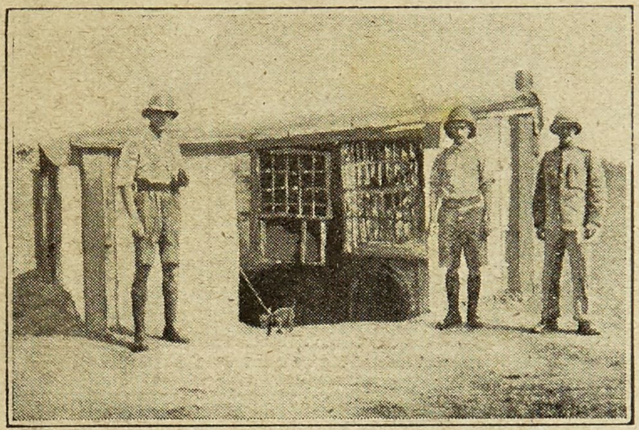
Help is worth much more than sympathy. This photograph shows some of the French artillery with the Serbians firing over a ridge on to Monastir. That town, which has ever symbolised Macedonia, was recaptured from the Bulgarians, November 19th. 1916, a shattering blow to Bulgarian prestige throughout the Balkans.

Allied Reinforcements Move Up From Salonika

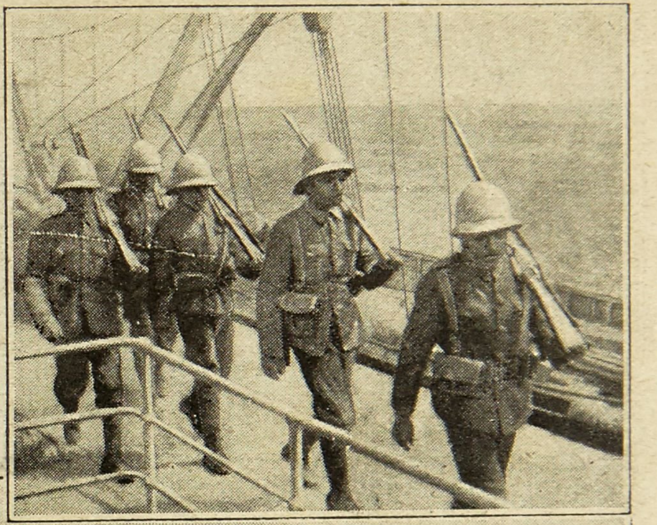
Exclusive Photographs

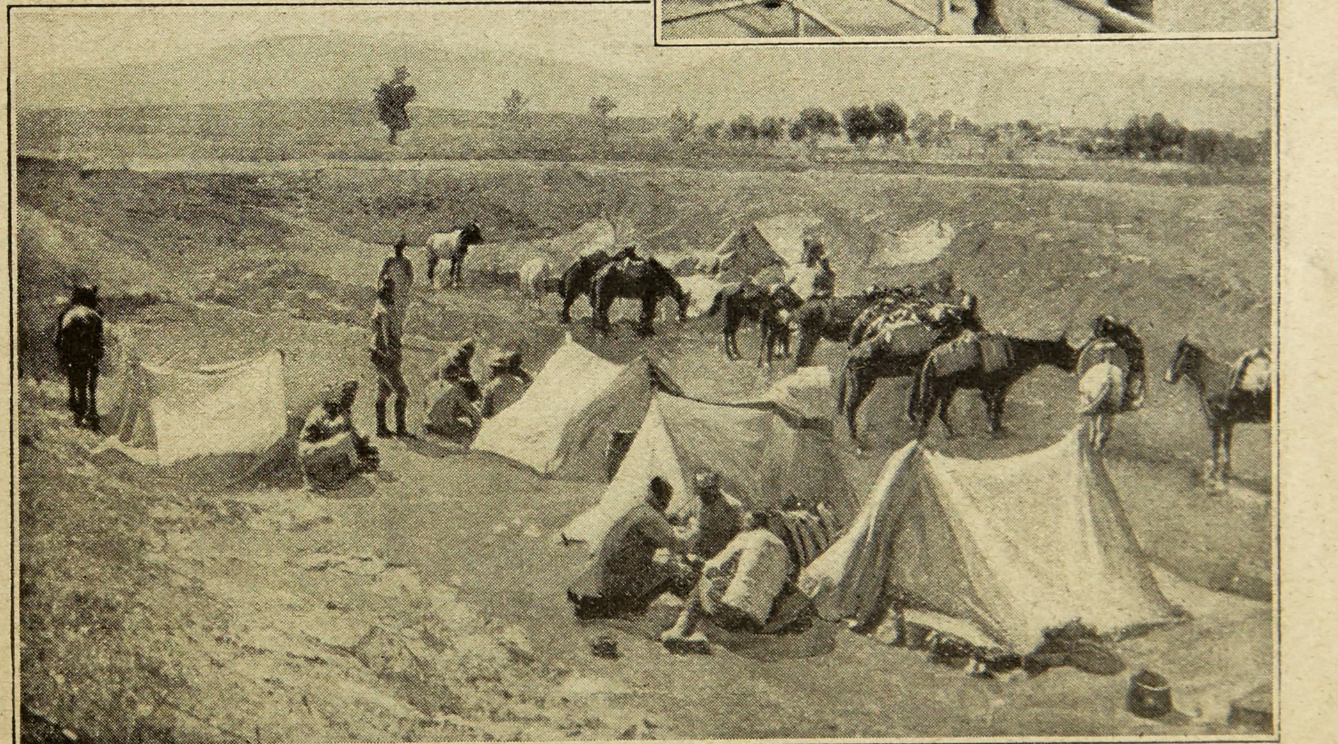


Column of the Allies on the march to an important town on the railway that twists from Salonika to Monastir.



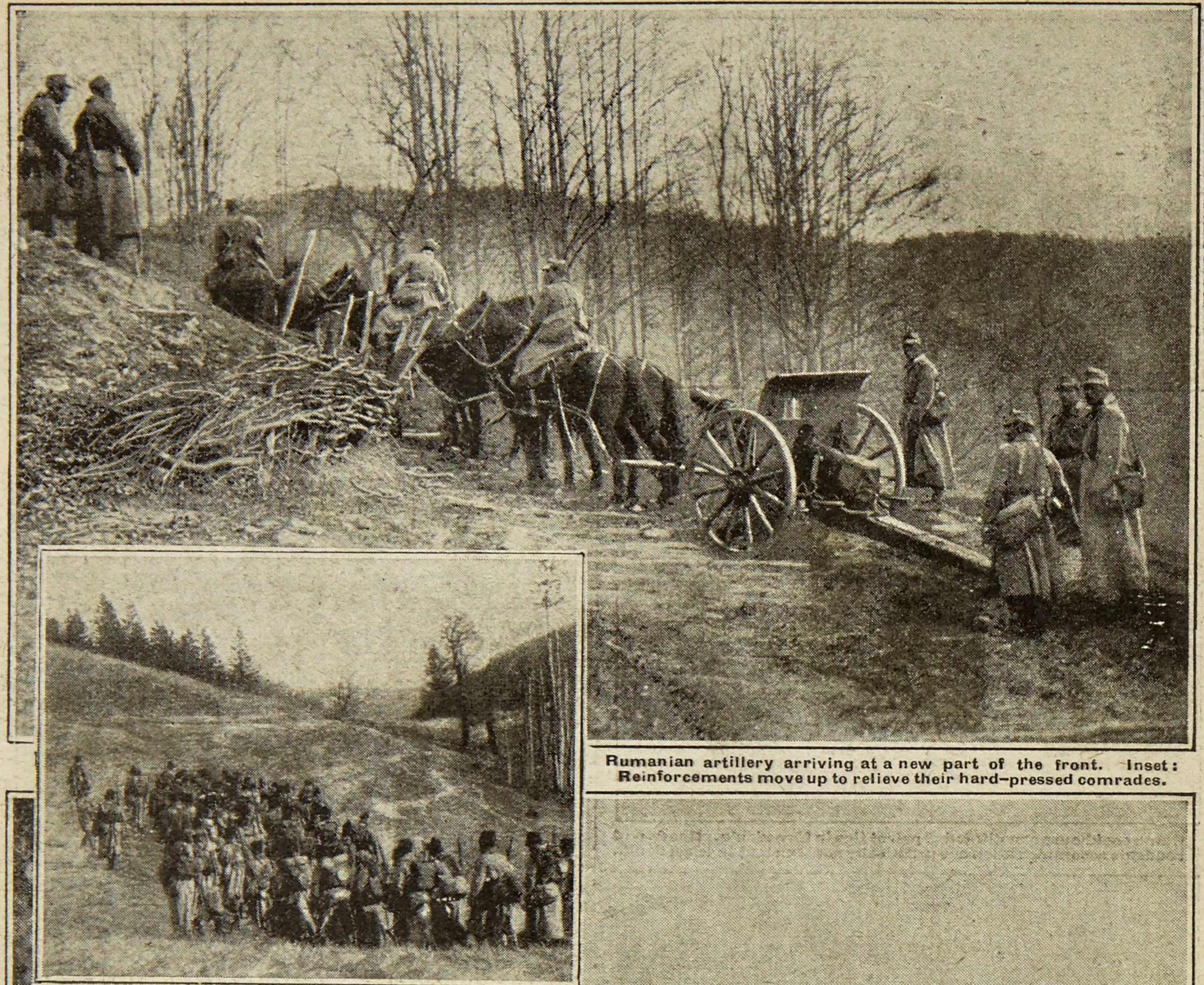
Camp cookhouse constituted of petrol tins in Macedonia. Roads and roadside accommodation are practically non-existent in Macedonia.





Serbians taking shelter in a gully near Florina, south of Monastir. The reconstituted Serbian Army, consisting of some hundred and fifty thousand warriors, was placed on the left wing of the allied army, that spread fanwise towards the Serbian frontier. Inset: Troops on their way to Salonika marching round the deck during daily drill aboard ship.

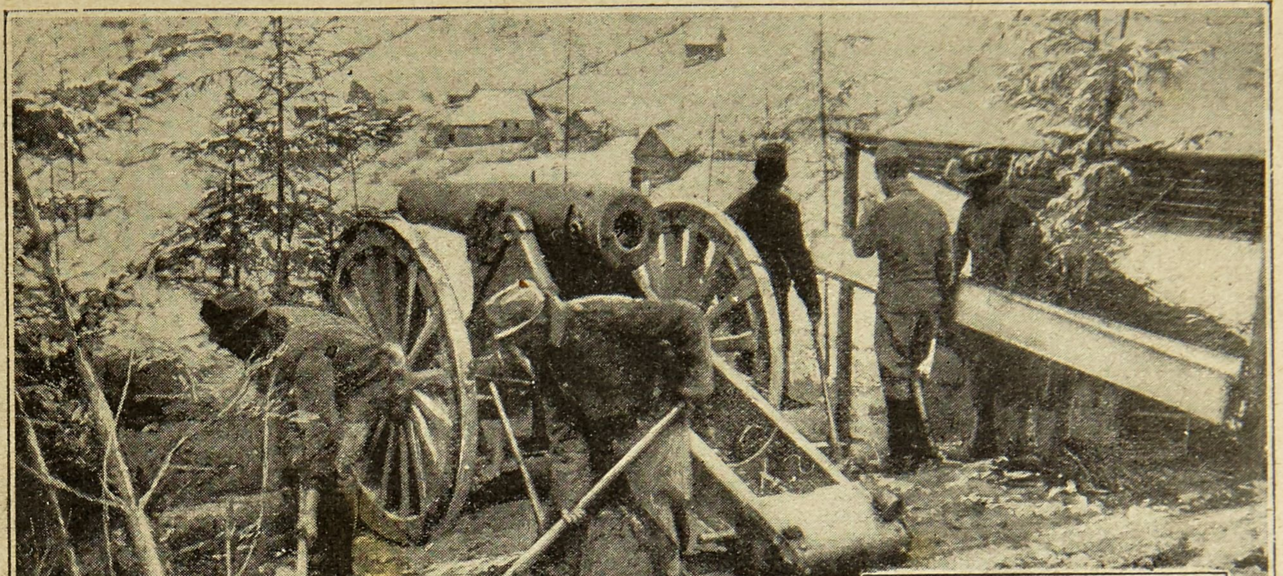
Rumania's Valiant Effort to Hold the Enemy



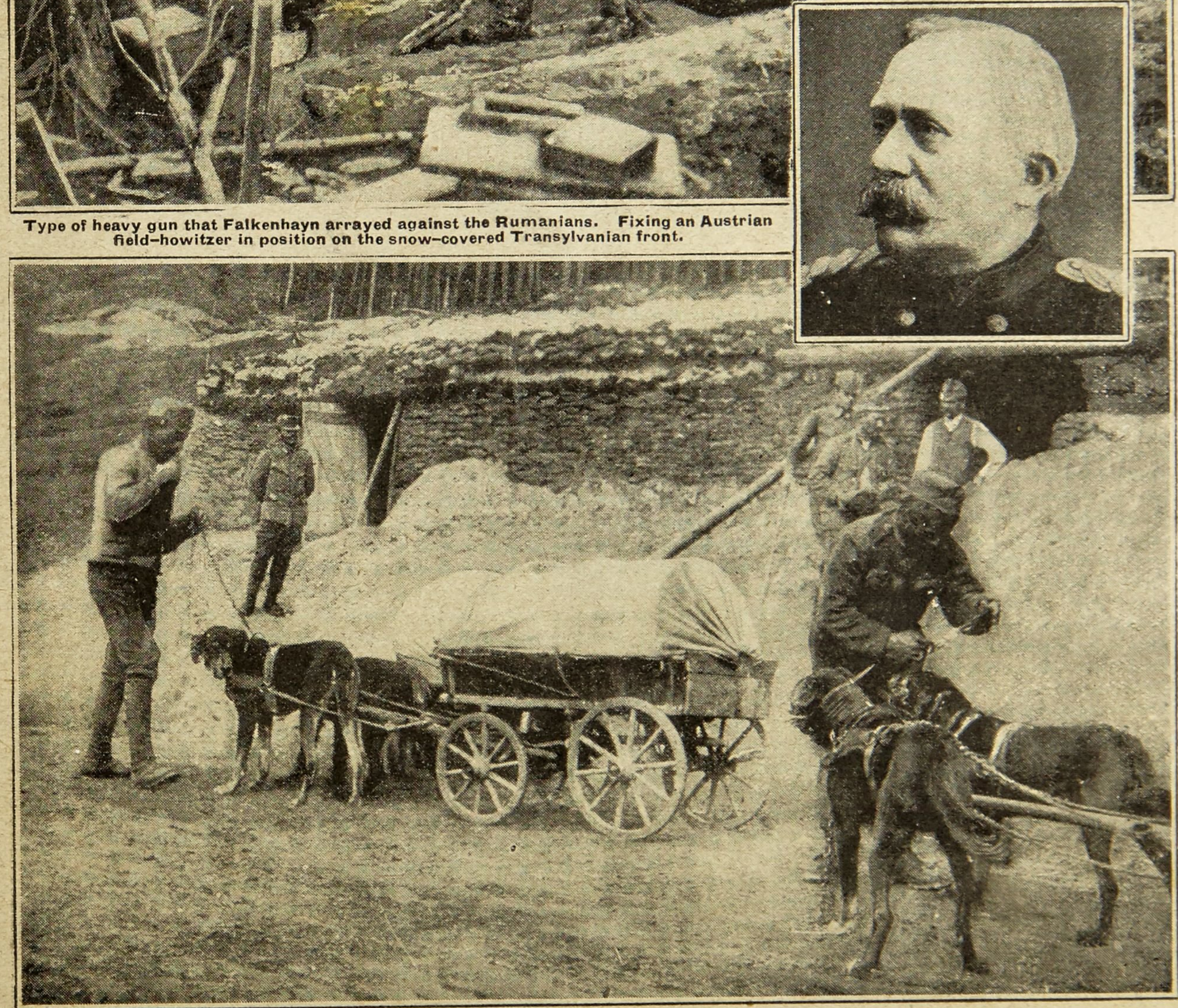
Rumanian artillery arriving at a new part of the front. Inset: Reinforcements move up to relieve their hard-pressed comrades.

Rumanian infantry in ambush. In the background are the Transylvanian mountains, while the foreground, with its profuse grass and wealth of trees, gives an idea of the fertile country against which the Central Empires have concentrated their united strength.

Large Guns and Small Dogs to Austria's Aid



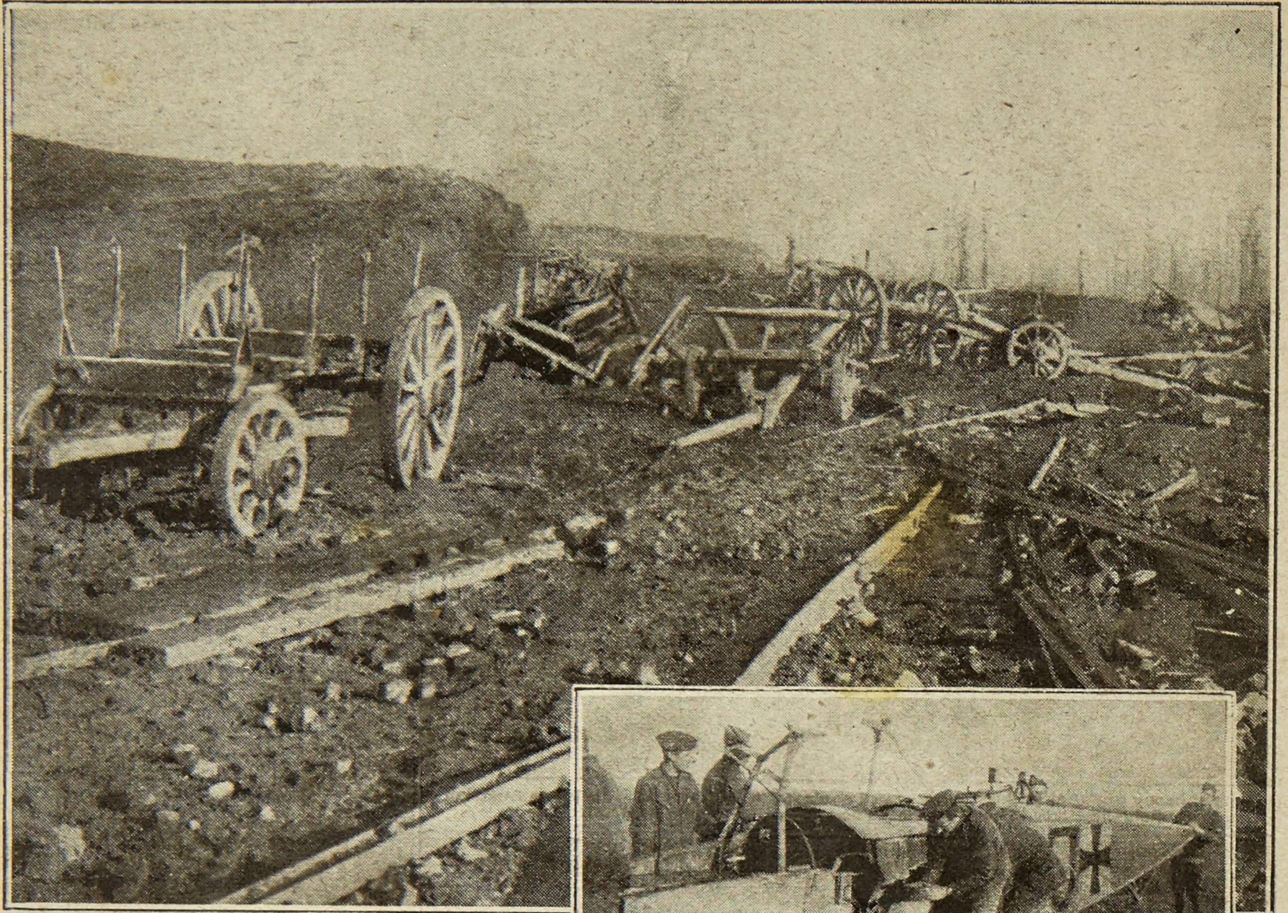
Type of heavy gun that Falkenhayn arrayed against the Rumanians. Fixing an Austrian field-howitzer in position on the snow-covered Transylvanian front.



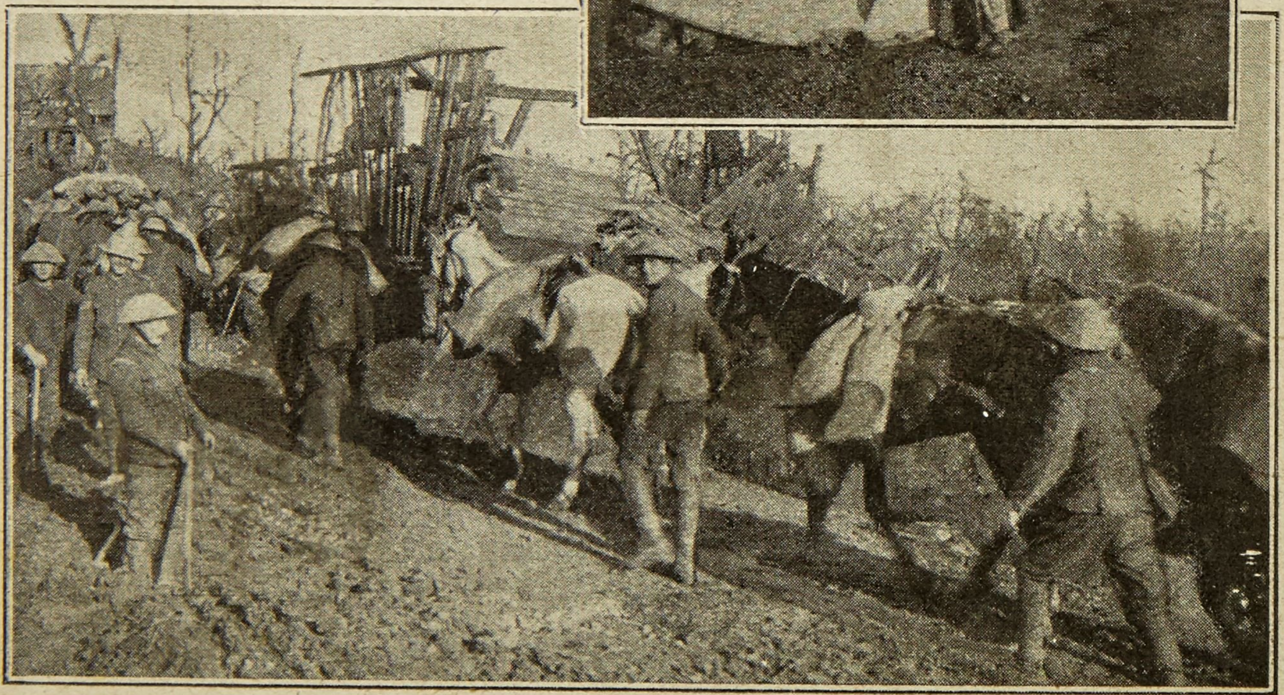
Austro-Hungarian dog-team bringing up supplies to an entrenchment on the Rumanian front. Inset: General Brialmont, who planned the forts of Bukarest, of which there are thirty-six, four miles from the city. This engineer also built the forts of Liege and Namur.

Derelicts that Line the Way from Beaucourt

British Official Photographs



Shattered carts on the road to Beaucourt. Inset: Men of the R.F.C. dismantling a captured German aeroplane.



Soldiers taking rations on pack-horses through a ruined village which other soldiers are clearing up. The broken timbers are stacked for use in a number of ways, and the bricks and rubble are immediately employed in restoring some sort of surface to the roads.

BATTLE PICTURES *of the* GREAT WAR

The Fight of the Flaming Ship

by Max Pemberton

ON the borders of Lake Constance was the ship born, and there upon her they made the sign of the Iron Cross.

A great occasion for the Hun, and celebrated with Hunnish joviality. Fat men were there whose breasts jangled orders; lean men pressed in and out of the crowd and piped their feeble voices. The deuce and all was played with the sausages. Not only must the gasbag be filled, but also the balloons of culture. Looking ahead, the bespangled fire-eaters declared that England was finished. The Zeppelin stood in the heaven and all was well with the world below.

Later on the ship is in another place. It is the same ship but different. The idea that drifted over Lake Constance half a decade ago has become the fact which a hangar in Flanders or the islands shall shelter. It is a wonderful sight, and guarded by sentries most vigilant. Puny man looks up at it from below and stands aghast at its immensity. The child upon a wharf does not regard the sheer sides of a monster liner with greater veneration—yet how different are these twain! The one will house three thousand people. It is an hotel, and again an hotel. Its engine-room is like a church; its crew alone may number a thousand souls.

Not so the Zeppelin. But twenty-eight or thirty will manœuvre this vastness. Here are neither bath-rooms nor lifts, restaurants nor bridge-saloons. The cabins are but enlarged canoes. Men go hazardously with muffled feet upon a single plank. You could not whip a cat in the engine-room. The captain sits apart like the driver of a car in the Tube, his switchboard before him, his instruments ready to his hand. But the seat of his authority is small. The landsman peeps in his cabin with awe and shivers, maybe, when he contemplates his responsibility.

On Murder Bent

Look at the crew—volunteers all, and paid high wages. Years ago, when the motor-car was a new thing upon an English high road, we saw strange animals within them, and perchance the populace jeered. " 'Twas not alone the inky cloak, good mother." Men wrapped themselves in many thicknesses, and coat was laid upon coat—fur over all and leather in between. There were hooded varieties, and they were not labelled. The intensity of the cold put Arctic boots even upon the feet of dilettante wanderers. Some such hybrids are the crew of the Zepp. Fur and flannel go to their making. Their boots are felt with a lining of fur. They have the cabbage ears and slit eyes of the Oriental. "Sportsmen," you say—but that is wholly too generous. They have courage, but are without pity. Well they know the object for which the Colossus was built. "Gott strafe England!" is on their lips as they climb the ladders to the cabins which enshroud them. There will be dead women and children in London to-morrow. God save the Kaiser!

The Dream of Dædalus

It is the truth. And yet, Heaven knows the whole thing would be romantic enough if these were the piping times. Here is the dream of Dædalus, and as this dream shall fall, so fell less terribly Icarus, the son. Fifteen hundred years have not changed man at all. Jules Verne put him in a balloon and sent him across Africa. The small boy of a hundred generations had longed for that. To leave the world behind, to make faces at your enemy from a height, to tempt the lion with a sawdust ham and then to run helter-skelter for your ladder and your balloon—what joy!

Zeppelin the Terrible made it all possible. Given petrol and oil, you could cross Africa easily enough to-day, as Jules Verne crossed it—is it not forty years ago? But the peace of it was never in the destroyer's mind. The hope of slaughter and champagne went hand in hand on the feast day; and slaughter alone without the champagne now sends the Zepp. from its hangar across the North Sea to the hated shores. Meteorologists all over the place have said that the barometric conditions are favourable; there will be no dreaded north-easter to-night. The moon, as the old song has it, is behind a tree. A little wraith of mist will smoke about the dragon, and its teeth will be hidden awhile. But there will be no storm and so—let her rip! The men have fed well, and their wool is buttoned close around them. Militarism permits of no cuddled farewells. They climb to their seats, and the captain, with a last look round, takes his place at the wheel. Let her go now! It is day, and the children who will be dead to-night are laughing in the sun.

It is a fair journey, and if it be from the north, will show you something of Holland, perchance, and the fat Dutchmen below. A dull old dog he is, yet with wit enough to fire a gun if fingers be too loudly snapped in his jovial face. The North Sea itself is but a grey waste beyond the coast, and the ships upon it are few. In a more frolicsome mood this grim Hun at the wheel would toss bombs upon them for luck and wish them "God-speed!" But to-day he has other work to do.

Crying for the Dark

Should he have come, not from the north but from the great hangars by Bruges, he will cross our old friend Zeebrugge, and look down upon the batteries which once were golf-links as fine as any in Flanders. They will cheer him there, and cheers are music in ears grown deaf to curses. From a height, it may be, of 5,000 feet at this point, he will see Ostend, white and shining in the curve of the bay, and broken Nieuport beyond it, and La Panne upon the coast, and the desolation of the waters by which Belgium drove his fellows back when the hour was critical. Perchance, too, he may spy out the dim shape of a British warship like a fleck of black upon a cold grey carpet. But all these are without interest to him upon this afternoon of autumn. Now he is crying for the dark to come down. The shadows gather, and sea and shore alike are blotted from his view.

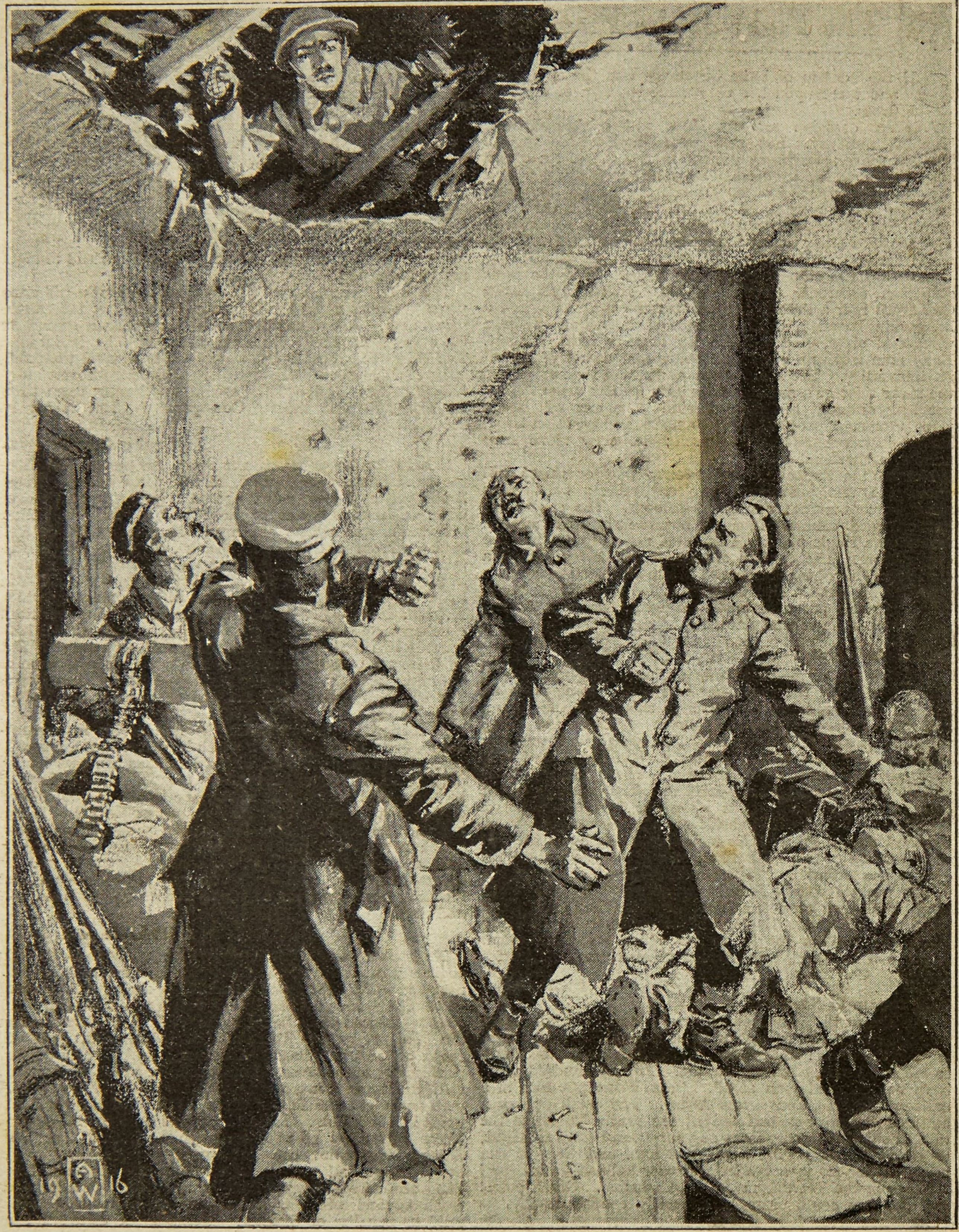
A shaded lamp shows him the face of his instrument-board, and the buttons with which he will release the bombs presently. He pushes on with a luminous compass for his only guide, and anon his bearings trouble him. If London be the goal, he should be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Harwich by this time. He drops a star-shell, and lo and behold! its blinding blue light turns to a cold whiteness, which reveals the mouth of a great river and ships at anchor, and below the Zepp. the houses of a village and the curves of a bay. "It is Felixstowe," says the Hun, and instantly correcting his helm, he hurries on for London—and death.

A Horrible Alternative

He is at a great altitude now. Every effort of his twin engines was needed to lift the weight of bombs as he drew near the white cliffs; and he seeks the shelter of any cloud as though a friendly hand were outstretched to him. The country immediately beyond the cliffs has little interest for him. Here and there a faint shimmer of light will speak of town or village. A deeper glow tells of a railway or shipping in the river. London itself cannot be perceived until the rim of it is crossed. But the clock and the speedometer will tell the fellow where he is, and the river will guide him infallibly. For all that, this is no gay pilgrimage. These marauders go with no laugh upon their lips. The dullest imagination can but speculate upon the "might be." Down and yet down through the darkness, flung like a stone from the sky, brought up at last with a dreadful crash beyond which is night and blackness—that is the mildest penalty of disaster. There is an alternative so horrible that men must clench their hands when they think of it. If this great balloon above them were fired!

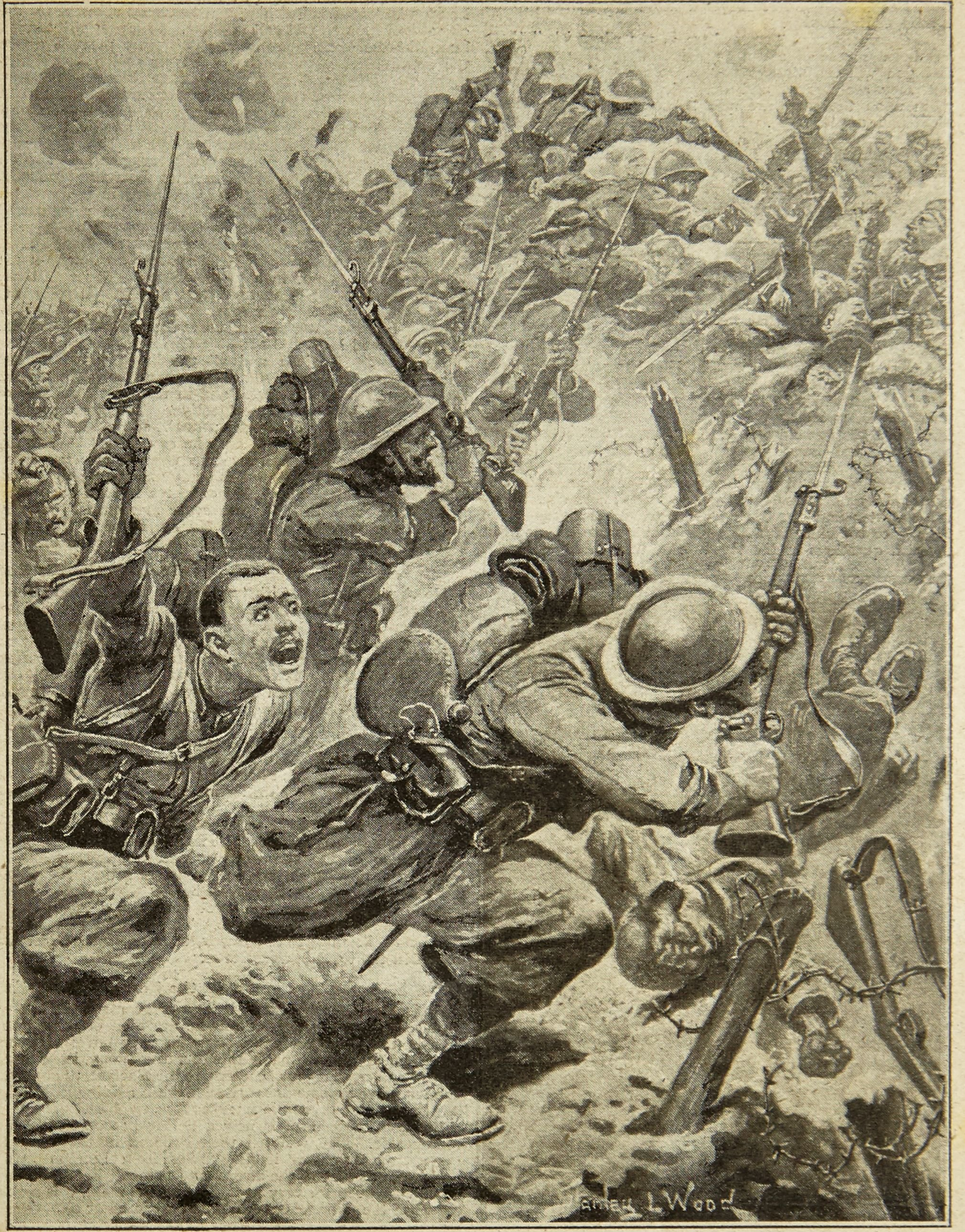
[*Continued on page* 422

An Apparition with an Armful of Grenades



Bombers, among fighting men, have to be more than usually agile, inventive, and courageous. In clearing the enemy from subterranean shelters a false step ends in fatality. A typical example of a bomber's resource comes from the Somme. A party of Germans with a machine-gun were securely ensconced in a shattered house. At nightfall a British bomber set forth with a machine-gunner. The latter trained his weapon on the door of the house, while the bomber climbed to the roof and threw his grenades through the aperture among the startled foe, who, attempting to escape, were caught by the Maxim stationed outside the door.

Zouaves and Serbs Storm a Balkan Crest



In the course of an attack on Hill 1,050, ten and a-half miles north-east of Monastir, a number of French Zouaves had the opportunity of displaying that marvellous spirit and strength which have won them renown on many a western field from Champagne to Verdun. The strategic value of the Balkan hill was so important that the German commander entrusted it to the elite of his infantry. The French Colonials, together with the Serbians, swept the foe from the crest by sheer impetus. Several counter-attacks were made by the Germans, but in spite of a great sacrifice of men, Hill 1,050 remained in the hands of the Franco-Serbians.

THE FIGHT OF THE FLAMING SHIP

(Cont. from page 419.)

The terror of it is beyond comprehension. They put it from their thoughts, and lick their lips because the prey is at hand. Surely this England whom they would strafe is asleep. But is she ?

In a great garage " somewhere in the silver isle " there has been a note of alarm to-night. Peep into the place and you will see strange doings. Yonder are the sheds, but they are lighted and their doors are open. Before them upon the grass are the hornets whom the winter night will set buzzing. Their wings are already spread and they have eaten. Oddly clad men move about them and test their pennons with tender fingers. There is work to be done, and it requires courage like to none that war has yet called for. The good fellows look above to the blackness of the clouded sky, and tell themselves that the enemy is there. Anon the word to go is given. One by one the engines are started with a roar and a rattle. The hornets spread their wings and skim away and disappear in the darkness. They circle and rise. They are cut off from all things living. The lights of the great city become but a glow beneath them. They, too are thinking of women and children. God, what work to do !

Excitement of the Adventure

And so back to the Zepp. The Hun has not liked it over much since he left that fair town of Harwich, and, in truth, his heart has been more than once in his mouth. Objectionable people, swinging the shoulder-pieces of guns deftly, have used the goniometric range-finder, of which he thinks so much, and have peppered him with shrapnel most " demnibly." Profiting by his own instruction books, they have described the sky parallelogram and filled it cheerfully with messages of goodwill. Bullets sing about the monster and the air cracks with detonations. More than once the chief Hun thought that he was hit, and put feverish questions to the crew. But this, after all, is the peril with which habit has made him familiar and he is willing to take his chances. At the worst he can bring the great ship down and take a rest cure at Donington. It is of that greater danger he will not think until he must. London is now ahead of him, and he circles about it for the objective which he will call military. Shrapnel still follows him, but the excitement of the adventure prevails above the dread of it. He touches a trigger and a bomb falls upon the awakened city. Plainly to the raiders' ears comes the boom of that resounding explosion. Perchance those who were alive ten seconds ago are dead this instant. The crew chortles in its joy—another and another ! Doing well to-night, and undiscovered by those cursed searchlights. A vain boast. The words are hardly spoken when the great silver beam wings up from the blackness below, and the ship is shown as a fairy in a limelight. No more bombing now, be sure of it. Every nerve must be strained, every trick be tried to escape this damning publicity. See how the gigantic snake is wriggling ? Here and there, to the right, to the left, up and down—a rat seeking a hole is not in a greater hurry. For well these fellows know what that revelation means. Already the omens are buzzing in their ears. " A 'plane ! " cry twenty voices. Figures cower and huddle in the depths of the cabin. Is this the end ?

The aviator is alone and all the living world he has known seems far away. Of his own peril he has no sense. He is cut off from the earth, and in this vast blackness of the ether he sees but one objective. The great path of silver light links earth and sky ; but it shows him the gate of the seventh heaven. If only he can do it ! What joy to the millions awake and awaiting there in the city which has sent him forth ! His gun is ready and the " jolly "-stick is between his legs now. He can give but an occasional hand to it, and that for the swift manœuvre. Clearly he sees the very faces of the Huns. There is the sharp rattle of discharge, but no answer from the monster.

Beginning of the End

He climbs above it with tremendous acceleration of his willing engine, and again he presses his shoulder to the piece. If he can but do it ! His new discharge has helped him no better than the old. He hardly realises at this time that he is in an aeroplane at all. A mad excitement possesses him. In all that vastness of infinity there is but one star—and he must win it. Down he goes and round, the answering bullets singing about him, the roar of the enemy's gun now loud in his ears. A new manœuvre has sent him winging to the rear of Colossus, and putting in his last belt he prays to God that he may get her. Now a sharp rattle follows the speeding of the bullet. He swerves and comes upon a new tack—and so he sees, and who shall find words for him ?

It all began with a little glow of rosy red light at the rear of the tremendous envelope. The light spreads. It is as the coming of the sun upon a lone mountain peak—at first but a pink flush, anon a flame, and then the whole glory of the day. So here shall be the glory of the night. See, now the envelope has burst and with a mighty roar the flame has rushed about it. The doomed men in the cars below, listening to the sounds, utter one doleful, piercing cry when the truth is understood.

In the Furnace of Destiny

An instant later and they are themselves enveloped in that furnace of their destiny. So awful are their cries that the man in the aeroplane wings away for very terror of them. Here and there one, unable to suffer the agony, leaps from the car and crashes over headlong to the black earth beneath. The rest have become but shrivelled trunks, dying helplessly, it may be without consciousness of time or place.

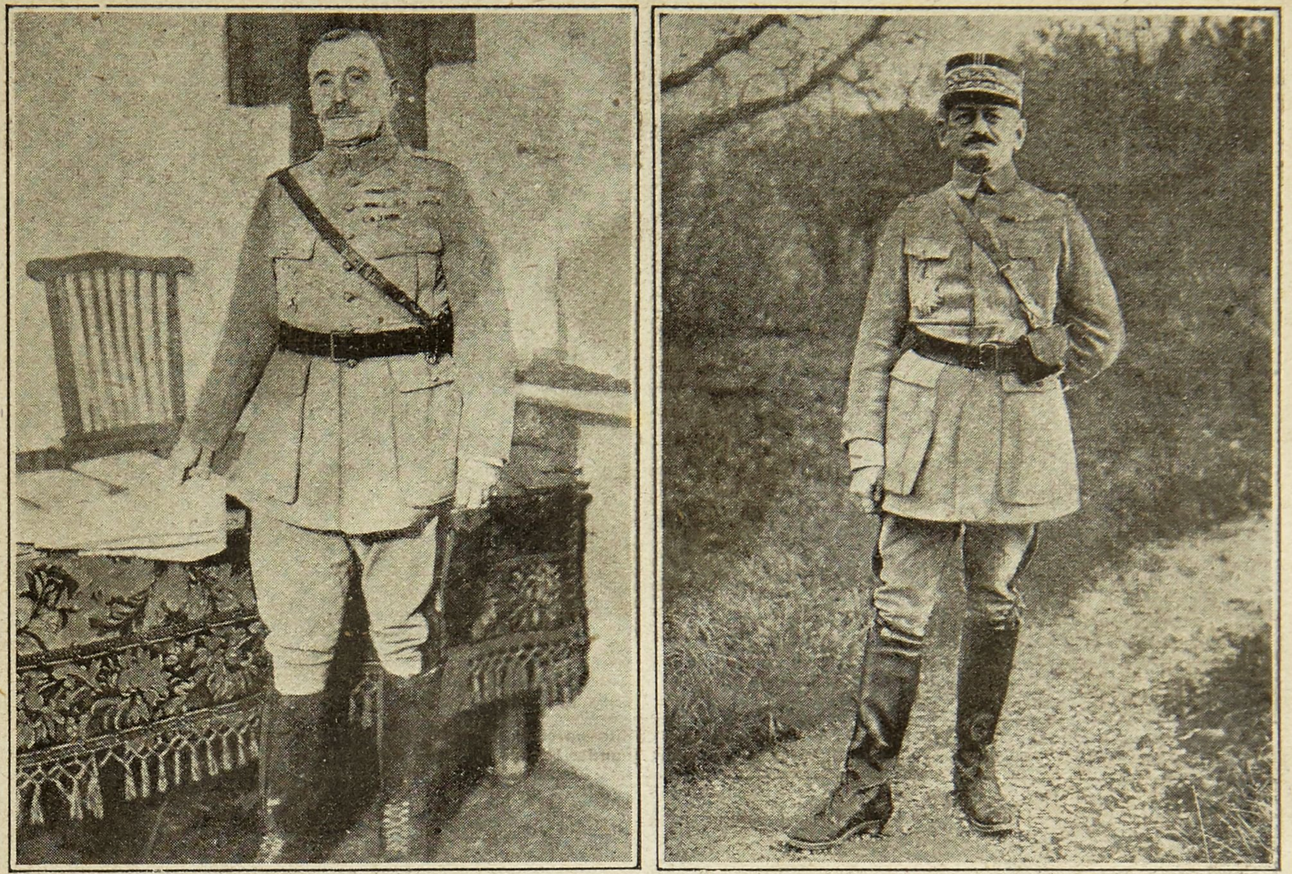
But the Zepp. itself is now a flaring beacon for all the countryside. Men will tell their children in the years to come that they saw it fifty miles from London town. Great crowds throng the streets and point at it. There are those who weep for very joy. But, in the main, it is a glad cry upon the falling. Cheer oh, and again cheer oh ! Read by this splendid lamp the story of the salvation of woman and child. The Zepp. is down, and the man who took her is up yonder somewhere in the flaring heavens—alone—and it may be that, now, he also is afraid.

HEROES OF OUR NAVAL AIR SERVICE.

Flight-Lieut. E. Cadbury, D.S.C. (left), and Flight-Sub-Lieut. E. L. Pulling, D.S.O., R.N.A.S., who, with Flight-Lieut. G. W. R. Fane, D.S.C., R.N.A.S., were awarded their honours for distinguished services on the occasion of the destruction of a Zeppelin off the Norfolk coast on November 28th.

French Heroes Honoured by a Grateful Ally

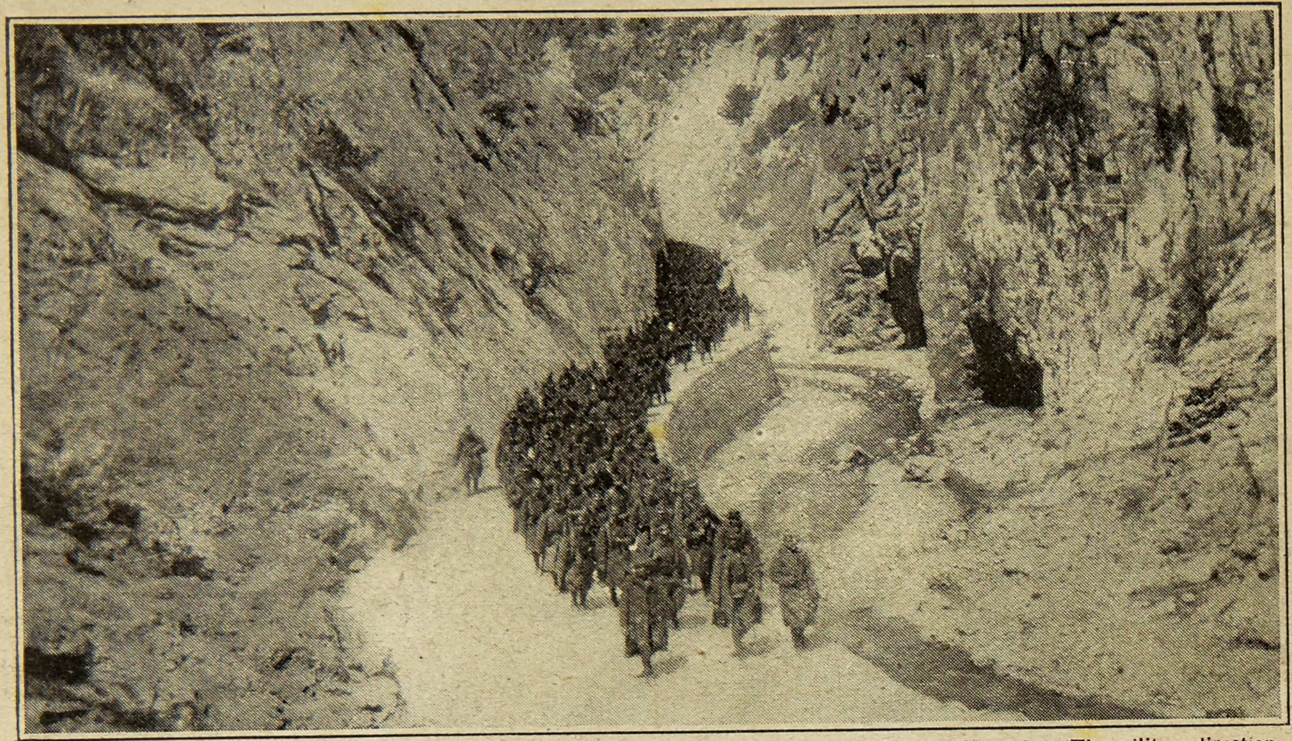
British and French Official Photographs



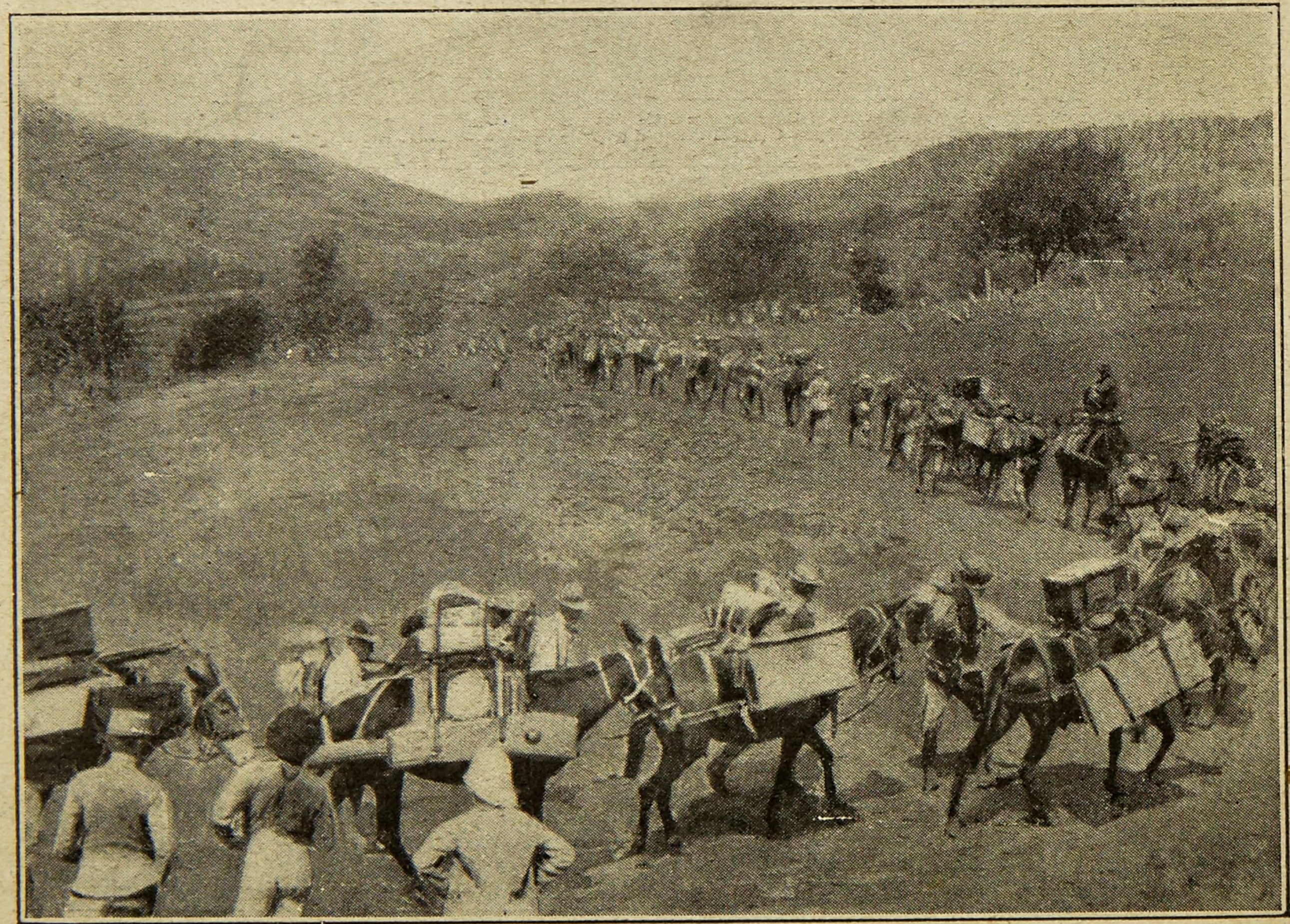
The King has conferred decorations upon many of the saviours of Verdun—upon General Nivelle, whose strategy was primarily responsible for the defeat of Germany's designs, and upon General Mangin (right), who commanded the immortal French Colonial Division.

A group of Poilus who had come straight from the trenches to receive the decorations conferred upon them by King George in token of Great Britain's admiration. Prince Arthur of Connaught, the King's first cousin, represented his Majesty in this agreeable function.

Austrians in the Taurus: Italians in Macedonia

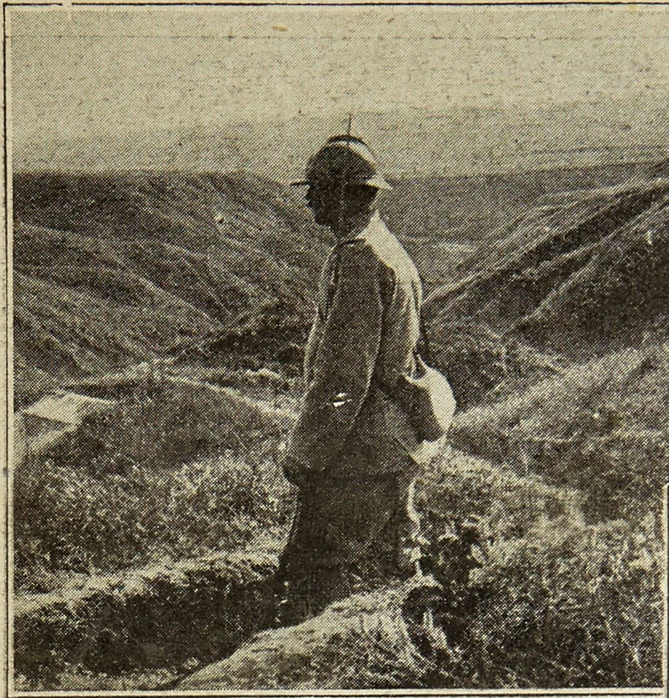


Be ween two walls of rock. Austro-Hungarian artillery company on the march through the Taurus Mountains. The military direction of the Hapsburg armies is now entirely under Hindenburg and Mackensen.

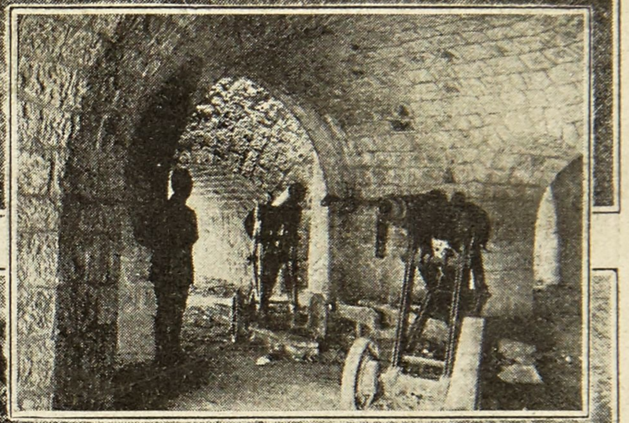


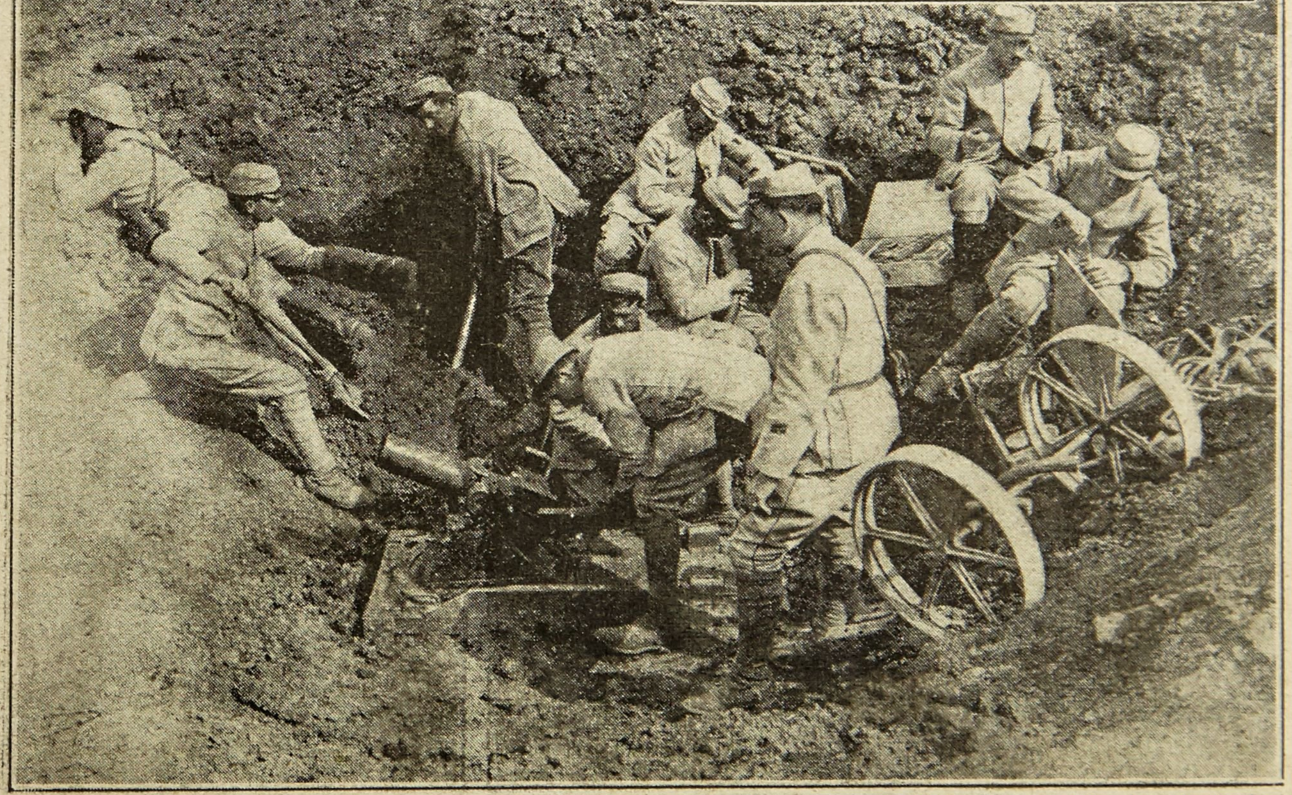
How Italian mitrailleuses and munitions are conveyed to the front in the region of Monastir. Some of the smaller mountain guns of the Italian Army are similarly transported over the lower altitudes of the Trentino front.

Siege Warfare From Three Diverse Standpoints



French sentinel on guard near Monastir. The undulating condition of the terrain in this part of Macedonia prolongs campaigning.

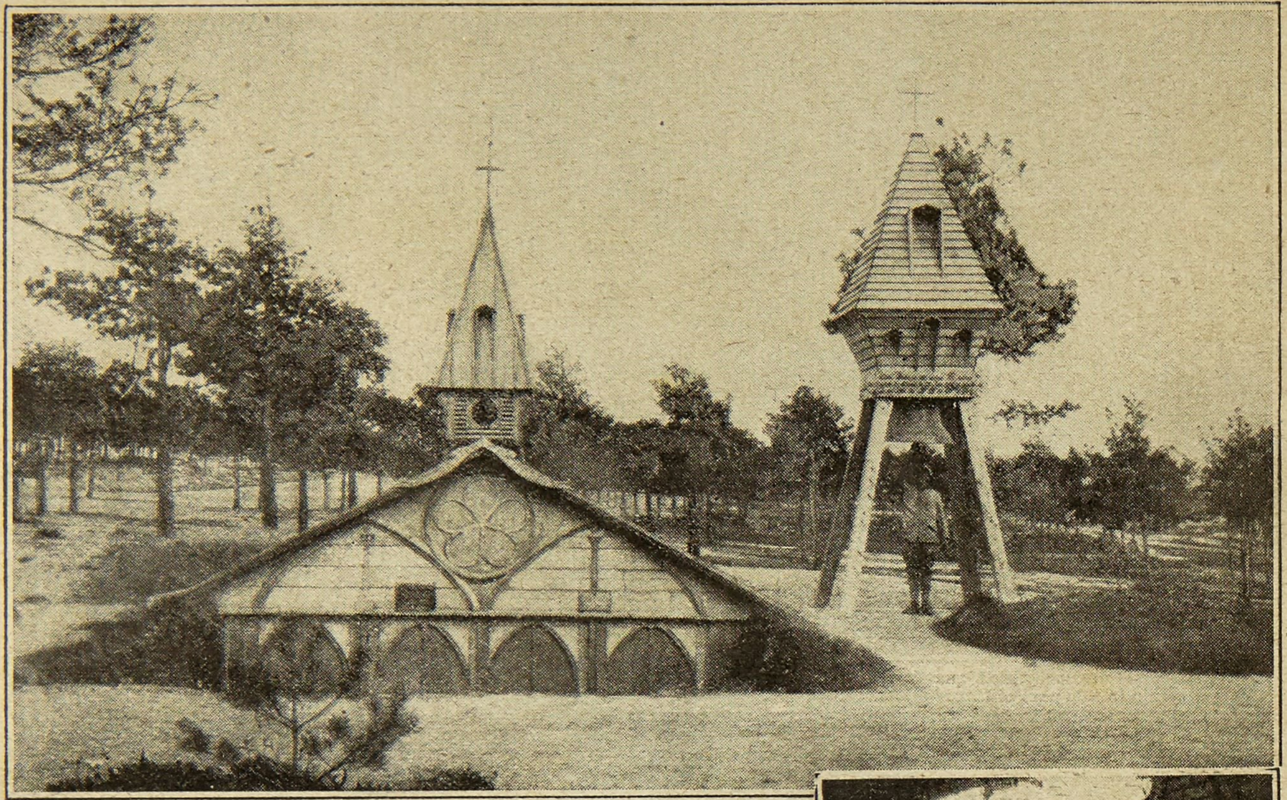




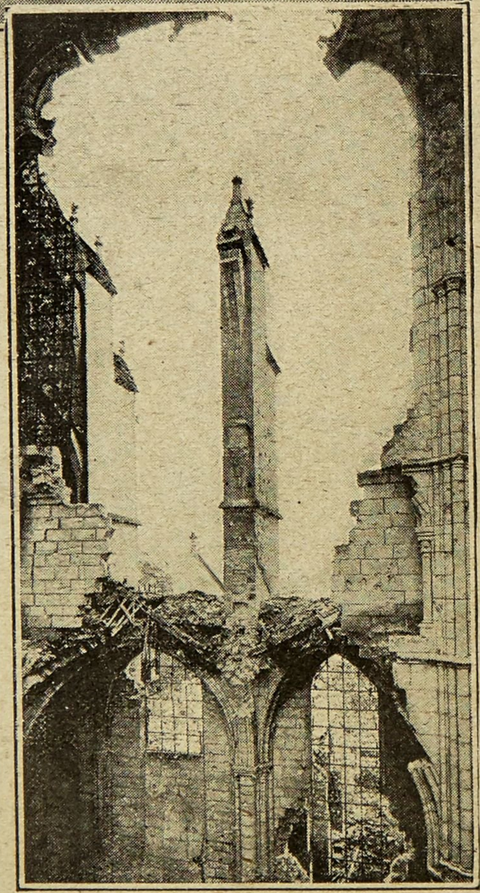
After a mine has been exploded, the first object of the attacking force is to occupy the crater and instal mortars, machine-guns, etc. Inset: Cannons in the corridors of a notable Verdun fort which have been supplied with special supports and wheels to facilitate movement.

Church & Campanile of Our Lady of the Trenches

French Official Photographs

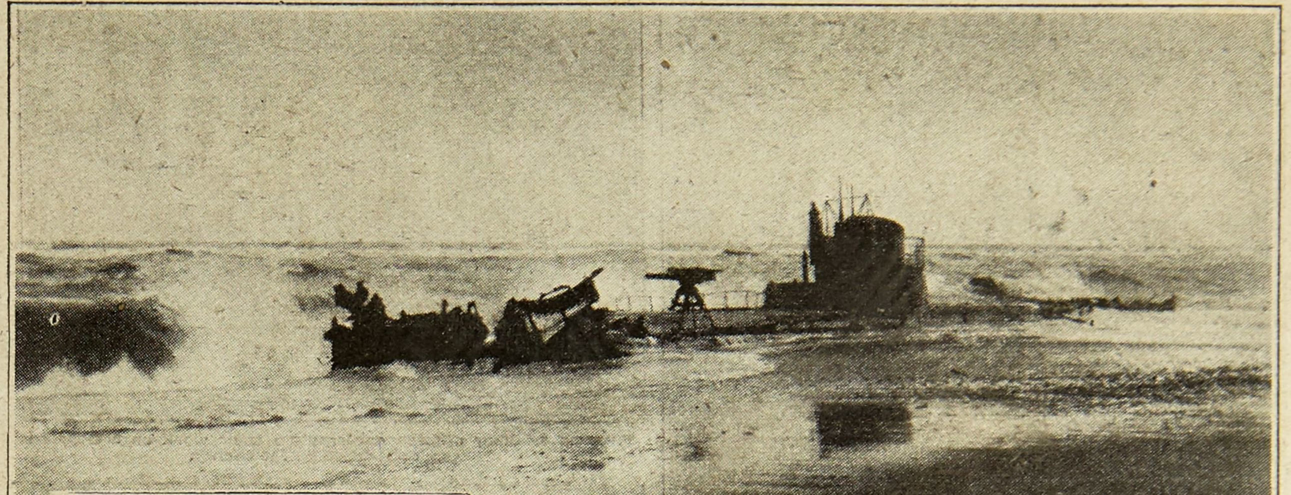


Church of "Our Lady of the Trenches," sunk almost to the steeple underground, the better to elude observation by the Germans, whose wanton sacrilege has spared no sacred building on invaded soil. The belfry is seen on the right.

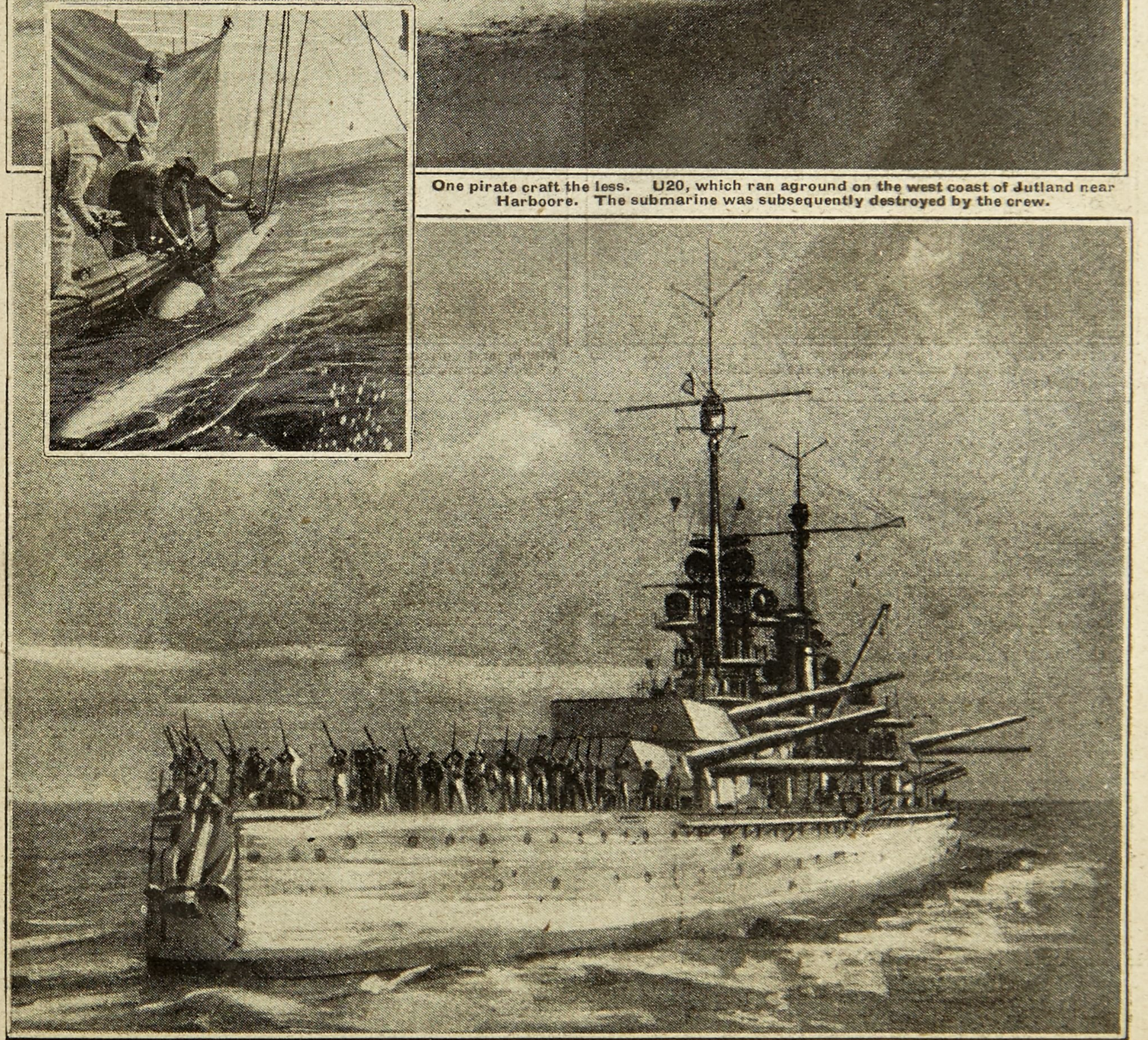


Ruins of the church at Tahure after the Germans were driven from the place. Right: Shattered windows in the cathedral at Soissons. Most of the stained glass was obliterated, but, curiously, the slender frame and supports are still standing.

Pirate Craft Wrecked by Gale Off Jutland

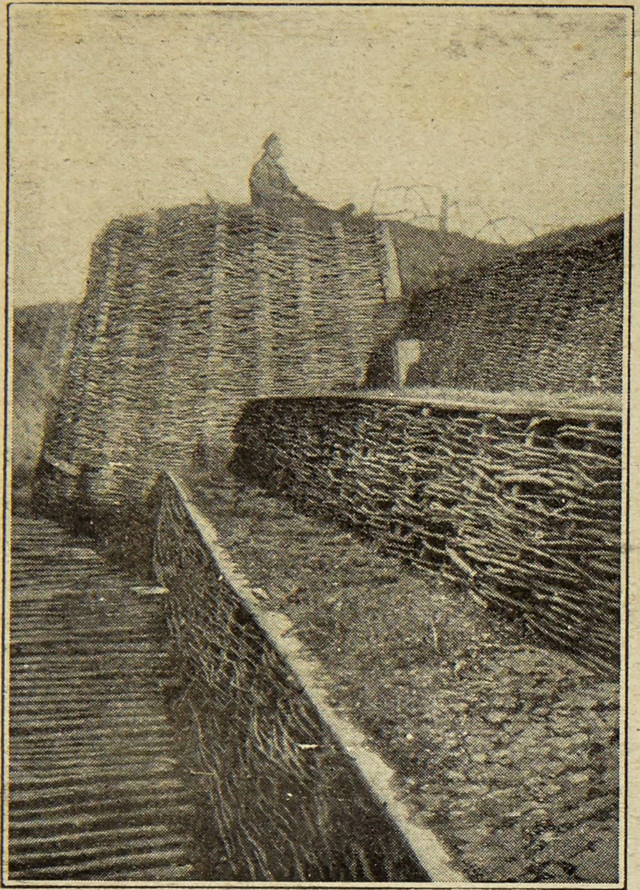


One pirate craft the less. U20, which ran aground on the west coast of Jutland near Harboore. The submarine was subsequently destroyed by the crew.

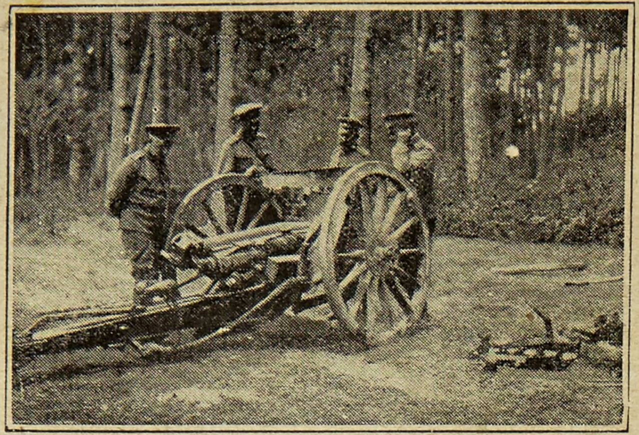


German sailors engaging hostile aircraft from the deck of a battleship in the North Sea. Inset: French sailors salving torpedoes after practice work in the Mediterranean.

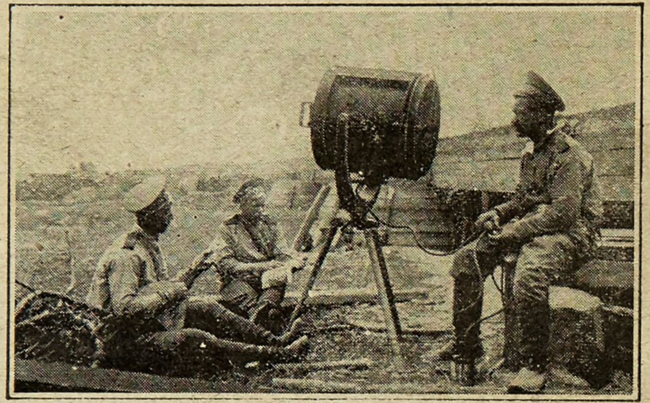
Where Russia Joins the Resolute Rumanians



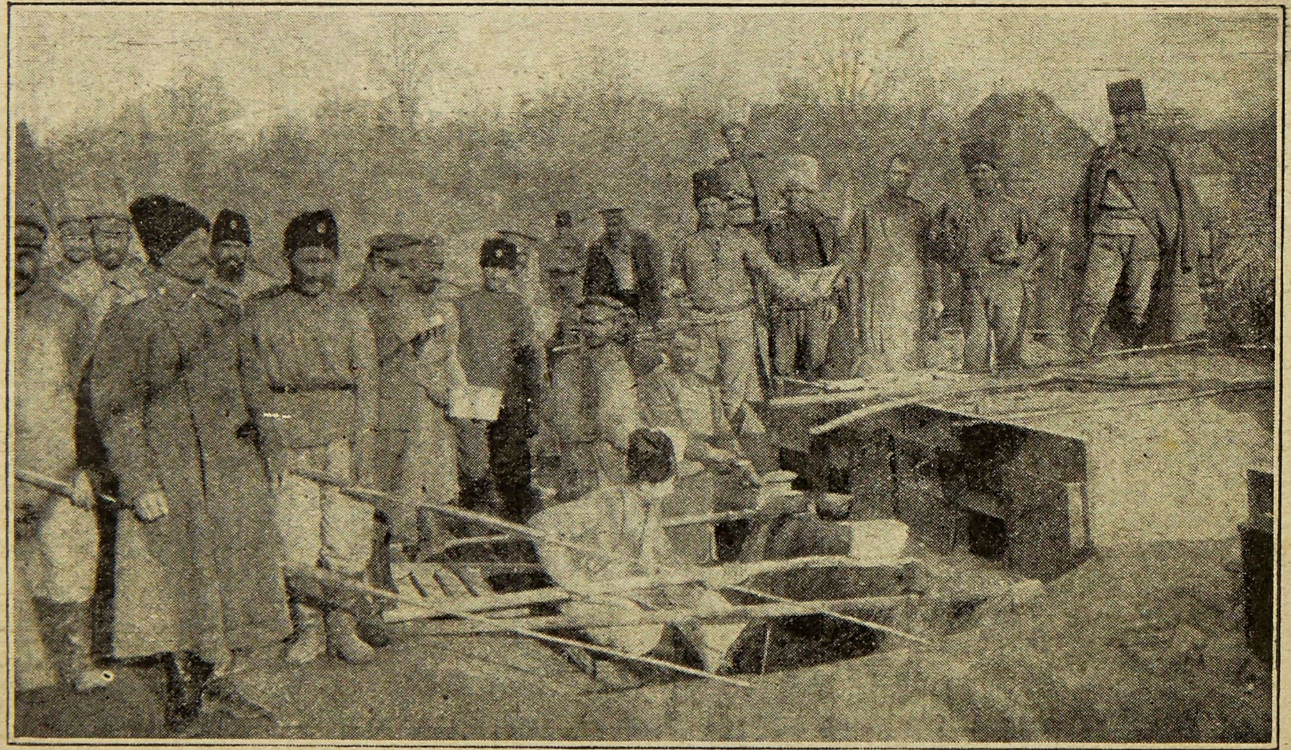
Three-decker German entrenchment on the east front. This position was captured by the Russians.



Russian artillery officers contemplate their work on a German gun abandoned by the enemy.



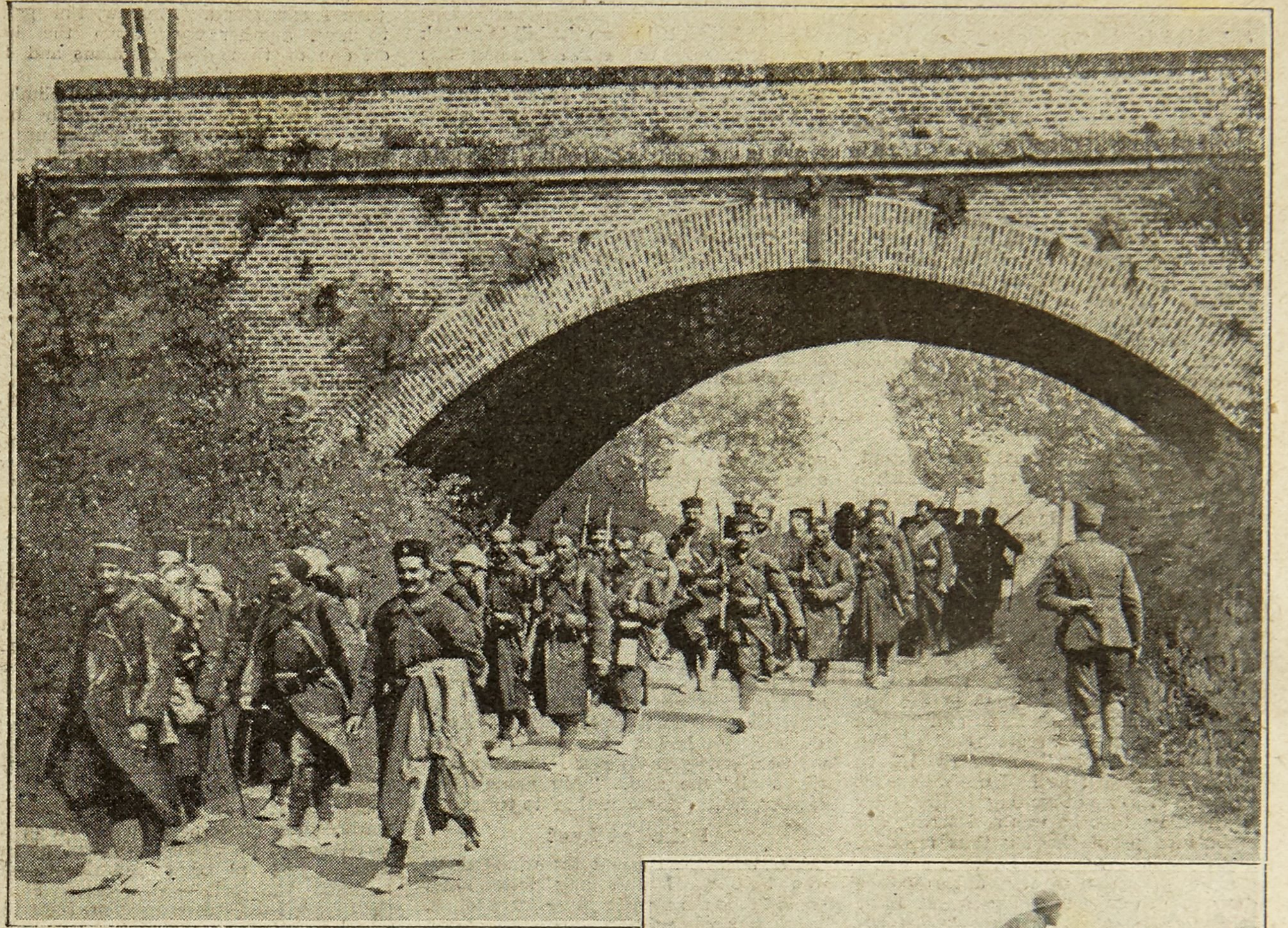
Music and science. A tune on a Russian national instrument while the searchlight apparatus is prepared for the coming night.



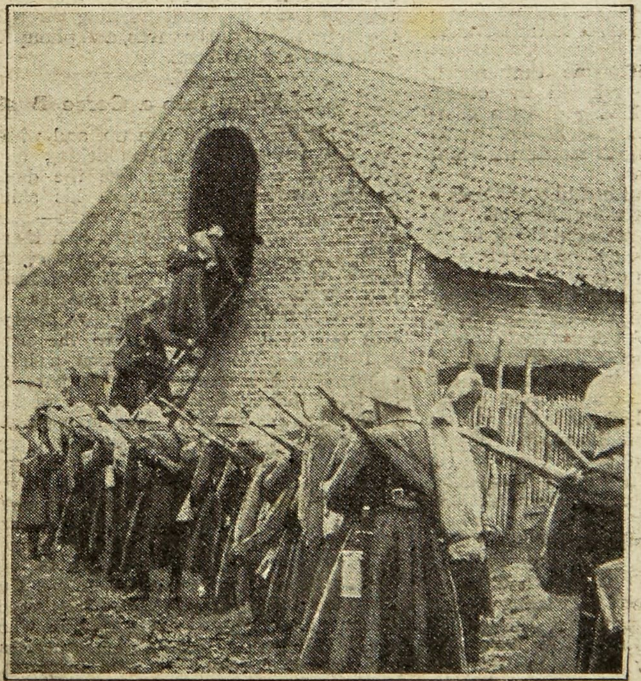
Where the price of bread has not increased. At the ovens of a Russian field-bakery on the east front.

Up to the Somme Front and Back from the Yser

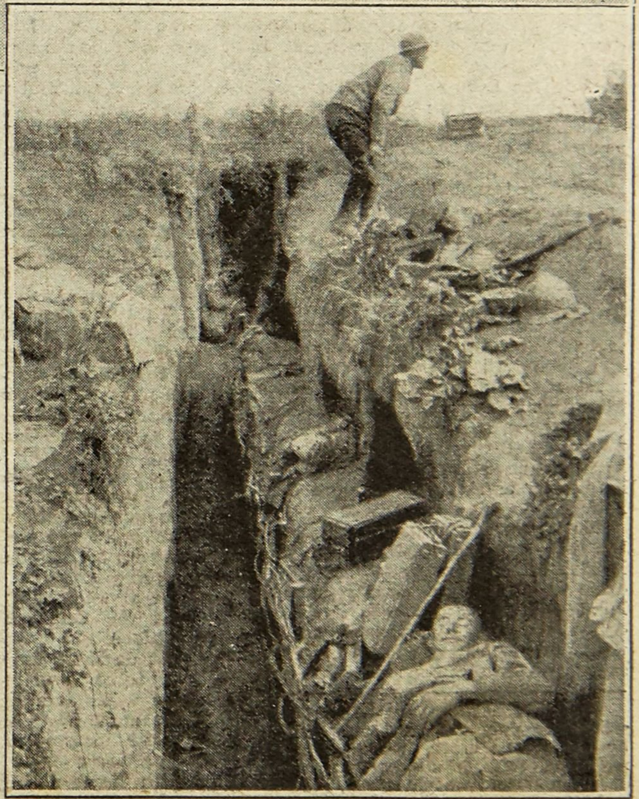
French and Belgian Official Photographs



Zouaves coming up to the Somme line. These Colonial troops are likely to emulate in Picardy their glorious work before Verdun.



Belgian soldiers entering a large loft, which constitutes their billet. They have just left the trenches after a spell of duty in the rain.



"Na-poo"—nothing doing. An easy day in part of the French line. One soldier sleeps, another writes, while a third watches.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

A MODERN ACHILLES

THE STORY OF AN HEROIC SERGEANT

THIS is the story of the sergeant of my platoon, who has been out here with us since the commencement of the war, and who has now, after many weird and wonderful escapes, been sent home to "Blighty" with a wound that will keep him in bed for at least three months, and stop—temporarily, at any rate—the game of "touch" he has been playing with death for the last two years.

In the Battle of the Marne, when Von Kluck was pressing us rather hard, he was in his glory, fighting like the devil himself. He got a bullet through the upper part of his right arm, but, as the bone was unhurt, he went on fighting. In the morning his arm had swollen immensely, and the captain of my company sent him back to the ambulance.

Escaped the Ambulance

They, of course, dressed the wound, and made him put it in a sling. Then they tied his disposal label on him, and put him on one side to wait his turn for going down to the base. There didn't seem to be anybody looking after the wounded, so, when the pain eased down, he picked up a tunic from the ground, discarded his arm-sling, and escaped.

He made his way back to his company, and found his platoon. We were all glad to see him, for he was as good as an army corps. He took part in the last act of the retirement on Paris, and worked with us on the extreme right of the "Old Contemptibles." After the tide of battle had turned he had the somewhat doubtful pleasure of reading in the Order of the Day that he was a deserter, the ambulance people having thus reported him after failing to find him.

On one occasion we were out on patrol duty, and were all feeling a bit blue. It was after our lads had received a set-back in the Loos region, and we wanted badly to get our own back on the enemy.

"Something's got to be done to cheer us up a bit, my hearties!" he said. "I'll go and see if there's anybody about who's looking for trouble!"

Nearly Cut in Half

He disappeared into the night, and we afterwards learnt that he had taken a trip of exploration up the hill to see where the Germans were. When he reached the crest he found that he was just on the parapet of the enemy's trench, and he moved backwards, counting the number of times he put his knees to the ground. He was thus able to judge the distance, and never lost count, even though half-way through an enemy machine-gun started to protest against his work, and nearly chopped him in half.

We lay snug and secure all that day, but the sergeant kept his eye on the Boches in that trench, and when night came we carried out his planned attack. Mind you, we hadn't been in communication with Headquarters all that day; they seemed to have shoved us out there and forgotten all about us. But as soon as night fell he led us up the hill to attack the Germans. We crawled along like snakes, and I realised to the full the meaning of the serpent's sentence in the Garden of Eden: "On thy belly shalt thou go all the days of thy life."

We managed to get within fifty yards of the German trench without being discovered, and, acting on previous instructions, commenced to dig ourselves in. We made as little noise as possible, and when an entrenching tool scraped against a stone we held our breath and lay as flat as pancakes. The noise the German guns made, however, drowned all that we made. They were dropping shells as thick and fast as they could into the empty position we had just left, thinking that we were part of a battalion waiting there.

We didn't attack in the dark, for some good reason of the sergeant, but as soon as dawn greyed the sky we hopped over and swept that trench clear of Huns in ten minutes. We didn't let a single one escape to warn his comrades, or we'd soon have been shelled out of it again, and those who didn't get badly hurt we placed in the deepest of their own dug-outs, with a sentry over them.

The enemy didn't dare to play his guns on us, for we were too close to his own lines, and, as their barrage fire cut us off from communication with our rear, we were in a pretty pickle. Even the sergeant hadn't the least idea what we were going to do next. "Hold on, that's all," he said. "My name's Micawber, waitin' for somethin' to turn up."

Relief at Last

The worst part about the whole thing was that we hadn't any water, and couldn't get any for love or money. There was plenty of wine in the trench we captured, and we drank this at first. We found, however, that its sweetness only increased our thirst, but we determined to hold on and trust to the advance coming.

Thank Heaven it came that night, and when we were relieved the officer commanding the relieving division complimented the sergeant on his fine work. He said he was going to recommend him for the Military Cross.

"I'd give a sackful of Military Crosses for a bucket of water for my lads," he replied. And the commandant sent us off to the rear, where we swilled ourselves in the precious fluid to our heart's content.

Another time when we were patrolling we ran across a German observation-post, which we carried at the bayonet's point and took possession of. We didn't make any more noise than was necessary over this business, for we dearly loved quietness, and when we had made everything snug we looked round the place. It was constructed round a small tree, and a kind of scaffolding had been erected so that the Germans could overlook our positions.

At daylight the sergeant climbed the tree to try and see where the enemy's guns were, and, quiet as we had been, they must have heard something about us, for his appearance was the signal for a salvo from their field batteries, which burst a jolly sight too near us to be comfortable. One or two splinters hit the scaffolding, and the sergeant slid down and streaked for cover like lightning.

"I don't mind being put out by a shell, lads," he said; "that's all in the Army contract, but to break my neck through falling out of a tree is more than I can stand. Anyhow, I'm going to have another try. Strip the belt off one of those dead Germans and I'll strap myself in place!"

He waited his opportunity and climbed up the tree once more, taking the belt with him. We watched him secure it round a branch and his own waist, then he waved his hand.

"They'll have to score a bull before they shake me out now!" he declared. "One of you stand by to pass orders by semaphore!"

Guns Get the Range

I clambered out and grabbed a couple of signalling flags, and after I'd wagged a bit got an answer from our own lines. I told them the state of affairs, and they kindly refrained from trying to snipe the sergeant. They didn't know, of course, that we'd humped the Huns out of this observation-post and that we were their own pals, and they'd given us a fine selection of bullets during the night and the early hours.

Our guns started trying to strafe the German batteries, and the sergeant spotted for them. He passed down his observations to me, and I signalled them. The shells crept nearer and nearer to the Germans, and they gave the tree old Harry as well.

At last our gunners found the German battery with a salvo.

"That's hitting!" said the sergeant. "Tell 'em they have the exact range now. And I think I'll leave this job; it's getting a bit too warm for me."

He started to clamber downwards towards the earth as soon as I'd made and received an acknowledgment of the signal. Just at that minute—as he loosened the belt—a German 8 in. shell exploded dead under him, blew the tree into splinters, and sent the sergeant flying. He must have been right in the centre of the explosion, for not a splinter touched him. He went hurtling through the air for about thirty yards, and plumped clean into a gorse-bush.

Flung into a Gorse-Bush

We ran out to pick him up, and when we got there found him kicking and struggling, and swearing like the devil as the prickles tore through his skin. And—it's the solid, honest truth—that shell burst which had chucked him there without a single hurt, had stripped every stitch of clothing and equipment from him, all except his boots and puttees.

He was full of thorns when we hauled him out, and we got him to the post and under cover again without a hurt otherwise. We spent the best part of an hour pulling the prickles out of his skin, then we wrapped him in a greatcoat and waited till darkness fell.

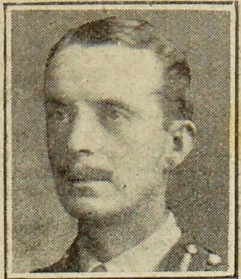
Then we made our way back to our own lines to get some grub and water for ourselves and some clothes for him.

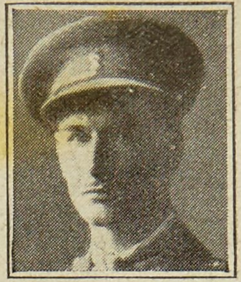
He's been mentioned in despatches. His name? Well, I'm not at liberty to give you that. He's made us all promise not to do so when telling the yarn, but I can tell you this—there's not a man in the whole of our platoon who wouldn't give that hard-fighting, graceless, and fearless sergeant his own immortal soul to wipe his boots on if so be that the sergeant should require it.

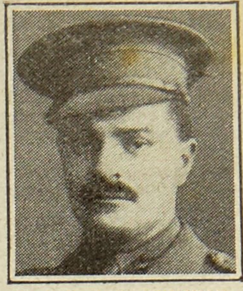
---

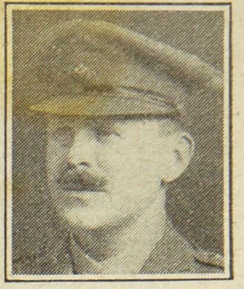
* These original narratives by soldiers and sailors are only published after censorship by the Press Bureau, and when names of regiments, ships, places, or even the name of the narrator, are not given, readers will understand there are good and sufficient reasons for such omissions.—EDITOR.

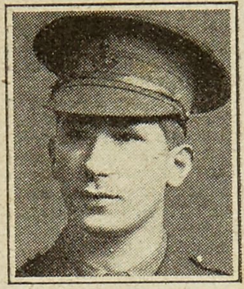
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

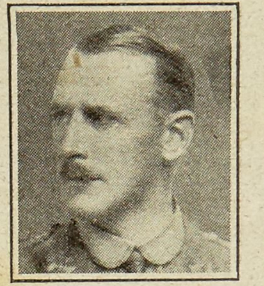

Brigadier-General DUNCAN J. GLASFURD.

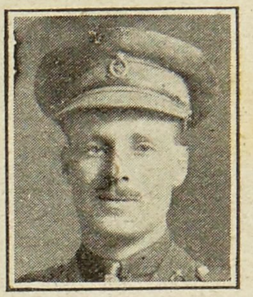

Major C. W. J. K. LENDRUM, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

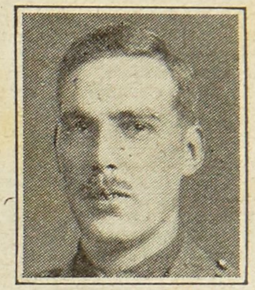

Capt. F. G. C. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, Bedford Regt.

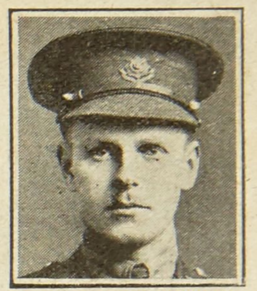

Capt. E. H. KITCHIN, K.R.R.C.

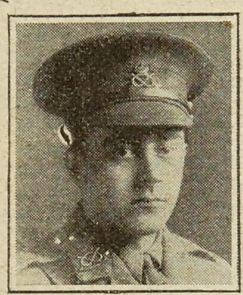

Capt. W. J. HENDERSON, Loyal North Lancs Regt.


Capt. S. THOMPSON, Hampshire Regt.


Capt. R. E. HORKINS, R.A.M.C., att. R.F.A.


Capt. R. W. H. PRINGLE, West Yorkshire Regt.

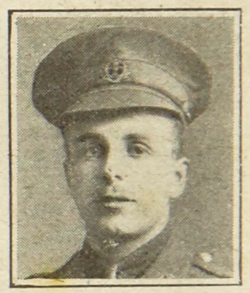

Capt. L. O. HABERSHON, East Yorkshire Regt.

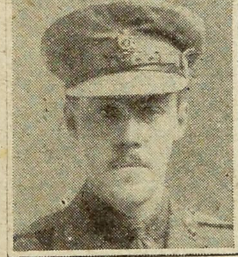

Capt. E. C. CHRISTIAN, South Staffordshire Regt.

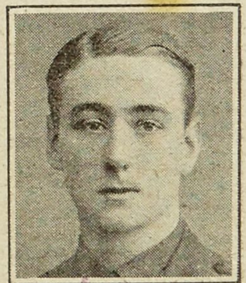
Brigadier-General Duncan John Glasfurd served in the South African War (Queen's Medal, three clasps), and in Jubaland, 1901 (East African Medal with clasp). He commanded the 4th Somali Camel Corps, 1902-4, and afterwards was employed as Special Service officer under the Colonial Office (despatches, clasp). In 1912 he went to Australia as Director of Military Training, and in 1914 was appointed a General Staff officer with the 1st Anzac Division in Gallipoli. After service there and in Egypt (despatches twice), he became brigadier-general in March, 1916.

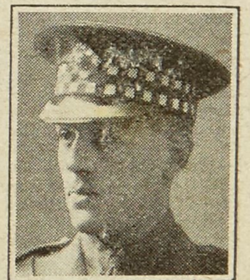
Captain Francis George Coningsby Ashmead-Bartlett, Bedfordshire Regiment, killed in action, was son of the late Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P. Born in 1883, he was a lieutenant in the 4th Bedfordshires, and served in the South African War, 1901-2 (Queen's Medal, four clasps). He retired in 1902, but rejoined for the war, and was gazetted lieutenant in his old regiment in November, 1914.

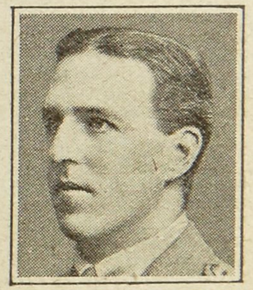
Lieutenant James Robert Dennistoun was son of Mr. George James Dennistoun, of Peel Forest, Canterbury, N.Z. He was a member of Captain Scott's Antarctic Expedition, 1910-11, and was awarded the King's Antarctic Medal and the Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. A member of the Alpine Club, he ascended many of the snow-capped Southern Alps in New Zealand, and also climbed, alone, the virgin Mitre Peak in Milford Sound. At the outbreak of war he obtained a commission in the Irish Horse, and later joined the R.F.C. Wounded while flying, and his biplane catching fire, he was compelled to descend in the enemy's lines, and died as a prisoner of war at Ohrdruf, August 9th, 1916.

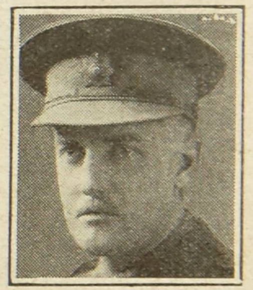

Capt. H. E. MARTIN, Middlesex Regt.

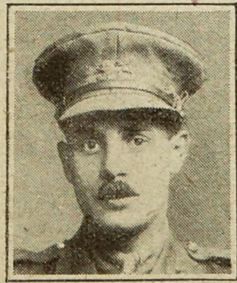

Lt. CLIVE GRIFFIN, M.C., R.F.A.

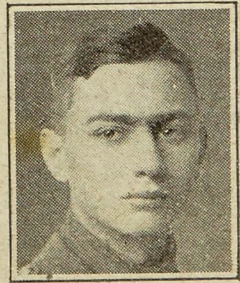

Lieut. O. R. ORD, Rifle Brigade.

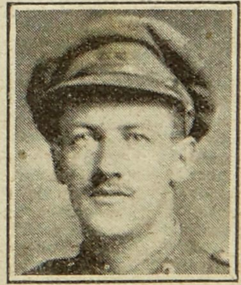

Lieut. W. F. MARTINDALE, Scots Guards.

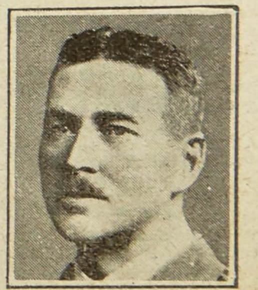

Lieut. J. R. DENNISTOUN, Irish Horse and R.F.C.

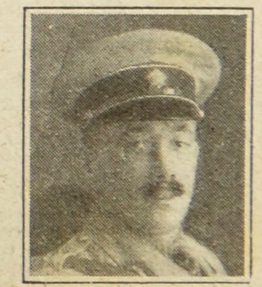

Lieut. H. J. L. HARRIS, Hampshire Regt.


Sec.-Lt. H. P. WEBER, K.O. Lancaster Regt.


Sec.-Lt. F. H. S. CAIGER, R.F.A.


Sec.-Lt. J. McG. MILLER, Machine Gun Corps.


Sec.-Lt. H. R. SHERIDAN, Connaught Rangers.


Sec.-Lt. J. CUNNINGHAM, Bedfordshire Regt.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine, Lambert Weston, Bassano, Claude Harris.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronolog Events, November 1st to 30th, 1916

Nov. 1.—British in conjunction with French make a local attack east Lesböeufs, and gain ground. The French carry a strongly organised system of trenches on the western outskirts of the St. Pierre Vaast Wood.

British strengthen hold on the Seres-Demirhissar railway by the capture of Barakli Djuma.

Vaux Fort abandoned by the Germans.

Italian Thrust on Carso.—An advance is made over a six-mile front, from east of Gorizia to beyond the Oppacchiasella-Kostanjevica road; 4,731 prisoners taken.

Successful raid on Pola by Italian torpedo-boats.

Nov. 2.—Dutch vessel Oldambt, being taken to Zeebrugge by a German prize crew captured by British scouting craft.

Italians continue their advance from Gorizia to the sea, and take strong defences and 3,498 prisoners.

Nov. 3.—French carry their lines forward as far as the outskirts of Vaux village.

Nov. 4.—French take all the village of Vaux, and occupy Damloup.

Nov. 5.—**New Somme Blows.**—French take most of Saillisel, and British in their centre progress on a front of about 1,000 yards, and take the high ground near the Butte de Warlencourt.

German Dreadnought torpedoed by British submarine in North Sea.

Nov. 6.—Lieut.-General Sir Bryan Mahon appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland in succession to Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Maxwell, who takes the Northern Command.

P. and O. liner Arabia torpedoed in Mediterranean, all passengers saved.

British troops forced to relinquish part of ground gained in central region near the Butte de Warlencourt.

Conquest of Darfur.—Our mounted troops round up the rebels, capturing 200 prisoners. Ali Dinar, the ex-Sultan, killed.

Nov. 7.—French take all the villages of Ablaincourt and Pressoir, push east of Ablaincourt, capture the strongly-fortified cemetery, and advance as far as the approaches to Gomiécourt.

Officially announced that from July 1 to November 1 Franco-British troops, in Somme fighting, take 72,000 prisoners.

Admiralty reports that submarine officer claims to have hit two German battleships of the Kaiser class.

Russia reports success in the Carpathians; south of Dorna Watra over 800 prisoners captured.

Nov. 8.—Violent enemy artillery bombardment in the Prahova Valley, where Rumanians repulse an infantry attack. In the Dobruja they advance towards the south.

Serbians repulse three Bulgarian attacks in the loop of the Tcherna.

Russian southern flank advanced five miles into Transylvania.

Nov. 9.—Rumanians report they have re-occupied Hirsova (Dobruja), with assistance of gunboats on the Danube.

East of Armentières the British discharge gas and bomb the enemy's trench line.

Prime Minister of Portugal announces Portuguese Army ready to leave for the European battlefields.

Nov. 10.—British naval aeroplanes attack the harbour and submarine shelters at Ostend and Zeebrugge.

Air Squadrons in Action.—A pitched battle takes place between a British and a German squadron on the west front, each of 30 machines or more. Enemy squadron broken up and dispersed, 15 of his machines fall out or driven down, 7 British machines missing.

Fast German destroyers shell Baltic Port, west of Reval. In their retreat the majority are sunk by Russian fleet.

reported that allied force has driven enemy from Dumarea, at the Rumanian side of Danube bridge at Cerna Voda.

Dutch mail steamer Konigin Regentes captured by enemy and taken to Zeebrugge.

British storm and capture eastern portion of Regina Trench on a front of 1,000 yards.

Serbians storm the Chuke Heights and carry the village of Polog, taking 600 prisoners.

Nov. 11.—French recapture greater part of Saillisel.

British deliver gas attack south of Ypres.

Nov. 12.—**French take whole of Saillisel.**

Rumanians report they have advanced in the Dobruja as far as the Topalu (Danube), Iuan-Cisme, Caranasuff (Black Sea) front.

Nov. 13.—**Great British Advance.**—Our troops attack on both sides of the Ancre, and penetrate the German defences on a front of nearly five miles, taking the strongly-fortified village of St. Pierre Divion, Beaumont-Hamel, and over 3,300 prisoners.

Further Serbian Successes.—Continuing their offensive towards Monastir, they drive the Bulgarians out of Iven, fifteen miles east of Monastir, taking 1,000 prisoners.

Rumanians admit yielding ground in the region of Sarcinesti, to the south of the Roter Turm Pass.

Nov. 14.—**The Victory on the Ancre.**—Sir Douglas Haig reports continued success, our troops capturing Beaucourt-sur-Ancre, and advancing east of the Butte de Warlencourt. Prisoners to date number over 5,000.

Aeroplane raid on Cairo, a number of civilians killed and wounded.

Nov. 15.—Sir Douglas Haig reports our troops establish the positions gained north and south of the Ancre.

Heavy German attacks on the French north and south of the Somme. Enemy sets foot in Pressoir, but repulsed everywhere else.

Rumanian retreat in the western valleys south of the Roter Turm and Vulkan Passes.

British air raid on Ostend and Zeebrugge.

Bulgarians abandon Kenali line.

Nov. 16.—French drive Germans out of Pressoir.

Rumanians admit retirements in the valley of the Aluta and in the region of the Jiul.

Nov. 17.—**Flight-Captain de Beauchamps bombs Munich,** then flies across the Alps, landing north of Venice, making a non-stop flight of 437½ miles.

British naval aeroplanes make another raid on Ostend and Zeebrugge.

Nov. 18.—British advance north and south of the Ancre, and reach the outskirts of Grandcourt.

Germans claim to have broken the Rumanian front in the western valley of the Jiul.

Capture of Monastir by allied troops.

Nov. 19.—Sir Douglas Haig reports a total of 6,962 prisoners taken since Nov. 13.

Ultimatum to Ministers of the enemy Powers at Athens to leave the capital by Nov. 22.

Nov. 20.—Allies pursuing enemy from Monastir; advance on Prilep.

Officially reported that in the valley of the Jiul the Rumanians continue to retire towards the south.

Nov. 21.—**Death of Emperor Francis Joseph.**

German troops occupy Craiova, the chief town in Western Wallachia.

British hospital ship Britannic sunk by mine or torpedo in the Zea Channel, in the Ægean Sea; 1,106 survivors, over 100 lost.

Germans raid British front south-west of Cité St. Elie (north-west of Hulluch). A part of our front-line trench is obliterated, and 26 men missing.

Nov. 22.—Hostile artillery active in the Beaumont-Hamel and Ypres areas. We bombard the enemy's lines near Ransart (south of Arras), east of Angres, and north of the La Bassée Canal.

On the western shore of Lake Prespa (west of Monastir) French troops occupy Leskovetz (about 10 miles south-east of Ochrida), and continue their advance towards the north.

Zeebrugge raided by British naval aeroplanes, an enemy destroyer hit.

Nov. 23.—Petrograd reports that on Oct. 20 the Russian battleship Imperatritsa Maria was sunk as the result of internal explosion; 64 dead, 152 missing.

Naval Raid on South-East Coast.—Six German destroyers during the night attempt to approach the north end of the Downs, fire about twelve rounds, and steam off at once. One shell hits a drifter without injuring any of her crew. It is denied that shells hit Ramsgate, as the enemy's communiqué reports.

Nov. 24.—British hospital ship Braemar Castle announced mined or torpedoed in Ægean Sea; all on board saved.

Mackensen reported to have forced the Danube. Rumanians give up Orsova and Turnu Severin, and continue retreat.

Nov. 25.—Bukarest admits her troops retire on the left bank of the Alt, in the direction of Dragasani and Slatina.

Nov. 26.—Falkenhayn's army has come into touch with Mackensen's, which has crossed the Danube at Zimnicea. German advance continued in south-western part of Wallachia.

Zouaves carry by storm Hill 1,050 north-east of Monastir.

German sea raid near Lowestoft armed trawler Narval sunk.

Nov. 27.—**Rumanian Retreat.**—Our ally abandons the line of the Olt (Aluta), and falls back. Alexandria, on the Vedea River, reported in German hands. On the Rumanian right, Rymmk, on the Olt River, has fallen to the enemy.

Zeppelin Raid on Northern Counties.—One airship brought down in flames into the sea off the coast of Durham.

Serbians carry a height north-west of Grunishta. Zouaves storm a crest east of Hill 1,050.

Nov. 28.—Another Zeppelin which took part in the raid on the night of Nov. 27 brought down in flames nine miles out at sea off the Norfolk coast.

Mid-day Raid on London.—Enemy aeroplane drops six bombs, nine persons injured, material damage slight. Later in day the same machine brought down by the French off Dunkirk.

March on Bukarest.—Germans holding Giurgevo, on the Danube, almost due south of Bukarest, and Curtea de Arges in the north.

Russian success in Carpathians. Our ally seizes heights four miles west of Worochta, in the region of Wakarka, and in the region of Kirlibaba gain possession of a ridge of heights east of Kirlibaba, compelling the enemy to retire from their positions, capturing 800 prisoners.

Nov. 29.—**Important Naval Changes.**—Sir John Jellicoe becomes First Sea Lord; Sir David Beatty is appointed to command the Grand Fleet.

Nov. 30.—Mackensen reported attacking 12 miles from inner forts of Bukarest. Rumanian Government removed to Jassy.

Greek Government refuses Admiral du Fournet's demand for the surrender of arms.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

AEROPLANES OR ZEPPELINS?

ABOUT these air raids once more, if you please. In the twenty-four hours preceding the quiet night watches in which these notes are being written casual conversation has been on hardly any other topic; it would be hard if a poor scrivener might not make use of it—unusual, almost unnatural, if he didn't. Surely he may find therein something relative to either life or character—the spacious field in which it is his pleasant task to roam.

"NASTY things they Zeppelins," was one old woman's remark, and it won immediate assent. More interesting, because more recently adopted as an article of public opinion, was the expression of a general view that the Zeppelin is now a convicted inutility as an offensive weapon—"offensive" being used, of course, in its technical meaning. Even so late as a week or two ago many imaginative people were really scared by Count Zeppelin's reported threat of a raid to be performed by eighty of his airships at once. To-day, despite their fear of the death and damage such a fleet might deal to them and theirs before being disposed of, these same people wish intensely that it may come. These monsters have been tried in the balance and found wanting. Flames are their portion, and it is meted out to them with ever more certain promptitude and precision.

AEROPLANE raids are a different matter. Aeroplanes can do useful military work, and their smaller size and greater speed make them more difficult to hit by guns or overtake by airships sent up in pursuit. When it is a question of trying to bring one down, an aeroplane seems to differ from a Zeppelin as greatly as a rocketing pheasant differs from a rotund Buff Orpington fluttering up to roost. The defence, one must suppose, would rather have Zeppelins to go for than aeroplanes. If the offence is out for spectacularly colossal results, requiring several tons of explosives to achieve, it, too, one must suppose, will prefer Zeppelins because of their great weight-carrying power. But if small profits and quick returns is the really most remunerative policy for raiders, they will employ aeroplanes every time.

C. M. would be profoundly astonished if he were suspected of lack of patriotism, or friendly disposition towards the Teuton. Nevertheless, he has no harsh judgment to propose on those two German naval lieutenants who are said to have been the individuals who flew to London the other day and who hit some private premises and a few unoffending civilians with bombs dropped from an altitude of some tens of hundreds of yards. There was a sporting element in the adventure wholly new to the German and quite commendable. Better sportsmen would have flown lower and aimed carefully at particularly selected buildings, but as a first essay the deed had points.

THE visit is significant of several things. First, it seems to be corroborative of the British opinion always held officially and now, as suggested above, coming to be held generally, that Zeppelins have no real military value as offensive weapons, though they may be immensely serviceable as scouts for fleets. If Germany is converted on that point it means that she has wasted many years and many lives and millions of money—which is a highly satisfactory fact; more especially satisfactory because in the process of her experiments she has given us new proof of our ability as a people to rise to meet emergency. When we bag six "Zepps." in three months and put up a defence which German officialdom describes as "extraordinarily powerful," we feel we are wagging along the right way. And that is a mighty comfortable sensation.

BUT next, if the Germans are converted to our view of the comparative value of Zeppelins and aeroplanes as raiding machines, this flying visit from the two German naval lieutenants must be regarded as probably only the first of a series likely to be continued through the coming months, and the question immediately arises—"What about it?" Considering how testy and irritable and explosive we British people are individually, we are wonderfully forbearing and long-suffering collectively, provided we have a subconscious feeling that the authorities we appoint to manage our affairs are really attending to their job. We give them, indeed, exceedingly long rope, and if sometimes in our history we have used any of the rope to hang the authorities withal, it has been because they did not play up, not because they did not play well. It is a rather strange quality, due chiefly perhaps to our strongest characteristic sense of justice. Having appointed a man we feel that he ought to have his show, and we give him a good one, even though we may suffer some seemingly avoidable annoyance and inconvenience meanwhile.

THIS really is why we put up with rules and regulations for which so many of us can see no justification in necessity or reason. Our view is that these "authorities," being British like ourselves, must be intent on the single job of securing victory, and we refrain from bothering them with our trivial private affairs. Moreover, we know that slow as the business is, it is moving the right way. So we sat tight for twelve or more very long months while Zeppelins visited us with impunity to themselves, and waited for our "hornets" to grow up. Now, at the end of a year or so, we are quite content. The hornets are a very fine brood. We look back over the past, recognise all the tonic effect of the Zeppelin raids upon our moral character, and await with almost pleasurable anticipation the coming of the next lot in order that we may see them come down to earth in that lovely red effulgence with which we are becoming so familiar.

BUT now we also look forward and, warned by the aeroplane raid, say "What about that?" The authorities need have no fear that we shall be more nervous about aeroplanes than we were about Zeppelins. If common-sense has anything to do with the matter we shall probably be much less nervous, because it is upon aeroplanes that we have put all our own money. But we do deserve to be given some intimation which we shall find satisfactory, that provision is being made to defeat and ultimately to prevent German aeroplanes from bombing British homes. Does one set a hornet to catch a hornet? If so, all right. Or does one smoke out the other hornet's nest? If so, again all right. We'll pay for the sulphur willingly enough. The point that some of us would like to represent to the authorities is that we would rather they assured us they had the matter well in hand than that they should talk about the tonic value of aeroplane raids upon our moral character. One doesn't want to swank, but on the whole there doesn't seem to be very much amiss with our moral character as it is. C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON'S contribution to this issue is the first of a series of important articles which I have arranged with a number of our most eminent writers and publicists to contribute exclusively to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. The time is come when it is possible to discuss with some confidence the large matters of civilisation involved by the war. Hostilities have now lasted so long that the effect likely to be exercised on international relationships, on manhood, on religion, etc., can be foreshadowed without undue speculation and profitable discussion initiated.

Great Issues of the War

I HAVE called these matters "The Great Issues of the War," and although they will naturally vary in importance, only really vital subjects will be discussed in the series. The writers will be left free to enunciate their own views, so that I do not in any way identify myself nor THE WAR ILLUSTRATED with these opinions, allowing, indeed, views to be expressed that are diametrically opposed to my own, and which I could not endorse as Editor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

AMONG the articles already arranged for are the following: British Politics After the War, by Harold Cox; Woman's Work After the War, by Mrs. Fawcett; The War and Our Imperial Future, by Sidney Low, M.A.; The War's Effect on Religion, by the Hon. G. W. E. Russell; Social Democracy After the War, by H. M. Hyndman; The Indian Empire After the War, by St. Nihal Singh; British Industry After the War, by Sir Leo Chiozza Money; The War and Art, by C. Lewis Hind; German Culture, by Joseph McCabe; Progress in Medicine and Surgery, by Dr. C. W. Saleeby; International Relations, by Dr. E. J. Dillon; British Labour After the War, by G. N. Barnes, M.P.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER
The War Illustrated, 2d.
will be published on
Tuesday, 19th December

Principal Contents:

Victory: The Will & the Way
By LORD NORTHCLIFFE

The Happy Children
A Fantasy for Christmastide
By ARTHUR MACHEN
Author of "The Bowmen."

Back to His Own
A Tale of the Trenches
By PATRICK MACGILL
Author of "The Rat Pit," etc.

Our War-time Xmas Dinner
By Grace Curnock

Articles by Percival Hislam, E. C. Buley, and Thomas Burke; verses by "C. E. B."

SPLENDID COLLECTION OF WAR PHOTOS AND PICTURES

FREE PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE
"Sharing Rations"
By Stanley L. Wood

For Thoughtful Readers

ARTICLES are also being arranged with other contributors on What the War Has Done for Womanhood, The War and Scientific Progress, Literature and the War, British Agriculture After the War, etc. My readers, I feel sure, will welcome these thoughtful and timely contributions on subjects concerning which all well-informed men and women seek light. I am proud of the reputation which THE WAR ILLUSTRATED has obtained for the excellence of its literary contents. People often remark "Its pictures are splendid, but the reading matter is also first-class"—the inference being that one does not expect a high literary standard in a picture paper. I have endeavoured, however, to maintain both the pictorial and literary elements at their best, and shall continue to do so.

THERE are moments when it is difficult to realise that the war has endured so short a time as two years and four months, and others again, when one finds it difficult to believe that the weeks and months since Germany took the fatal plunge to perdition have passed away so quickly. This is an experience common to everyone and concerning all things to which the passage of time applies; but if, by some means, we could get a measure of the impression left on the mind of the public in respect to the duration of the war, we should probably find that it was one of surprise at the swift passage of the time. It seems such a little while ago that I was busily engaged on the editing of the first Christmas issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED that when I had to set about the task of preparing the third Christmas number the other day it was difficult to credit that two years had elapsed since the first was prepared.

Our Special Christmas Gift

AS before, our Christmas number will not be an extra publication, but will be the usual weekly issue, treated somewhat differently and given a dress that corresponds a little to the season. We have all long since abandoned the hope of maintaining business, home life, or any of our social conditions, "as usual," so that it would be idle to attempt, and in questionable taste, to produce an essentially "Christmassy" publication just now. Equally the season must colour all our thoughts, and the least that I can do is to give some special touch to our weekly issue and, in the true spirit of Christmas, present my readers with a free gift. It will be conceded that my publishers have shown a very generous spirit in enabling me to give away with every copy of my next week's Christmas number a beautiful photogravure plate from a painting specially made for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED by Mr. Stanley L. Wood, the eminent artist. This is a charming and spirited drawing entitled "Sharing Rations," which shows a trooper and his faithful horse on the best of terms. The Christmas number will be published one day earlier than usual—namely, on Tuesday of next week instead of Wednesday.

For Friends on Active Service

MOST of the illustrations in the Christmas number will be printed in photo-brown ink, and I have arranged for a very attractive programme of literary contents, which is set out elsewhere on this page. This Christmas issue will be found a most suitable budget of reading and pictures for sending to one's friends on active service, and owing to the restrictions imposed upon publishers at present by the limitation of the paper supply, it will be impossible to increase the edition, so that readers would be well advised to order any extra copies they require at once. The price of the number will be the same as usual, although the publishers would have been entirely justified in doubling it, as they have maintained the original price steadily in face of increasing costs, and the gift of a free plate at this time is all the more worthy of note.

J. A. H.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
48 Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

Wynn

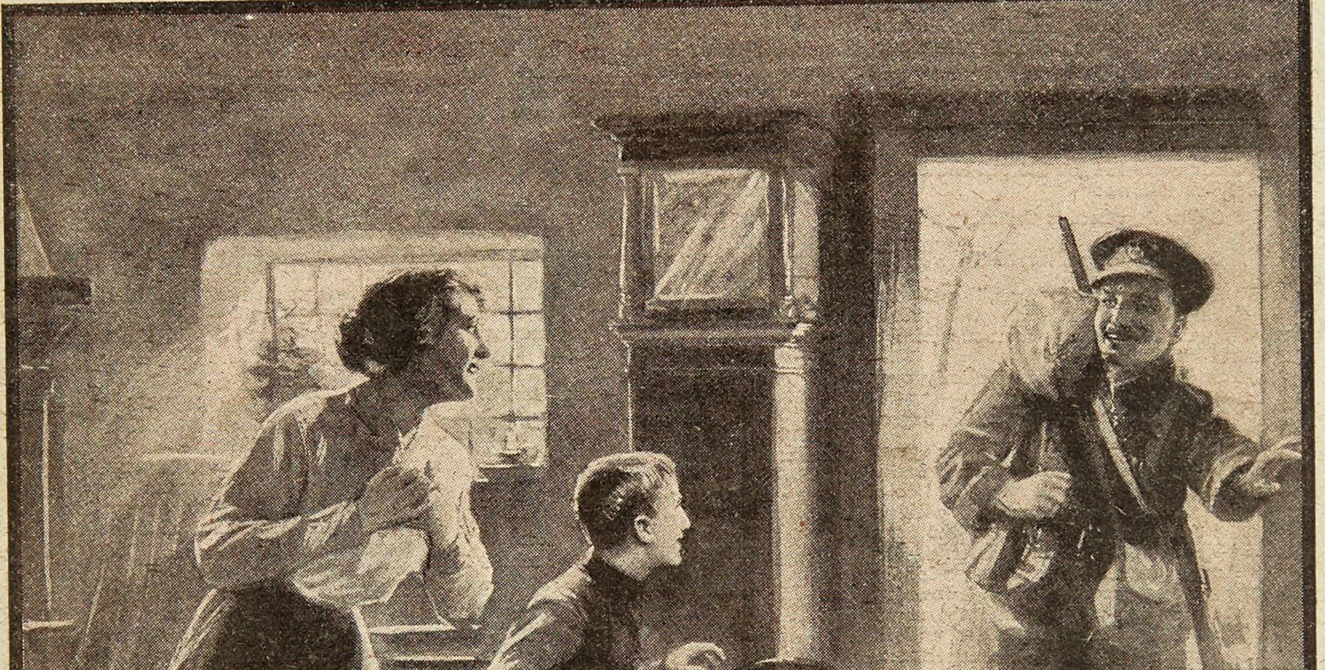
The War Illustrated, 23rd December, 1916.

Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER WITH PRESENTATION PLATE

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



On Christmas Leave: From a Somme Dug-out to the Home Fireside

Vol. 5 "VICTORY: THE WILL & THE WAY" by LORD NORTHCLIFFE (See Page 434) No. 123

TWO DOZEN OF THE BEST WAR STORIES

Collected and Retold by E. C. Buley

AMONG the thousands of good stories that have been told about the men who are fighting for the Empire here are two dozen which have certainly enjoyed a very considerable vogue. They are, one and all, old friends whom all should be glad to welcome for Christmas!

THE sailorman had just told the old lady in the train what his share in the Great War was.

"In a submarine!" she exclaimed. "How nice! And what do you do?"

"Well, mum, I runs for'ard and tips her up when we want to dive!"

THE airman was caught over the Channel in the very thickest kind of fog, and beat hopelessly about for more than an hour in the horrible cold.

But his observer seemed quite cheerful; the man at the wheel could even see his lips moving, and his eyes twinkling pleasantly. He seemed to be singing, and out of sheer curiosity the airman stopped the engine for a second to hear what it was. He got the tail-end of the ditty as follows:

"O Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a
ling?
O Grave, thy victoree?"

DON'T beat him, man," said the artillery captain to the driver who was using rough methods with a horse. "Talk to him."

The driver leaned confidentially over to the animal.

"Ah coom fra' Manchester," he began.

A SEAFORTH Highlander was brought to hospital, very badly in need of repairs, and submitted to a series of painful operations with a stolid courage which won him the open admiration of the nursing Sister.

Then he saw his first visitor, a kindly lady whose method with wounded soldiers was to tell them all the news. When she had gone, the Sister noticed that, for the first time in her experience, he was depressed.

"Why, what's the matter, Jock?" she asked.

"Five meelion pund a day!" he groaned. "Five meelion! Lass, it's awfu'!"

AND what about the lingo?" a Highlander back from the front was asked. "Suppose you want to say 'egg'?"

"Ye juist say 'oof.'"

"But suppose you want two?"

"Ye say 'twa oofs,' an' the silly auld fule wife gies ye three, and ye juist gie her back ane. Man, it's an awfu' easy language."

THERE were two Hielanmen at the front 'an' yin o' them cotched a hen. The ither yin was jist goin' tae thraw its neck.

"No the noo," says the first yin. "Let her be till the morn's morn. She micht lay an egg!"

TOMMY (ready to go "over the top"): "I suppose we shall be making history in a few minutes, sergeant?"

Sergeant: "History be blowed! What you've got to make is geography."

HE was wounded in three places, but able to put his head out of the window of the hospital train to inspect the brand-new battalion just making its way to the front.

"Are we dahn-hearted?" he shouted.

"No-o-oh!" was the unanimous roar in reply.

"Then wait till yer get in the trenches," he counselled, and lay down much comforted.

NO, mum," said the wounded man regretfully, "I never shot a German; an' I had a good chanst, too. The 'Uns was chargin' in close order. 'Shoot at will!' shouted our captain. 'Which one is he?' I asks; an' before anyone could tell me I got it in the chest."

DO you understand English?" asked Tommy of the captured Hun.

"I a leedle undershdand."

"Well, then, blimey! You try an' 'op it, and you won't 'alf bloomin' well cop it!"

WHO goes there?" cried the sentry.

"Chaplain," was the answer.

"Pass, Charlie; all's well."

IS your husband at the front?" asked the district visitor.

"Yus. An' if he serves the Germans as he served me, Gawd help them!"

THE same lady had received a black eye in the course of an argument with a neighbour.

"It ain't my looks I cares abaht," she lamented, "but see the awk'ard position it puts me in. No one will believe as my husband ain't back from the front."

BUT her husband had a kind heart, for when wounded he asked the Sister to write a letter to his wife.

"The nurses 'ere are a very plain lot——" he dictated.

"I say! That's not very polite," protested the amanuensis.

"Put it dahn," insisted Bill. "It'll please her no end!"

THIS must have been the man who had waited more than an hour in anticipation of a German attack.

"I 'ope nothink's 'appened to the blighters," was his final comment.

AND after three days waist-deep in the water and mud of a very bad trench, his turn came to be relieved.

"Hurry up out of this, my gallant soldiers!" was the captain's inspiriting order.

"Soldier?" he grumbled. "I ain't a soldier; I'm a bloomin' bulrush, I am!"

IT was a Canadian soldier, by the way, who wrote home from the trenches: "I guess the first seven years of this war are going to be the worst."

A HUGE coalbox had just exploded among the Munsters, and Rafferty was bending anxiously over the inanimate form of his friend McGrath.

"Spake to me, Mick," he urged. "Just a word to say you're not dead."

"Faith, I'm not, thin," said Mick, and fainted.

Rafferty looked at him mournfully.

"Sure, an' weren't the McGraths always liars?" he groaned.

ON Gallipoli, where water was scarce and bad, the Connaughts were furnished with sanitary drinking cups.

"Sure, Casey," said Murphy, "soon we'll have to shpit on our hands wid an eye-dropper."

SHOOT?" roared the musketry instructor to the recruit who had expended nineteen rounds without touching the target—"you'll never shoot. Better take the last cartridge and blow your brains out!"

A minute later he heard a report from behind the butt, and with his heart in his mouth rushed off to see what had happened.

"Sorry, sergeant!" said the marksman. "Another miss!"

A GALLANT Indian was left in charge of a West African wireless station which was supposed to be safe from attack. A day or two later the flying column received the message:

"One hundred Germans approaching. Kindly send rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition."

HERB. had received from England a gift of a new pair of woollen socks, and put them on joyfully on the morning before a heavy march. He was soon limping, but got no chance to take his boots off till the end of a twenty-five-mile day. Then he got the socks off, and found in the toe of one a piece of stiff writing-paper, on which he could just read the words, written in a childish hand, "God bless the wearer of this pair of socks!"

OUR major," said the R.A.M.C. man, "'e's an officer and a gentleman—an officer and a gentleman! The other day he comes into the canteen, and says he, 'Any complaints?' And I says, 'Yes, sir; beg your pardon, sir, this tea ain't fit to drink.' So he says to the bloke who'd served us, 'Give us a cup.' And when he'd tasted it, ''Ogwash!' says he. "'Ogwash!' And he says to the bloke, 'Line these men up!' And when he'd done that, he says, 'And now give them back their tuppences.'

"And I'd never paid mine!"

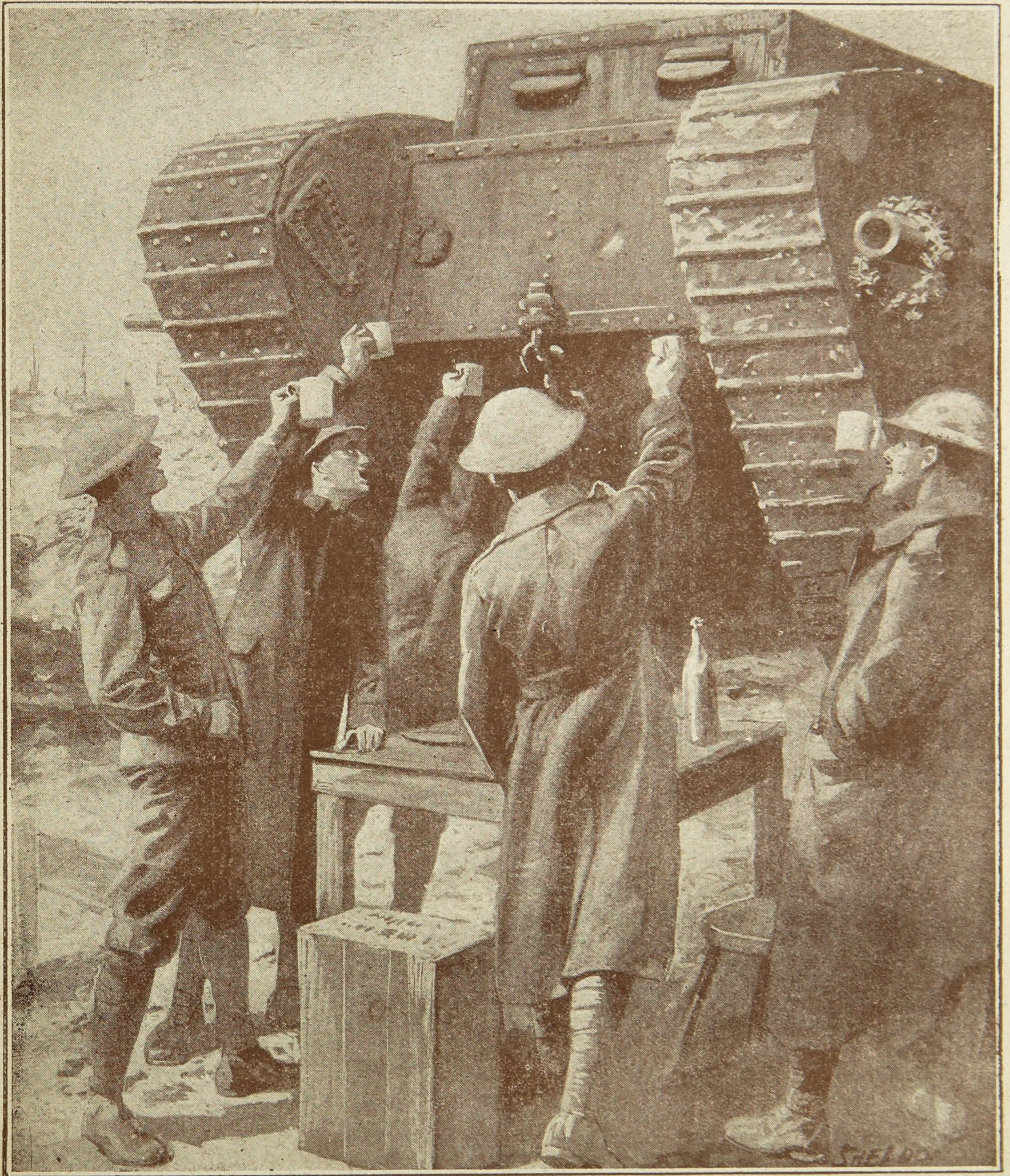
WILL Col. Blank state reasons for requiring new supplies of trench rubbers so soon?" was the query from the base to a C.O. at the front, who had suffered the loss, through enemy fire, of a considerable supply of rubber boots before they had been served out to his men.

"Because of the great European war now raging," replied Col. Blank.

23rd December, 1916. No. 123. Vol. 5.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



TOASTING THE "TANK."—This machine is comparatively a new-comer into the arena of battle, but as the gladiator on his entrance into the Colosseum was toasted and cheered by his supporters, so this extraordinary symbol of modern mechanical power may appropriately be toasted by the heroes of the Somme whom it precedes "over the top," through shell-hole and barbed-wire, to victory.

VICTORY: THE WILL AND THE WAY

Some Thoughts for the Third Red Christmastide on Ten Instant Necessities of the War

By Lord Northcliffe

In response to the invitation of the Editor of "The War Illustrated," that I might send his wide circle of readers a Christmas message on the War, for the more vigorous prosecution of which I have so long pleaded with all the resources at my disposal, I am happy to set down a few thoughts on certain urgent needs of the moment.

AT Christmas-time one could wish chiefly to think of peace, to speak of peace; in the words of the saint, to "seek peace and ensue it." But writing to-day when Christmas is still three weeks distant, I can discern nothing that helps our thoughts in that direction or raises our hopes. Nay, it is obvious that this Christmas can see no beneficent change, and possibly future Christmases may find us still confronting the one supreme problem: How to crush the monster of Prussian aggression?—which task is essential to the restoration of world-happiness. Victory is what we must achieve before we contemplate peace. We have the will to victory; but are we on the way? There is a sense, of course, in which peace is an ever-present thought in our minds, and to hold it there while striving for its realisation, our immediate, insistent, and paramount duty is relentlessly and vigorously to prosecute the War.

In our careless years before the envious Huns let loose upon the world this fury of death, it used to be said "In time of peace prepare for war," and had Great Britain given heed to the voices that warned her, and assiduously prepared for war, the course of this great swaying struggle of the nations would have been strangely different—indeed, there might have been no war at all. Let us hope that, if in time of peace we did not adequately prepare for war, in this strange new time of war we may yet efficiently organise for victory, and so prepare for a permanent peace.

It seems to me, therefore, that I cannot do better than set down here, as briefly as may be, what I might call ten instant necessities of the War, for in their enumeration one can provide something practical by way of suggestion. I shall not attempt any definitions of their relative importance, since *all* are essentials to our success. *It is to be hoped that before these lines are in print some of the urgent measures which I specify here may have become accomplished facts, and I need scarcely add that they are but ten of many which must occur to the minds of all thoughtful observers of the War.*

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

I. ARM ALL MERCHANT SHIPS

THIS I judge to be the most clamant need of the moment.

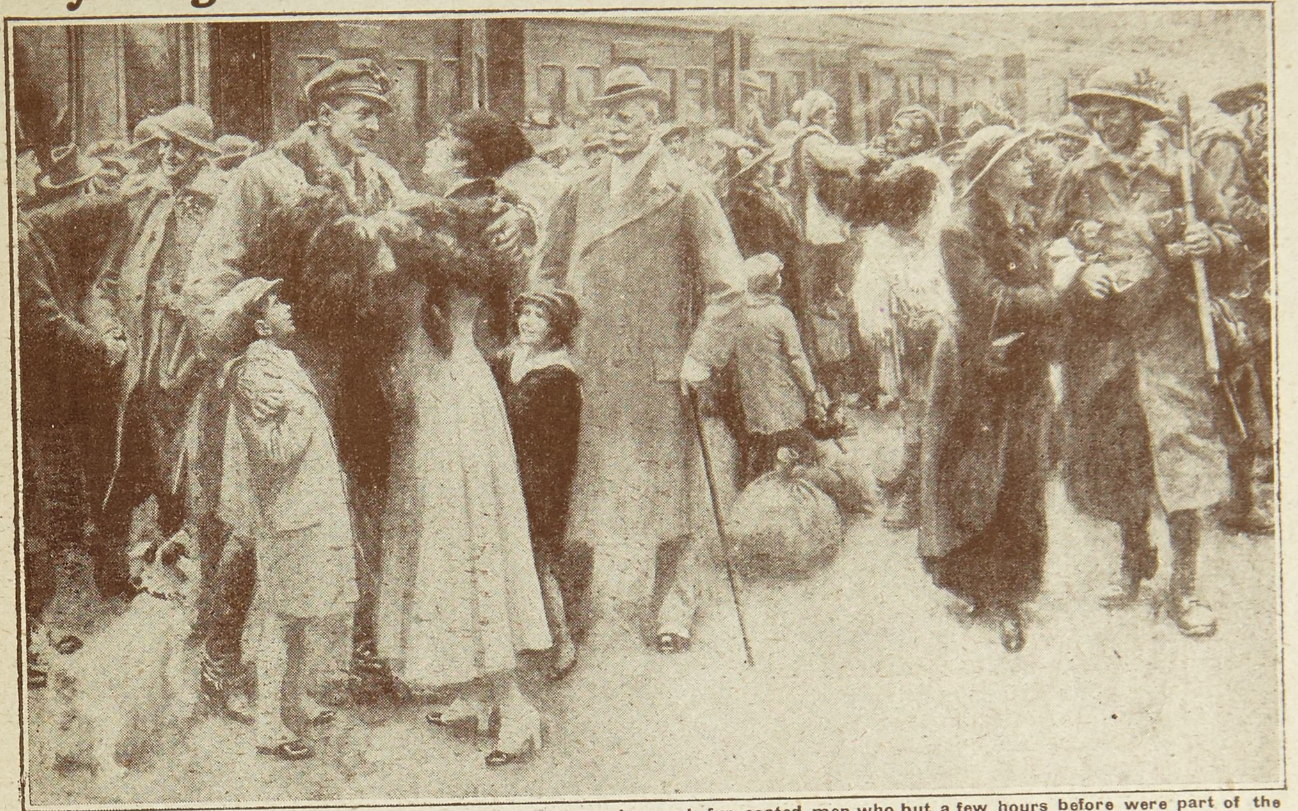
On the maintenance of our overseas traffic the health, welfare, and fighting power of the nation depend. It has been demonstrated that merchant ships armed merely with a gun at the stern have been able successfully to meet U boats and fight them off, the percentage of such vessels destroyed by submarines being so low as nine, whereas 77 per cent. of the unarmed merchantmen have been destroyed. Consider how much more successful our merchantmen would be if properly armed with modern guns "bow, beam, and stern"! The only adequate "defensive" armament for our trading ships is that which makes them capable of sinking any submersible craft that shows above the surface. This certainly is an urgent necessity of the hour. Germany is weekly increasing the number and power of her large ocean-going submersibles, and the best way to prevent these from paralysing our overseas traffic, and killing our women, children, and wounded, is to make our overseas traffic a source of danger to the submarines. Under this heading I would also include the Government control of all the shipping, as well as the standardisation of shipbuilding.

II. ORGANISE THE CIVIL POPULATION

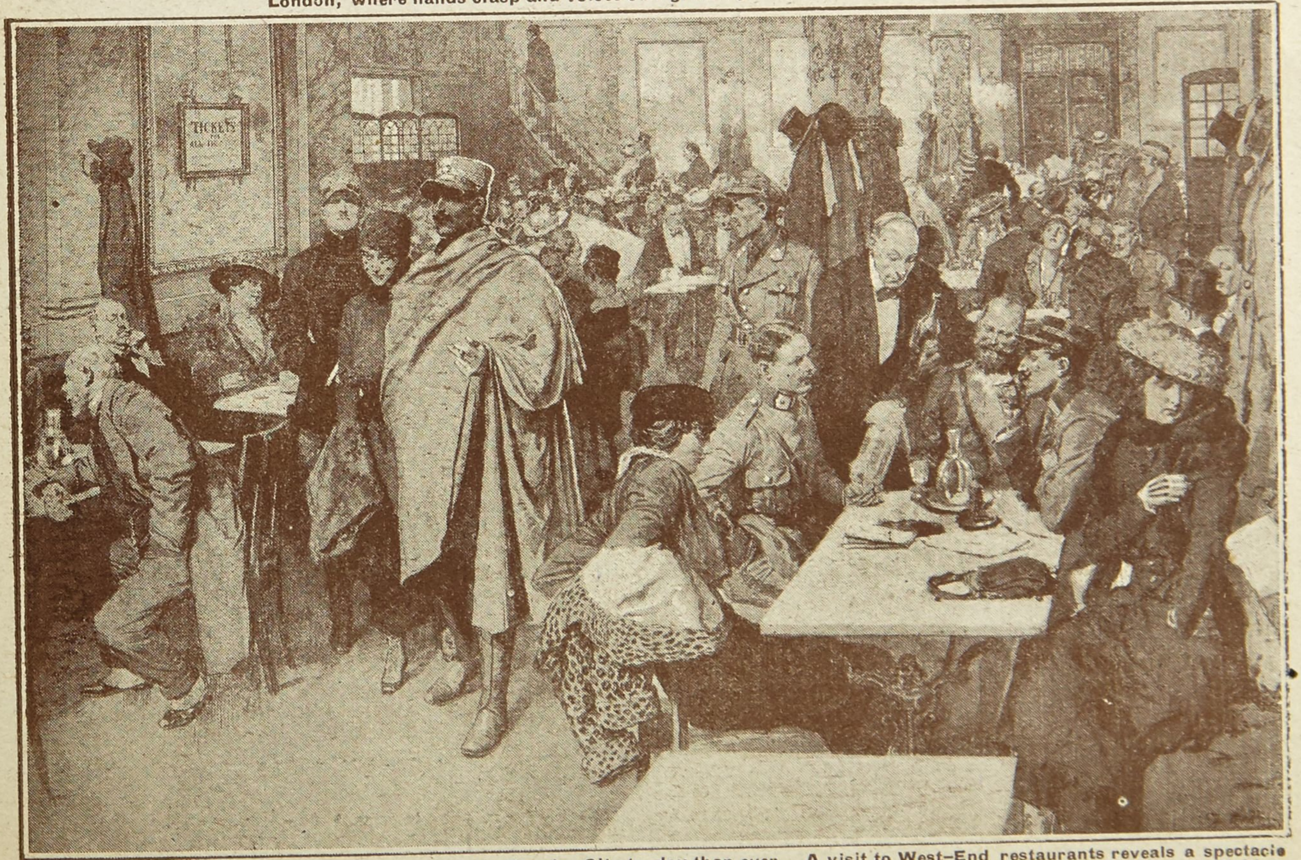
GERMANY has imposed many new conditions upon us; indeed that is her chief success so far. She has herself resorted to a "levée en masse." That the nation which so wantonly forced this ghastly war upon Europe, hoping for swift and cheap victory, has had recourse to this measure of desperation is proof that we, if we are to beat her down, must make an equal call upon our civil population. Every person, male or female, from sixteen years of age to sixty, should be brought into this new production of war and food energy, and made to take some part, however small, in helping forward the work of winning peace for our civilisation to revive and flourish.

[Continued on page 436

Trysting-Places for the War-World & His Wife



The trench train arrives, and out of the compartments swarm bronzed, fur-coated men who but a few hours before were part of the great company fighting for the greatest ideal. Though the world is full of sorrow, there is no economy of happiness at Victoria Station, London, where hands clasp and voices call greetings in a spirit of joyful reunion.



Britain's gallant allies are more welcome in the Empire City to-day than ever. A visit to West-End restaurants reveals a spectacle of cosmopolitan animation, for representatives of the indissoluble Entente have honoured John Bull by spending Christmas with him. Mr. Matania depicts a scene at a famous London cafe where allied officers and their friends are enjoying their brief leave.

VICTORY: THE WILL & THE WAY—*contd.*

III. ARM THE VOLUNTEERS

WE have in our large and growing volunteer forces, which have been the splendid outcome of genuine patriotic enthusiasm, undaunted by officialdom's contempt, a vast amount of valuable defensive material, but we are not making proper use of it. Therefore, I include among the immediate necessities of the War the proper equipment and training of these large and potentially effective elements of national defence. Thoroughly equipped with rifles, bombs, grenades, and machine-guns, and properly taught the uses of these arms, they would be invaluable for the protection of the homeland, thus liberating equally large forces for active fighting across the water.

IV. INAUGURATE FOOD TICKETS

A YEAR ago, when I advocated this, and started the Home-Grown Food Exhibition, I was decried as an alarmist, stigmatised in certain quarters with a variety of uncomplimentary epithets, among these being "lunatic" and "advertiser," while sneers as to my earlier efforts in the matters of "standard bread," aeroplanes, and shells were not lacking. To-day, who shall deny the necessity for the most instant and effective organisation of our food supplies? The only way in which the poor can be protected from the wealthy bourgeoisie is by the issuing of meat, bread, and sugar tickets, so that the industrial and labouring classes, on whom the high food prices press so much more heavily than on the wealthy, may have an opportunity of getting their share in some equality with the rich.

V. COMPLETELY REFORM THE ADMIRALTY

THERE must be immediate and far-reaching changes made in our naval administration. Among these the antiquated system of seniority promotions should be entirely swept away, and the young, energetic, and able seamen, of whom the war has already discovered no lack, could be promoted to co-operate with the highest officials of the Government in the prosecution of the naval warfare, and especially in the rigorous tightening of the blockade. All is *not* well with the Admiralty, but I am hopeful that ere this is printed certain revolutionary changes which will vastly improve its efficiency may have been effected, or will be on the eve of achievement.

VI. EXCHANGE OUR PRISONERS

NOT enough has been done, nothing comparable with what is possible, in the way of deporting enemy aliens from this country to Germany in exchange for military and civil prisoners. It may be thought that this is a matter in which the British Government cannot move without advances from the enemy Government, but the British Government has not shown the needful spirit of initiative to bring about an arrangement which I believe to be possible and highly desirable. The Germans have been more forthright in this matter.

VII. MAKE OUR GERMAN PRISONERS WORK

IN France and other allied countries where Government can act without years of deliberation and tergiversation, economic use has been made of the large bodies of German prisoners. The same ought to be done here, and can be done. They could be effectively employed, until they were deported, as workers at the docks, and in other branches of unskilled labour, under proper regulation and supervision. This could be done without encroaching upon Trade Union principles; it is no small matter, and would mean the releasing of a very considerable body of our fit manual workers for the more vital occupation of destroying the enemy, who knows so well how to use his prisoners to his own advantage.

VIII. GIVE OUR SOLDIERS MORE LEAVE

I VERY strongly advocate more frequent leave for officers and men from the front, as it is found that the spirits of both are the better maintained by frequent brief respites from the dreadful strain of the War, and the moral of our armies thus improved. This can only be accomplished by the more rigid "combing out" of the shirkers at home, and two fields for this urgent work must have special attention, as examples—namely, the Civil Service and the Police Force, in both of which large numbers of able-bodied single men and young married men are still shirking under the shameful cloak of officialdom. The Admiralty could easily provide the shipping accommodation by the economic organisation of their existing tonnage.

IX. MAINTAIN OUR AERIAL ASCENDANCY

THERE ought to be no further delay in the establishment of a really efficient Ministry of the Air to co-ordinate our at present ill-related aerial services, and to control the output of aeroplanes and aircraft of other descriptions. It would be the business of the Ministry incessantly to strive for the maintenance of at least a ten-miles-per-hour advantage in all British aircraft as compared with enemy machines. If this is not done and *done speedily*, the ascendancy which our machines recently gained over the enemy will quickly be lost, and nothing could be more disastrous from the point of view of our artillery efficiency on the western front. The Germans are making great efforts to recapture the ascendancy they enjoyed for a time when their Fokker planes were a source of annoyance, and if they do, no condemnation of our authorities for their supineness in this matter will be adequate.

X. TRUST THE PEOPLE

FINALLY, I would urge the need to modify our censorship, and take the democracy of the country more into the confidence of the Government. Even with the limited knowledge which the censorship has permitted the people of Great Britain to acquire, the common people have shown themselves far more sensible than their alleged rulers as to the conduct of the War. If the censorship could be somewhat modified—and this I maintain to be possible without disclosing a single secret to the enemy—the democracy, knowing more, yet not more than it ought to know, of the true facts of the War, would be able still further to push its "leaders" along the road to national energy and eventual victory.

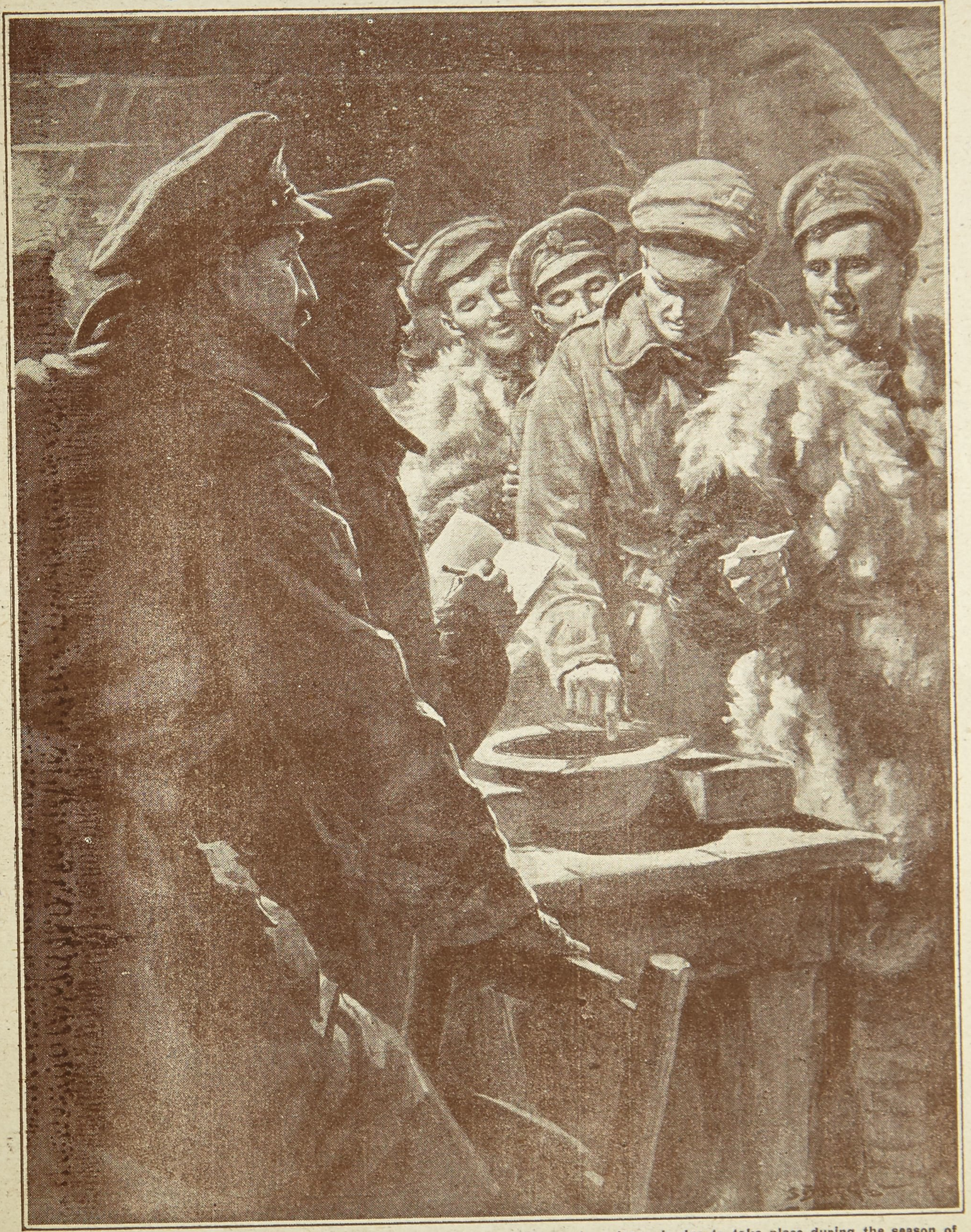
* * *

Somewhat roughly, I am afraid, I have had to jot these thoughts down. I have attempted no order of importance in my suggestions, but I submit them at the coming of the third Christmas of the War when, had our potentially splendid national energy been expended in the right direction since its first Christmas, we might have seen peace well in sight, whereas we are still a long way from discerning the first sign of definite victory without which all thoughts of peace are vain. I stand for the exertion of every ounce of energy our nation is capable of putting forth, and the enforcing of this in every way possible upon the present curious collection of mediocrities that calls itself a Government.* Perhaps these suggestions of mine, rapidly thrown out though they be, may stimulate that wholesome discussion which in a democracy eventually leads to the Government being impressed to discharge its too-long neglected duty.

Northcliffe

* On the eve of going to press that Government had fallen, and the way was clearing for the reforms which Lord Northcliffe has so vigorously outlined.—EDITOR W.I.

Drawing Lots for Leave at Christmas Time

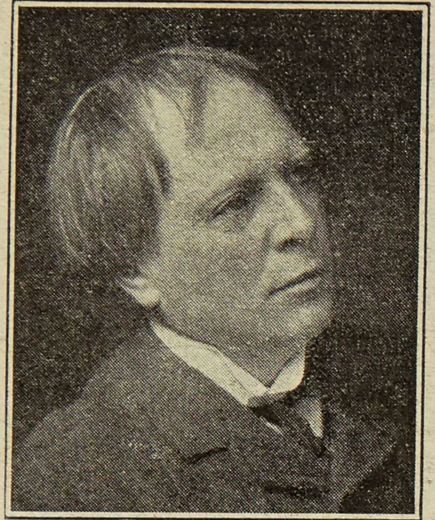


In the perilous days of the first Christmas of the war it is doubtful whether any of the "Old Contemptibles" were able to enjoy Christmas leave at home. With the growing host of Britain in France and Flanders the third Christmas finds thousands of fighters whose leave is due to take place during the season of goodwill. So many, in fact, are anxious to get their furlough at Christmas that lots are drawn, and each man's luck is tested under the supervision of an officer and sergeant in a dug-out.

THE HAPPY CHILDREN: A FANTASY

By Arthur Machen

Author of the World-famous Story "The Bowmen"



Mr. Arthur Machen

A YEAR ago, a day after the Christmas of 1915, my professional duties took me up North; or to be as precise as our present conventions allow, to "the North-Eastern district." There was some singular talk—mad gossip of the Germans having a "dug-out" somewhere by Malton Head. Nobody seemed to be quite clear as to what they were doing there or what they hoped to do there; but the report ran like wildfire from one foolish mouth to another, and it was thought desirable that the whole silly tale should be tracked down to its source and exposed or denied once and for all.

I went up, then, to that North-Eastern district on Sunday, December 26th, 1915, and pursued my investigations from Helmsdale Bay, which is a small watering-place within a couple of miles of Malton Head. The people of the dales and the moors had just heard of the fable, I found, and regarded it all with supreme and sour contempt. So far as I could make out, it originated from the games of some children who had stayed at Helmsdale Bay in the summer. They had acted a rude drama of German spies and their capture, and had used Helby Cavern, between Helmsdale and Malton Head, as the scene of their play. That was all; the fools apparently had done the rest—the fools who believed with all their hearts in "the Russians," and got cross with anyone who expressed a doubt as to "the Angels of Mons."

"Gang oop to beasten and tell them sike a tale and they'll not believe it," said one dalesman to me; and I have a suspicion that he thought that I, who had come so many hundred miles to investigate the story, was but little wiser than those who credited it. He could not be expected to understand that a journalist has two offices—to proclaim the truth and to denounce the lie.

I had finished with "the Germans" and their dug-out early in the afternoon of Monday, and I decided to break the journey home at Banwick, which I had often heard of as a beautiful and curious old place. So I took the one-thirty train, and went wandering inland, and stopped at many unknown stations in the midst of great levels, and changed at Marishes Ambo, and went on again through a strange land in the dimness of the winter afternoon. Somehow the train left the level and glided down into a deep and narrow dell, dark with winter woods, brown with withered bracken, solemn in its loneliness. The only thing that moved was the swift and rushing stream that foamed over the boulders and then lay still in brown pools under the bank.

The dark woods scattered and thinned into groups of stunted, ancient thorns; great grey rocks, strangely shaped, rose out of the ground; crenellated rocks rose on the heights on either side. The brooklet swelled and became a river, and always following this river we came to Banwick soon after the setting of the sun.

I saw the wonder of the town in the light of the afterglow that was red in the west. The clouds blossomed into rose-gardens; there were seas of fairy green that swam about isles of crimson light; there were clouds like spears of flame, like dragons of fire. And under the mingling lights and colours of such a sky Banwick went down to the pools of its land-locked harbour and climbed again across the bridge towards the ruined abbey and the great church on the hill.

I went down from the station by an ancient street, winding and narrow, with cavernous closes and yards opening from it on either side, and flights of uneven steps going upward to higher terraced houses, or downward to the harbour and the incoming tide. I saw there many gabled houses, sunken with age far beneath the level of the pavement, with dipping roof-trees and bowed doorways, with traces of grotesque carving on their walls. And when I stood on the quay, there on the other side of the harbour was the most amazing confusion of red-tiled roofs that I had ever seen, and the great grey Norman church high on the bare hill above them; and below them the boats swinging in the swaying tide, and the water burning in the fires of the sunset. It was the town of a magic dream. I stood on the quay till the shining had gone from the sky and the waterpools, and the winter night came down dark upon Banwick.

I found an old snug inn just by the harbour, where I had been standing. The walls of the rooms met each other at odd and unexpected angles; there were strange projections and juttings of masonry, as if one room were trying to force its way into another; there were indications as of unthinkable staircases in the corners of the ceilings. But there was a bar where Tom Smart would have loved to sit, with a roaring fire, and snug old elbow chairs about it, and pleasant indications that if "something warm" were wanted after supper it could be generously supplied.

I sat in this pleasant place for an hour or two and talked to the pleasant people of the town who came in and out. They told me of the old adventures and industries of the town. It had once been, they said, a great whaling port, and then there had been a lot of shipbuilding, and later Banwick had been famous for its amber-cutting. "And now there's nowt," said one of the men in the bar; "but we get on none so badly."

I went out for a stroll before my supper. Banwick was now black, in thick darkness. For good reasons not a single lamp was lighted in the streets, hardly a gleam showed from behind the closely-curtained windows. It was as if one walked a town of the Middle Ages, and with the ancient overhanging shapes of the houses dimly visible I was reminded of those strange, cavernous pictures of mediæval Paris and Tours that Doré drew.

Hardly anyone was abroad in the streets; but all the courts and alleys seemed alive with children. I could just see little white forms fluttering to and fro as they ran in and out. And I never heard such happy children's voices. Some were singing, some were laughing; and peering into one black cavern, I made out a ring of children dancing round and round and chanting in clear voices a wonderful melody; some old tune of local tradition, as I supposed, for its modulations were such as I had never heard before.

I went back to my tavern and spoke to the landlord about the number of children who were playing about the dark streets and courts, and how delightfully happy they all seemed to be.

He looked at me steadily for a moment, and then said:

"Well, you see, sir, the children have got a bit out of hand of late; their fathers are out at the front, and their mothers can't keep them in order. So they're running a bit wild."

There was something odd about his manner. I could not make out exactly what the oddity was, or what it meant. I could see that my remark had somehow made him uncomfortable; but I was at a loss to know what I had done. I had my supper, and then sat down for a couple of hours to settle "the Germans" of Malton Head.

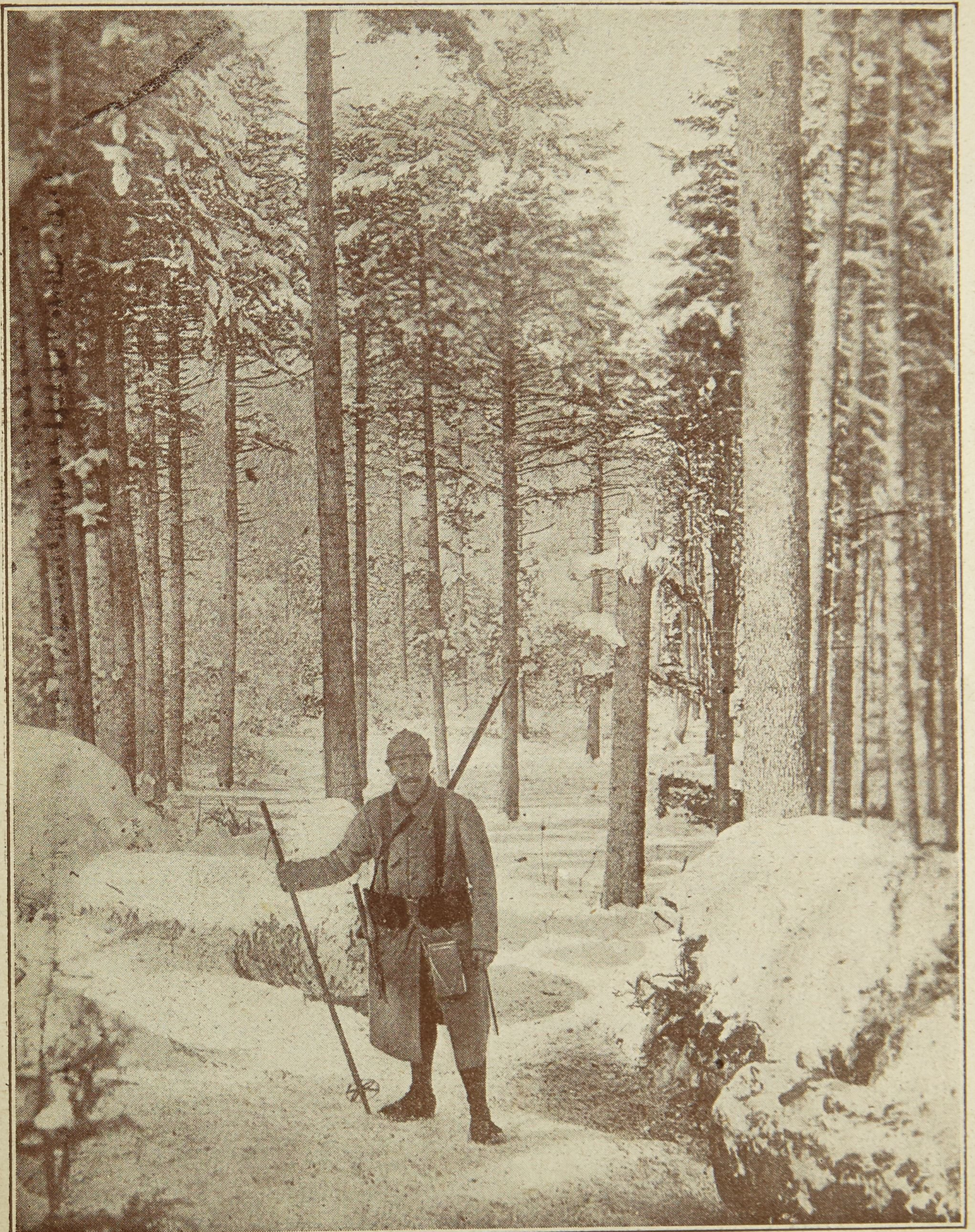
I finished my account of the German myth, and instead of going to bed, I determined that I would have one more look at Banwick in its wonderful darkness. So I went out and crossed the bridge, and began to climb up the street on the other side, where there was that strange huddle of red roofs mounting one above the other that I had seen in the afterglow. And to my amazement I found that these extraordinary Banwick children were still about and abroad, still revelling and carolling, dancing and singing, standing, as I supposed, on the top of the flights of steps that climbed from the courts up the hillside, and so having the appearance of floating in mid-air. And their happy laughter rang out like bells on the night.

It was a quarter-past eleven when I had left my inn, and I was just thinking that the Banwick mothers had indeed allowed indulgence to go too far, when the children began again to sing that old melody that I had heard in the evening. And now the sweet, clear voices swelled out into the night, and, I thought, must be numbered by hundreds. I was standing in a dark alley-way, and I saw

[Continued on page 440

Fairyland in the Frosted Forests of the Vosges

French Official Photograph



Hoar-frost and snow have turned the mountainous region of the Vosges into a scene of fairyland, the beauty of which is not lost upon the emotional Frenchman. The attendant cold is bitter, but the French troops fighting hereabouts are acclimatised. Campaigning in the Vosges is a serious variant of winter sport, for alpenstock, skis, and snow-shoes form an important part of the equipment of the Chasseurs Alpins, who are holding this extreme southern sector of the western line.

THE HAPPY CHILDREN—*contd.*

with amazement that the children were passing me in a long procession that wound up the hill towards the abbey. Whether a faint moon now rose, or whether clouds passed from before the stars, I do not know; but the air lightened, and I could see the children plainly as they went by singing, with the rapture and exultation of them that sing in the woods in springtime.

They were all in white, but some of them had strange marks upon them which, I supposed, were of significance in this fragment of some traditional mystery-play that I was beholding. Many of them had wreaths of dripping seaweed about their brows; one showed a painted scar on her throat; a tiny boy held open his white robe, and pointed to a dreadful wound above his heart, from which the blood seemed to flow; another child held out his hands wide apart, and the palms looked torn and bleeding, as if they had been pierced. One of the children held up a little baby in her arms, and even the infant showed the appearance of a wound on its face.

The procession passed me by, and I heard it still singing as if in the sky as it went on its steep-way up the hill to the ancient church. I went back to my inn, and as I crossed the bridge, it suddenly struck me that this was the eve of Holy Innocents' Day. No doubt I had seen a confused relic of some mediæval observance, and when I got back to the inn I asked the landlord about it.

Then I understood the meaning of the strange expression I had seen on the man's face. He was sick and shuddering with terror; he drew away from me as though I were a messenger from the dead.

. . . .

Some weeks after this I was reading in a book called "The Antient Rites of Banwick." It was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by some anonymous person who had seen the glory of the old abbey, and then the desolation that had come to it. I found this passage:

"And on Childermas Day, at midnight, there was done there a marvellous solemn service. For when the monks had ended their singing of Te Deum at their Mattins, there came into the quire the lord abbot, gloriously arrayed in a vestment of cloth of gold, so that it was a great marvel to behold him. And there came also into the church all the children that were of tender years of Banwick, and they were all clothed in white robes. And then began the lord abbot to sing the Mass of the Holy Innocents. And when the sacring of the Mass was ended, then there came up from the church into the quire the youngest child that there was present. And this child was borne up to the high altar, and the lord abbot set the little child upon a golden and glistering throne afore the high altar, and bowed down and worshipped him, singing, 'Talium Regnum Coelorum, Alleluya: Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Alleluya,' and all the quire answered singing, 'Amicti sunt stolis albis, Alleluya, Alleluya; They are clad in white robes, Alleluya Alleluya.' And then the prior and all the monks in their order did like worship and reverence to the little child that was upon the throne."

. . . .

I had seen the White Order of the Innocents. I had seen those who came singing from the deep waters that are about the Lusitania; I had seen the innocent martyrs of the fields of Flanders and France rejoicing as they went up to hear their Mass in the spiritual place.

CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME

CHRISTMAS, the Feast of Peace, comes round once more,
Not yet to bring its former joys and mirth,
For still above us all the cloud of war
Hangs grim and heavy between heaven and earth,
And those who should make merry here to-day
Are fighting bravely for us far away.

But as we sit amid the warmth and light,
Shielded from ill by those we love so well;
Be very sure they think of us to-night,
And of the stirring tales that they shall tell
Around the fire in happier days to be
When right has won the final victory.

They picture us as in the days gone by,
They see a smile on every well-loved face,
They hear the children's laugh ring loud and high;
And each in fancy fills his vacant place
Where love and mirth o'er loyal subjects reign,
So that the dear past days have life again.

So here, in very loyalty, we fill
A toast to those who saw their duty clear,
In whom the ancient spirit triumphed still,
Those dearest ones who now are doubly dear.
May they return ere long to share our joys;
God bless and keep them all, The Boys! Our Boys!

C. E. B.

YOUR CHRISTMAS—AND TOMMY'S

By Thomas Burke

"OH, to be in England now December's here!" must be the outspoken prayer of the whole Expeditionary Force. For somehow, by some means, Christmas will be celebrated in Britain, but on the blustering plains of Flanders and in the valleys of Northern France . . . . Peace and goodwill round the domestic fireside; throat-cutting and the abominations of the devil abroad.

We at home may sink into our embracing armchairs by the rosy hearth, We may—despite high prices—feed ourselves as we will; we may open a rare bottle; and though we may feel, spasmodically, that it is better to be playing the man's part in the mud and blood of the trenches, there is hardly one of us that does not suffer a thrill of self-congratulation at being out of it.

And Tommy—what does he think? Well, as he stands knee-deep in water only thinly protected from those winds which cut across the plains and through his wretched body; as he celebrates the coming of the Prince of Peace by "standing-to" with frozen fingers gripping his rifle, I do not think he begrudges us our little respite from that gnawing anxiety which is the part of those who stay at home. Because, you see, this is not our festival nor his festival; it is the kiddies' festival; and I can imagine the scathing, blistering letter he would write home if we told him that we were not keeping Christmas this year.

We might tell him that our hearts were too heavy, our minds too clouded even to pretend to keep the feast; and I know what his reply would be—something like this: "What the ——'s the feast to do with you? It's the kiddies' affair, and whether it gives you the pip or not, you've got to jolly well do your bit, and see that the kids have it!"

Yes, that is our duty. I don't say that we shall enjoy this, the most solemn Christmas we have ever celebrated; but we must go through the old rites, the old darling gaieties for the children's sake—and Tommy's. Our hearts may be as cold as ashes, as sick as Tommy's body; but, while he drops his slice of cold Christmas pudding into the mud of his trench, and curses his luck and his benumbed fingers, we at our well-spread table must play our parts, and never once let the youngsters guess that the song and laughter and delight of the day are but hollow mockeries.

Be quite sure of this—out in that inferno of mud, wind, rain, shrapnel, and bomb, Tommy will have a merry Christmas. The Homeric laughter which is the essence of the British soldier will break out. The boys will wade through the mud, and will wish one another, with ostensible irony, "A Merry Christmas!" And somehow they will find a means of marking the day from all other days.

Throughout that day they will be with us. In the spirit they will join our pleasant parties in our comfortable homes, they will share in the toasts, they will see the happy faces of the children for whom they are fighting and suffering; and that will inspire them more than any victory.

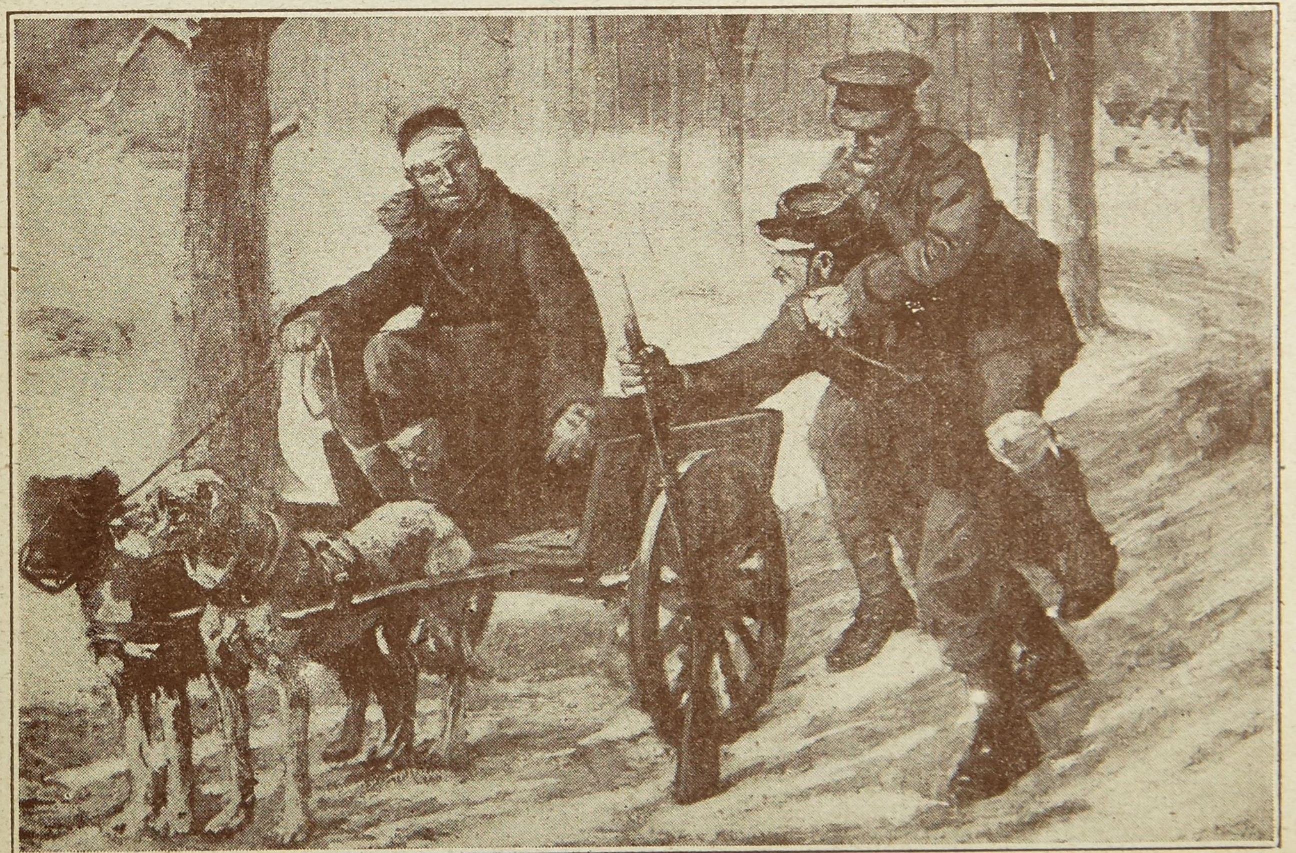
Let us, therefore, see to it that the Children's Day is rightly kept. Let us see that no single child in Britain goes without a Christmas. If each one of us were to make it his job to see that some one poor child had "A Merry Christmas," we should, by that same action, be making Christmas happy for our Tommies.

Great statesmen, cunning inventors, and shrewd scientists have together plunged the world into a conflict so vast that there seems none who can stop it, or assuage one tear from the millions of sorrowing hearts these men have broken. But there was one Inventor greater than them all, an Inventor whose work will continue so long as the world continues:—He is the Genius who outtops them all, and will, in the end, efface them. He was the Son of a carpenter, born at Bethlehem, and He invented Love.

If only Tommy can know that His birthday is being rightly celebrated at home, he will be content with the wretched part that he himself has chosen.

Immortal Love and Pity Walk the Mortal World

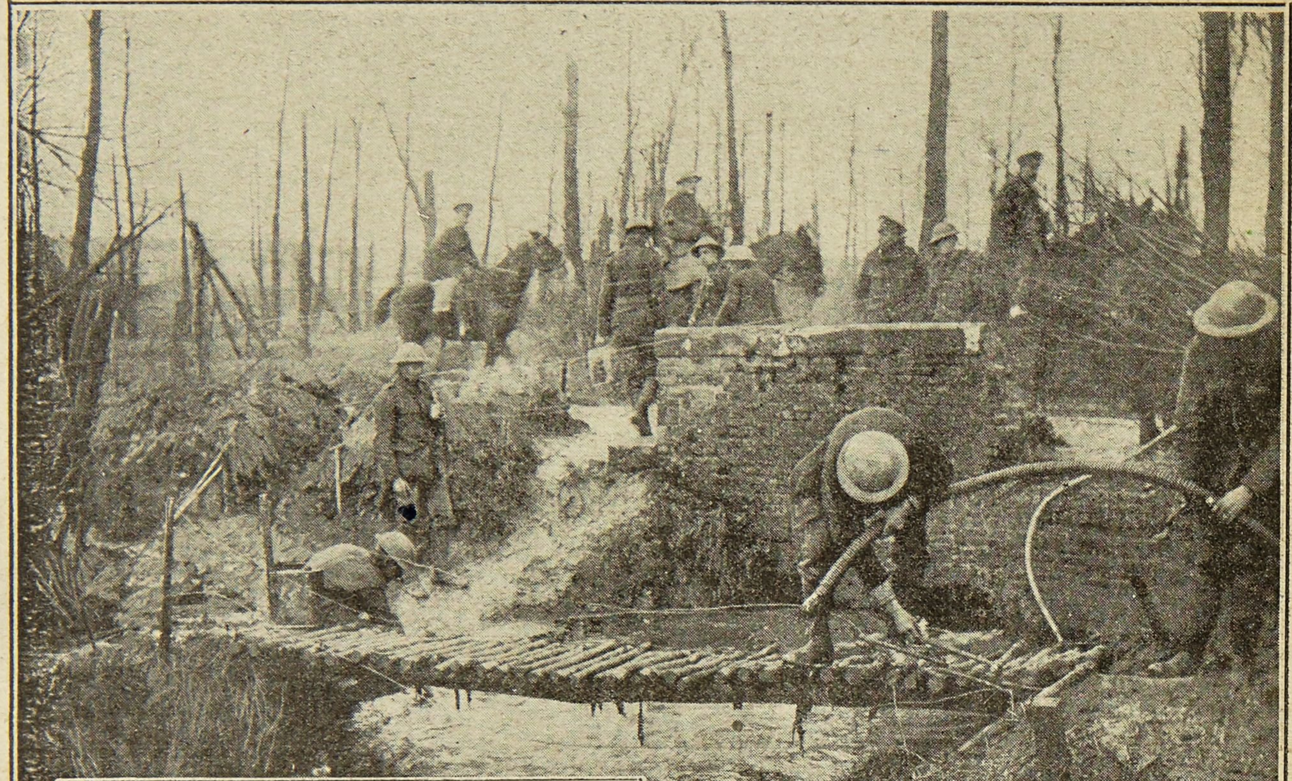
As in the dawn of time, so in 1916, the warrior starting on the war trail bends from his saddle to take a last kiss from the woman he loves; and lovers still are heedless of onlookers' sympathetic interest and have no thought but for one another.



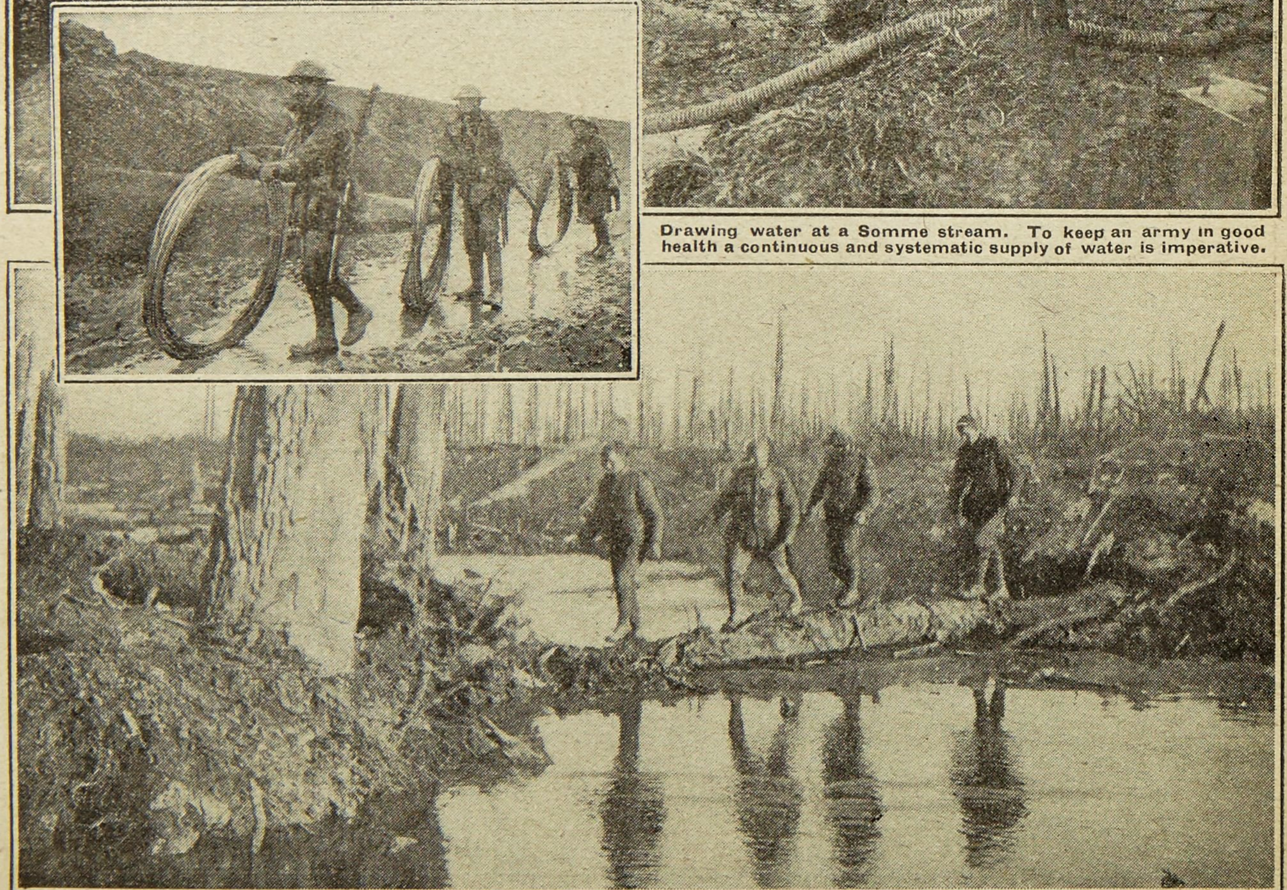
Pathos and humour blend, as ever, in this picture symbolical of a lasting Triple Entente—a Belgian offering half the room in his tiny dog-cart to the wounded British soldier whom a willing Frenchman is carrying pickaback along the glades of a frost-bound forest.

By Swollen Stream and Weather-Beaten Path

British Official Photographs



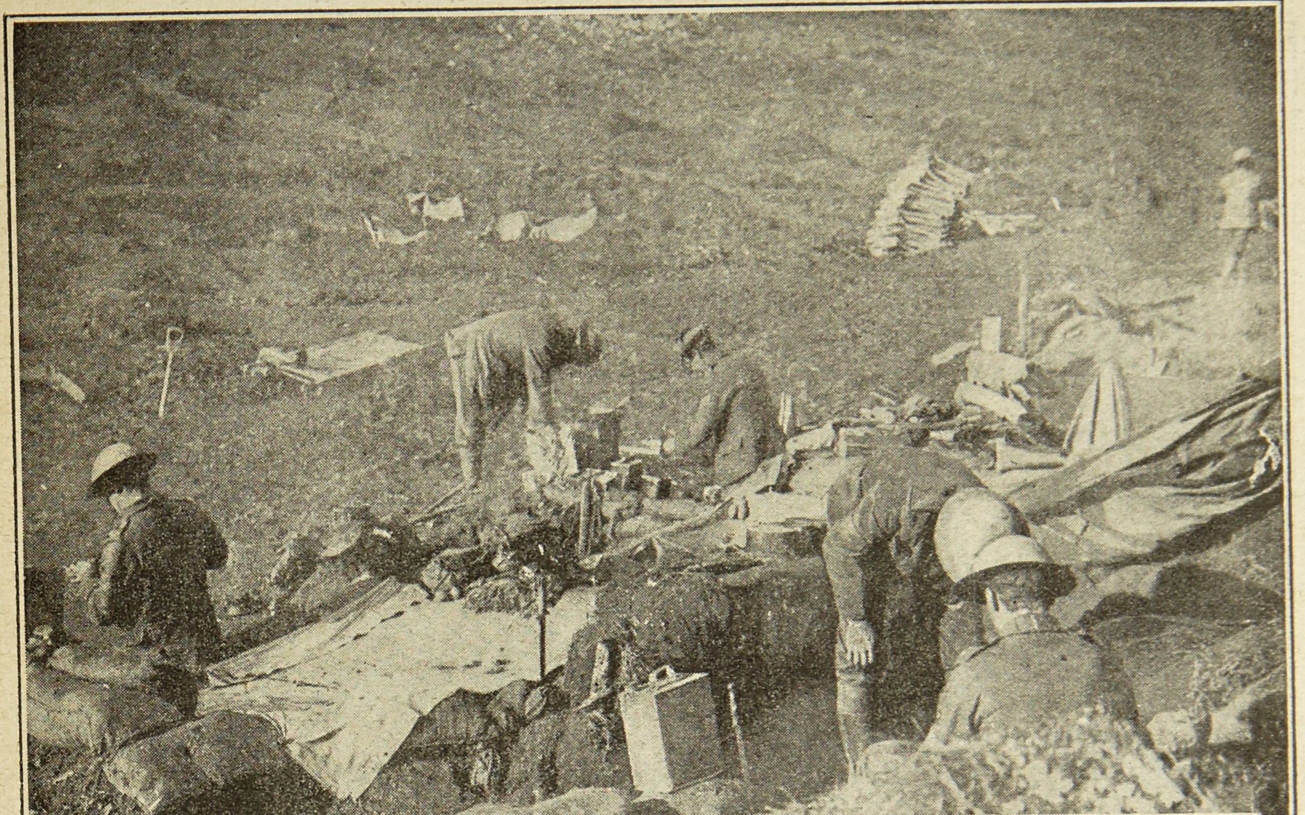
Drawing water at a Somme stream. To keep an army in good health a continuous and systematic supply of water is imperative.

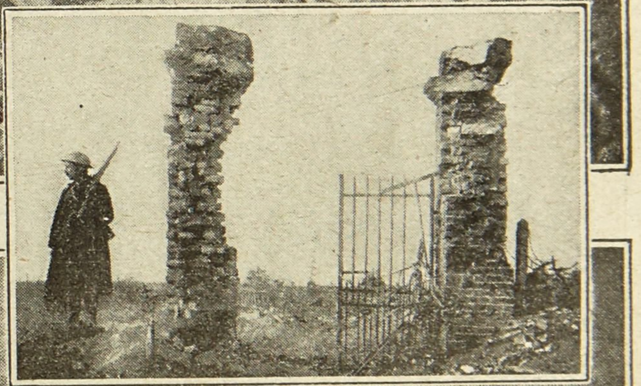


Sure-footed veterans crossing a stream by means of a fallen tree. All around the woods are reduced by an incessant withering fire to mere skeletons of their former luxuriance. Inset: Hardy Britons going up to wire first-line positions, a duty exacting singular courage and not a little physical endurance judging by the condition of the highway, the result of bad weather and heavy transport.

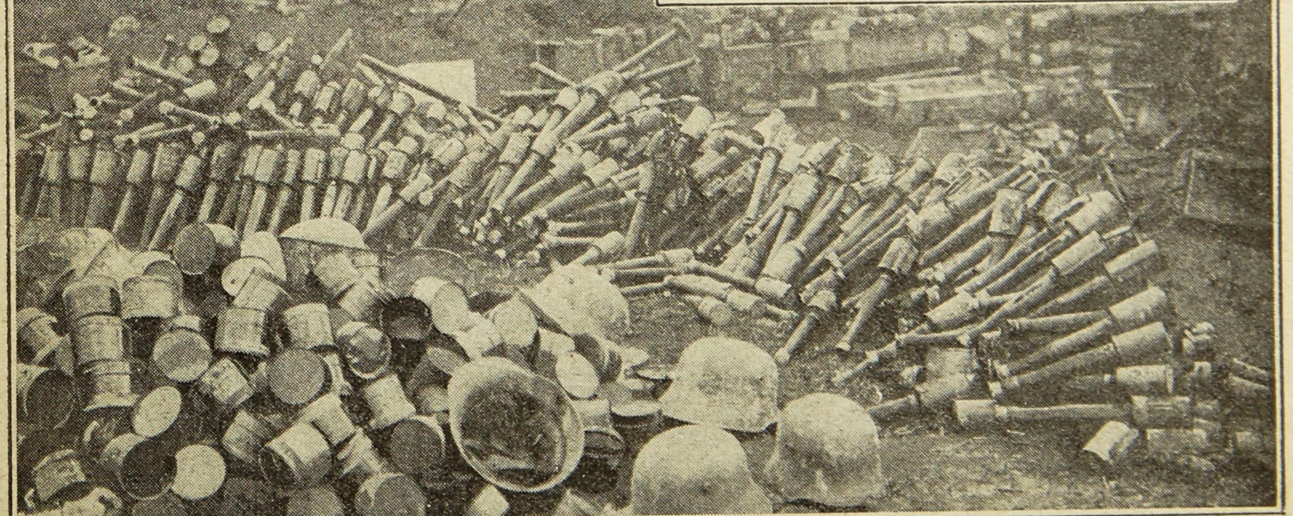
After St. Pierre Divion: Rest Well-Earned

British Official Photographs



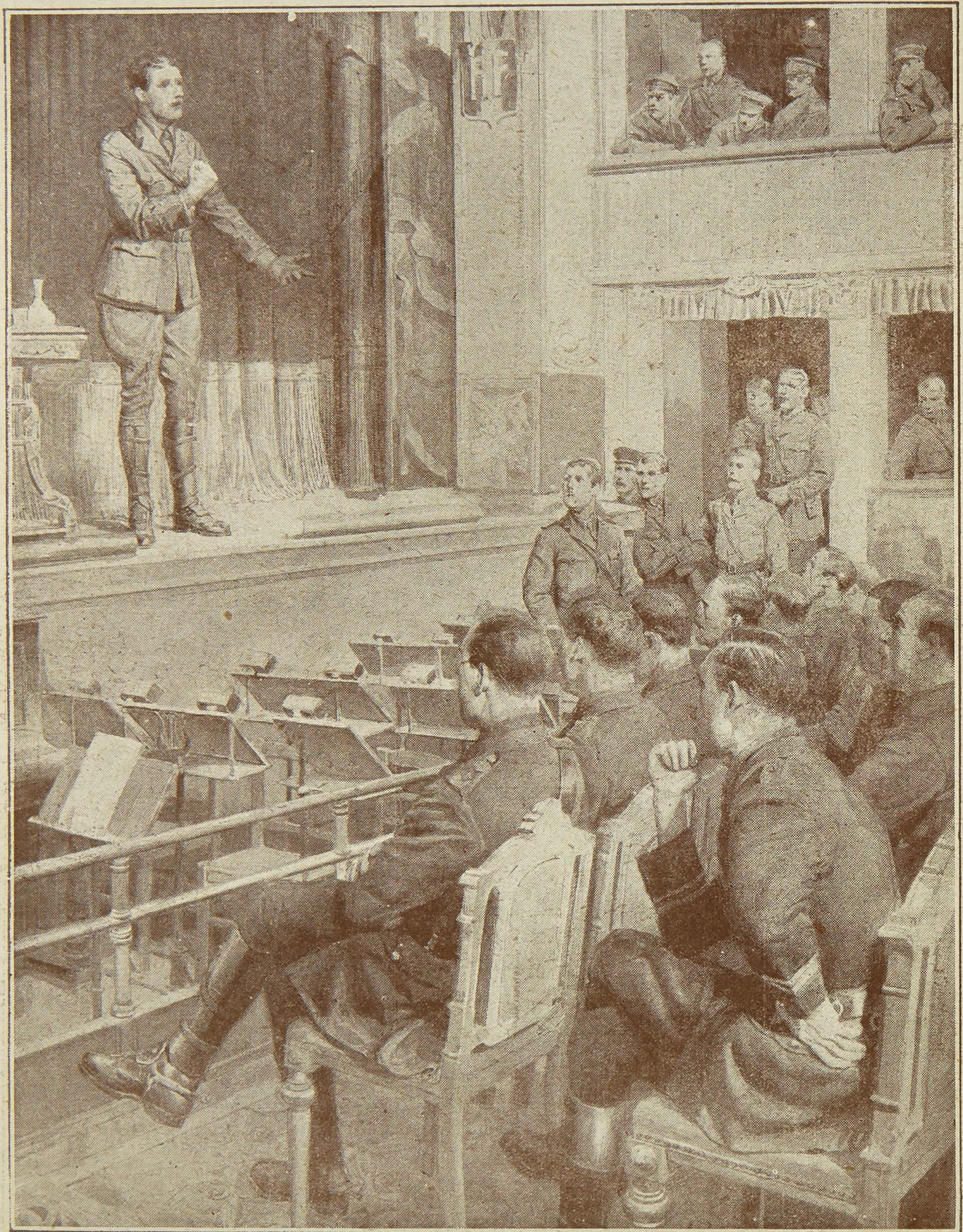


After heavy work a party of soldiers have foregathered in a comparatively sequestered corner for a brief rest. Inset: The sentry at the gate of a war-desecrated cemetery.



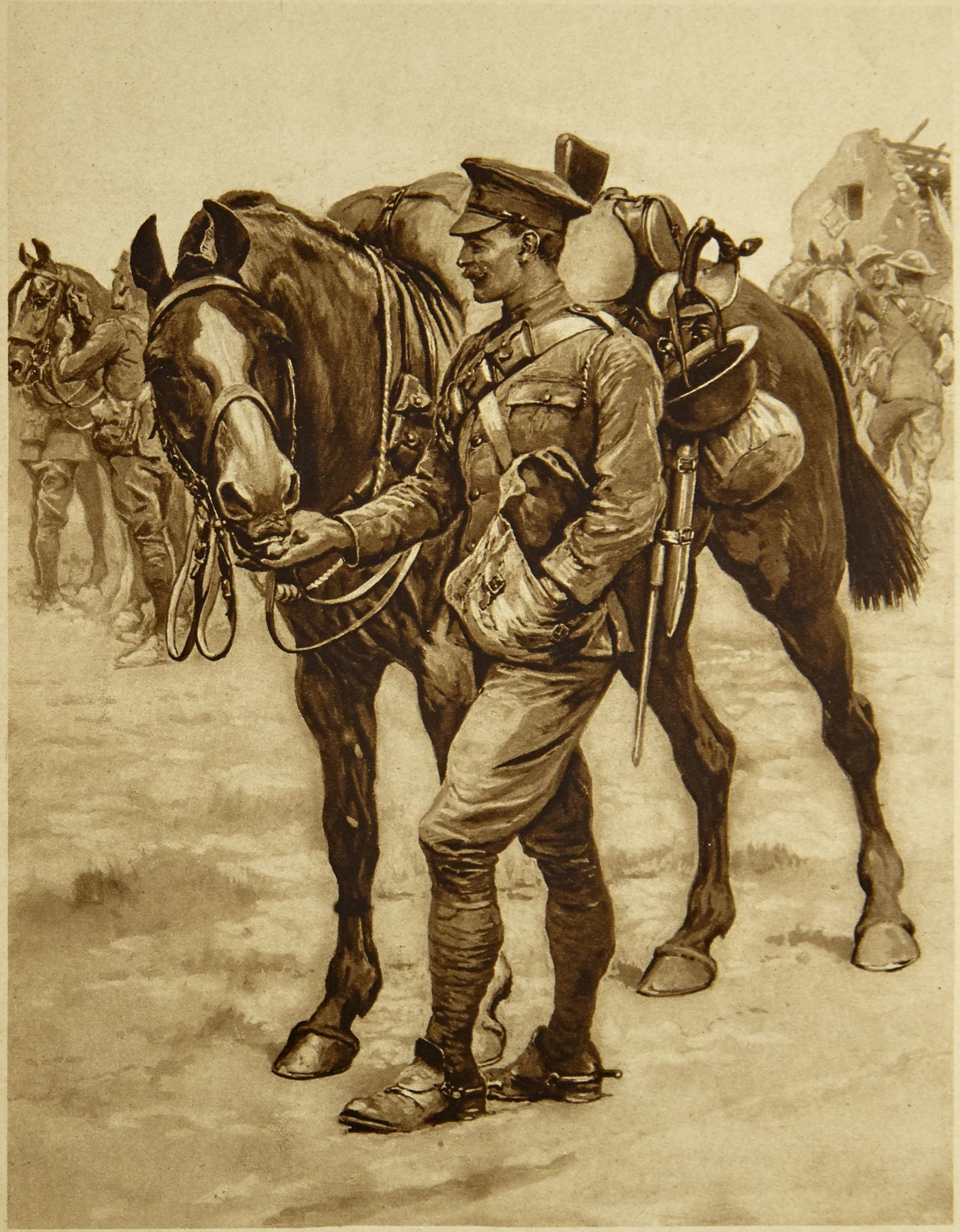
The Germans often suggest that they are short of munitions. Though, doubtless, these have wasted since the Verdun effort, such a spectacle as this isolated heap of bombs and mortars captured at St. Pierre Divion does not tend to prove any real dearth.

Battle-Zone Playhouse as Impromptu Forum



Availing themselves of a little theatre at one point on the western front a number of British officers gathered to hear a lecture on scouting in war-time delivered by a brother officer. A large audience filled the stalls and boxes, and listened with close attention to a dissertation on the theory of an art which it was their daily business to practise. A lecturer can seldom have had a more formidable audience to face than this keen young soldier found in these veteran campaigners, qualified by experience to be critical.

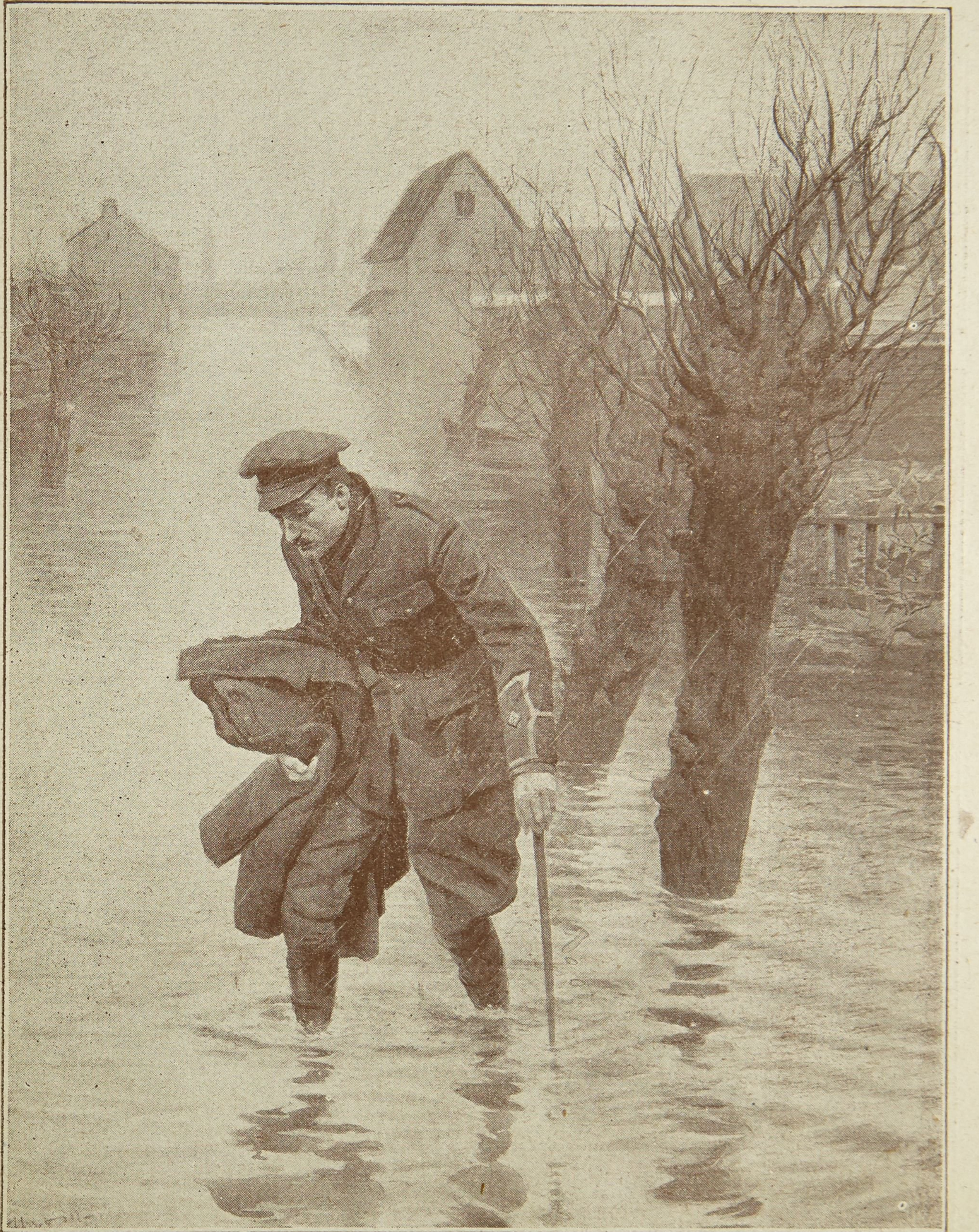
FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, DEC. 23, 1916



PAINTED FOR THE WAR ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY L. WOOD

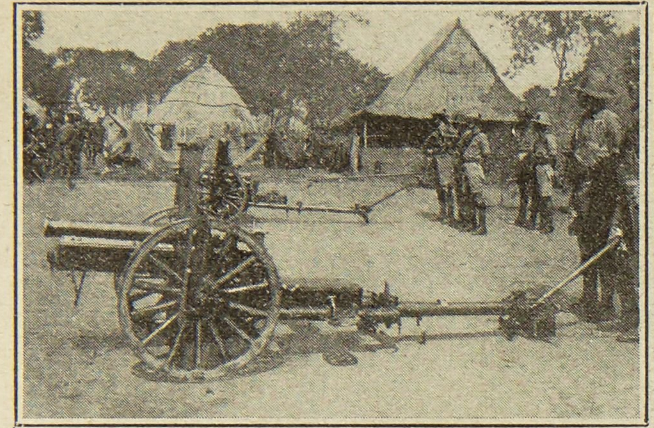
SHARING RATIONS: THE TROOPER'S CHRISTMAS-BOX

Flooded Ways Behind the Front in Flanders

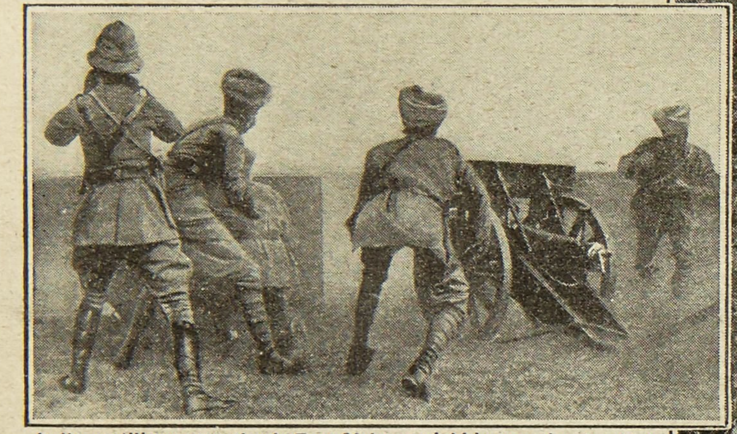


Heavy and continuous rain has flooded many of the roads along which the troops have to pass to and from the trenches in flat, low-lying Flanders. Those who know the Thames Valley in flood will have a vague idea of weather discomfort at the front. It is no uncommon experience for officers and men to have to wade for several miles through water nearly up to their knees, finding the roads and footpaths by the trees and palings that border them, in order to reach their billets.

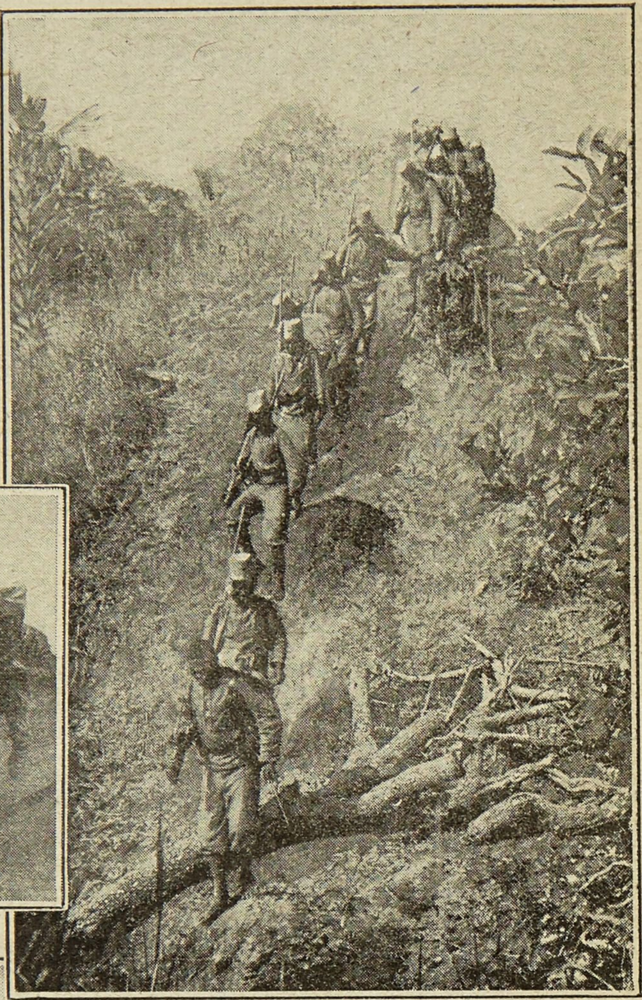
Rounding-Up Remnants of the Enemy in Africa

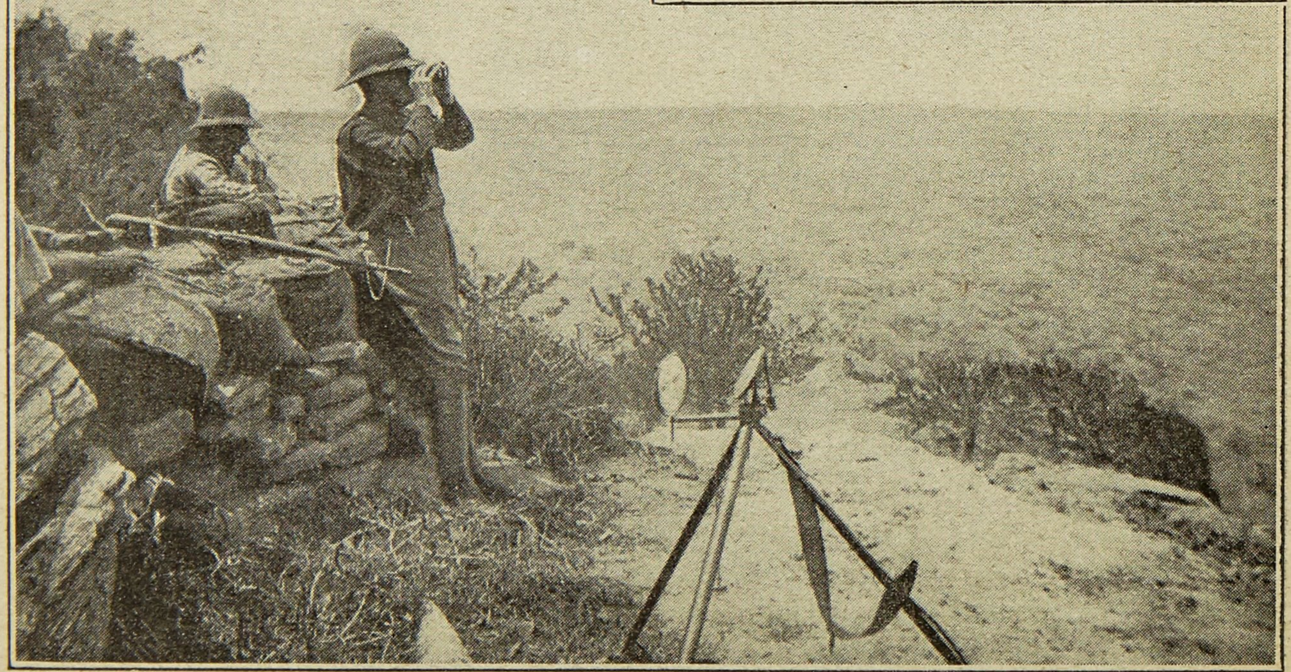


Fighting the East African Hun with his own weapons. Two guns captured from and used against the foe in Rhodesia.



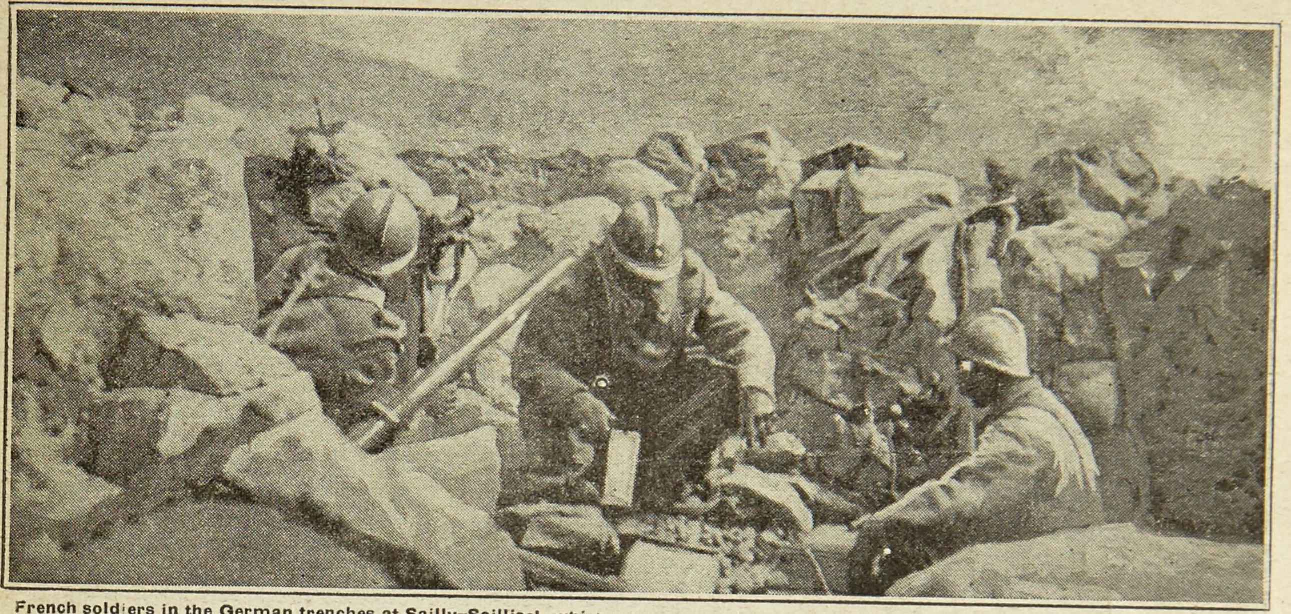
Indian artillery operating in East Africa, a vivid impression in which the energetic movement of the gunners is admirably suggested.



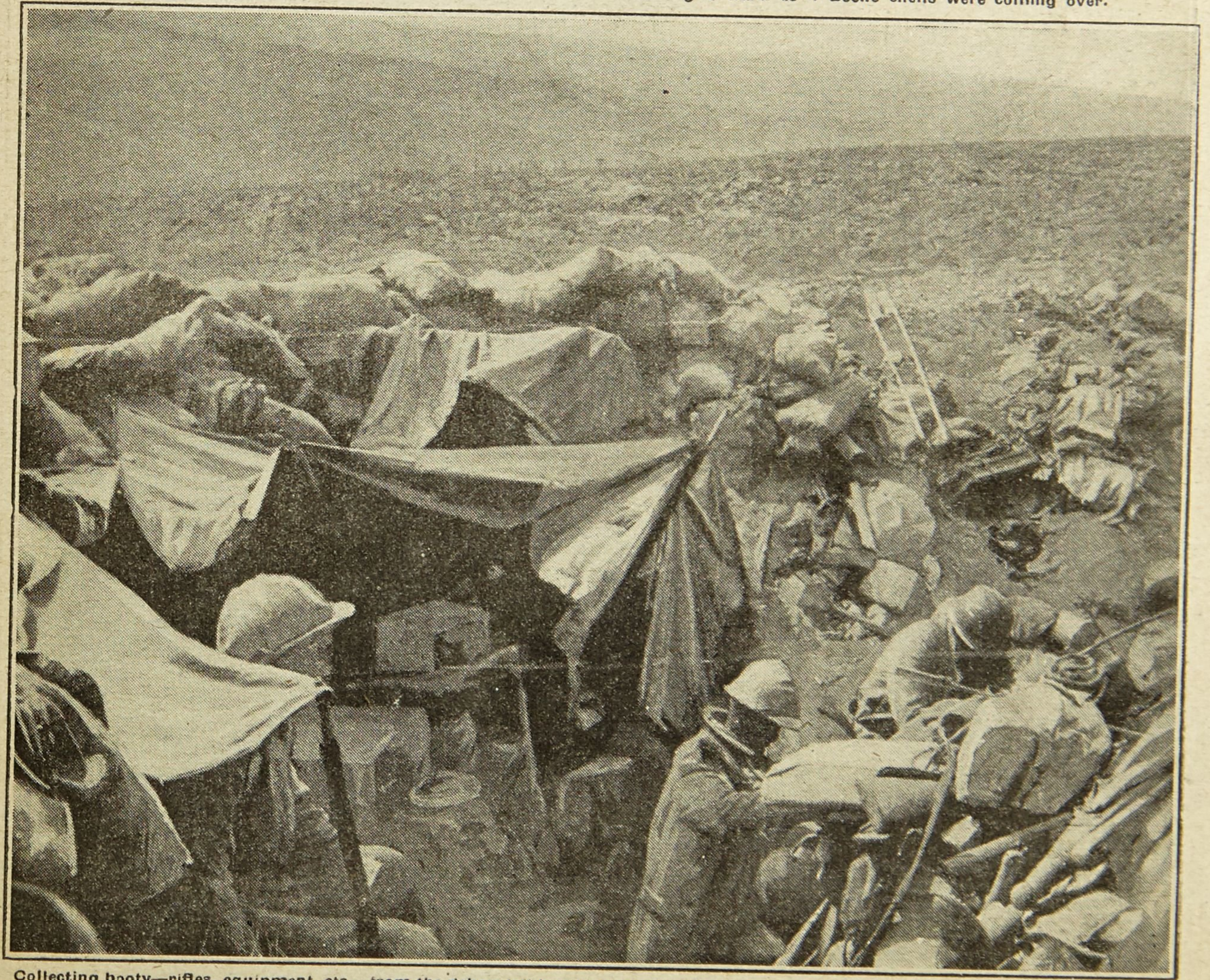


Speaking with the aid of the sun. The heliograph is an important method of communication in East Africa, and long stretches of territory are covered by this invaluable device. Inset above: Askaris descending a gully. These are picked fighting men among African tribes, and many are comprised in the allied forces in East Africa.

Organising Terrain Won at Sailly-Saillisel



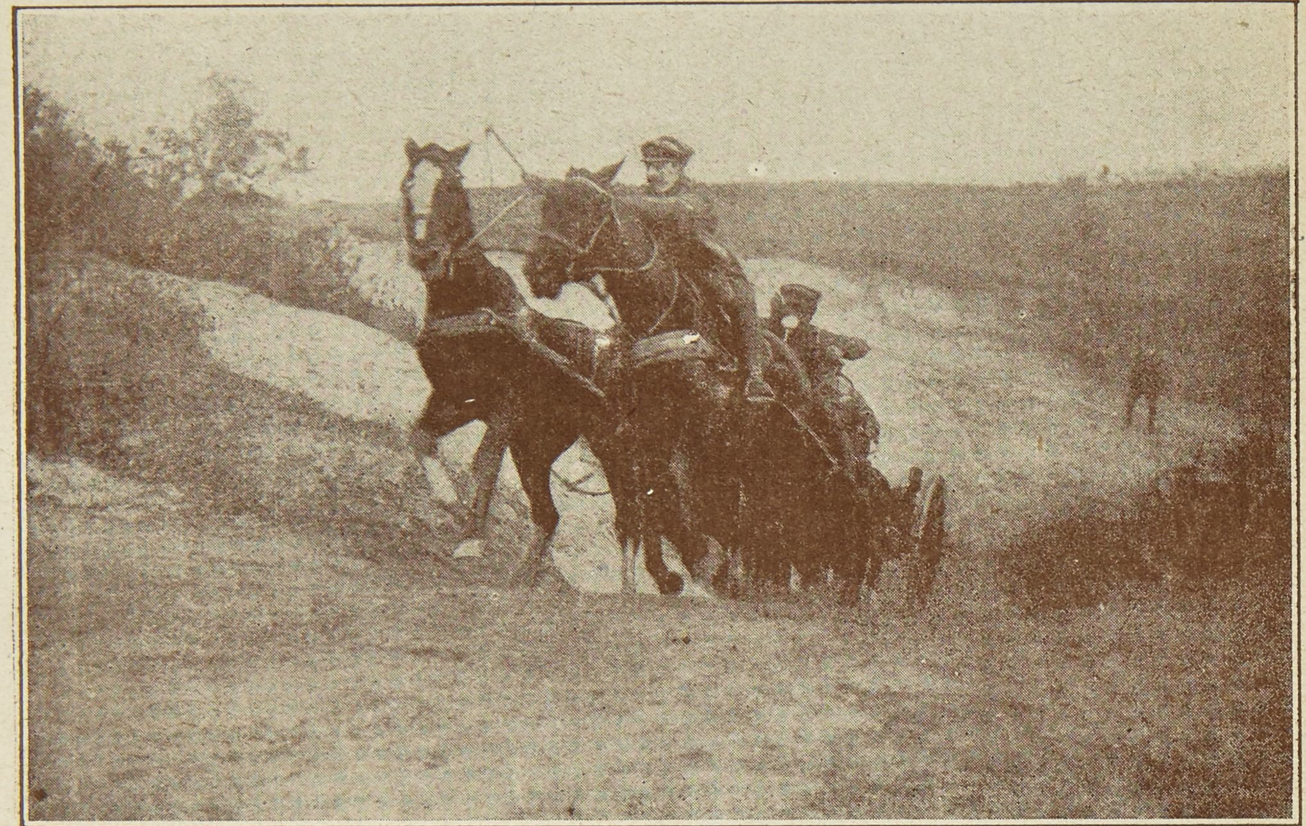
French soldiers in the German trenches at Sailly-Saillisel, which were captured on October 24th. Sailly marked at that date the limit of our allies' advance on the Somme. A Poilu is seen crouching forward as if Boche shells were coming over.



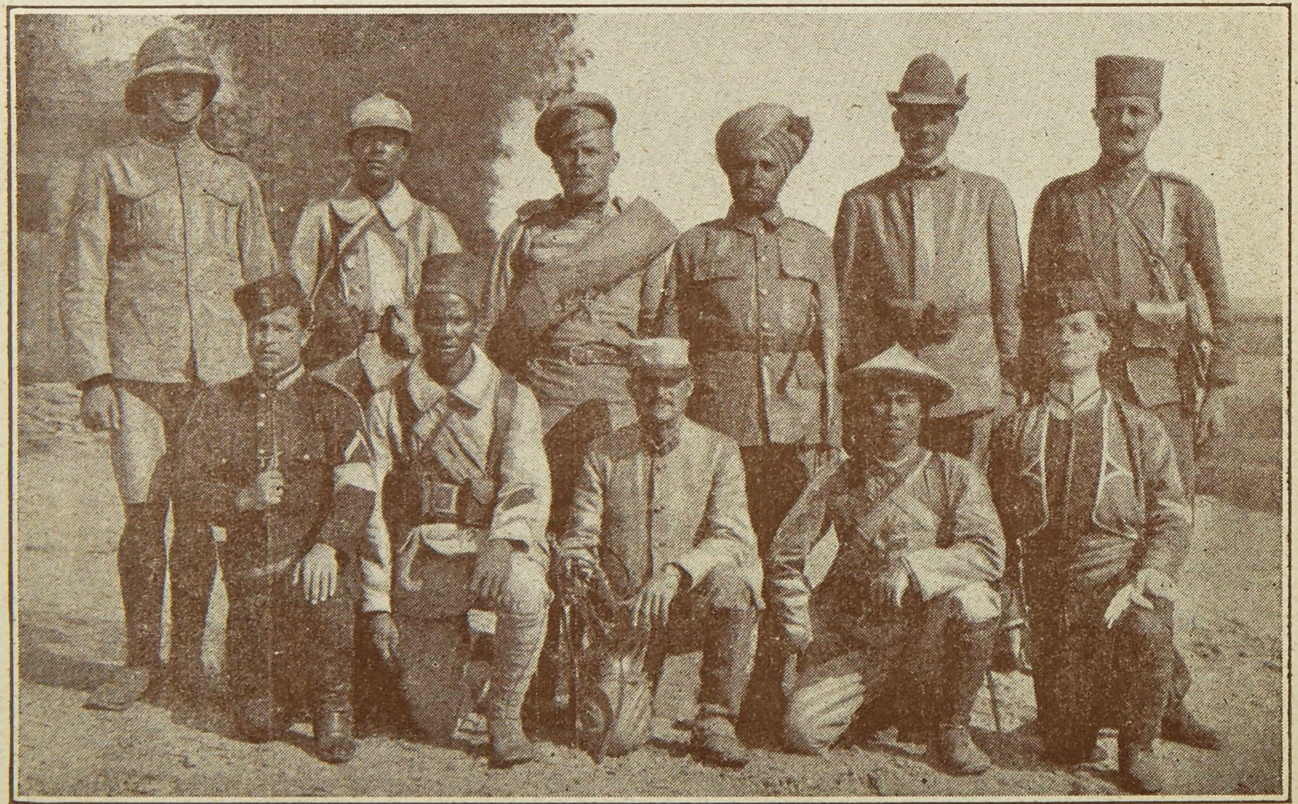
Collecting booty—rifles, equipment, etc.—from the debris left by the French bombardment of Sailly-Saillisel. Some of the earth-sacks still remained in position, and awnings were improvised by the new-comers until the enemy dug-outs could be reconstructed.

Field-Gun Breasting a Bank in the Balkan Line

British Official Photographs



To the crack of the whip and jingle of harness an artillery team takes a Macedonian bank at a gallop. There is no more exhilarating military duty than that of bringing the guns into action with the aid of well-trained war-horses.



Including the Allies' Colonial soldiers there are no fewer than eleven nationalities in the Entente ranks on the Balkan front. In this unique photograph can be recognised British, Moroccan, Russian, French, Italian, Serbian, Senegalese, and Chinese from Cochin China.

BACK TO HIS OWN: A TALE OF THE TRENCHES

By Patrick MacGill

Author of "Children of the Dead End," "The Rat Pit," etc.

THE dark night clung close to the wet levels of No Man's Land, and a breeze whimpered across the grasses, crooning wearily. The whole world seemed tired; the star-shells rose lazily over the German trenches, burned drowsily for a space, and fell sluggishly to earth. The light failing, the circle of horizon grew less, and objects quite close at hand became hidden from view. The hour was about ten, and I felt tired and sleepy. I was sick of it all—the Somme, the night raids, the attacks, and bombing encounters. My mind turned to home, the quiet town, the peaceful houses, the easy nights of untroubled sleep, afternoon teas, and the hundred and one comforts of civil life which were so far removed from me at that moment.

"It must be ten now," I muttered. "I suppose I'll get relieved presently."

The door of a near dug-out opened, and the ray of a candle shone out into the trench. One of my mates came out, his rifle in his hand, his waterproof ground-sheet over his shoulders.

"Is that you, Bill?" I asked. "Taking a turn as sentry?"

"All right," he answered. "Thought I wasn't coming out, eh? Are you fed-up?" he asked.

"A bit sick of it," I answered. "I'm tired of looking across the parapet day and night."

Bill got upon the fire-step, placed his rifle against the wall, and tied his waterproof across his shoulders.

"Ole Pryor's back," he muttered, as I made my way towards the dug-out.

"Who? Pryor? Where is he?" I asked in one mouthful.

"He's in the dug-out," said Bill.

I rushed in, almost tramping on the face of a man who was asleep near the door. Yes, Pryor was there—handsome Pryor, the gallant youngster with a college education. He had gone home badly wounded five months earlier, and I never expected to see him out in France again.

HE was now sitting in a corner of the dug-out, his handsome face—handsomer now even than when I saw him first, two years ago, on the La Bassée Road, on our first journey to the trenches—was radiant with youth and eagerness, betraying a certain boyish innocence which in no way detracted from the dignity of his features.

"You've come back again, Pryor?" I said, and gripped him by the hand.

"Yes, I'm back again," he answered.

"Glad to be with us?" I queried. "Glad to leave London and come out here?"

"Of course I am," he answered, handing me a cigarette.

The confession staggered me, but in a way I was not surprised. He was a youngster who took eagerly to the life of war, its romance and roving. He wanted to attempt everything; nothing was too big for him. With him it was no sooner see than try, and his store of enthusiasm was so unbounded that he generally succeeded in most projects. But to come back again when his wound must surely have been a permanent Blighty one!

"Why have you come back?" I asked. "Tell me all about it while I rouse the brazier and make a mess-tin of tea."

"A mess-tin of tea!" he exclaimed, as I bent over the brazier. "God, it's good to hear that, old man! The cups are so small at home. Little things. But a mess-tin full! Heavens, things are done on such a big scale in the trenches! One gets long hours of fighting, of working, of watching. Everything is taken in big mouthfuls here; there's nothing petty in the job. But at home, the soft beds—but I could not sleep; the little tea-cups—but I had no appetite; the politeness, the swank, the fine dresses—but the whole thing made me ill. We've been looking on the gods here, and I went back to live with ordinary mortals. I couldn't stick it!"

"You're a big fool, Pryor," I said, as I fanned the brazier with a week-old copy of an English paper. "I would like to get home. I'd be in no hurry——"

"You think so," said Pryor, "but you'd soon change your mind. I spent two months in hospital, then I was brought before a medical board. There were three or four old men—very wise they looked, too—and they looked at my wounds, sounded me, pummelled me, and in the end, due no doubt to their grey-bearded discretion, I was discharged. I felt happy. I got home, bought a suit of civies (I had grown up in the Army), got into patent-leather boots, velure hat, and various other things such as I used to wear before the war. I felt happy for a little while, but then, the small tea-cups—they're damned small, you know—and small talk, and longings——"

PRYOR got to his feet, stuck his hands in his pockets, and looked at me.

"I used to lie awake at night—the beds were so damned soft and uncomfortable—and think of the nights spent out in the trenches, sitting in a snug dug-out with the rain pattering on the roof, or through it," Pryor went on, gazing fixedly at the candle. "Again my thoughts would run on the long night marches up the road, with the moonlight on the cobbles, and the big poplars standing upright like pompous sergeant-majors, away up to the star-shells, the big guns, and the trenches. I thought of these things night after night, and I began to feel afraid. I knew that it was coming, I knew that I would leave England and come out to France again. I felt stifled at home, everything was so small and little. God, that tea is beginning to bubble already!

"Do you remember, old man, that night when we lay in the orchard at Richebourg, waiting to go up to the trenches to attack?" he suddenly asked, thrusting his face almost into mine.

"Do you mind the 'buses, crowded with soldiers carrying rifles at all angles, going by on the road, the star-shells flaring up in the sky, and the bayonets glittering? The 'buses going, going like hell, and the stars above shining through the apple-trees—the trees were in blossom then, if you mind—don't you remember it?" he asked.

"I shall never forget it," I said.

"And the raids?" he questioned in a slow voice. "Crawling out through the long grasses with the poppies flicking you in the face, your nerves tense, not knowing what the next moment would bring. I thought of these things day after day, and in the end I succumbed to the old lure.

"I TRIED to get back to the Army again. The old regiment or none, I said to myself. They discharged me, of course, I thought, but suppose I dress up as a sailor, come home from sea after a long voyage abroad, roll up to the old barracks, and get taken on again. I tried the dodge, got taken on as Bill Jackson, who was at one time A.B. before the mast, and now Pryor is dead to the British Army henceforward, evermore."

"The tea is about ready, Bill Jackson," I said, as my mate sat down on the floor between the legs of a man who was sound asleep and breathing heavily. "If you care to wait for a little, I'll fry a rasher of bacon. Rations are pretty plump to-night."

"And is there any rum going?" he asked, springing to his feet again. He was too excited to remain still. "How strange that I had forgotten to ask about the rum rations until now," he muttered. "I suppose there'll be a tot after a little?"

"It's within the bounds of possibility," I remarked, as I put two rashers of bacon on the mess-tin lid and placed the lid on the brazier. "But we'll see to that later. Necessities before luxuries out here, Bill Jackson," I added.

The bacon was ready and we sat down, Pryor and I, and commenced to eat. Meals have no season in the trenches, but they are always welcome.

"God, it's good to be back here!" said Pryor. "I've never been so happy in all my life! I hope the war won't end until this happiness is worn out."

THE boy was sincere in his expressions, I knew, and his mood almost became mine before the meal was at an end. We lay back when we had eaten, and lit our cigarettes. The smoke wreathed upwards to the roof, where the mice were scurrying amidst the rafters under the sandbags. The soldiers were still asleep on the floor, their bodies curled up in queer attitudes.

"They sleep sound," said Pryor. "I couldn't sleep like that at home—I'm very glad to be out here again. It's a great life, and I like it more now than ever before. I suppose I'll get tired of it again, after a while. The novelty will wear off in due time, no doubt."

Bill, the sentry, came to the door.

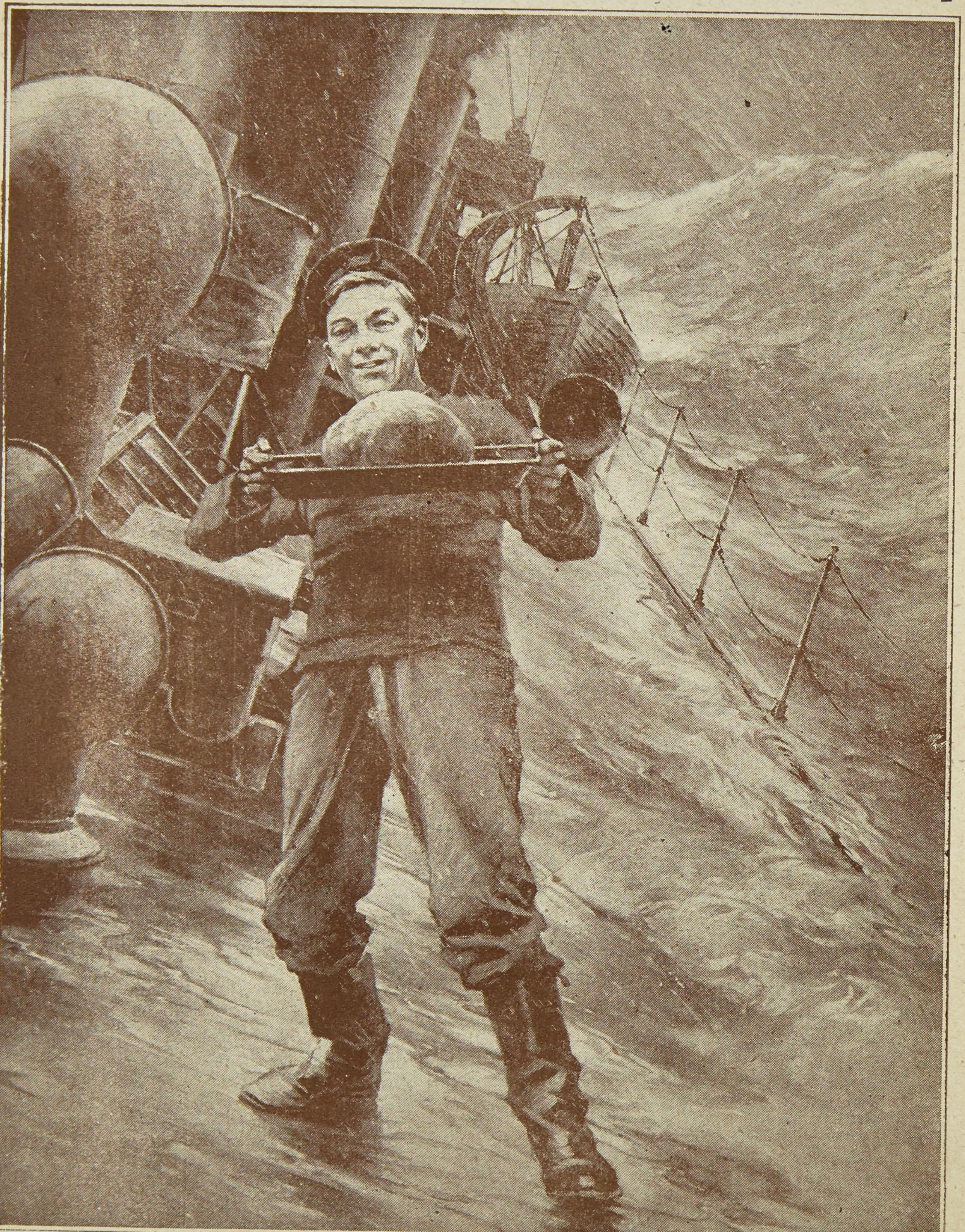
"'Oo's next on?" he yelled. "Sleepin' there like 'ogs, you is! Get up out 't!"

"Leave him alone," said Pryor, alluding to the soldier whom Bill was endeavouring to rouse up. "I'll do his turn."

"Well, blimey, that's a strange caper," said Bill, as Pryor disappeared through the door. "One would fink that 'e's in love with this 'ere caboosh. I know o' one squadder that ain't, that's this 'ere kid. Well, any'ow, I'm going to 'ave a kip."

We lay down together and dropped off to sleep, listening to the patter of the rain on the roof, while outside on the fire-step Pryor was standing on guard, humming a rag-time chorus, his heart filled with the joy of a wanderer who has returned to his kind.

Pudding in Peril: Tense Moments on a Warship



If the Christmas pudding is proverbial among soldiers and civilians as a symbol of the festive season, in the Fleet it is something of a rite, and no sailor-cook would dare to face the ship's company after having omitted it from the Christmas menu. Furthermore, on its way from the cook's galley to the mess-room the pudding is often beset with peril of wind and wave, and it is certain not to be trusted to anyone who is not absolutely assured of his sea-legs, even though a gale be blowing.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE FLEET

By Percival Hislam

IT was said when the Kaiser shattered the peace of the world over two years ago that it would need something more than a European war to upset the routine of the British Navy. It was an extravagant thing to say, however closely the peace training of the Navy since 1904 had been assimilated to the expected conditions of the "real thing." To give an instance—and it is only a small one, no matter how large it may loom at this particular time of the year—the Navy was always most punctilious, and even generous, in its celebration of Christmas. Depots and training establishments were closed down for the principal service holiday of the year, and every ship in home waters returned to her "home port"—or, as near to it as she could conveniently get—to put herself virtually out of commission for three weeks. Every ship's crew was divided into two "watches," and each watch had ten days' leave, the first getting home for Christmas and the second for the New Year.

Christmas Dinner in a Submarine

Things are different to-day, when a man's only chance for anything approaching "long leave" is when his ship is temporarily in the hands of the dockyard mateys. As for the seasons, the war has levelled them out in everything but temperature. The first Christmas Day of the war we sent over our flotillas and a bevy of seaplanes to drop a few souvenirs around Cuxhaven—and some of those who went over in a seaplane-carrier, and then spent an hour or two over the guns of the German defences, were picked up later by E11 and ate their Christmas dinner in the bowels of a submarine.

Whatever the day of the month or the year there can be no relaxation of the Navy's vigilance. The patrols—from motor-boats and trawlers up to those antennæ of naval power, the light cruisers—can neither be withdrawn nor reduced, although, as every ship cannot be at sea all the time, a certain proportion of officers and men will still be lucky enough to spend their Christmas ashore. Nor need anyone imagine that in any ship, great or small, the festival will be allowed to pass without due observance—subject always to the paramount call of the war. No unnecessary work is done—which is a useful concession in a big ship, but does not count for much in a destroyer or a drifter on patrol—and as far as possible the day is treated as a Sunday.

"Parcels from Home"

If other arrangements can be made, the Admiralty make no issue of the "standard ration," but credit each mess instead with a certain sum of money which they can spend as they please; and as there is hardly likely to be a man without a "parcel from home," the result on every mess-deck should be something approaching to a real Christmas feast. One of the very few standing regulations relaxed in normal times on Christmas Day is the prohibition of smoking on the mess-deck, but under war conditions it may be advisable to enforce this rule as usual.

In the "good old days," when, as one candid contemporary writer has told us, the lower deck of the Navy was made up of the "collected filth of gaols," Christmas in a home port was anything but a happy time afloat, and the majority of the officers used to clear out of the ship for a space and leave the men to their own devices. Jews at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and elsewhere did a thriving trade with boatloads of "wives" whom the men were allowed to have aboard, and as these creatures were able to smuggle aboard between them an almost unlimited quantity of spirits, the orgies that used to be witnessed in our ships of war can be better imagined than described.

"Splicing the Main Brace"

That sort of thing is dead and very thoroughly buried, and the seaman of to-day stands well above the intellectual average of his class ashore. The only alcohol he can obtain on board ship to-day—outside the medical officer's stores—is the official allowance of rum, one-eighth of a pint a day in three times that quantity of water. This ration, by the way, is *not* suspended on Christmas Day, and there may be here and there a commanding officer who will invite his men to "splice the main brace"—that is, to have an extra tot of rum at his expense. This custom, however, is practically dead, though I remember reading of it being indulged in not so many years ago in the Persian Gulf, when the men dined off pea-soup and salt pork, and the temperature below was somewhere about one hundred and twenty degrees!

At Christmas time the sailor loves to decorate the mess-deck with festoons of coloured paper, while every man produces his photographs of "home," and anything else that may serve to take off the bare service look of his surroundings. There may be a few ships scattered about—though I doubt if there are more out of our thousands than could be counted on the fingers of one hand—where these decorations will be absent, and that absence tells a story. It tells that the ship is not a "happy ship," that the relations between officers and men are not as cordial as they might and ought to be, and that the men want nothing better than to be left severely to themselves during the great festival of brotherhood and goodwill.

Officers and Men, good friends

In the "happy ships" of the Navy—and that means in nearly every ship—you would find not only the decorations, but also a few pointed suggestions to the officers as to what they might do to make things happier for the ship's company. In such ships the captain and the whole of the officers make a round of the mess-deck at dinner-time, and for once in a way the barrier of discipline is broken down, and officers and men exchange the ordinary greetings of the season.

As likely as not the cook of every mess will call upon the officers to sample his viands, and in their turn the officers usually manage to convey the impression that they are thoroughly enjoying themselves. There have been ships—and there are probably ships to-day—where the men insist on chairing the officers on their "grand tour," and, however uncomfortable this may be for the officers, they have the satisfaction of knowing that it is about the most eloquent tribute they could have to the efficiency of their ship. There is no keener critic of his superiors than the British bluejacket, and no one whose approbation is better worth the winning.

A CHRISTMAS GAS ATTACK

Told by a Private of the Lancashire Fusiliers

ABOUT a week before Christmas we got the word that every man was to be specially on the alert, that every rifle and gas-helmet was to be submitted to the officers in command of companies for inspection, and that tear-masks were to be kept handy. We all asked each other what was in the wind to render these precautions necessary.

Staff officers came cantering up through the mud of the communication-trenches, and brass hats were common sights in the firing-line. They issued orders that gas-helmets were to be carried day and night, and that all defective goggles were to be scrapped and replaced.

For about six days we kept them handy, and wondered what was coming, but on the seventh—Christmas Day—we learned all about it. We got word that the Germans were preparing to attack, and that most likely they would use tear-shells and asphyxiating gas when they did so.

A Lively Christmas Eve

The first warning we got was on Christmas Eve, when the big guns behind us started sending shells over our heads. They made a noise like an express entering a tunnel, which became gradually faint, and then there would come a thud. In reply the Germans sent over a lot of small stuff. There was no sleep for any of us that night, for this was our first spell in the trenches, and as we had not as yet experienced either lachrymatory shells or gas we were a bit nervy about how we should come out of it.

About dawn the gentle north-west breeze brought along with it a delicious smell of lilac, and all the lads were peeping over the top of the trench to see where the trees were which were sending out the perfume. Then the officer commanding came raging along the trench like a lion.

"What the —'s wrong with you fellows?" he yelled. "Put your goggles on! Don't you know the scent of tear-shells when you smell it? You'll be crying for your mothers in a minute!"

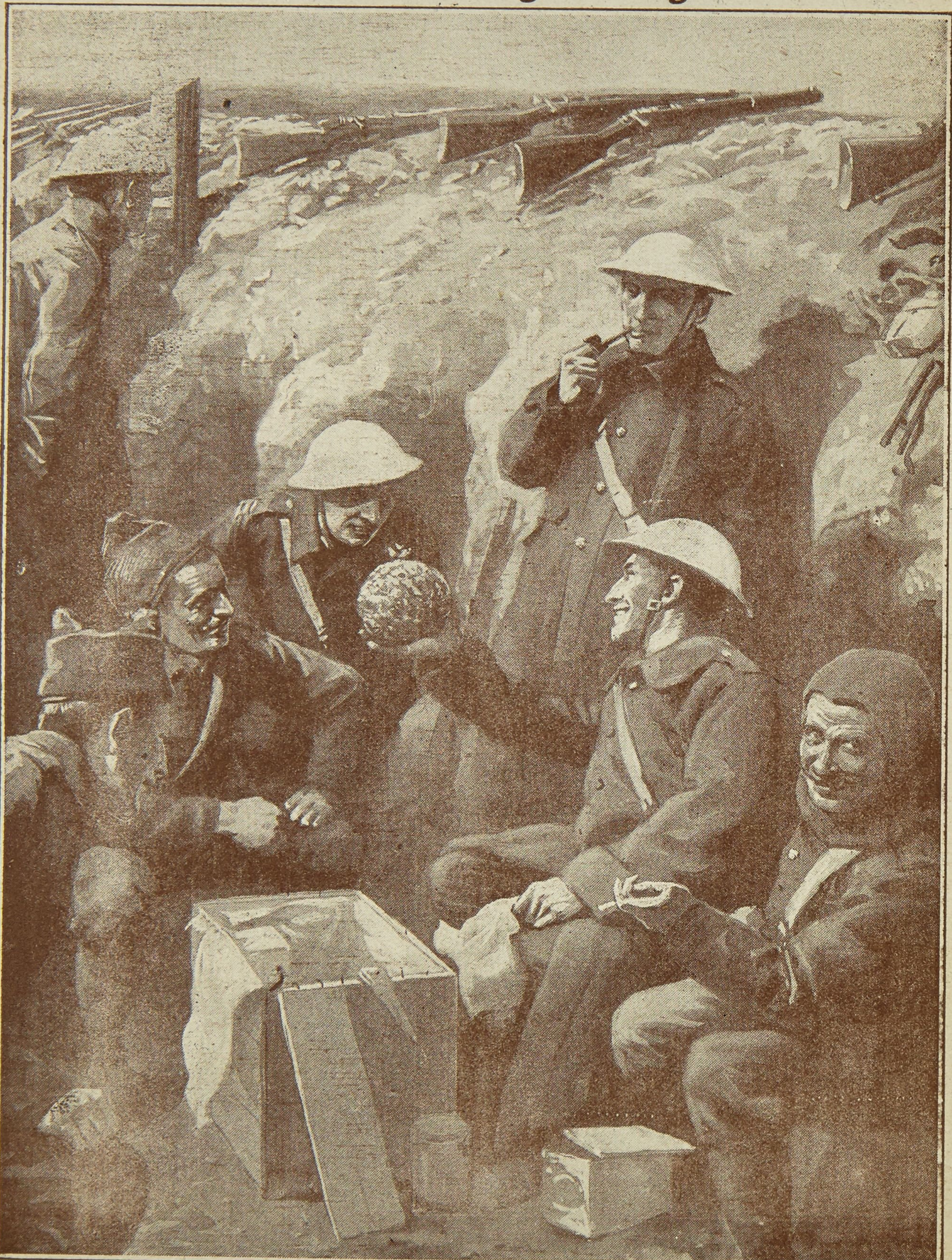
The Grey-green Wall

"Who was to know what they were?" grumbled our sub. But the rest of us wasted no time in words, but got our goggles into place. These are shaped like a motor-mask, with square eye-pieces of mica to see through. They fit tight over the nose and cheeks through a shaped piece of wire, and there is a piece of tape which ties round the head and comes to the front, making a gas-tight joint that way.

We had to laugh when we saw each other got up in this fashion; but we stood to, and waited for the promised attack. It hung fire, somehow, and we began to think that it was only a false alarm.

[*Continued on page 453*

Home Stirred and Stirring Thoughts of Home



"Home made, my lads!" Apart from its symbolism as a British institution, Christmas plum-pudding is mighty good stuff which will be hailed with delight in the trenches. It is good to know that arrangements have been made whereby every man on active service will receive his share of pudding this Christmas Day.

It was now nearly breakfast-time, and the guns had started sending shells over—from both sides—as fast as they could be loaded. Shrapnel burst continuously above us, and occasionally we'd see one of our shells land on the enemy's parapet, and we cheered like fiends when we saw earth and men and machine-guns go up into the air together.

About a quarter to nine somebody started banging on the brass shell-case, which was the gas signal, and we whipped the gas-masks over our heads in a trice. Then we saw a white mist rise from the ground about a thousand yards away, and come creeping towards us. It was only about a foot high at first, but gathered volume from the German trenches as it approached, so that when it reached us it was a grey-green wall eight feet high.

Lewis Guns Spitting Death

Suddenly a slant of wind tore it apart, and through the fog we saw about a couple of hundred Germans climbing over their parapet and come stumbling towards us, rifles in hand and gas-helmets on. The earth was simply rocking with the thunder of the guns, and huge gaps appeared at times in the line of the enemy which was advancing towards us.

On the right and left our Lewis guns started spitting out death, and mowed the Huns down in ranks. Before they got within two hundred yards of us there wasn't a single one of this party left on his feet—and we hadn't fired a single round from a rifle at them, having been ordered to reserve our fire.

Then they had another try, this time from the right. I should estimate the attacking force at a full brigade, and we began to wonder if they wouldn't be able to get sufficient men through the machine-gun hail to give us a merry Christmas in the trench. We could have done with one, I can tell you, for we felt a bit sore about that lilac perfume, and wanted to strafe somebody badly. You see, we considered that we'd had our legs pulled, being new troops, and didn't like it at all.

The Germans came on at a lumbering trot, and through the gas they looked like a lot of giant toads, with their goggle-eyed gas-helmets in position. Every now and then they'd drop at a signal and let off a stream of volleys. Then they'd come forward again, and we could see the dull gleam of their saw-bayonets as they advanced.

The Huns Forgotten

Our machine-guns chattered like fiends, sending out four hundred rounds a minute and more, and presently we got the order to open fire. Every man was as cool and steady as at the ranges, and each picked off his man. I thought that for a charge it was exceedingly slow, and could only put it down to a desire to commit suicide on the Huns' part.

Then, from away on the left, some other regiment chipped in with their Lewis guns, and the Germans were wiped out like a mark from a child's slate. Those who didn't fall turned and sprinted off through the fog faster than they came—and the Christmas Day spasm was over.

And, half an hour later, the orderly came along the communication-trench with the letters and parcels, and we forgot all about the Huns as we made hot soup on the fires we'd lit to clear the gas, and made short work of the puddings and mince-pies and poultry the loved ones at home had sent out to cheer up our Christmas Day in Flanders.

OUR WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS DINNER

By Grace Curnock

If the Food Controller by any chance comes to dine in my house on Christmas Day I do not think that he will have to cavil at the extravagance of my Christmas fare; he will not even be able to blame me for "Christmas dinner as usual." Frankly, I cannot afford to pay the greatly-increased price for the time-honoured ingredients for the menu, even if the country could afford to let me have not only the food but the freightage and labour involved in its arrival at my door. Christmas dinners if up to tradition must be left this year to such profiteers who, while making money out of their country's need, will certainly refrain from economising for their country's need. Supposing that I were to order a typical Christmas Day's menu for my family and visitors, to total four grown-up people, three children, and three servants—quite an ordinary small peace-time family party—the following would be the items:

CLEAR SOUP.

DOVER SOLE IN WHITE WINE.

ROAST TURKEY, SAUSAGES,

CHESTNUT STUFFING, BREAD SAUCE
(OR ROAST BEEF, OR GOOSE).

CHRISTMAS PUDDING, MINCE-PIES.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS, POTATOES.

STILTON CHEESE, CELERY.

ORANGES, APPLES, ALMONDS AND RAISINS,
CANDIED FRUITS, CHOCOLATES, NUTS,
CRACKERS.

CHAMPAGNE, PORT, MADEIRA, LIQUEURS,
WHISKY, BRANDY, SODA-WATER, LEMONADE,
GINGER WINE.

From to-day's point of view it looks an impossibly heavy and extravagant dinner, doesn't it? Yet we "sat down" to it in 1913, even in 1914; a few people cut down some items in 1915, but this year such a menu should exist in no house.

Consider the relative cost:

	Christmas, 1913.		Christmas, 1916.	
	S.	D.	S.	D.
Soup (per person)	0	5	0	7½
Sole	1	2 lb.	3	0 lb.
Turkey	1	3 lb.	2	0 lb.
Sausages	0	10 lb.	1	3 lb.
Stuffing, chestnuts, eggs, herbs, etc.	1	0 lb.	2	6 lb.
Sprouts	0	2 lb.	0	4 lb.
Potatoes	0	0¾ lb.	0	2½ lb.
Pudding (items below)	6	10¼	11	11½
Mince-pies (estimate cost)	0	2 each	0	3½ each
Cheese, Stilton	1	3	2	0
Dessert	Nearly every item 100 per cent. increase			

In 1913 a great number of turkeys, geese, and fowls came from France and Italy. The great increase in the price of poultry in 1916 is due to the fact that, with the exception of a few frozen Russian birds and some American, we shall have to depend upon home supplies.

Alternatives to the turkey are goose, previously 8d. to 1s. per lb., now 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d.; fowls, which show an increase in price of 35 per cent.; and sirloin of beef which was 1s. 3d. per lb, for prime cuts in 1913, and will probably be 1s. 7d. per lb. this year. The increase in the price of meat is relatively lower than in any other food items.

Now as to the items for the pudding. For simplicity in reckoning I will suppose that this concoction is made according to the pound-of-everything recipe:

	1913		1916	
	S.	D.	S.	D.
Currants	0	5 lb.	0	11½ lb.
Raisins	0	4½ lb.	1	0 lb.
Sultanas	0	5½ lb.	1	1 lb.
Candied peel	0	6 lb.	0	10 lb.
Mixed spice	0	1	0	1
Suet	0	8 lb.	1	0 lb.
Breadcrumbs (two loaves)	0	6	0	10½
Twelve eggs	2	0	4	0
Sugar	0	2 lb.	0	6 lb.
Flour	0	1½	0	3
Brandy (small quantity)	1	0	1	6
Indian almonds	0	7½ ¼lb.	0	8½ ¼lb.
	6	11	12	9½

To these figures must be added the increase in the price of fuel and labour. I should also note that by hunting round the grocers dried fruit may be procured at slightly cheaper prices occasionally, but the prices quoted are those of corresponding articles sold at the big stores in 1913 and 1916. By the time this appears eggs may show a further increase.

Other food items having a large sale at Christmas-time include:

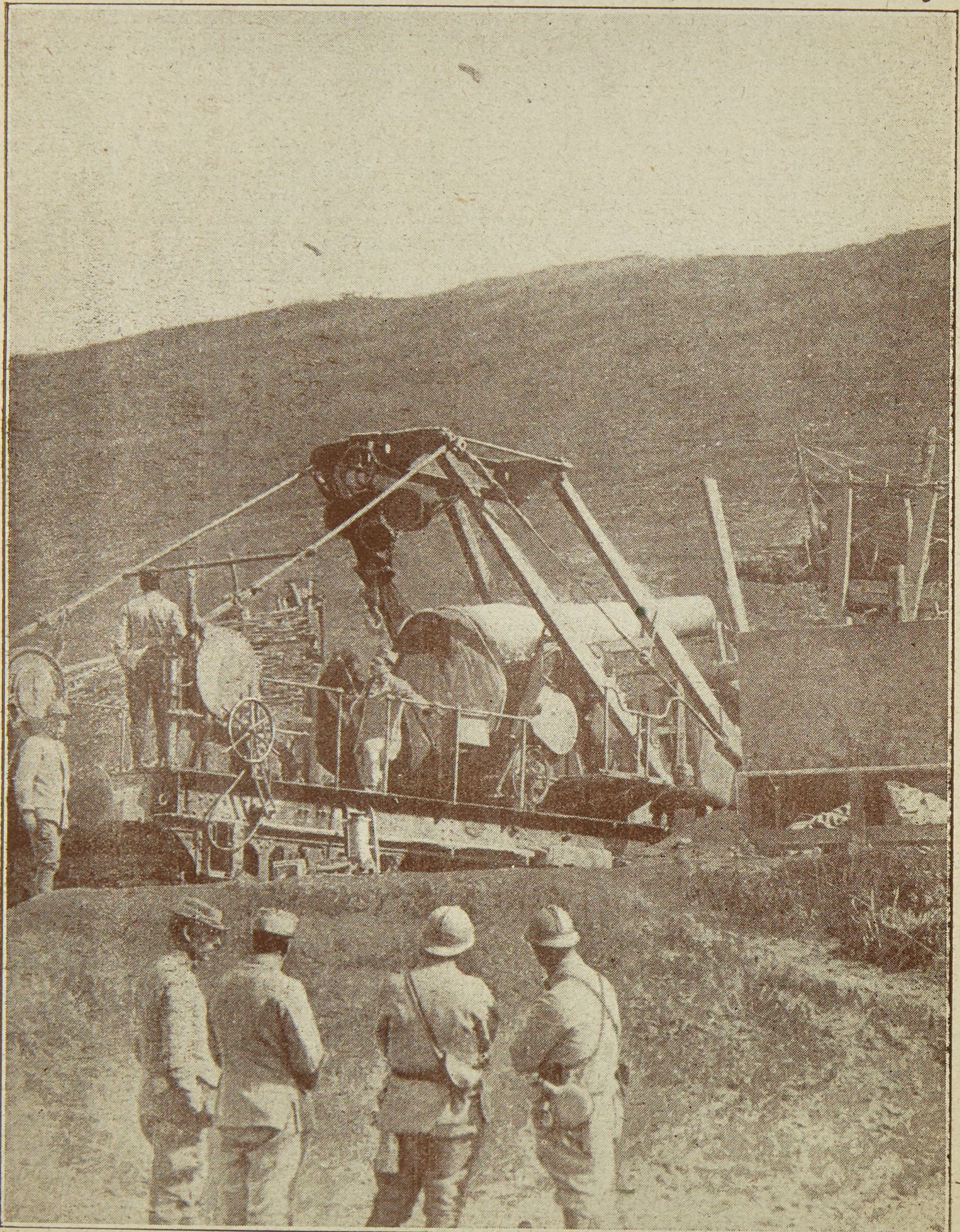
	1913		1916	
	S.	D.	S.	D.
Butter—				
Fresh Devonshire, per lb. ..	1	7	2	3
Brittany, per lb.	1	4	2	2
Cooking, per lb.	1	1	2	2
Dripping (beef), 3 lb.	1	9	3	6
Biscuits—				
Mixed	2	3	3	6½
Digestive	2	2	3	6½
(*Hundreds of varieties discontinued*)				
Bacon—				
Prime back	1	3½	1	9
Gammon corner	1	3	1	9
Hock, fore end	0	7½	1	2
Bath chaps (Harris)	0	9	1	2
York or Cumberland hams, under 14 lb.	1	4	1	10
Canadian cheddar	0	8½	1	2
English cheddar loaf	0	11	1	6

The price of wine may certainly be left completely out of my consideration.

I think that the excuse of "taking some notice of Christmas, because of the children," might certainly hold good this year, but it must be for the children only. No sane grown-up can ever say that the gluttonous display of foods we have seen in previous years was for the benefit or even for the amusement of the children. My children will keep the season as a Church festival, and I shall try to make it as bright as possible for them, but as far as extra food is concerned they most certainly will get nothing more than a slightly richer pudding than on usual days with "a fire round it," but I am afraid that there will be no crackers and no snapdragon. The bread and the cakes will be made of war flour, and baking-powder and egg substitutes will take the place of eggs in the cakes; almonds and raisins and chocolates and sugar icing will be things of memory only, though I do think that we may manage a few chestnuts and oranges.

The one great thing for everyone to remember this Christmas is that there is a *world's food shortage*, and that to fail to economise in food consumption is tantamount to putting a brake on to our endeavours to beat the Hun.

Observers Aloft for Gunners in the Valley



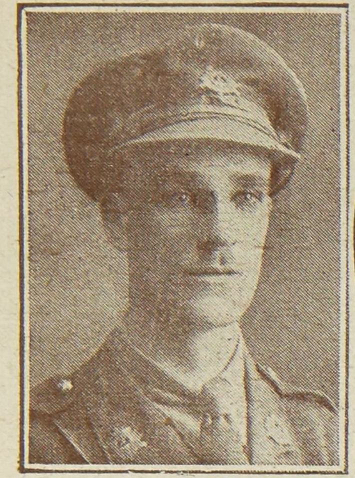
Only the invention of reliable aircraft has made the development of guns to such huge proportions and long range a possibility, and not the least remarkable commonplace of modern warfare is the fact that gunners seldom see their target. This striking photograph shows two captive balloons spotting for and about to signal the range to one of the great French howitzers which will proceed to bombard the German positions on the other side of the hill, as a preliminary to an infantry advance.

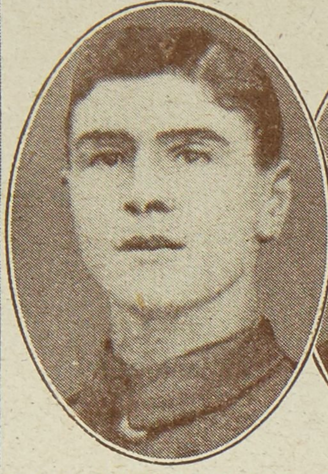
Entrenching in the Hills near Monastir

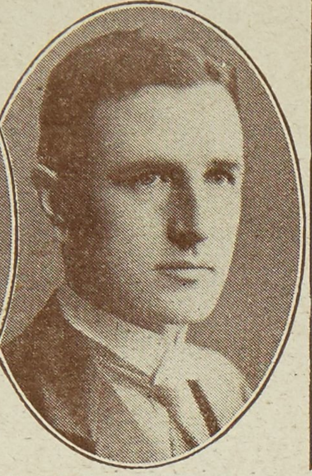
French Official Photograph

French soldiers digging trenches on a hillside in the region of Monastir in anticipation of a Bulgar attack. Monastir stands at an altitude of over 2,000 feet on the eastern slope of richly-wooded mountains which separate Lake Prespa from the Valley of the Czerna. As the meeting-place of roads from Salonika, Durazzo, Uskub, and Adrianople, the military advantages of its position are very great and its possession is of prime strategical importance to the Allies, as well as of sentimental importance to the Serbs.

Heroes of the Season Awarded the Coveted Cross

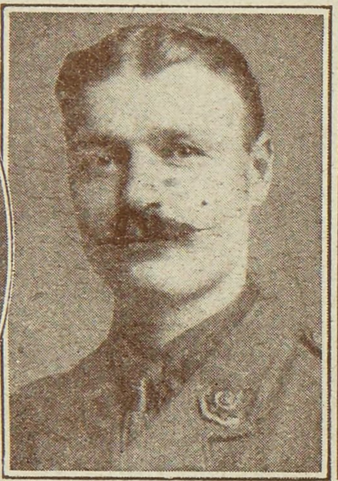

Temp.-Sec.-Lt. T. E. ADLAM, V.C., Bedfordshire Regt. Twice wounded, led successful attacks on a village which had to be carried at all costs, and enabled the operations to develop.


Sergt. R. DOWNIE, V.C., R. Dublin Fus. All his officers being casualties, he reorganised the checked attack, and shouting "Come on, the Dubs!" rushed an important position.

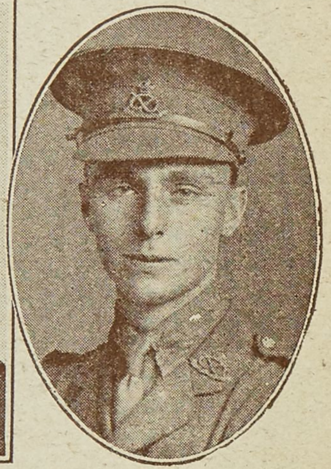

Sergt. J. Y. TURNBULL, V.C., Highland L.I. Killed. This "very gallant soldier" took and almost single-handed maintained a position in face of continuous counter-attacks.

Pte. F. J. EDWARDS, V.C., Middlesex Regt. Dashed out alone and bombed out a machine-gun that held up the advance, thus staying confusion and saving a dangerous situation.

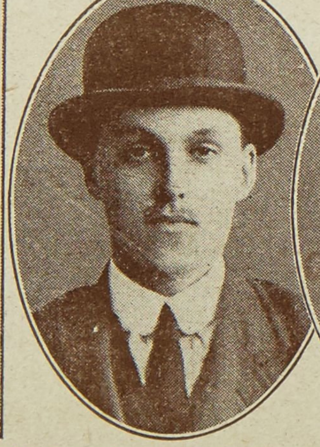
Capt. W. M. WACE, M.C., Bedfordshire Regt. An attack being stayed by machine-guns, he led bombers into the position and won part of it, though most of his men became casualties.

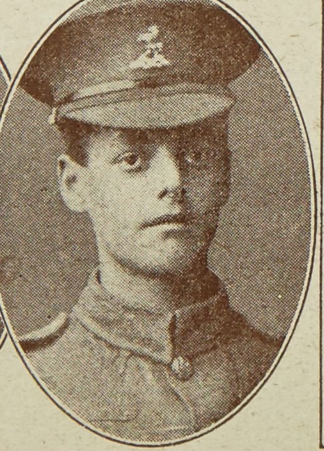

Capt. J. BRINDLEY, D.S.O., East Yorkshire Regt. Though wounded, he continued to advance with great gallantry and devotion, and captured sixty-one prisoners.

Sergt. F. COCKSEDGE, Norfolk Regt. Military Medal for bravery in the field. Now only twenty-two years of age, he has been in France since the beginning of the war.

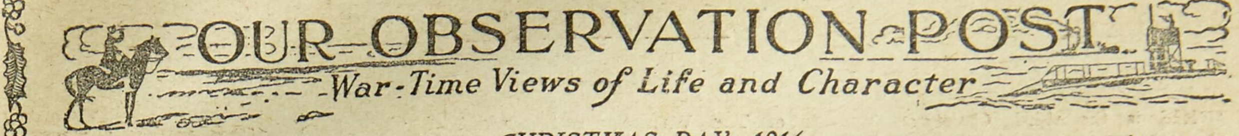

Sec.-Lt. B. W. T. WICKHAM, M.C., South Staffs Regt. Attacked while wiring in No Man's Land and wounded, held his ground till reinforcements came and drove away the enemy.

Pte. ROBERT RYDER, V.C., Middlesex Regt. Dashed absolutely alone at the enemy's trench and cleared it by skilful use of his Lewis gun, turning possible failure into success.


Lt. (Temp. Lt.-Col.) R. B. BRADFORD, V.C., M.C., Durham L.I. By conspicuous bravery and good leadership of two battalions captured the objective and secured his flank.


Drummer E. F. HOOKER, Royal West Kent Regt. Awarded Serbian Distinguished Service Medal. He was a bandsman in the Salvation Army when he enlisted at the age of seventeen

Cpl. J. HUTCHINSON, V.C., Lancashire Fusiliers. With supreme courage led attack on a trench, shot two sentries, and cleared two traverses, then covering removal of wounded.



OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1916

To people growing old, Christmas is a day when the sadness of memory steals, each year with more gentle persistence, into the chambers of the heart once filled with the radiant presence of joy. In its essence, indeed, it is the children's festival, and the duty and also the only happiness of the old is to make sure that for them it shall be a day of joy and of reference to the love from which alone happiness derives. On all other days in the year the irritability and impatience with children which are so easily provoked by the little pin-pricks of trivial worries, making themselves felt above the ache of anxiety and fatigue, find expression in sharpness that passes unnoticed by the elder, culprit mind, though no one can tell how much it may hurt the lovely sensitiveness of the child. But no one lives so calloused by adversity as not to feel that on Christmas Day there would be violent brutality in spoiling the happiness of a child by deliberate unkindness, and moral guilt in spoiling it by heedless lack of self-control.

There is a passage in Madame de Gasparin's "Heavenly Horizons" in which she suggests a possible difference in degree of obliquity of offences arising respectively out of the bodily and the spiritual natures of man. According to this suggestion, murder might conceivably be less pernicious to the soul of the destroyer than hypocrisy, and treachery or ingratitude more baneful than crimes of violence due to drink or lust. This is not the place to debate whether divine law recognises degrees of turpitude in sin as human law recognises degrees in crime. The passage in Madame de Gasparin's book is only referred to now because it seems to lend support to an opinion that, when a man comes to die, the things he will remember most vividly and repent most bitterly will be, not his offences discovered or undiscovered against written or unwritten law, not what the world is wont to describe as "bad" things, but breaches of the law of love, which he has always been aware of though he may not have heeded it; and in that last moment, wrong he had done by yielding to temptations of the body might appear comparatively venial in comparison with one single unnecessary tear that he had ever brought to the eye of a little child.

If avoidable suffering and gratuitous grief caused to the innocent, the helpless, and the young are the most dreadful burden a man can bear upon his conscience, what will the world's thoughts be of the Kaiser this Christmas Day, and what his own? Looking back over the events that culminated in the war, it is impossible to draw any other conclusion than that the German war party, and chiefly the German War Lord, desired war and are personally responsible for the war. That of itself is bad enough. But heavier is the responsibility on the souls of those men for the methods of waging war which they have permitted and expressly enjoined. The atrocities perpetrated in Belgium and France in the first flood of success that carried their invasion forward might, by some exceptionally specious special pleading, have some extenuating circumstances conceded to them, some at any rate arguable justification in political strategy, requiring the terrorisation of a civilian population that was so threatening in demeanour or so recalcitrant in behaviour as almost to forfeit the rights and privileges of non-combatants. Very different, however, is the case of the atrocities being perpetrated to-day; the wholesale deportations of men and women, with the agony of grief and anxiety these cause to the families from whom they are torn, for no one is so simple as to believe that deportation is the limit of the atrocity to which the deported persons are subjected.

From Belgium, from France, from Serbia and Montenegro, and from many a quiet village in England where refugees have found shelter, sobs of children will rise to heaven this Christmas Day for grief that they need not have known. And what of Armenia? Is that land silent because all the children are dead or carried away—the boys to slavery, the girls to degradation worse than death? If so, Armenia's silence should be more terrible to the Kaiser than the sobs that will break the stillness in every other place. For he could—he knows he could—have stayed all that iniquity by a word.

It is of the child victims of German atrocity that we are thinking chiefly. God knows we are sorry for the children whose fathers have fallen in the war—for German children as well as for the others. But their lot is less unhappy than that of the other children; for there is compensation for sorrow in pride, and in the long memories that they will carry to the grave, honour will shine in the grey past like a great brilliant set in platinum. And perhaps the war "had to be." Perhaps no one man can be entirely responsible for a whole world upheaval. The atrocities, however, did not "have to be." Gratuitous grief has been caused by them. The children to whose eyes the Kaiser has brought unnecessary tears this Christmas Day are millions in their number; the flood must surely drown his soul.

We have reached a turning-point in life when we first realise that a "merry" Christmas is for us a thing of the past. There is nothing in the discovery that need cause melancholy. We can still look forward confidently to many a happy Christmas, and that is all that any man need want, and more than many deserve. The melancholy only comes with age, when the absent friends whom one toasts at the modest feast are so many, that one cannot help feeling a little lonely; and even then "melancholy" is too dark a term to apply to the wistful mood. Because we ourselves, however, have had so many a merry Christmas we hold the joy in trust for the little ones. And now, for the first time since Napoleon ran like red fire over Europe, we find ourselves powerless to fulfil our trust. Merriment has been killed by this Emperor with whom we are warring. His baneful influence has withered everything fair and lovely in our life. He—was it not true?—is the blight of the world.

A sorry conclusion to come to, say you? Yes, if that were the conclusion. But Christmas Day is the anniversary we keep of an historical event, the advent of the Light of the World, and although it is true that in our celebration of it this year we cannot hope to give merriment to the children whose hearts the Kaiser has broken, we can and we must give them some happiness and point to where broken hearts may be healed. This year especially must we surround our own little ones with an intensity of affection that they shall always remember; according to our means and opportunity give them, too, such innocent pleasure that the night may fall upon a happy day; and leave upon their plastic and impressionable mind yet one more memory of their early home as our men abroad are braving death to keep it—in any turmoil, in any trouble, still the place of peace.

C. M.

THE THIRD WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS

BY THE EDITOR

THIS is the third Christmas number of The War Illustrated. At the time of publishing my first Christmas number, the date of the third seemed very remote. Not a few of my readers would have said at the Christmas of 1914 that there would be no war to illustrate at the Christmas of 1916! To-day, alas, the outlook is so different that it cannot surprise anyone to read the words of Lord Northcliffe in the admirably virile contribution which he has been good enough to send to me for this number: "Possibly future Christmases may still find us confronting the one supreme problem of how to crush the monster of Prussian aggression."

Who is the True "Optimist"?

ASSUREDLY Christmas of 1916 finds us all impressed with the knowledge that the struggle of the nations is likely to continue even longer than in our darkest moods of two years ago we ever imagined. But a due appreciation of unpalatable facts is by no means a prelude to despair. Where British character is concerned it is rather the spur to further endeavour; a necessary factor in the eventual success of that endeavour. To recognise that things are not going favourably is not to be a pessimist. The only true optimist is he who brings a cheerful heart and a determined will to confront adverse conditions which he himself has been the first to discover and expose. Personally, I have always refused to be classed with the pessimists, either as regards the progress or the outcome of the war, but when I look back and think of the deliberate efforts of certain sections of the British Press to hoodwink the public and bolster up incompetent professional politicians by shouting victory when there was no victory, and progress when there was retrogression, I feel that these false "optimists" have done a great disservice to their country.

SO far as I have been permitted in The War Illustrated I have endeavoured to give the public such information as in a free country the public ought to possess, but the writers in The War Illustrated, like their confrères of the daily Press, have been working under restrictions imposed upon them by the censorship, else the unhappy disasters in the Dardanelles, of Kut, of the Serbian retreat, and now of the Rumanian eclipse and the Greek anarchy would have come as no surprises to a public intelligently informed, while conceivably certain of these dark chapters of the war might never have been written had the nation been taken into the confidence of the Government early in the war. Lord Northcliffe puts the case for a modification of the censorship very forcibly, and I have sufficient faith in the British democracy to believe that it is quite as intelligent as its Parliamentary representatives, and properly informed of the course of events would give its true leaders the best of all support—namely, that which is based upon a proper appreciation of the demands made by leaders upon their followers.

Stories by Two Famous Authors

WHETHER there may be another or several more Christmas numbers of The War Illustrated to publish, I cannot even dimly guess, but I think my readers will admit that the number now in their hands is a very attractive one. They will approve, I am sure, the departure from our usual plan of adhering closely to the literary and pictorial description of actualities, by introducing a note of fancy in the very charming story which Mr. Arthur Machen, whose name has been carried throughout the world as the author of "The Bowmen," has written for this issue, as well as the realistic tale of the trenches specially contributed by Mr. Patrick MacGill, the distinguished young soldier-author who had made a considerable reputation before the war, and has since enhanced it by his descriptions of life in the ranks, in camp, and trench. The presentation plate which is given away with this issue represents, in these days of diminished supplies and increased prices, quite a valuable gift to my readers, Mr. Stanley Wood's very spirited picture being equally suitable for framing or for binding as a plate to enrich the current volume of The War Illustrated.

IT seems out of place to wish one's readers a merry Christmas in these days. Indeed, the word "merry" must go out of service for a time. "Happy" might be substituted with more decorum, as one may still be happy with the knowledge that a dear friend or a near relative has been lost during the year fighting to bring again to the world that peace for which at Christmas-time we all so anxiously long. At least I shall wish all my readers well at this season, and thank them for the loyalty they have shown to our wonderfully successful little paper—a loyalty that is well expressed in a letter received this morning, wherein the writer hopes that after the war is over The War Illustrated, "with a more peaceful title," may continue week by week "to illustrate and record the progress of events throughout the world". This is also my own hope, and I should be happy indeed if I thought that it would be necessary for this reason to change the title of my next Christmas number!

Lord Northcliffe's War Book

THIS is a time when one is looking about for one of those suitable gifts which are meant to be "useful," but do not always prove so. Let me recommend one that is both useful and interesting. It is doubly useful because, in presenting it to a friend, you are giving him something that will deeply interest him, and at the same time you are helping in a practical way the splendid work of the Red Cross and other war charities. I refer to Lord Northcliffe's very remarkable book "At the War," recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. This is not merely the "best seller" of the year; it is one of the few notable individual books about the war. The author's opportunities and facilities for seeing "everything" were, of course, exceptional, but the testimony of all the reviewers is that only an exceptional mind could have taken such advantage of them.

ANOTHER point on which the reviewers of the book are unanimous is the tonic value of the brave, reasoned optimism born of knowledge of things and men. That is what most deeply impressed Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, who reviewed the book for the "Sunday Times." And it is that, too, that made the deepest impression on Mr. Clement Shorter, who reviewed it in the "Sphere." "The main note of the book is its extraordinary optimism," he says; and again, "This is a most stimulating book." Sir William Robertson Nicoll has also given his testimony to the stimulating quality of "At the War" in a long and able criticism in the "British Weekly": "It is emphatically a blithe, cheery, kindly book, full of generous appreciation and a patriotic confidence. It is not the book we should have expected from the great Scourge of our rulers. There is nothing in its pages of a critical or condemnatory kind—save in one particular. After reading it twice I find that its supreme quality is its brave and well-founded hopefulness. A more encouraging book on the war has never been written, and it comes to meet the special need of these darker, cloudier days."

A Book that Helps Good Work

"AS all the profits are to go to the British Red Cross Society," says Mr. Clement Shorter, "one would be justified in a considerable amount of log-rolling and exhortation to one's readers to spend five shillings on this book; but the book, it so happens, is well worth its money. It is intensely readable." The publishers sent Lord Northcliffe a thousand guineas, a few days after the book appeared, as a first instalment of the profits, and announced on December 7th that they were able to guarantee one hundred guineas a day until the end of the year for the benefit of British prisoners in enemy countries. Having myself read the book I, too, repeat the exhortation to my readers to buy it for its own merits as a vivid, human, intensely interesting work, that gives the best possible conspectus of the war as a whole, with a multitude of illuminating details about men and their methods that have escaped the observation of other writers.

J. A. H.

Printed and published by the Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, 30th December, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

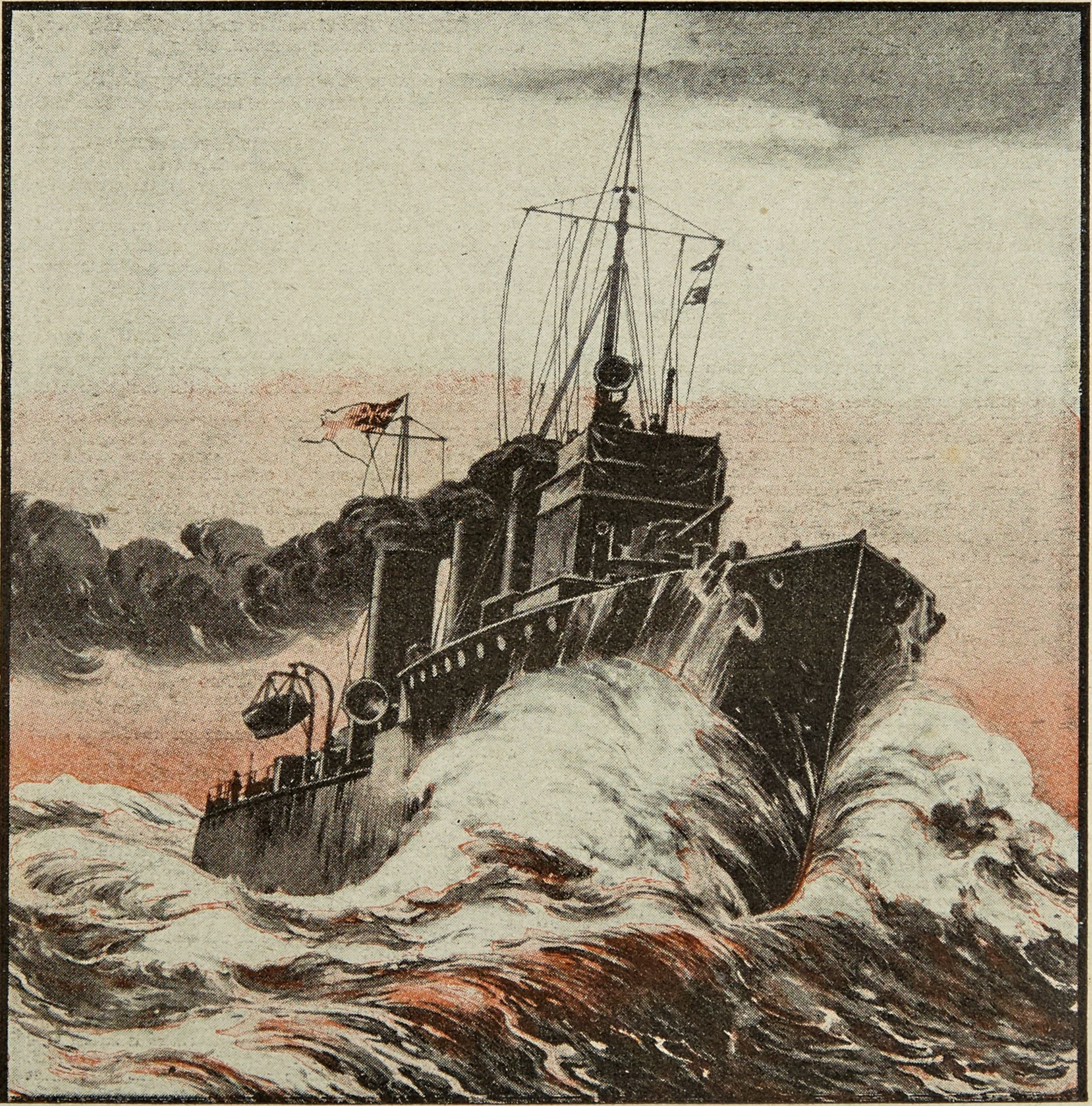
Optimistic After-the-War Outlook

by Sir Leo Chiozza Money

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly

ALL THE BEST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



Vol. 5

Full Speed Ahead! The Allies' Motto for the New Year

No. 124

PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN 1916

BY OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT F. A. McKENZIE

THE year 1916 will be called by some the year of stalemate. It would be better described as the year of endurance. We have had a great test of staying power, even more significant than the test of battle.

The fighting has shown more or less negative results. Five big offensives have been attempted—two by the Allies and three by the Central Powers. Only one of these can be said to have accomplished what was expected.

The German attack on Verdun cost Germany half a million men, and after six months of fighting as terrible as any the world has known a large part of the German gain was lost in a day in a brilliant French counter-attack. The Austrian blow against Italy in May was the biggest failure of all. The loss of a hundred thousand men was the least part of it. The move united the Italian people for the war as they had never been united before.

Marvels of the Somme Offensive

The Russian offensive in Galicia was hailed at first as the turning-point. Brussiloff's forces, despised by the enemy, made a sudden forward movement, recaptured Lutsk and Czernovitz, and in twenty days took over 180,000 prisoners. But here again the attacked party were able by calling up fresh forces to bring the advance to a stop. The enemy claim that the Russians in the summer fighting lost a million and a half men. This is an exaggeration, but the Russian losses were very heavy. They paid in the gallantry of their men for what they lacked in guns.

The Battle of the Somme, the crowning Franco-British offensive, accomplished marvels, but it did not do what may have been hoped, *i.e.*—make a real break in the German western front. Our armies came within an ace of success, but were held up in the end by the very wet weather of October and November. The British casualties were very heavy, the French losses being lighter. The Germans lost from seven to eight hundred thousand. The only great offensive that fully succeeded was the German attack on Rumania, when the Rumanians after an advance on Transylvania were driven back owing to lack of munitions, and had to abandon their capital. The Germans did here what we hoped to do on the Somme. They got their enemy on the run and kept him on the run, without a chance to form fresh lines.

Our Military Policy in 1917

Yet it would be a mistake to assume that, because the Somme and the Galician campaigns did not accomplish all that was hoped, our military policy in 1917 should be one of holding our lines and waiting. The Somme revealed to us the full magnitude of our task. It came so near to success that we will and must try again, and, if necessary, again and again. Everything shows that the fury of our attacks has done much to dishearten sections of the German Army. The individual reputation of the British soldier for courage and skill never stood so high throughout the world as to-day. The ability and knowledge of our General Staff have enormously improved.

Even when a giant offensive is held up it often has very valuable secondary results. The Germans when they attacked Verdun not only hoped to drive the French back on the line of the Vosges; they further hoped, by a process of ceaseless slaughter, dangerously to weaken the French man-power, and also to sicken the French people of war. No nation can endure the experience France has suffered in 1916 without being tempted to ask, "Is it worth while?" If some French civilians may have raised this issue, the nation as a whole, and the French Army in particular, have splendidly stood fast. The French Army, from poilu to general, was never more confident than to-day. There seemed a moment when pro-German influences might prevail in Russia. As soon as the danger became known all classes—great princes like the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Constitutional leaders in the Duma, and the chiefs of the Army and Navy—united to crush it.

So far as the main fields of war are concerned, no side can claim that a vital change of position has taken place in the year that is past. But what has taken place is a gradual exhaustion of reserves, and this will be one of the main factors in the year ahead. The main shortage is in men and food.

Germany showed that she was feeling the strain by calling upon Hindenburg to take control of the naval and military forces of the Empire. It was a good choice. He is the popular German hero of the war, the very perfection of type of beer-drinking, brusque, strong man loved by the Teuton. He has attempted to renew the man-power of Germany by draining Belgium of her manhood and compelling Belgian men to work under conditions of semi-slavery for their enemy. Germany is trying to find fighting men in Russian Poland and in Serbia. She may soon well go further and call upon Asiatic Turkey.

Hindenburg's Success and Zeppelin Failure

Hindenburg has done wonders, but he has not been able to accomplish the impossible. His hope to obtain enormous supplies of foodstuffs from Rumania has been disappointed. The stocks captured there are insufficient to affect vitally the food situation. Germany to-day is threatened by famine. The winter will probably be one of great suffering for the civilian population, and already it is questioned how far the civilian public will patiently endure it.

The real explanation of the formal German offer to open peace negotiations is that Germany has had enough. She will fight, if needs be, much longer, but her internal situation is such that peace daily becomes more desirable. Her extremity is our opportunity. A hungry and despairing man fights desperately, so we may anticipate much harder fighting in the spring months than any the war has known. But we have every reason to renew the campaign with confidence and hope.

The main feature of the aerial war of 1916 was the eclipse of the Zeppelin. The improved British methods of defence have proved so successful that, according to reports from Switzerland—which may be true—Germany has resolved to build no more super-Zeppelins. That British airmen have mastered the German airships is undeniable, and is one of the important facts of the year.

In naval war the year has not been so favourable for us as was anticipated. The Battle of Jutland was a real disappointment, despite the great courage and skill of Admiral Beatty and his men. The failure of the Grand Fleet to arrive in time and the unfavourable weather conditions enabled the German ships to get back to port.

Our naval policy aroused much and growing criticism, mainly based on the comparatively passive role assigned to many of our ships and to our failure to meet the growing submarine menace. This criticism ultimately led to a change of personnel at the Admiralty. With Jellicoe as First Sea Lord and Beatty in command of the Grand Fleet a new era is expected.

U Boats and the Food Problem

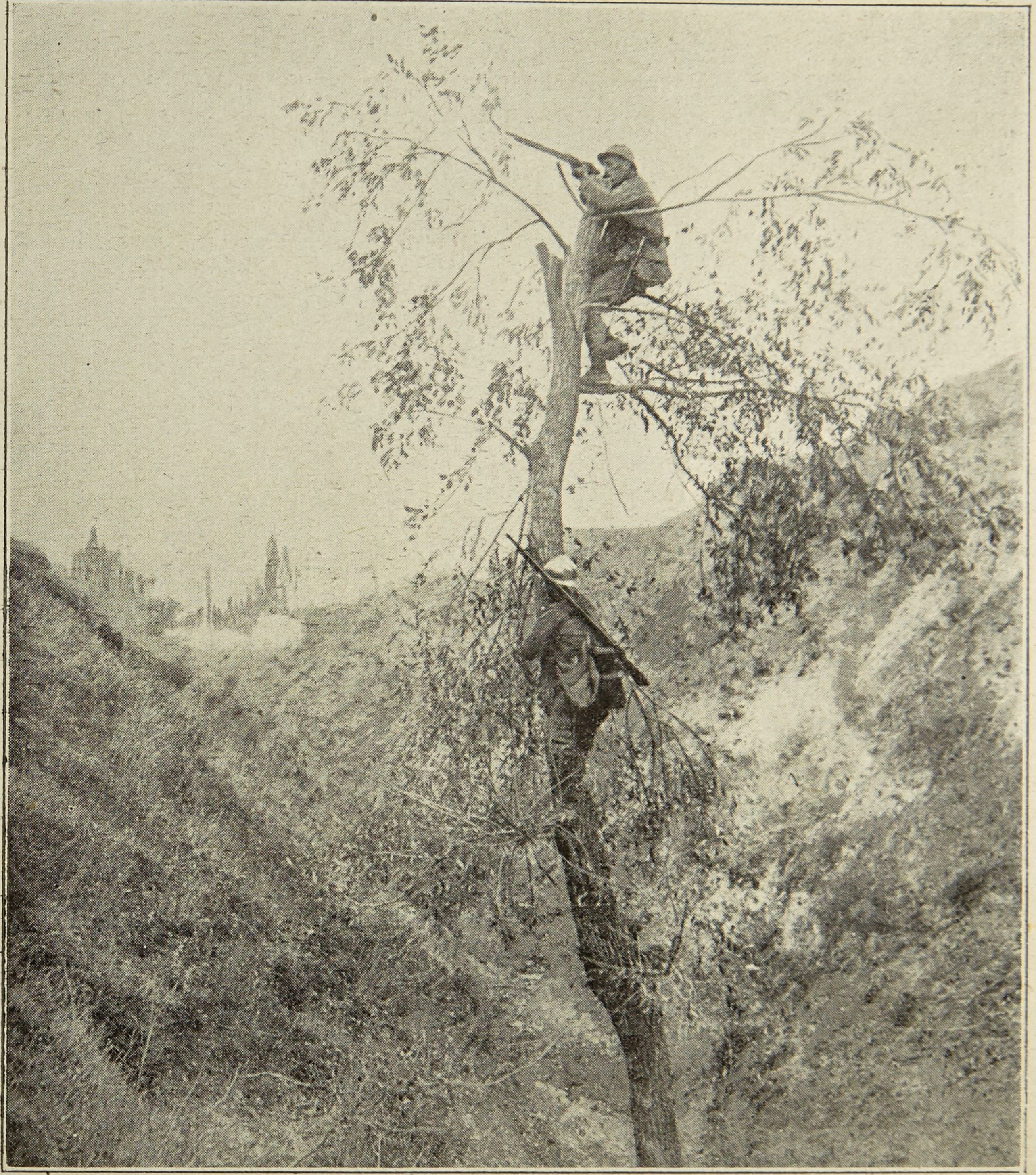
The large increase of two types of German submarines—small, cheaply-built mine-layers for the North Sea and large, long-distance boats for ocean work—brought us face to face with a fresh danger to our merchant vessels. For some time the Germans scored marked success in destroying our own and neutral vessels. The situation is being rapidly adjusted now by the arming of our merchant ships. But the damage is not yet finished, and may well bring about a still greater rise in the cost of living in this country.

Despite many drawbacks and disappointments, our position is stronger to-day than a year ago. This is largely due to the growing exhaustion of the enemy. No one would pretend that Germany's fighting strength has gone. But it is declining. A great war weariness is laying hold of her people. This is the hour for us to show resolution, cheerfulness, and patience under conditions that must of necessity grow more and more severe.

30th December, 1916. No. 124. Vol. 5.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



IN WAIT FOR A ROCKETING BIRD.—Two Frenchmen climbing a broken tree in the hope of getting a good shot at passing enemy aircraft. An illustration of the peril awaiting German airmen—already outclassed by their French and British rivals in flight—who venture over the Allies' lines in quest of valuable information. (French official photograph.)

THE GREAT ISSUES OF THE WAR: *OUR IMPORTANT NEW SERIES*

WORK FOR WORKERS AFTER THE WAR

Optimistic Forecast of Britain's Industrial and Commercial Future

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P.

IT is a most illuminating and cheerful fact that at the end of this war the United Kingdom will be much better fitted for the conduct of industry than it was at the beginning. This is easily explained. In the years immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities our well-to-do classes had been increasingly lending their money abroad instead of investing it at home. Thus it is estimated that in 1913, of £246,000,000 publicly subscribed by our investing classes, nearly £200,000,000 was invested overseas. It was in consequence of the deplorable neglect of some of our home industries, of which this vogue for oversea investing was a symptom, that when the war broke out we found ourselves lacking in essential materials of peace and war, such as zinc and dyes, and with not nearly enough of many other important manufactures, such as steel and optical glass, to construct the instruments of war.

The fierce tests of war having been applied to our industrial organisation to find it wanting, we had to set to work to enlarge our steel plants, our engineering works, our spelter works, and so forth, and manufacture or import a tremendous quantity of new machine-tools and other equipment. As a consequence, we have at the present moment a much bigger industrial undertaking than we had when war broke out, and such a statement as that made by Professor A. W. Kirkaldy, that Capital and Labour during the war "have emptied themselves in the desert," is very far from being true. Indeed, in an industrial sense the war has rejuvenated British industry, and by throwing a lurid light upon its deficiencies has probably done more than twenty-five years of peace to give us industrial advancement. It might even be plausibly argued that the war has saved us from a relative industrial decadence, which might have plunged us into terrible disaster if the great contest had been delayed for another fifteen years.

Lessons in Industrial Reform

And the war has taught us not only to renew and reform a considerable, and the most important, part of our industrial plant, but it has impressed upon us the value of organisation in producing wealth. The fact that many commodities specialised for war have been produced since August, 1914, does not detract from the value of the great concrete illustration which has been furnished us—for, of course, the kind of organisation which has given us prodigious quantities of munitions can give us prodigious quantities of commodities for the support and comfort of life.

With millions of our best men withdrawn for fighting purposes we have maintained or increased our total production. We have been able to do this for reasons which may be thus briefly summarised:

1. Old industries have been increased and new industries set up with the aid of capital furnished by the Government.
2. There has been an improved organisation of production in many trades.
3. As to labour:
    - (*a*) The men remaining have produced more than in peace;
    - (*b*) A great army of women has been added to our workers;
    - (*c*) Non-productive work, which engages a great proportion of our people in peace time, has been contracted.

Profiting by the lessons of the war, to what should we direct our attention when peace comes?

We have to remember that organisation for war and organisation for peace are not far removed from each other. Most war materials are also peace materials. Coal, a most important material, is the foundation of our work for whatever purpose. It is also the basis of the most important and fascinating peace and war materials—from lovely colouring matters to the most powerful of known explosives. Iron, the most useful metal, is the tool of all our work, whatever its aim or object, whether to make ploughshare or sword. Zinc, alloyed with copper to make brass, is as indispensable in peace as it is in war. Leather—there is nothing like it, as the old saying goes—for divers peaceful and offensive purposes. The study of the glass trade and its problems makes a beautiful and valuable peace industry, but it is also indispensable when war comes, as we have found to our great loss and difficulty in this campaign. The principle of a first-class opera-glass is the principle also of a first-class field-glass.

After the war, then, if we build up great peace industries and determine that they shall not fall below a certain minimum output, we shall not only solve peace problems but war problems also.

Vital Importance of Agriculture

Looking at our industrial organisation as a whole, we must, as an essential element in defence no less than for the good of our society, raise our home production of food to the maximum possible. This must be done by determining upon a minimum area for the production of corn, and by seeing to it that the farmer gets a sufficient price to enable him to grow it with profit while giving that proper remuneration to his labourers which alone can restore our agricultural population to the land. Upon this side of our economic development I can only touch briefly, my theme here being manufacturing industry, but it is exceedingly important that the agricultural problem should not be forgotten for a moment, in view of the new conditions of submarine and aerial warfare which threaten the future security of our sea supplies.

Turning to industry, the first thing upon which to concentrate our attention is the basis of our modern wealth—viz., coal. It is of the utmost importance that our coal supply should be conserved and developed economically. It can be, and should be, so used as to supply cheap power to our manufacturers, while conserving all those immensely valuable by-products which are the foundation of so many important chemical industries. The full and proper use of our coal cannot be secured without public control and scientific management on a large scale, including the electrical distribution of power for industries, railways, and domestic purposes. It is not too much to say that the scientific treatment of our coal resources would alone recoup us in the cost of this war within twenty years.

Decadence that Cost Lives

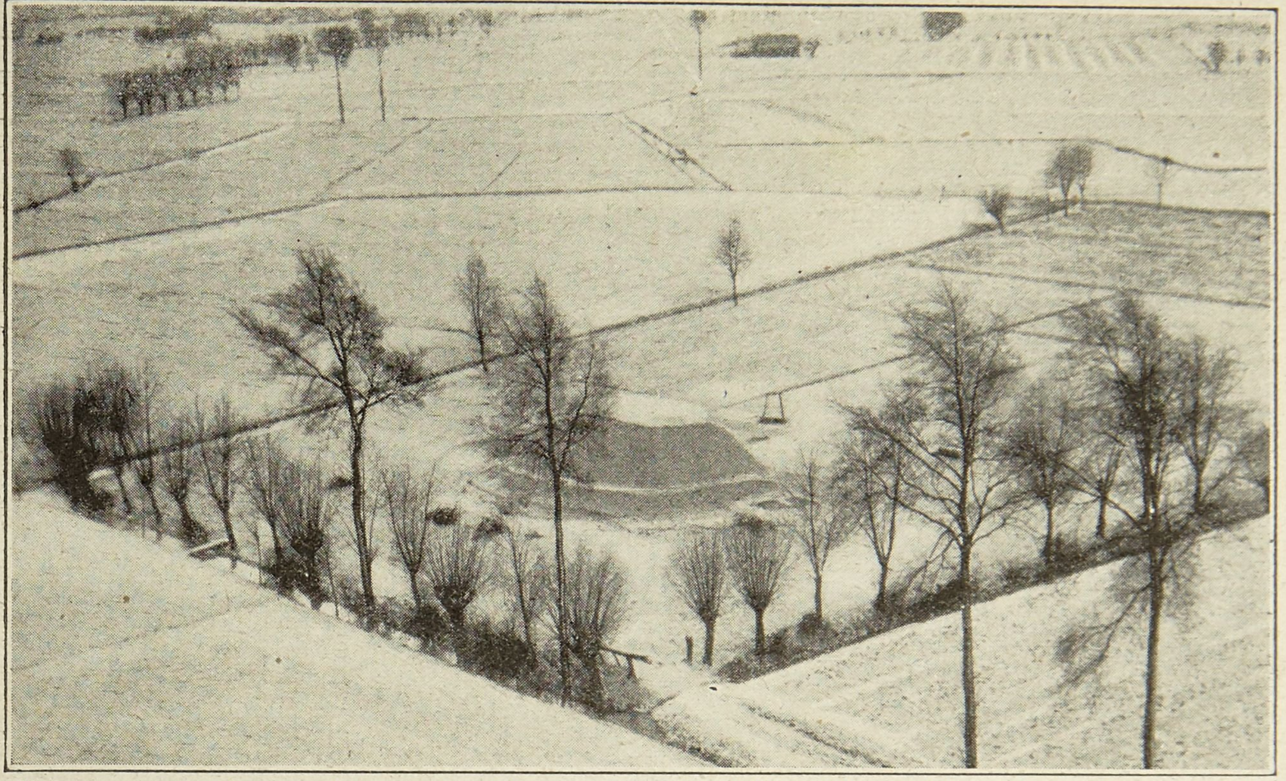
Transport is of increased importance. Our railways have at last during the war been brought under partial joint control. Their combination and co-ordination should be completed. In conjunction with reformed waterways our railways could be used to stimulate all our activities, including, of course, agriculture.

Our mercantile marine becomes, in the new conditions of sea warfare, a matter of urgent concern, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether it is consistent with the national safety to leave it in private hands. Standardisation must be applied to industry. We must have what Mr. Churchill has called "Ford" tramps.

The most important of our manufacturing industries is iron. It is unfortunately the case that while as recently as the year 1885 Britain was the first iron country in the world, she had fallen to a bad third when the war broke out, both America and Germany having enormously larger outputs. In 1913 we produced only 10,500,000 tons of pig-iron, as compared with an output of 19,300,000 tons by Germany and of 31,000,000 tons by the United States! This decadence in the iron world has cost us tens of thousands of lives in this war, and constitutes a danger which cannot be fully dwelt upon until the war is over.

[*Continued on page* 460

Winter Warscapes from Flanders to the Vosges



Picturesque effect in Flanders. Bird's-eye view of the snow-covered plain just behind the allied line. The low-lying aspect of the landscape, divided and sub-divided by narrow canals lined with willows, is typical of the Belgian countryside.

If the Vosges is the most beautiful sector of the western line, it is also the coldest, and sentry duty here exacts more than average endurance. As a refuge from the winter blast and, incidentally, from stray shells this French outpost has constructed a sandbag "box."

WORK FOR WORKERS AFTER THE WAR

(Continued from page 458)

Determining that such a condition of things shall not again occur, we must see to it that the iron and steel output of the United Kingdom in future does not fall below a certain figure to be officially determined. I am glad to say that during the war our iron and steel output has grown very greatly through the efforts of the Ministry of Munitions, but there is danger that it may fall if the nation does not concentrate its attention after the war upon essential facts.

What is true of iron and steel is true in varying degree of many other important industries. How, then, is the State, without taking entire charge of these industries, to get what it needs?

The answer is probably to be found in the establishment of a Ministry of Industry, Commerce, and Labour, which shall have much greater functions than those of the Board of Trade. Such a Ministry could be directly associated with industry by the method of giving it representation upon the executives of the various trade federations in which our industries are already, for the most part, combined. The trade federation would thus come to be a sort of regulated monopoly in which the public interest was upheld by State representation. The Ministry would thus be in constant touch with all industries and able to review their operations. An industry could not become inefficient, or produce an output below a required minimum, without the knowledge of the executive Government, which could be given the right to interfere in certain circumstances.

Ministry of Productive Industries

On the other hand, the Ministry being in touch with the Trade Unions, questions of wages and conditions of labour would be from time to time adjusted according to the productivity of trades. At each advance in the efficiency of an industry we should be able to see to it that a proper proportion of the increased results of work went to the workers. This would mean increasing wage rates, which in turn would react upon productivity by properly relating consumption to powers of production. What we have largely suffered from in the past has been that underpaid workmen have been unable to consume the product of clever inventions. Our industrial system has thus frustrated production at every point.

Such an association of the State, with masters on the one hand and men on the other, would probably lead in course of time to a complete fusion of Capital and Labour in industries and to the erection of Trade Guilds forming part of the working machinery of the State.

Given such an organisation and fostering of industry, the United Kingdom could produce enormously more wealth than before the war, when, apart from the value of the materials used, our total manufacturing and mining output as valued at points of production was only some £700,000,000. We can quintuple this figure in a quarter of a century or less, by applying to our productive powers in peace the organisation of industry upon a properly large scale, liberally endowed with capital.

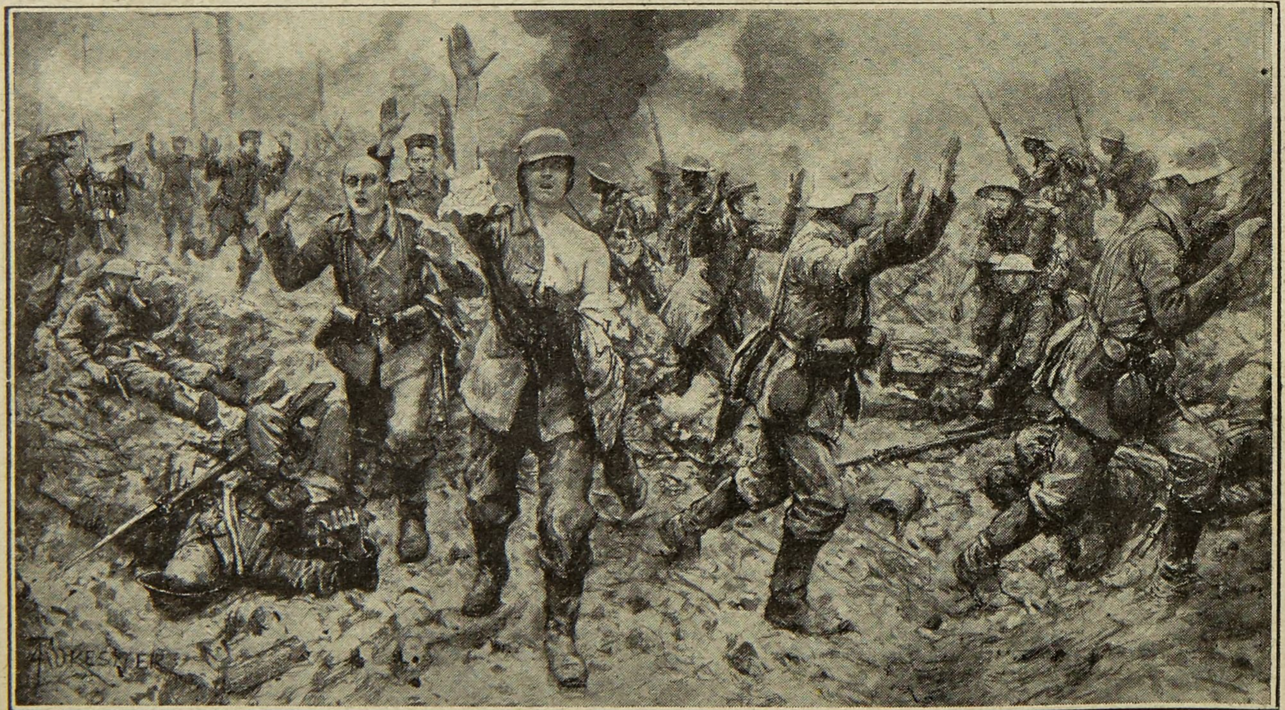
Scientific Output Must be Organised

Science has done her part in giving us methods of production which are marvellous in their potentiality. What we have done in the past has been to apply them wastefully and on a small scale. What we must do in the future is to give them their proper chance by determining that in peace, as in war, we will make that which we want, and go about it by direct methods. In war, when we want to fire one million shells a day, we make them; it is much more simple in peace to determine that we will make sufficient of good houses, furniture, utensils, clothes, etc., to provide the materials of decency and comfort for all our population.

To give full effect to our determination we must broaden our educational ideas. At present the great majority of our children leave school at thirteen years of age, by which age it is not possible for a child to get more than a mere smattering of knowledge; in short, our people are for the most part, in the true sense of the word, uneducated. If that condition of things is not brought to an end it is useless to talk of the organisation of industry. It must be brought to an end if we are to make the most of scientific possibilities, because untrained men and women cannot efficiently conduct scientific industries.

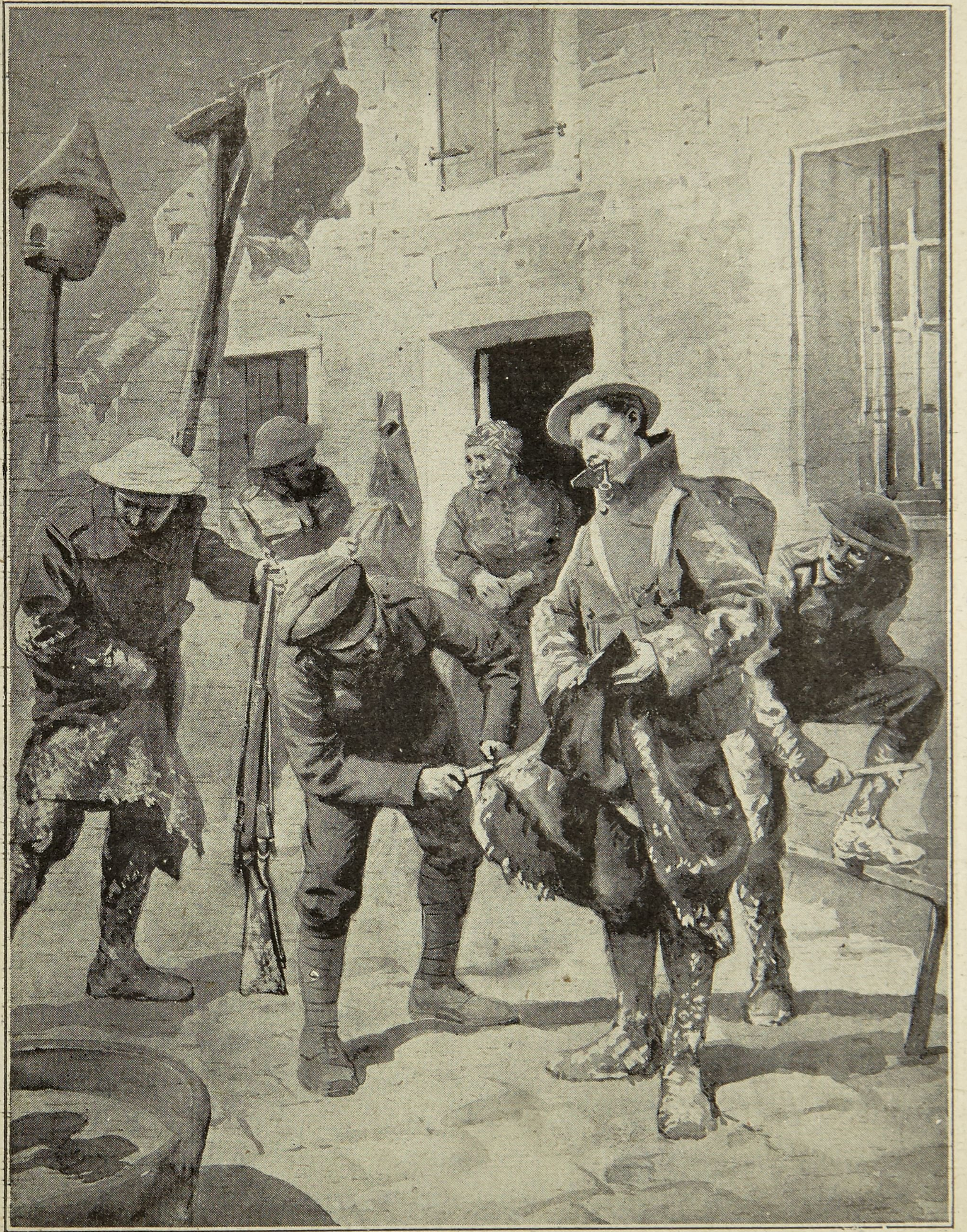
We may sum up the whole subject by saying that we have every opportunity to turn the industrial lessons of this war to such advantage as to make it an unsought economic gain to us. It is an end, however, which cannot achieve itself, and it remains with the individuals who compose the nation to realise and to make use of the great advantages which they possess in inhabiting what is, in very truth, one of the best favoured natural workshops in the world.

Next Article:
THE WAR'S EFFECT ON WOMAN'S WORK
By Mrs. Fawcett



KAMERADEN AT THIEPVAL.—The most dramatic incident in the glorious capture of Thiepval on September 26th was the advance into the open of No Man's Land of a troop of Germans with hands high above their heads. The enemy in this manner passed unmolested right through General Haig's oncoming men, the debris of barbed-wire and broken terrain, and the shower of shell to the British lines.

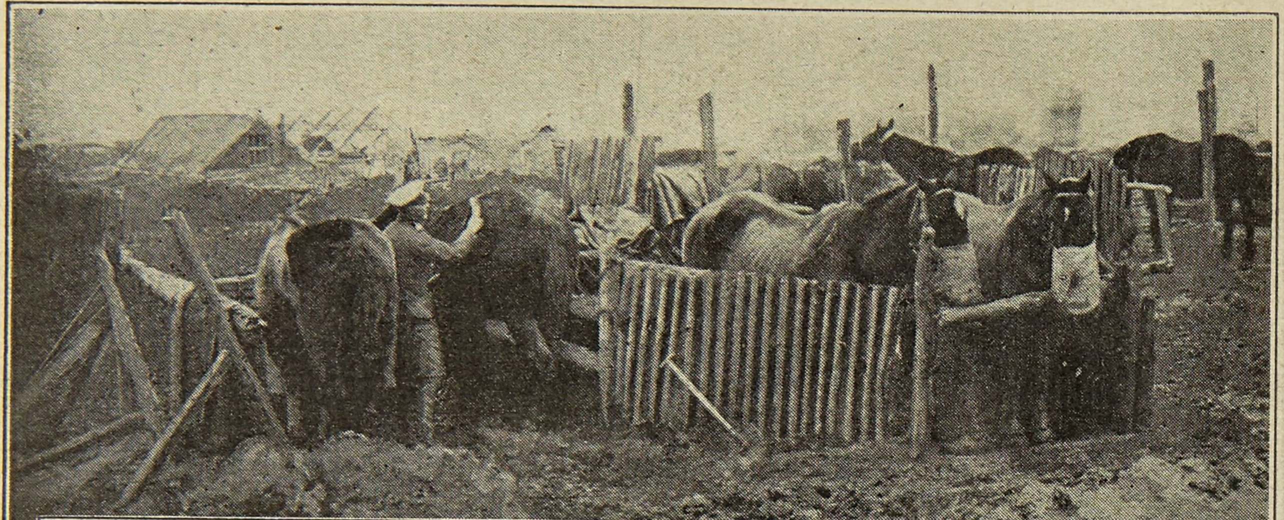
Soldiers Brush-Up Before Entering Their Billet



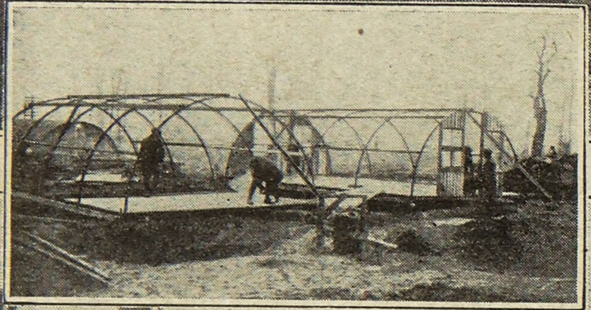
The British soldier is hard put to it during the winter months to keep up his reputation for being smart and clean. After a spell in the trenches his uniform and equipment become coated thick with mud, but he would not dream of entering his French billet without making himself as presentable as possible. Such a scene as that depicted above, showing British soldiers scraping the mud from their greatcoats and puttees, is an everyday incident behind the lines on the Somme front.

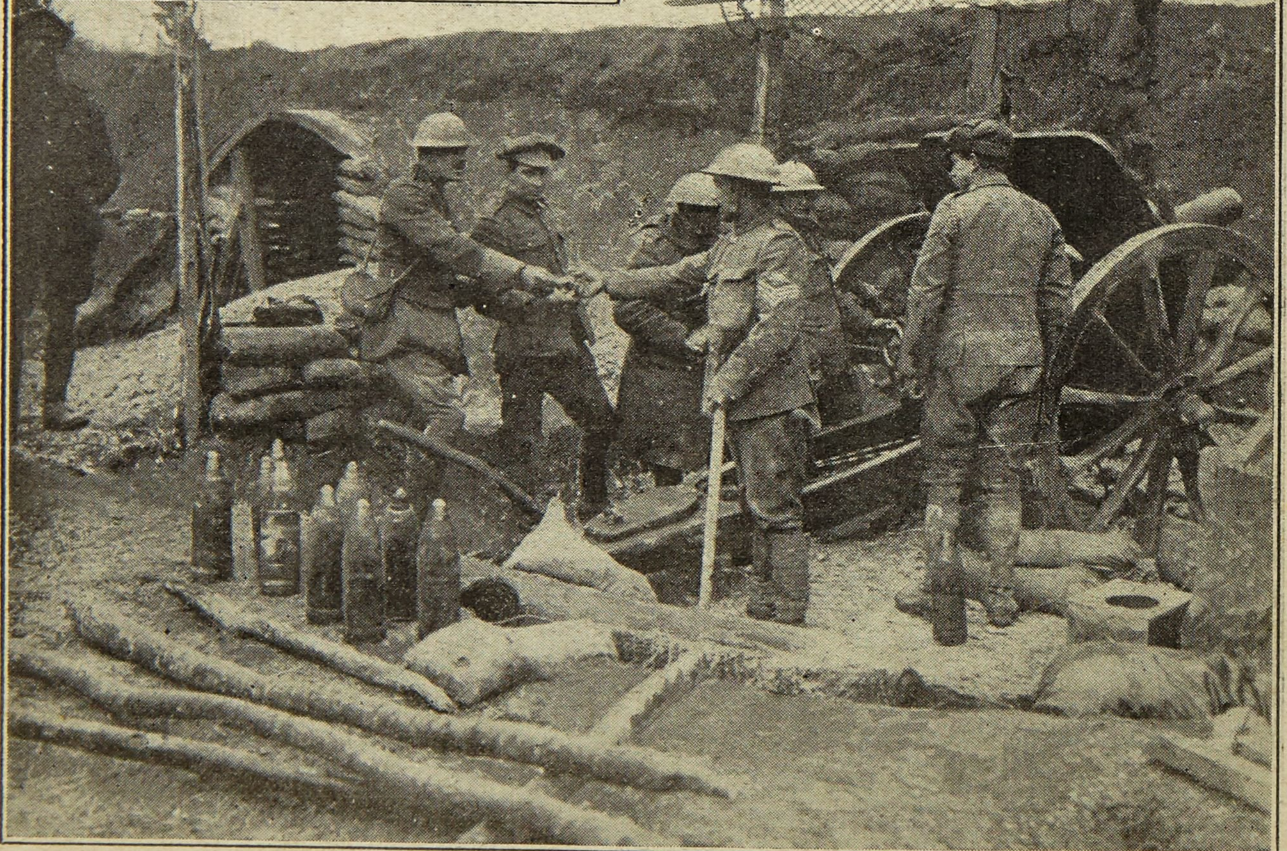
Accommodation for Man and Beast on Service

British Official Photographs



Stables of an army in the field. Whatever his own circumstances may be, the British soldier always does the best for his horse.

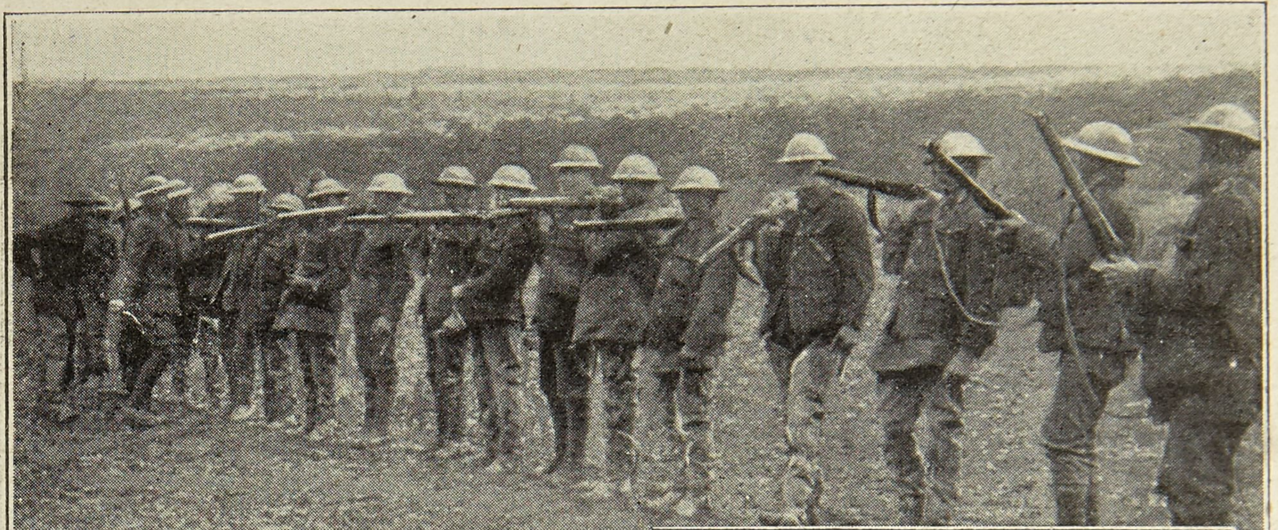




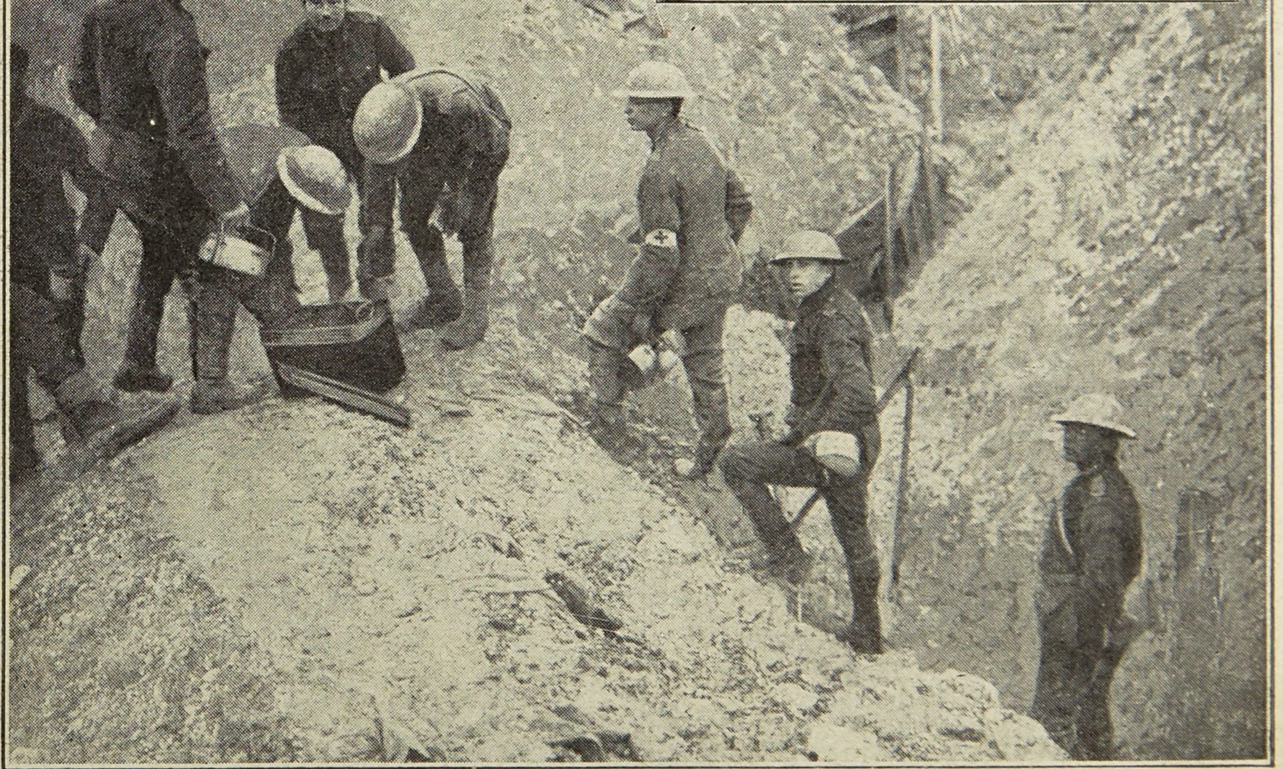
An ever-welcome present. A sergeant receiving a packet of cigarettes sent out by firms of cigarette manufacturers to the different batteries at the front. Inset: Erecting huts of the new type that have been designed for our troops, an improvement in their conditions of life.

Ritual of Routine after the Stress of Battle

British Official Photographs



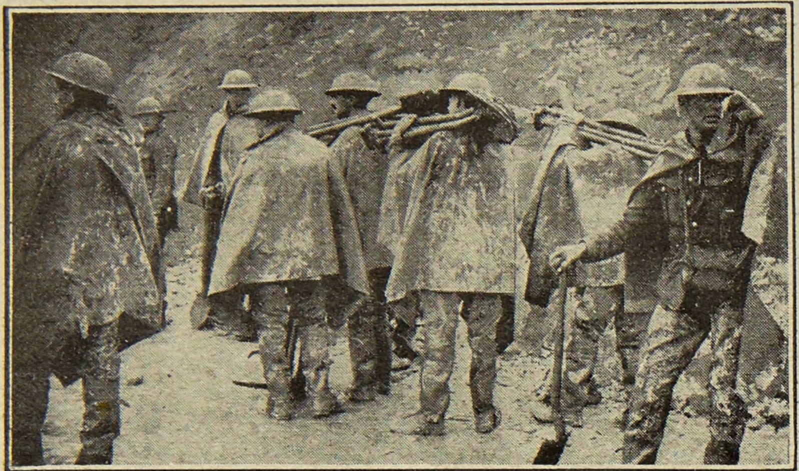
Rifle inspection after relief from the front line—an all-important part of active service routine on which life might depend.

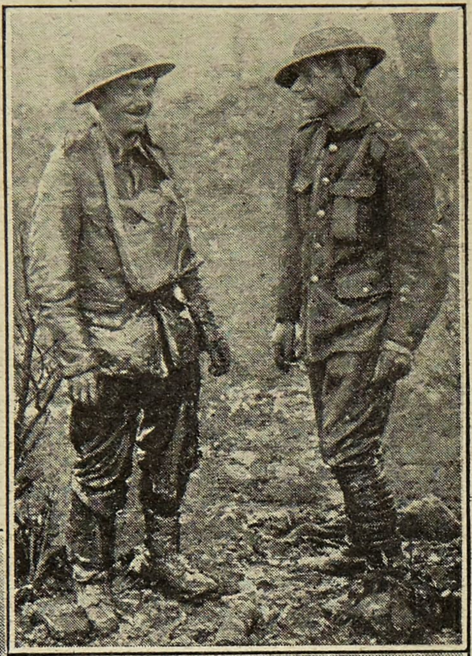


Dinner-time in a reserve trench, where the food is of more importance than the table appointments. Inset: A Somme souvenir. Highlanders' cheery smiles at being at the comfortable end of a German trench-howitzer which they have captured. A large minnenwerfer will throw a 225 lb. high-explosive shell four hundred yards.

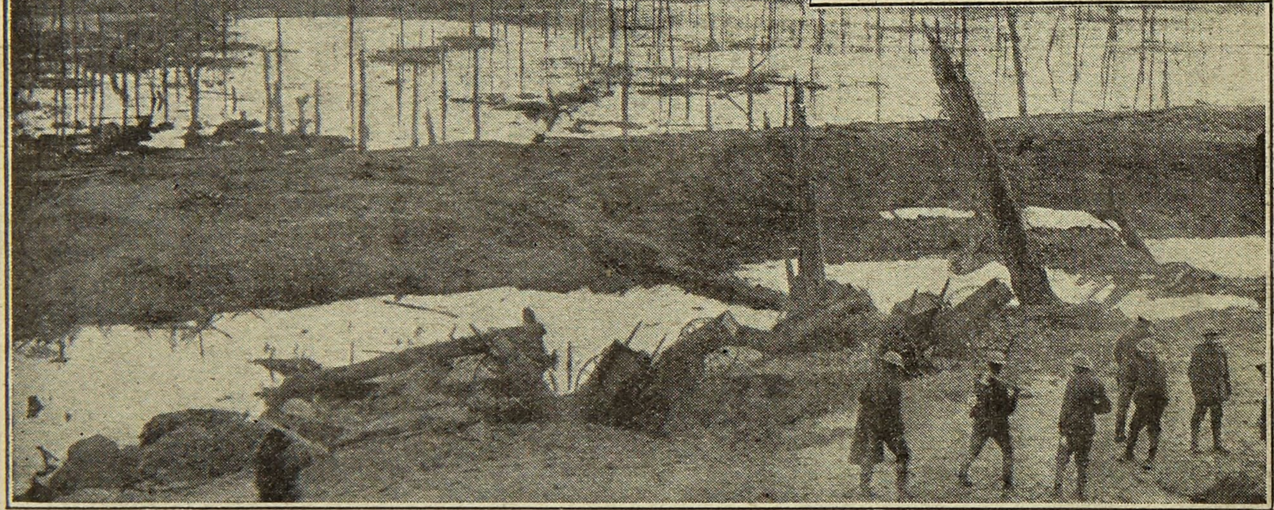
Weather for Waterproofs on the Somme Front

British Official Photographs

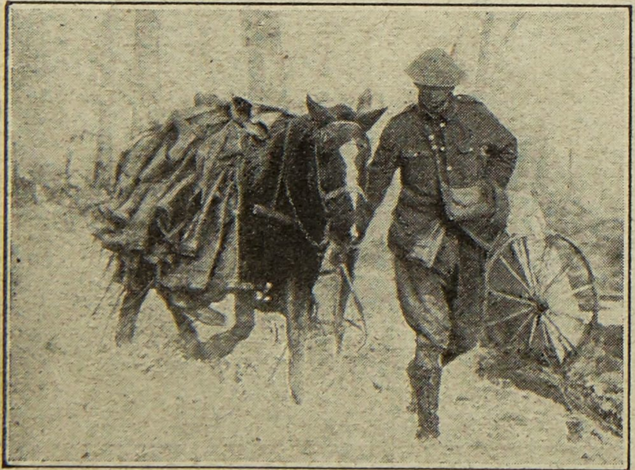


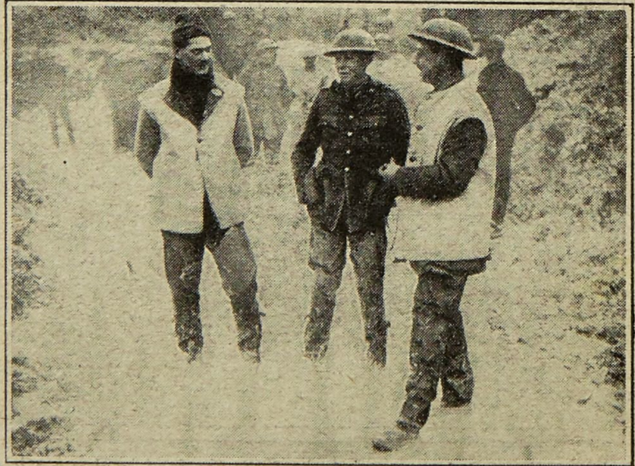


Working party starting off, wearing waterproof sheets and trench-waders. Right: The smiling man on the left had just been extricated from the mud.



Some notion of what may be meant by the official report that operations were impeded or suspended in consequence of rain may be gathered from this photograph of the Valley of the Ancre when in flood.

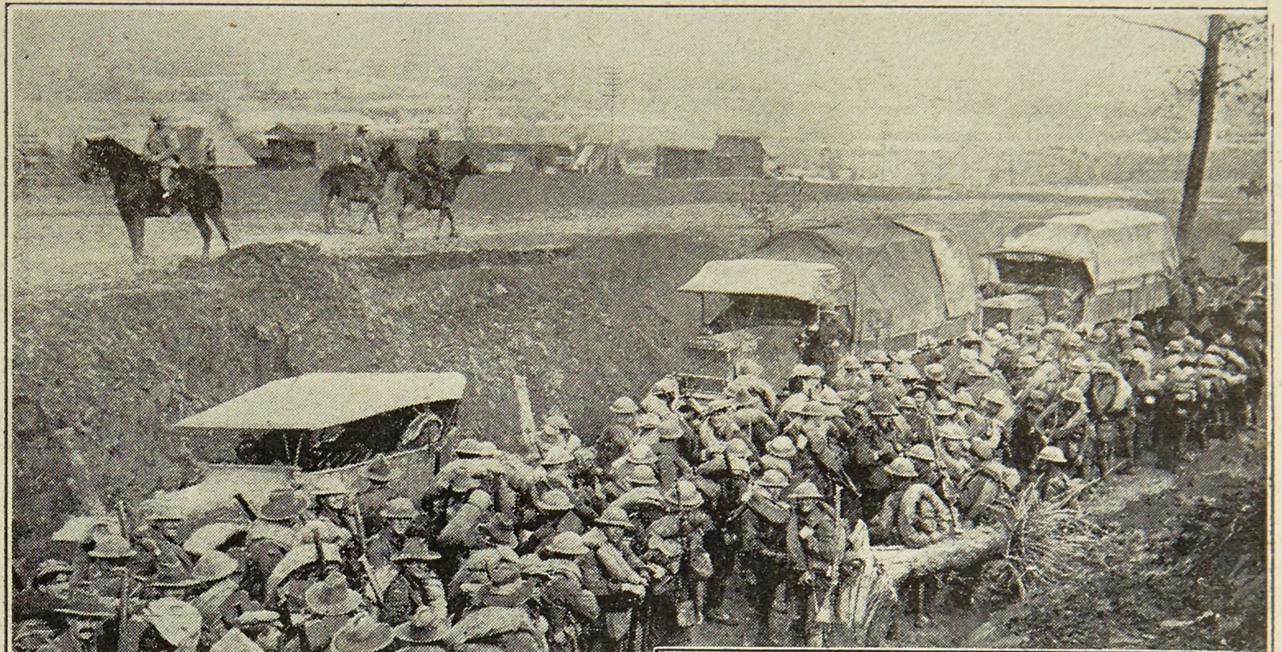




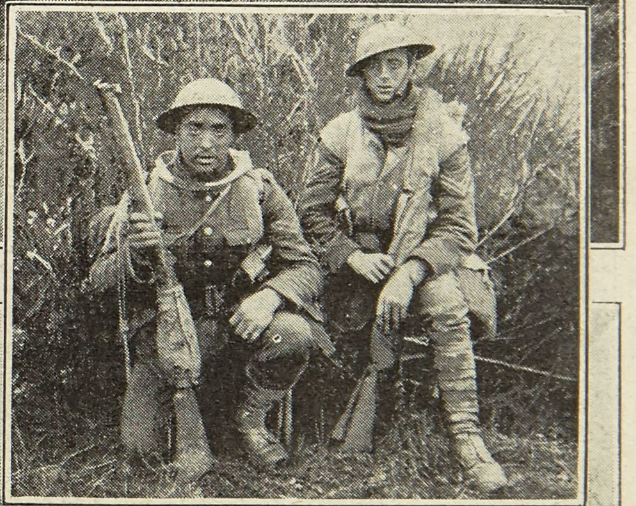
A British Tommy leads a pack-horse towards the trenches laden with capes of waterproof sheeting and trench-waders for the men. Right: Autumn and winter fashions for British officers in France. Trench-waders are indispensable and tin hats are the correct style. Perfection of fit is disregarded if the material is of first-rate quality.

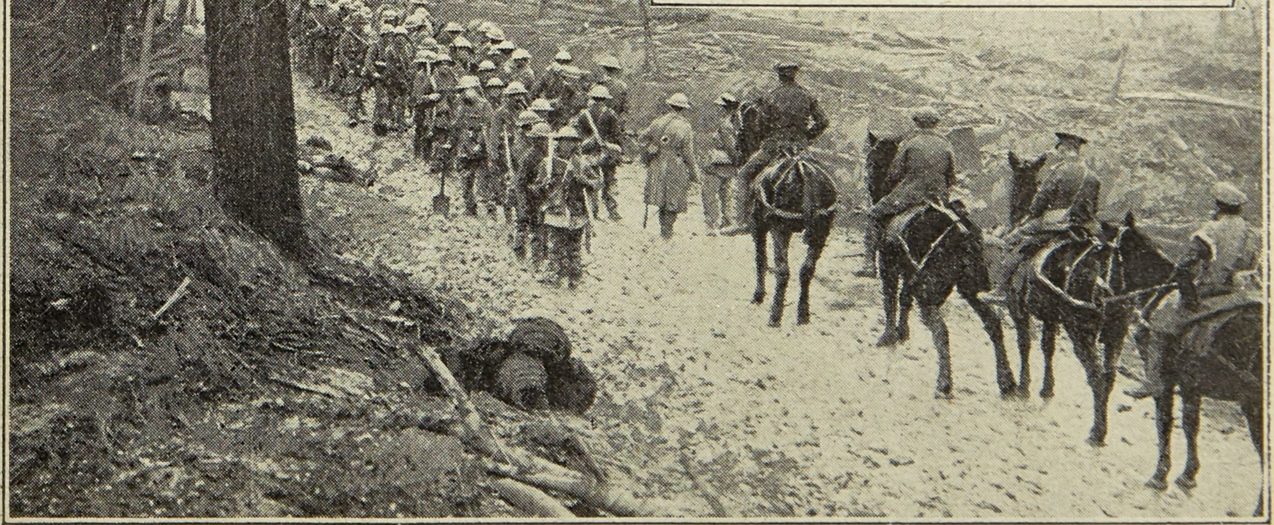
Stoic Warriors in the Deep December Gloom

British Official Photographs



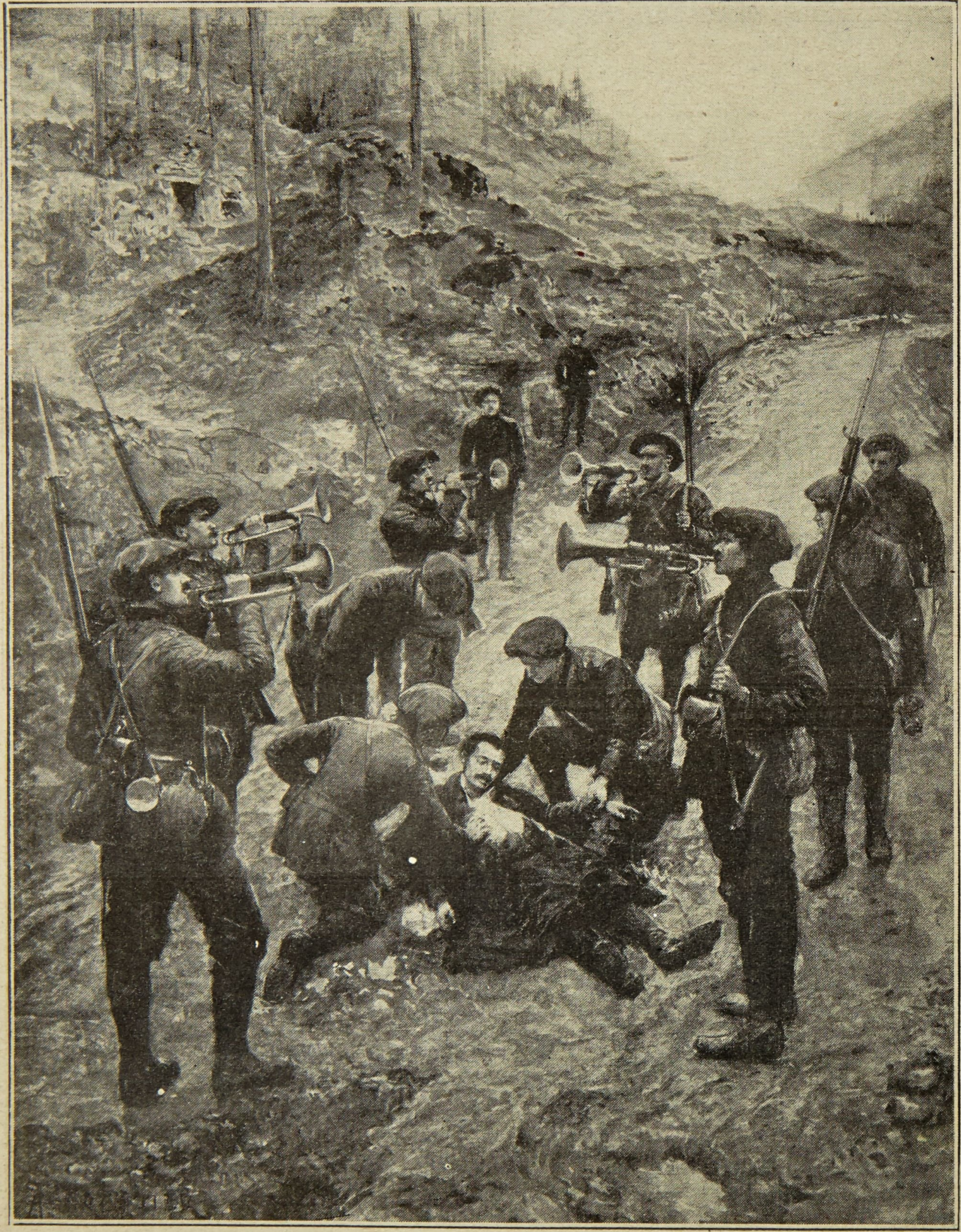
Australians about to go up to the front-line trenches assembling with transport in the shelter of a sunken road.



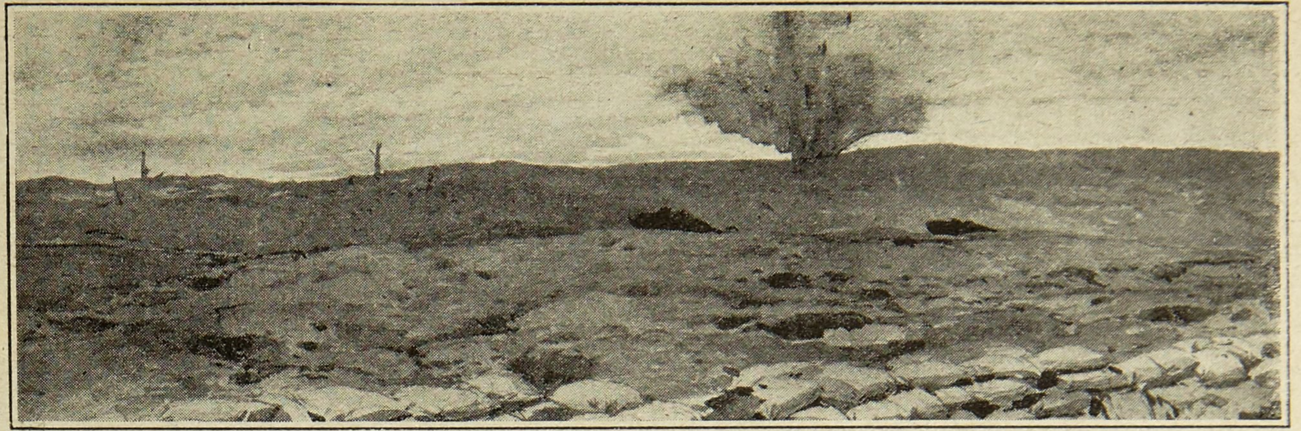


Cheerless scene on a slip-road in the fighting zone—deep mud, trees stripped to bare poles, and farm buildings reduced to shattered ruins. Inset: Two corporals posing for their photograph against a background of tangled scrub covered with hoar frost.

Blow, Bugles, Blow the March of Sidi Brahim!



An officer commanding a battalion of Chasseurs Alpins, mortally wounded during a French attack in the Vosges, when asked what his last wish was, answered "Let the buglers come and sound the march of Sidi Brahim." This march commemorates the feat of a few surviving Chasseurs of the Montagnac column, who in 1845 held out against a swarm of Arabs in the mosque of Sidi Brahim in Algeria, and then cut their way back to the French camp The 6th Company of the 7th Battalion of Chasseurs performed a similar exploit in the Vosges, and were honoured by being officially named the Company of Sidi Brahim.



Seen from afar in the dim light of dawn, the "tanks" have the appearance of whales floating on the sea-surface. This illustration shows two "tanks" crawling towards the German lines from the British front, whose sand-bagged entrenchments are seen in the foreground.

MY ADVENTURES IN A "TANK"

Told by a Sapper, Royal Engineers

I DON'T think there was a soldier in the whole of the Expeditionary Force who laughed louder or longer at the "tanks" than I did when they first made their appearance, and many were the jokes (?) cracked at their expense. And so, of course, I was rather surprised when I found myself volunteering to form the crew of one of these strange cars.

You see, I had been a traction-engine driver in the old days, and a "Terrier" as well, so I thought it would be a new experience steering one of these strange things. It had always been my proud boast that I could run anything that had wheels or drive anything on legs; but here I was to have a thing which was half machine and half beast, with both legs and wheels.

Now, I knew nothing at all about the interior mechanism of the "tanks," and so, when I found myself selected, I ran over the working parts just to see what was what. I can't tell you about them, as they're still confidential, but one of these days, when the secret comes out, you'll be surprised at the ingenious machinery there is inside one of these armoured cars.

Well, I took her for a trial trip, and managed to get the hang of things. Then we got orders to stand-by to take her out with the advance first thing next morning. So, long before daylight, while our guns were still doing their best to strafe and awake the Huns thoroughly, I was walking round my new pet, oiling and greasing her bearings and joints so that she should walk easily.

Wave-like Motion

And then we set out. It was fairly good going at first till we got to No Man's Land, where the shells had torn the ground to pieces. Then "Jumping Jane"—that was what we had christened the "tank"—started to roll and pitch like a penny steamer in a seaway, and we had the time of our lives. I clung to the driving and steering wheel with one hand, and grabbed anything handy with the other to steady myself. I had a frightful feeling of sickness, but that was soon over, and by-and-by we all got used to the motion of the old hooker.

The Huns ahead of us—having seen and become acquainted with "Jane" some days before—were waiting for us with machine-guns, and gave us a proper "Good-morning" welcome. The bullets pattering on our side sounded like peas or hailstones on the roof of a galvanised tin shed, and then, as we got nearer, like the blows of an erratic and jumpy pneumatic hammer.

Then they suddenly stopped, as "Jane" slid down the side of a big shell-crater and into three feet of water at the bottom. The caterpillar chains refused to grip on the greasy ground, and she side-slipped and jerked herself all over the place. We managed to get her out of the water at the bottom of the shell-hole and started to clamber up the opposite side. You have heard about the snail that climbed up the side of a wall three feet in the day and slipped back two during the night? Well, that was "Jane." We'd go at the side with a rush, and so long as the stroke lasted she'd breast through the grease like a good 'un; then, as it reached the end, she'd stop dead, and, in spite of shoving the throttle right open, she'd start to slip back, and nothing would hold her. The brakes, of course, locked the wheels, but she still slid on.

Crawling from a Crater

At least a dozen times she tried, and the soldiers who were acting as our supports were convulsed with laughter. "Get out and push!" "Try her backwards!" and several other bits of advice were offered us free, gratis, and for nothing, until at last we—especially me—lost our tempers, and said things to that "tank" which would make a respectable lady blush.

The profanity seemed to put her back up, too, for the next time she stuck to her job, coughing and groaning as if in pain. Then, with a final gasp, she shoved herself over the edge, and, just to get a bit of our own back, we went for the nearest Hun trench.

Suddenly we gave a terrible jerk, and "Jane" rolled over, first on one side and then on the other. I thought we'd done something, for the wheels chattered again.

"Astride the trench!" shouted the look-out.

"Right!" remarked our lieutenant. "Give 'em socks!"

The machine-guns to the right and left started their clacking, the gunners nearly falling over with their amusement. As I wasn't wanted for a minute or two, I took a peep through a hole and watched Fritz sprinting for his life. They were like a lot of scared rabbits, and tried to bolt down dug-outs, but the bullets strafed them before they could get away.

Some Huns brought forward a nest of machine-guns and started hammering at us again, and somebody must have signalled our range to the German artillery, for their shell suddenly started to burst all round us. It was getting unhealthy, so we started forward again, going for the machine-guns. As soon as the Huns here saw what we were after they picked up their "sewing-machines" and bolted, we in chase.

We next came across a company of Boches massed to receive us. Their captain was a little fat man, and he led the charge they made at us. We received them quietly, with all guns going like mad, and they, too, turned and bolted. It wasn't at all difficult to round them up and hand them over to our infantry when they at last came up.

Next day another crowd tried to rush "Jane" as if she were a fort. They clambered all over her when she stopped, and tried to poke their rifles into the loopholes in our side. Some of our Tommies astern got a chance of having target practice, and soon Fritz gave up this attempt. We shook them clear as we went on, and suddenly "Jane" jumped fully three feet into the air, stopped, and came down with a jerk.

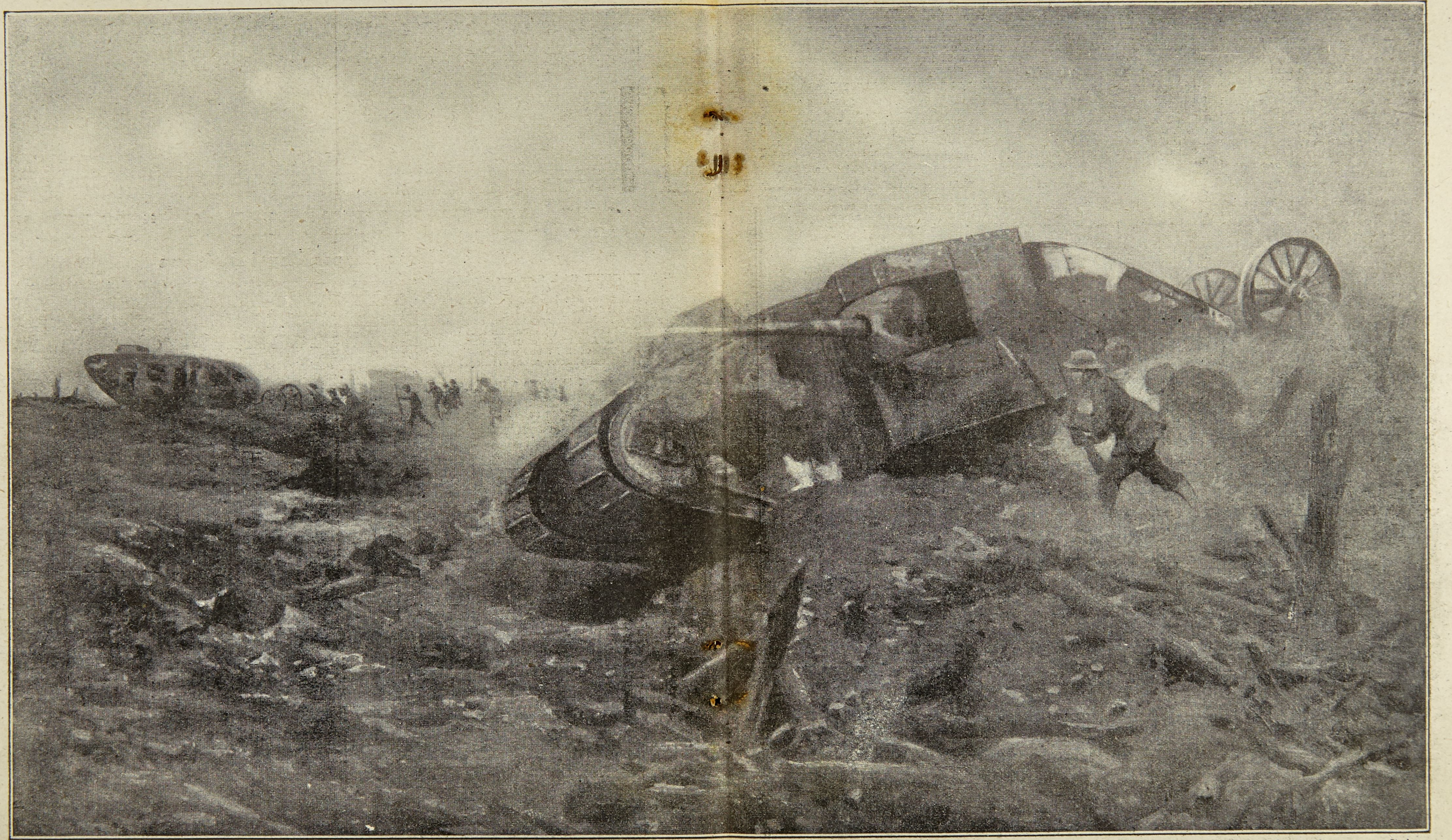
"That's the kybosh!" said I. But it wasn't. It was a German shell exploding just under our fore-part. But it hadn't smashed anything in the works, only shoved the clutch out so that the engine was running free.

A Gruesome Obstacle

The rain of bullets resumed as we started forward, and once more we were brought up all standing, but it was only a heap of dead Germans this time. We couldn't very well have clambered over them without damaging them—though they were a long way past feeling—so we cruised round them and bore up for the village.

A second shell gave us fits for a second; but again we had luck, and sustained

Great French Artist's Impression of the Tanks Crawling into Action on the Somme



OVER the cratered field, full tilt against all obstacles—forts, entrenchments, barbed-wire—the "tank" careers, as weird a monster of mechanical power as ever human wits devised. So fantastic is the new British aid to victory that it has been likened to reptiles of the nightmare age, but in effect it is only the evolution of the conventional armoured car, an evolution worked by men of extraordinary scientific knowledge and inventive genius. Several men have been cited as the originators of the "tanks," but credit for its construction is due to Mr. W .A. Tritton, of the engineering firm of Messrs. Wm. Foster & Co. As the most vigilant and successful precautions were taken to guard against spies, and even exciting the curiosity of our own troops, the launch of the landships on the Somme came as a staggering surprise to the enemy. It has remained for the famous French artist M. Simont to produce the most dramatic and realistic picture of the land-cruisers going into action, truly a remarkable spectacle in this amazing war.

MY ADVENTURES IN A "TANK"

(Continued from page 467.)

nothing but bruises as "Jane" threw us from one armoured side to the other. Our lieutenant was enjoying the fun.

"It's a rocky road to Dublin," he said. "Stick it, and we'll trundle the jade down Unter den Linden in time!"

A few minutes later another company of Huns tried to capture us by rushing, but we caught them as they came, and soon they crumpled up in the face of our fire. Some of them were plucky devils, too. They came on single-handed, and tried to scale our sides. Our officer pushed up the hood and picked five off with his automatic pistol. That fed the others up, and they dropped off. They scooted like rabbits as soon as their feet touched the ground, and, our lads coming up, we decided to rest on the ground we had captured.

Demented Hun's Effort

That night we carried out a few repairs, refilled our "tanks," and cleaned down ready for the morning, when we were going for a walk through a village just opposite. We reached there just after ten in the morning, having slid in and out of a few trenches and shell-holes on the way, and we turned into the main street. Our artillery had made a terrible mess of things here, and the houses on both sides of the narrow street were battered nearly to bits. At the top of the road they had fallen clean across it, blocking the way.

We swung on up this street with half a battalion of soldiers behind us, and the Germans occupying the wrecked houses stared in dismay. They sniped at "Jane" from the upper windows, they rattled off machine-guns at close range, but she still waddled onwards. One great big idiot of a Hun must have thought she had feelings, for he rushed at her with his rifle clubbed, yelling and swinging the butt. We heard the crash of the wood against our armoured side, and when I next saw Mr. Fritz he was staring open-mouthed at the splintered rifle in his hands. He couldn't make it out, and as "Jane" half turned as if to chew him up he flung his arms in the air and yelled, "Kamerad! Kamerad!" Some of the infantry took him in charge, and all that day he watched us in astonishment.

Eating Bricks and Mortar

We reached the end of the street and tried to get out. Ahead and on our right were heaps of bricks and stone; on our left was a house with its outer walls, though riddled with holes, still standing. We couldn't turn in the street.

"What are you going to do about it, driver?" asked the lieutenant. "We can't stay here all night."

"I'll take her through that house sir," I said, "if you'll give the order."

"Right!" he said. "Charge, Chester, charge!"

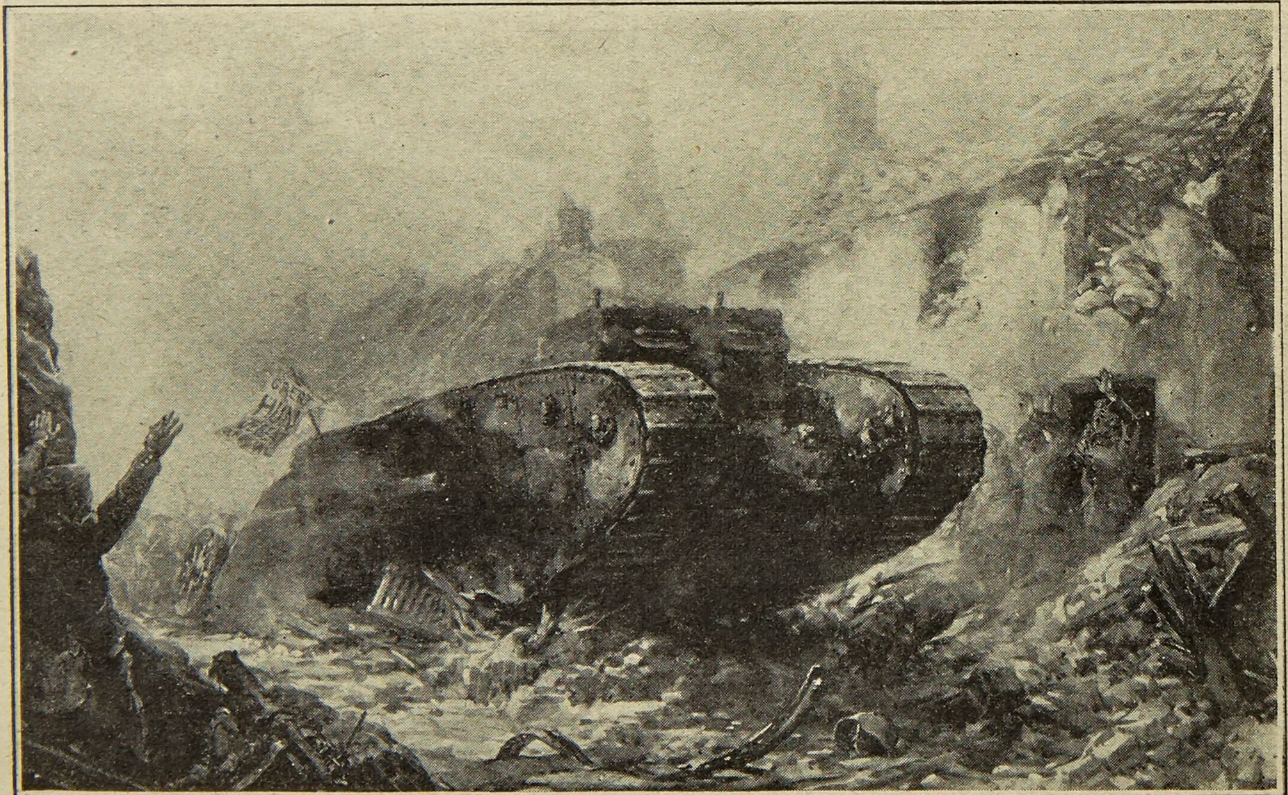
We charged. I put her to the still standing wall, and she ate it as if it were her regular food. The bricks came clattering down and thudded on our roof, but we went on, and at last emerged into the open, having chewed a way clean through and frightened the souls out of the Germans in the upper part of that house. And we had left it standing, though two minutes later a German "Jack Johnson" dropped it in a heap of ruins. The shell was intended for us, but had tarried too long on the way.

Our next big thing was the advance on High Wood, where the Londoners covered themselves with glory. I shall never forget the look of that bit of the world so long as I'm alive. Trees were torn up and flung on all sides, men and rifles lay all round, some of the bodies weeks old. The Germans had never been able to hold funeral parties because of our artillery fire, and we'd had terrible difficulty in getting our dead under ground. For two months they'd held that wood in spite of our gunners' daily hate, and it was to be cleared out.

There was a strong machine-gun position just in front of it, and this we went to clear up. And we found that the Germans had prepared an ambush for our chaps. But that gave us a chance, and we wiped it clean out, leaving the few machine-guns that weren't smashed to be picked up by the infantry as they came along. The wood itself, however, proved too much for us, and at the edge of it we became stationary, pelting away with our guns whenever we saw a body of the enemy, and helping our lads considerably.

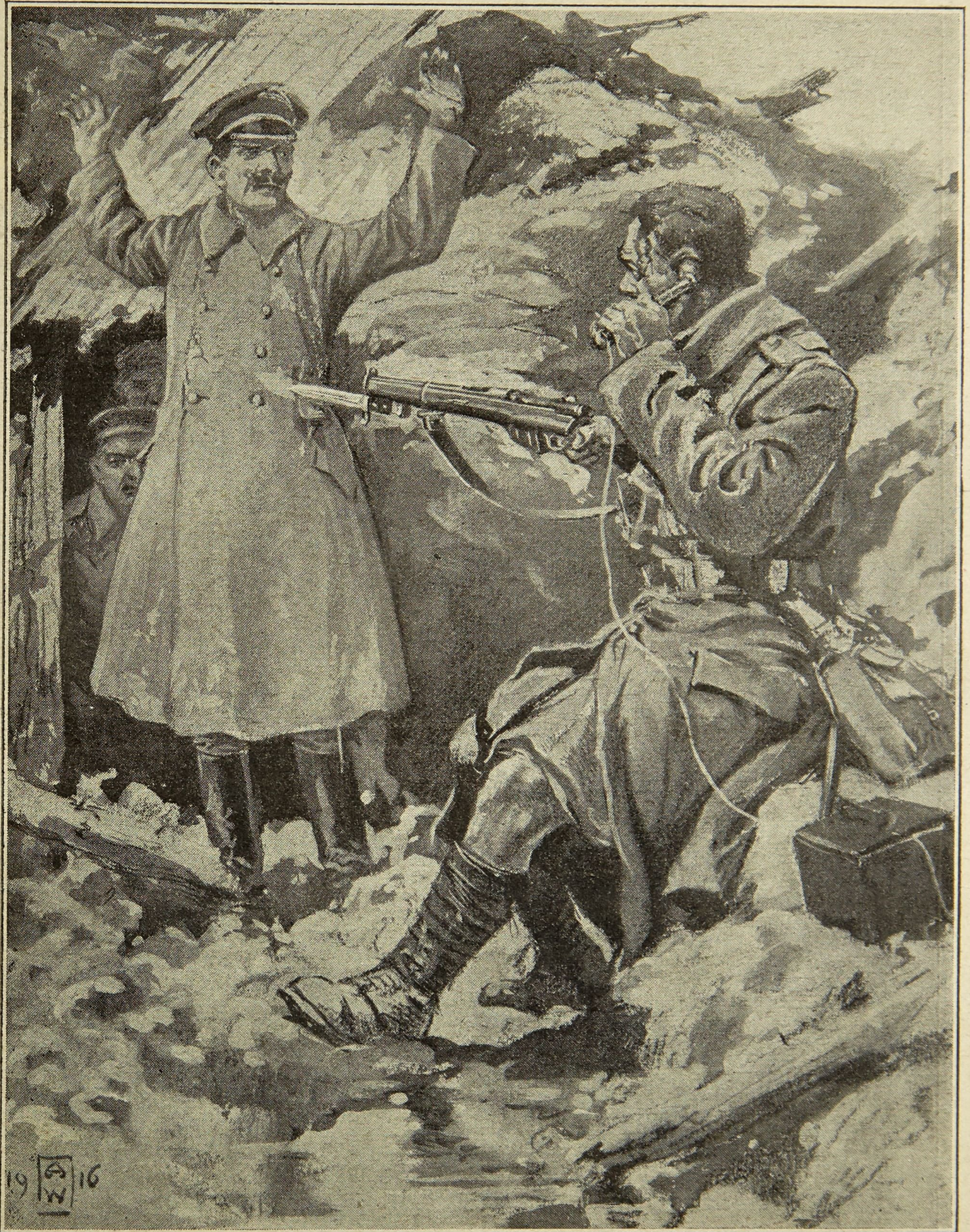
Caught by a Shell

We'd gone on too long without accident for it to bode any good to us, and that same evening we met our temporary Waterloo. The German sausage balloons must have been keeping a fatherly eye on us, for when we started off back their guns started talking to us. They made some fairly decent shots, and two or three times bespattered our sides with mud and splinters, which we turned off like rain-water. Then one shell exploded astern of us, and nearly pushed "Jane" over on her nose. A second followed hard on its heel, and just as we were settling down on an even keel again we felt the second shock. This time the floor of the "tank" was burst in, and I got a swipe across the forehead with a splinter. "Jumping Jane" had finished jumping for a while, and when I last saw her—as I passed in the hospital train en route for Blighty once more—she was surrounded by a crowd of mechanics, who were patching her up for further Hun-strafing cruises.



"Tank," bearing a placard "Great Hun Defeat," dashing along a village street in enemy occupation. One can but faintly imagine the terror of the Germans on being confronted by this steely leviathan, which crumpled weapons and fortifications like so much crepe. This vivid illustration shows the Germans surrendering to the infantry following the "tank's" irresistible progress.

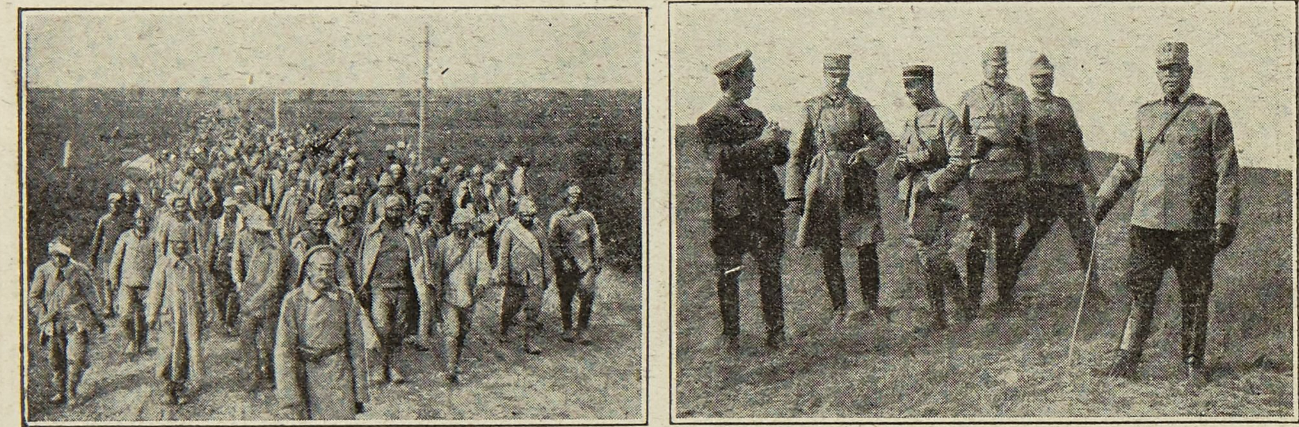
Brave Signaller Stays the Hun and Holds the Line



The fighting in "Y" Ravine by Beaumont–Hamel was marked by many feats of individual daring and initiative on the part of the Scotsmen engaged. Thus a man of the Signal Corps was running telephone wires up and had reached his goal in a German trench when he dropped wounded at the mouth of a dug–out. As he fell a German officer came up from below and the Scot could see others behind him. He called on the officer to surrender, which he promptly did, and then, bracing himself together, he telephoned back over the line he had just laid and waited until help came, meanwhile keeping guard over the surrendered officer.

Soldiers of Four Nations Warring in Rumania

Corner of a Russian camp somewhere in Dobruja. The Russians were the only nation of the Allies who were able to give much fighting aid to Rumania, but they failed to check the invasion of the Austro-Hungarian and German armies under Mackensen.



Turkish prisoners captured by the Rumanians on their way to internment. Large numbers of Turks are taking part in the Rumanian campaign. Right: French and Rumanian officers conferring together on the Rumanian front.

A Russian cavalry encampment in Dobruja. Although the horses compare unfavourably in appearance with those of British cavalry, which are probably the best tended in the world, they are full of endurance, and in the case of the Cossacks are trained to an astonishing understanding of their masters' wishes and intentions.

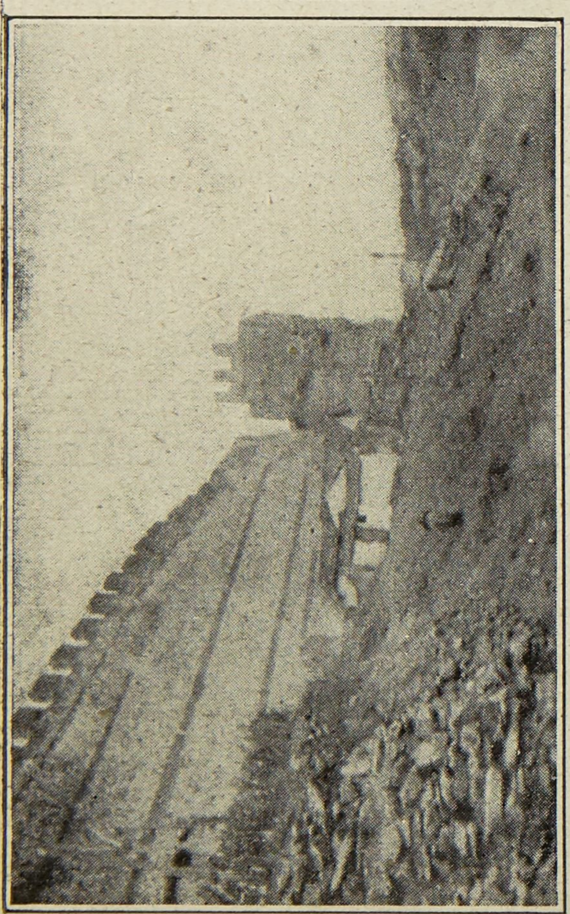
Ceremony of Loyal Salutation at Salonika

British and French Official Photographs

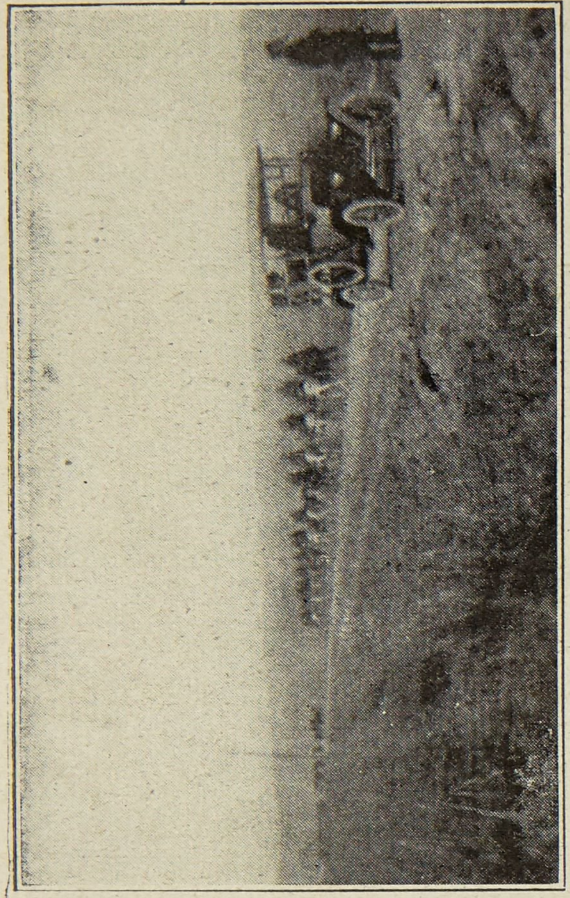
While King Constantine was believed to be meditating collusion with the Central Powers, Greek loyalists were under review by M. Venizelos prior to their departure to the Greco-Bulgarian front, there to wipe out humiliations inflicted on their fatherland by the Bulgars.

Banner for Greek troops loyal to Serbia and the allied cause. An impressive ceremony took place recently at Salonika. M. Venizelos, as head of the Provisional Greek Government, accepted the colours from Mme. Valyano, President of the Committee of Greek Women.

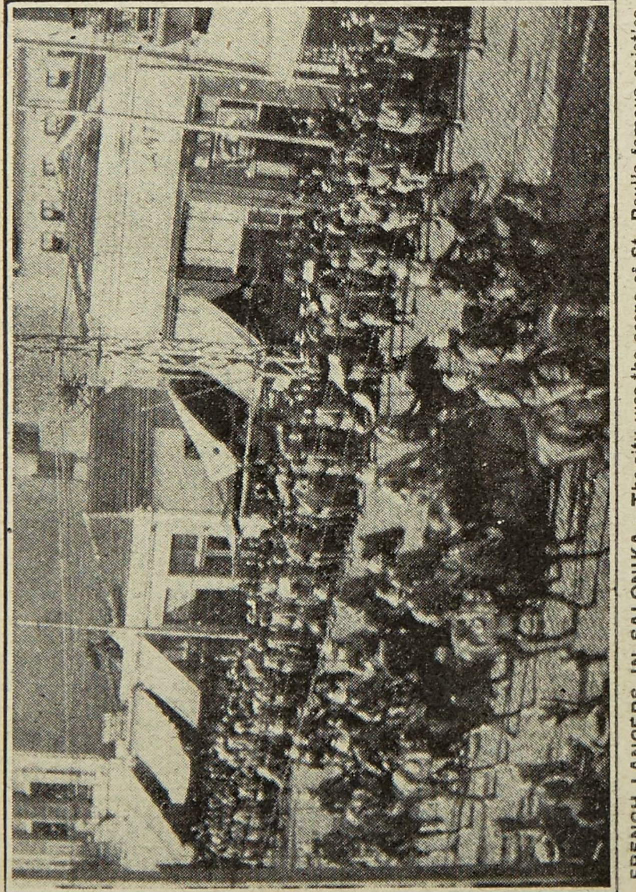
After the presentation of the colours to the Greek troops who had sworn allegiance to M. Venizelos and the Allies, the men marched past to the accompaniment of patriotic music. M. Venizelos and General Danglis (on his left) are saluting the valiant volunteers.



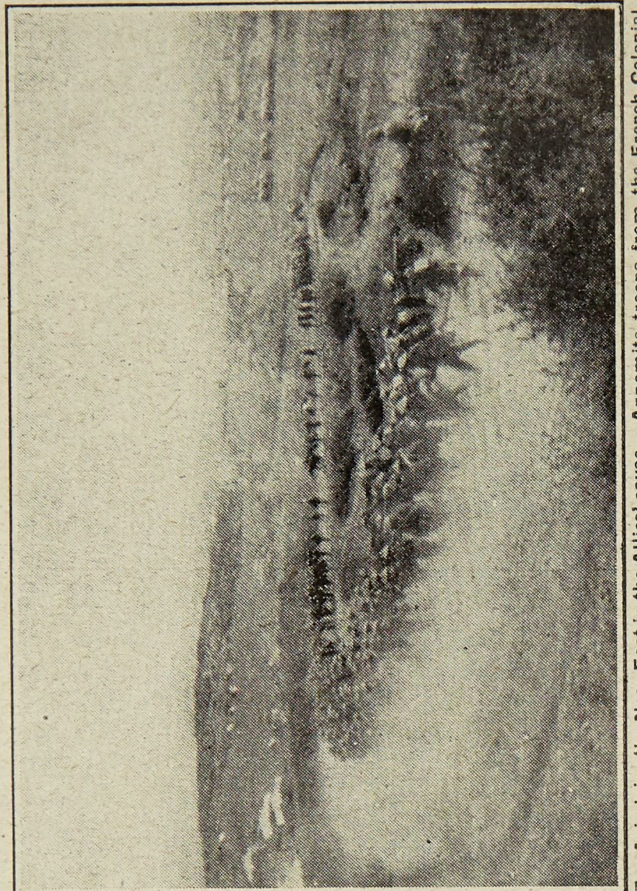
Part of the great wall round Salonika. The historic city abounds in relics of archæological interest, principal among which is the triumphal arch of Constantine and several mosques.



Cavalry reinforcements en route for Ostrovo and the battle front, passing a military car coming back to the base. Following the allied capture of Monastir Serbians took the village of Staravina.



FRENCH LANCERS IN SALONIKA.—The city was the scene of St. Paul's famous epistles to the Thessalonians, and to-day it is again a rallying point of the Christian cause.



Far Asia joins the Near East in the Allies' cause. Annamite troops from the French Colonial possession of Cochin China marching towards Monastir, via Ostrovo. (Exclusive photographs.)

RECORDS OF REGIMENTS IN THE WAR—XXV.

THE SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY

AN ADVANCE THROUGH THE MUD

FOR some weeks before the "great push," which opened on July 1st, 1916, there was a feeling of expectation in the air. We at home felt certain that something big was about to happen at the front, although we did not quite know what, and the men there were equally expectant and equally in the dark. One or two things we did know, however. We were told from time to time of raids made on the German trenches; dashes of small bodies of men into the enemy's lines, sometimes with the object of seizing a trench or two, but at others for some purpose of which we were ignorant.

One of the first, and also one of the most successful, of these raids was carried out by a battalion of the Shropshire Light Infantry, and in his brief message of April 22nd Sir Douglas Haig told how they had just recaptured a trench about the Ypres-Langemarck road.

Between Ypres and Langemarck

The Ypres-Langemarck road is the one running from Ypres almost due north to Langemarck and beyond, and along it some of the most terrible fighting of the Second Battle of Ypres took place in April, 1915. Shell-trap Farm and Pilkem are not far from it, and the British trenches ran right across it, about midway between Ypres and Langemarck. On April 19th, by a sudden rush, one of our trenches had been taken from us, but two days later the arrangements for its recapture had been completed.

The night of Friday, April 21st, was dark and wet, and it had been pouring with rain for some time previously. The ground across which the attacking force, presumably a battalion of about one thousand men, had to go was a quagmire of the worst kind. The mud was never less than knee-deep, and frequently it was up to the thighs. At times the men could only advance by throwing their rifles forward and going after them like frogs. So bad was it that the front column took several hours to cover two hundred yards, a distance which a sprinter would run in twenty-five seconds. All the time bullets were whizzing through the gloom, shells were bursting, and now and again machine-guns got to work.

Gallant Work in the Mud

The Shropshires were formed in three columns, and, impossible as it seems, they got to the captured trench; the rest was a picnic compared with what they had gone through. They killed or captured the Germans in the trench, which was half-full of water, and then set to work to make their position secure. Soon they could telephone to Headquarters that this had been done. During his brief stay the Hun had not been idle, for he had made new communication-trenches, built up iron loopholes, and brought up many of his innumerable machine-guns. Then, after all this trouble, he left the trench—so he said—because of the wet.

This useful and gallant piece of work was not carried out without losses. Some men were actually drowned—suffocated would be more correct—as they were making their way through the quagmire, and it is said that one remained stuck fast in the mud for over three whole days until he was found and hauled out. He, fortunately, was still alive. The greatest loss was that of the colonel, E. B. Luard, D.S.O., who had arranged and led the attack, and the mention of his name is a reminder of the deeds performed by the Shropshires earlier in the war, for as a major he had won the D.S.O. more than eighteen months before his death.

Winter of Endurance

Under Lieut.-Colonel C. P. Higginson, D.S.O., the 1st Battalion of the Shropshires, part of General Keir's 6th Division, reached the front from England about September 16th, 1914, during the Battle of the Aisne. It was not used in that engagement, and was soon transferred to Flanders, where the men had their first experience of German warfare. In October they made some progress along the side of the River Lys, towards Armentières, but just beyond there they were compelled to stop. They dug some trenches and were in them during the First Battle of Ypres.

The great German attacks were not directed against the Shropshires and the other battalions of the 6th Division, but they remained in the trenches, enduring the wet and the frost, throughout a good part of the winter. In one or two respects they were fortunate. According to one officer, writing in November, they had very few casualties because the trenches in which they then were had been dug by a regiment composed mainly of miners, who knew how to do it. He spoke of the soil as a heavy, sticky clay, and remarked on the mildness of the weather at that time, the noise made by the German big guns, the grim doings of the snipers on both sides, and, above all, of the stolid endurance of the British infantrymen. However, the weather did not keep as it was in November, and more than one Shropshireman left the trenches so frost-bitten that amputation of the foot or leg was the only chance of saving life.

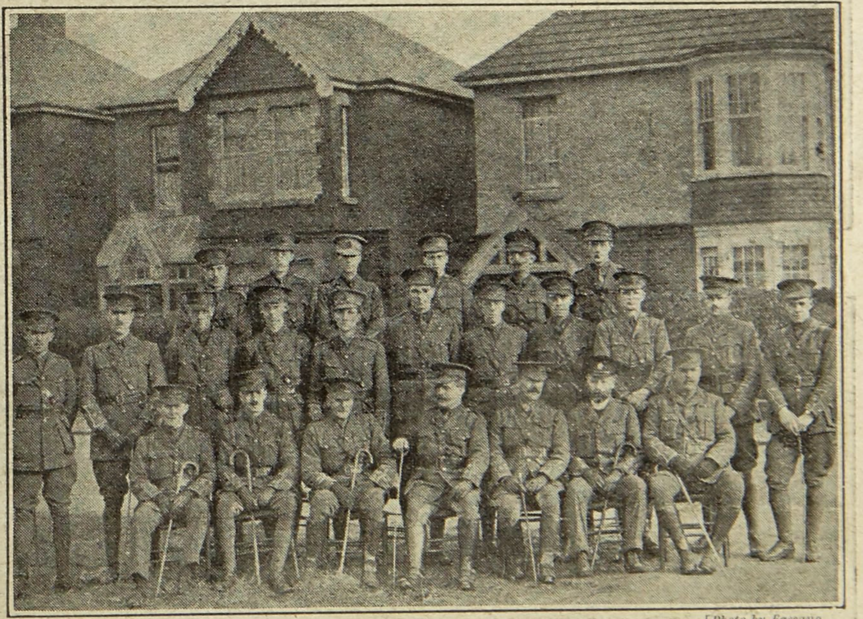
In the spring of 1915 the 2nd Battalion of the Shropshires was sent to the front, and while the Battle of Neuve Chapelle was being fought it was at St. Eloi, fifteen miles away. This part of the line was chosen by the Germans for a big counter-attack on March 14th, which drove our men from their trenches. Early on the following morning Sir Herbert Plumer had arranged his stroke in return. The selected battalions, the 2nd Shropshires among them, rushed forward and the Germans were turned out.

The Shropshires were in the trenches during the Second Battle of Ypres, and in July the 1st Battalion was stationed near Hooge. At this spot, on July 30th, the Germans made a big attack, and it was St. Eloi over again. Our troops were driven from their trenches, but a counter-attack made on August 9th regained much of the lost ground. The Shropshires shared in this successful move, and one of their officers, Lieutenant Richard Bryans, was awarded the Military Cross.

Shropshires' Fine Record

The Shropshire Light Infantry, composed of the old 53rd and 85th Regiments of the Line, began its career in 1755, and has always been connected with the county where it was first raised. It fought in many of the battles of the Peninsular War, and had a big share in the war of 1846 against the Sikhs. Some of the Shropshires helped to capture Lucknow during the Mutiny, and there five of them won the Victoria Cross; later they were in Afghanistan, in Egypt, and South Africa.

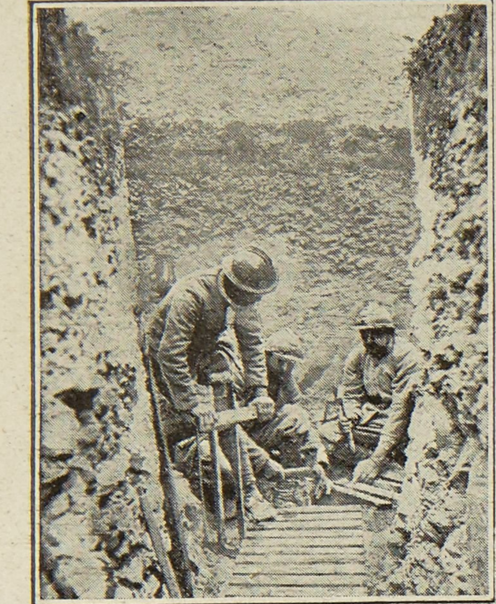
A. W. Holland

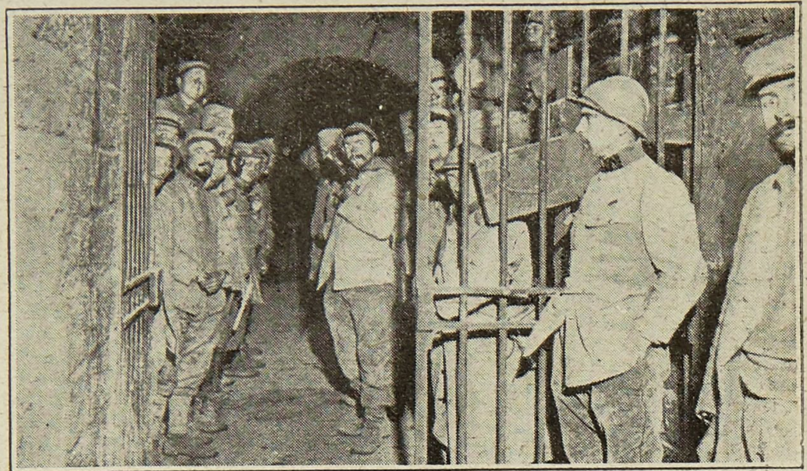


[Photo by Bassano

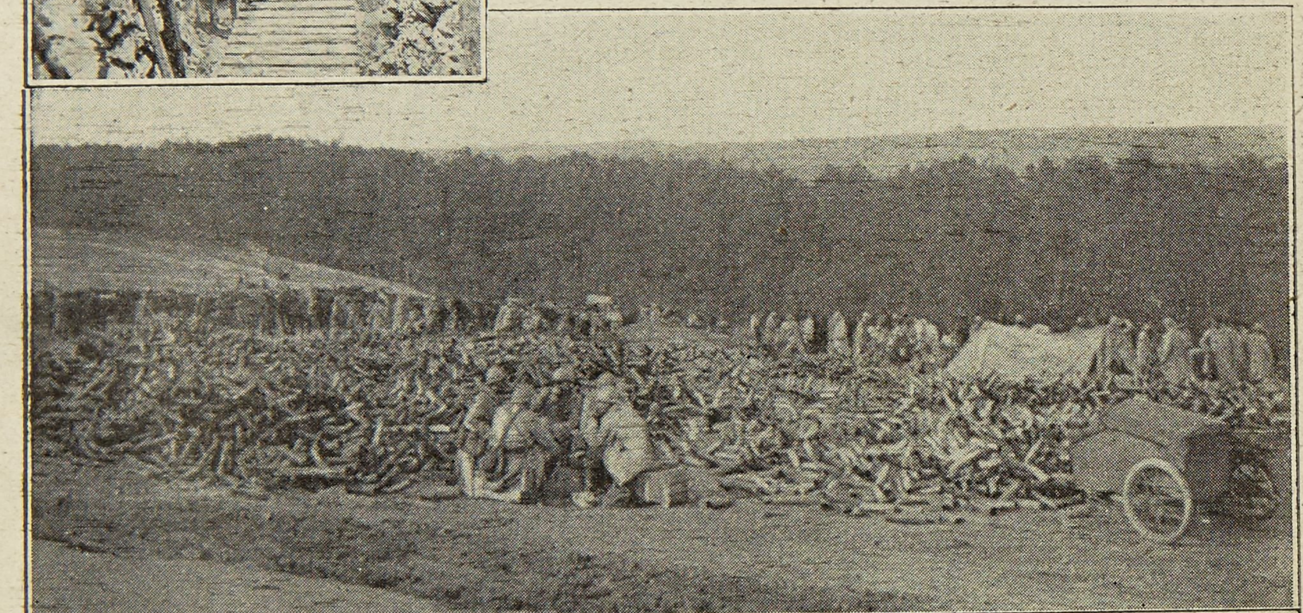
SERVICE BATTALION THE KING'S OWN SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.— Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut E. H. Robinson, Sec.-Lieut. C. B. O. Walker, Sec.-Lieut. R. J. Davies, Sec.-Lieut. F. C. Smyth, Lieut. G. S. Rangecroft, Sec.-Lieut. W. Helmore. (Middle row): Sec.-Lieut. C. W. Joss, Sec.-Lieut C. P. Caesar, Sec.-Lieut. W. L. Lloyd, Sec.-Lieut. J. P. Shaw, Sec.-Lieut. F. N. Rust, Sec.-Lieut. N. M. Hughes-Hallett, Sec.-Lieut. H. C. Hopkinson, Sec.-Lieut. H. M. Pendlebury, Lieut. W. H. Ingrams, Lieut. F. Johnston, Sec.-Lieut. G. F. Silvester. Front row (sitting): Lieut. M. J. Kelly, R.A.M.C., Lieut. and Acting-Adjt. W. de B. Wood, Captain C. W. Daubeny, Lieut.-Col. A. V. Weir, Major Sir Robert Cockburn, Bart., Captain Roach (Chaplain), Lieut. E. H. Bennett (Quartermaster).

Vaux Fort in Possession of the Valiant French

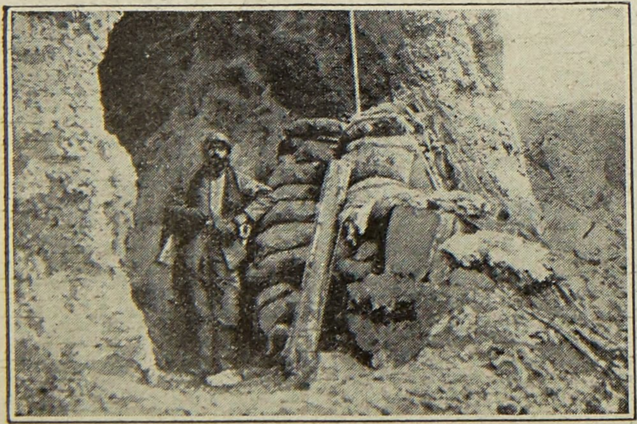




View of the interior of Vaux Fort after the French recaptured it from the Germans. Left: A preventive against wet feet. French soldiers laying a "corduroy" path along a trench in anticipation of winter rains. (French official photographs.)

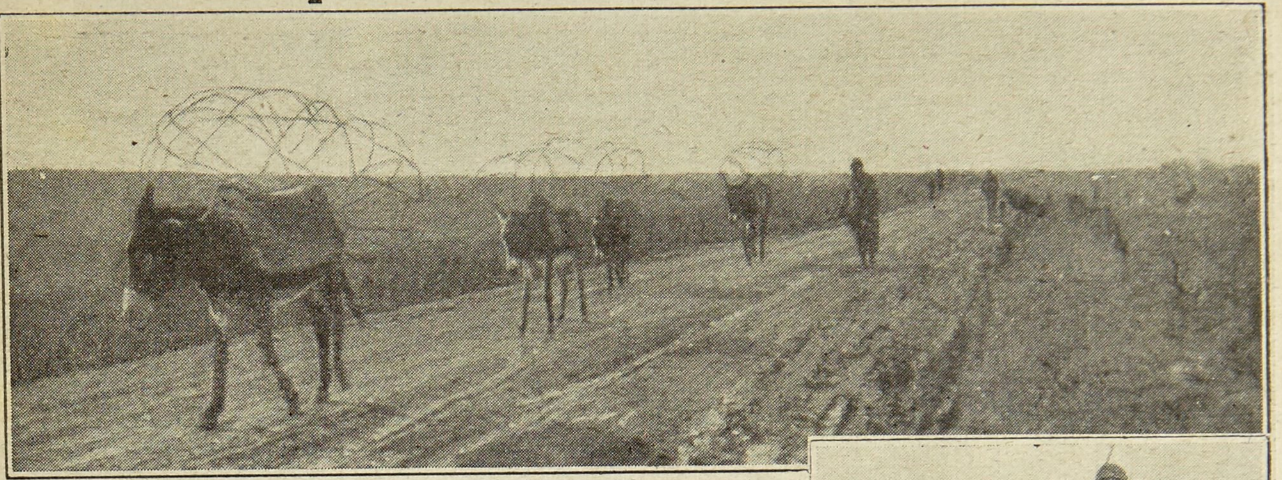


This photograph of the heap of cases of shells fired by a single battery of "75's" gives some idea of the enormous supply of munitions that has to be maintained.

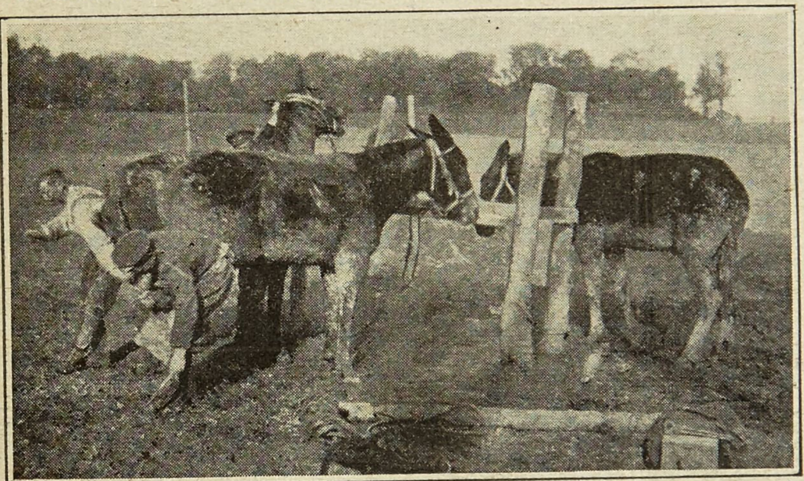


The only entrance into Vaux Fort that their bombardment left practicable to the conquering Frenchmen. Right: Senegalese negro ordering German prisoners to get on with their work, his volubility appearing to amuse the captives and also their French captors, who are listening with a smile. (French official photographs.)

Humble Helpers in the Great War of Liberation



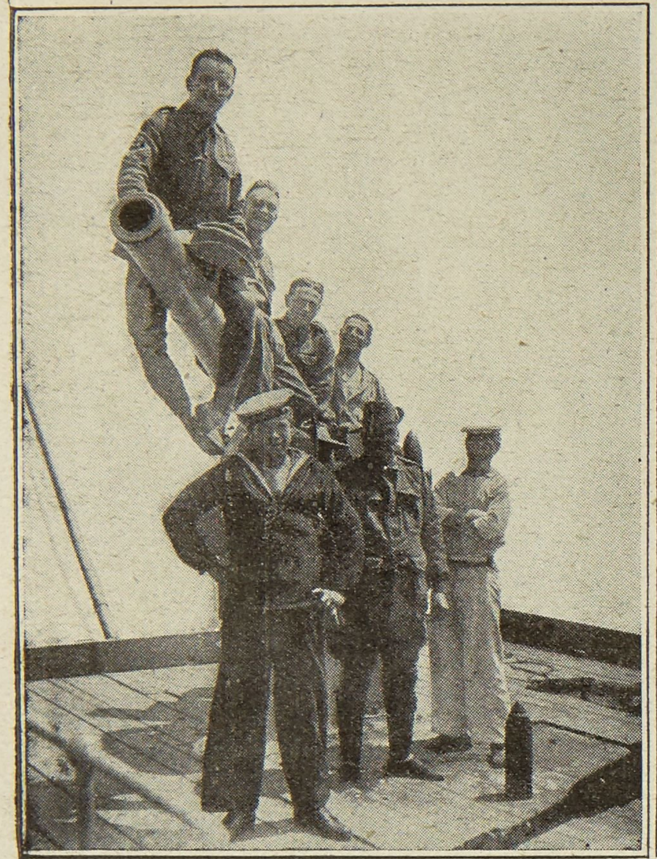
New French method of conveying barbed-wire to consolidate captured positions on the Somme front. Little African donkeys carry these awkward supplies with ease.



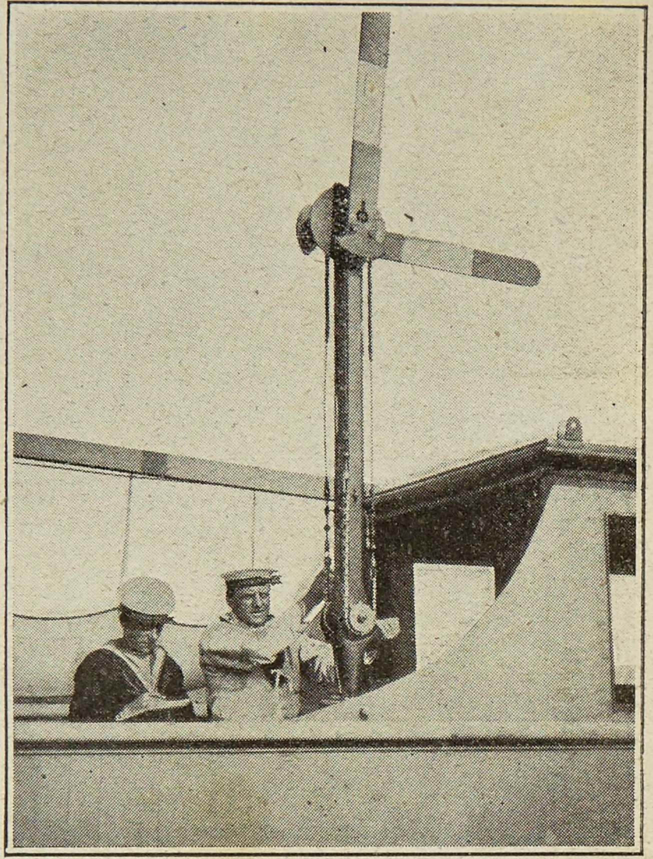
British farriers shoeing mules, beasts of burden which have been found of great use on the western lines. Right: A French trooper with a sumpter donkey.

In this war the donkey has become the caddie of the trenches. He carries everything, and his endurance is remarkable. Donkeys are to be seen in every sector of the French lines, for their small size permits them to go freely almost anywhere.

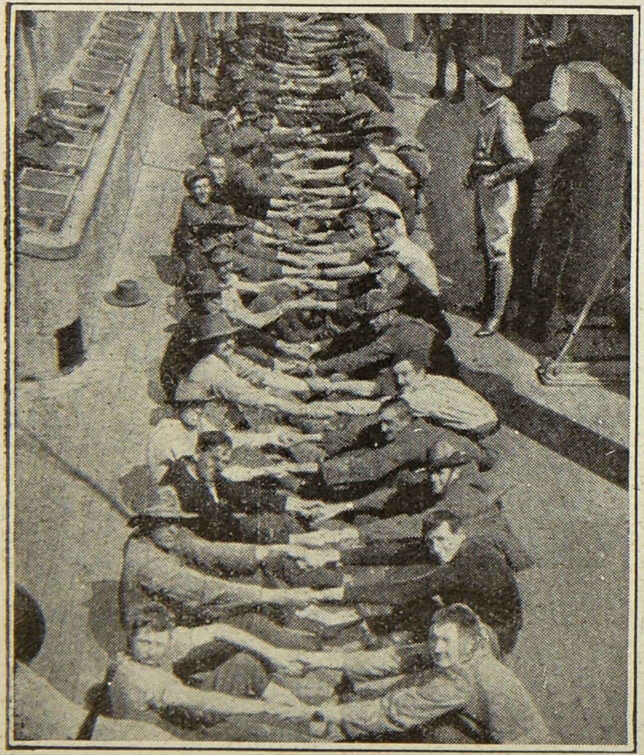
All A1! Men of the Royal Marine Artillery



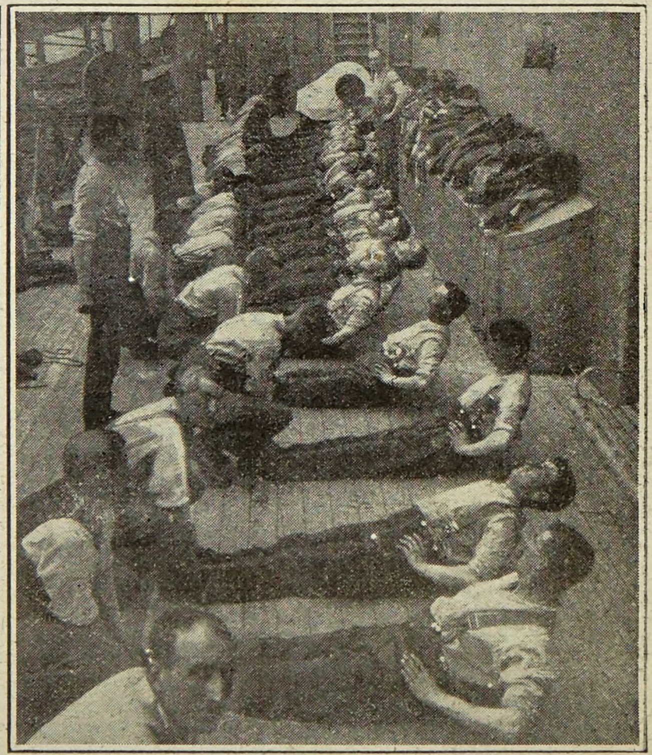
Men of the Australian Army Medical Corps posing for their photographs on the barrel of a naval gun.



Signallers transmitting a message by semaphore. In the Navy the signallers are familiarly known as "bunting waggers."

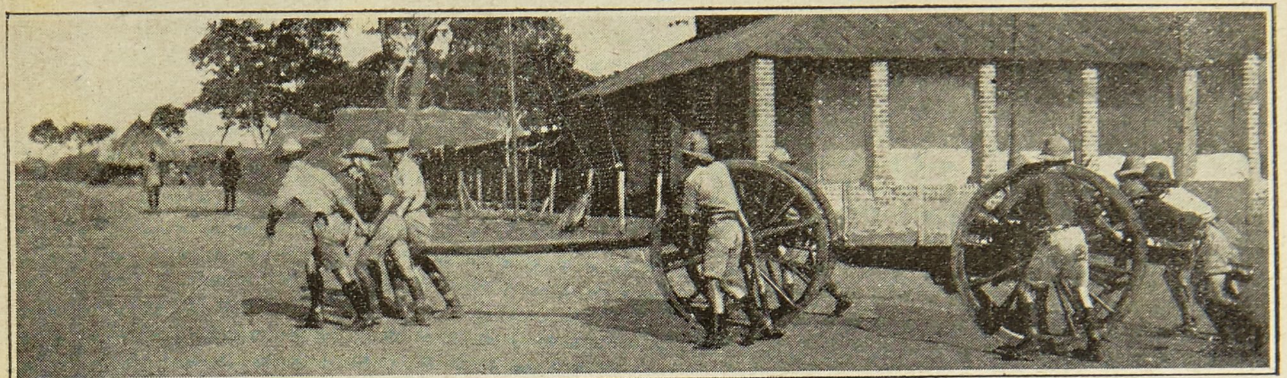


Australians aboard a troopship doing a physical exercise which brings all the leg, arm, and body muscles into play.

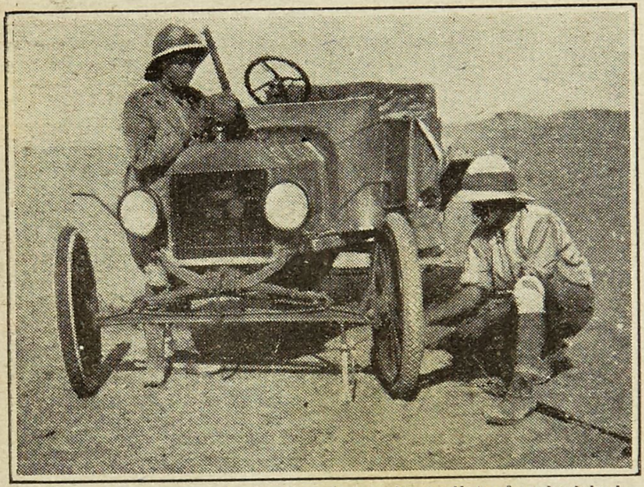


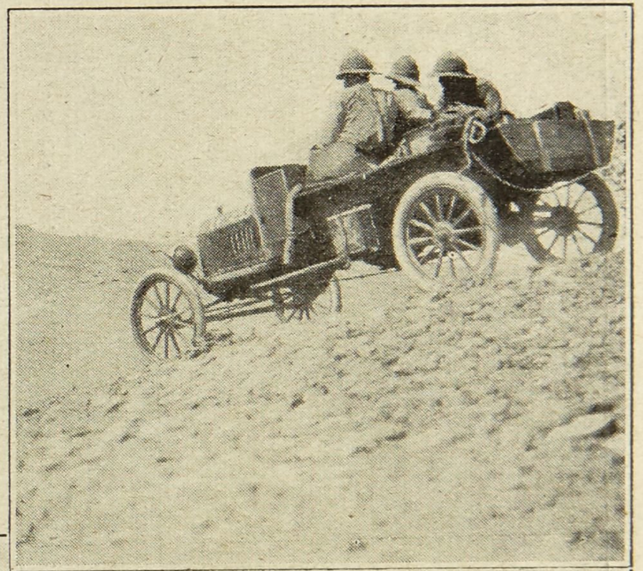
Men of the Royal Marine Artillery doing physical exercise on board ship, colloquially known as "physical jerks."

War Wheels Encircling the Spinning Globe

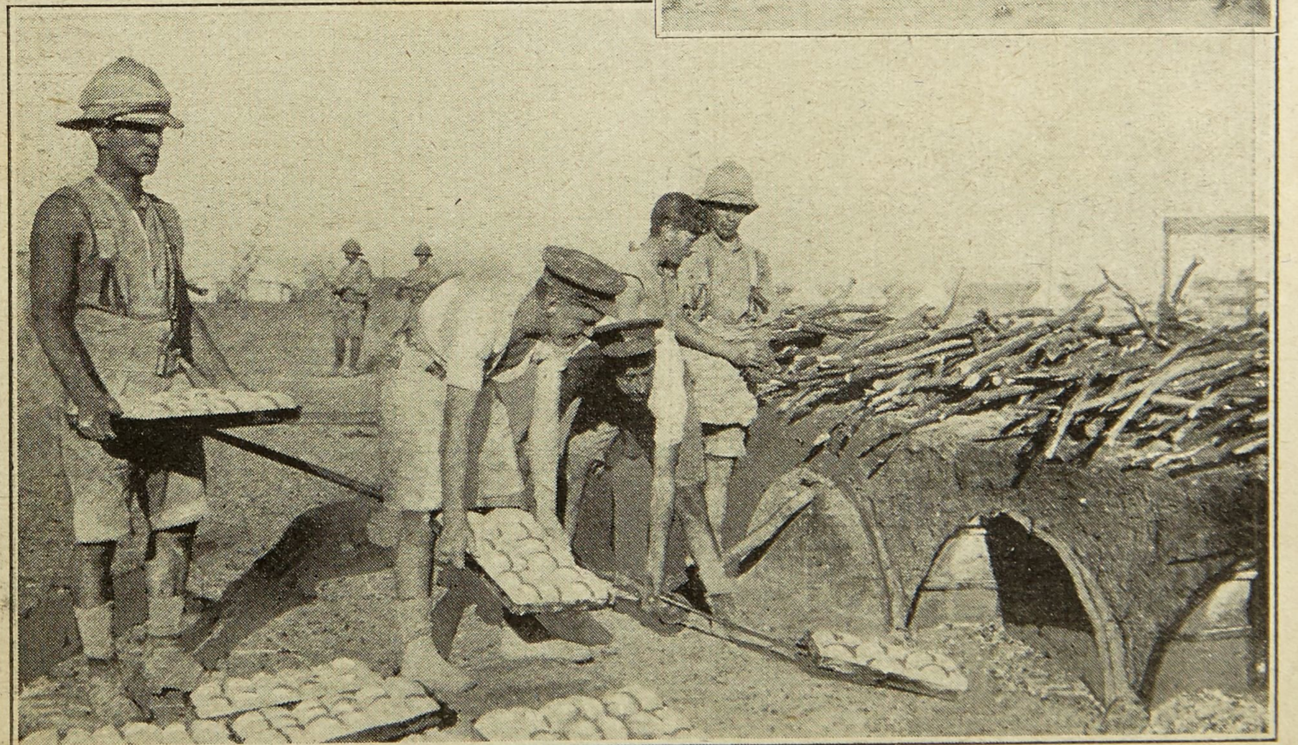


Bringing in a gun captured from the Germans in North-East Rhodesia. An incident in General Northey's campaign of clearing Central Africa of the enemy. Guerilla warfare in East Africa, however, is likely to continue for some time.

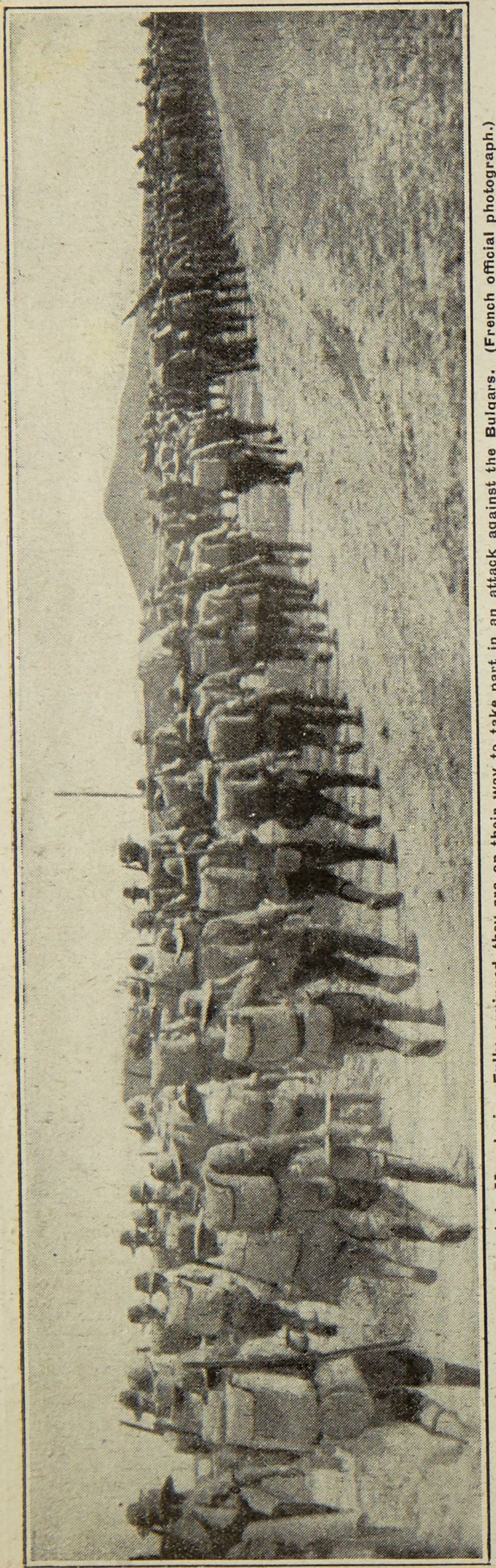




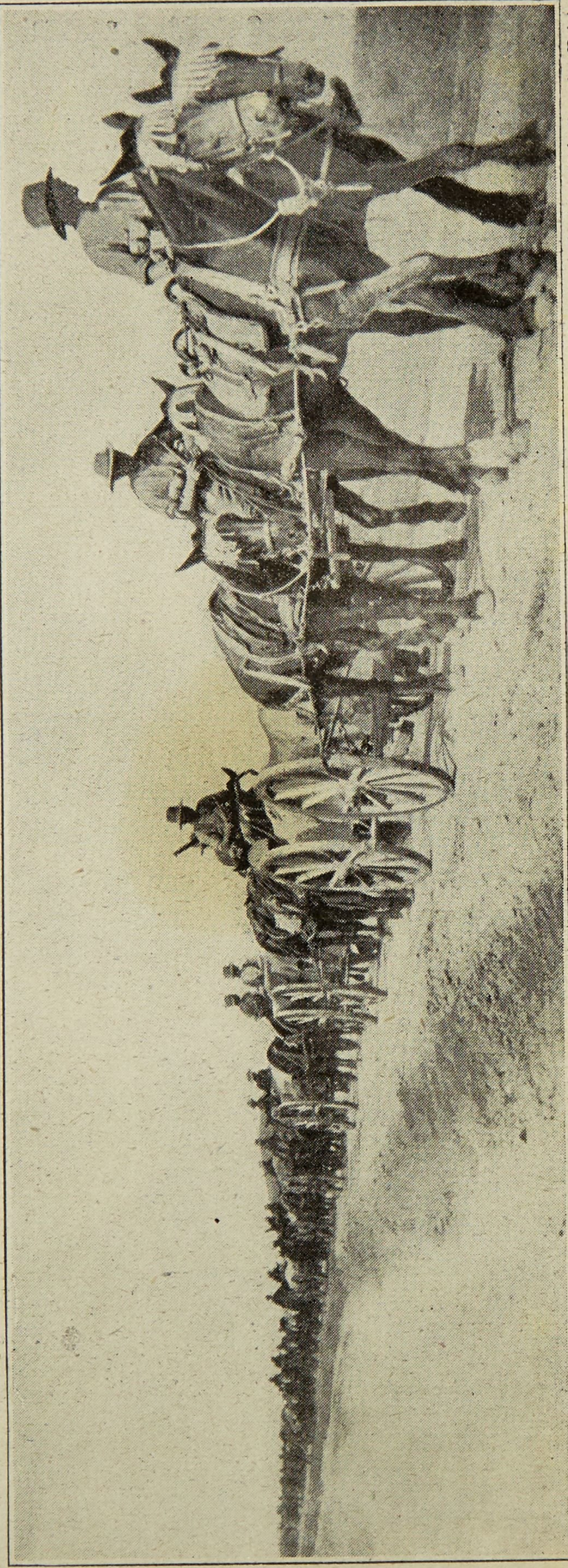
Military car on service in Egypt has its radiator replenished from a flask. Right: Motor transport with the British forces in pursuit of the Senussi.



Warm work where the sun shines. Army Service Corps bakehouse at a British camp in Western Egypt. Though the Senussi have been beaten in several actions, such natives are difficult to subdue entirely, and a constant watch on their movements is imperative.



Allied troops on the march in Macedonia. Fully equipped they are on their way to take part in an attack against the Bulgars. (French official photograph.)



ON A BALKAN PLATEAU.—Interminably the martial pageant wends its way over Macedonian plains where mighty hosts have fought from time immemorial. This French official photograph shows a British convoy on the road leading to the battle-zone. On December 10th a strong and successful French attack took place north-east of Monastir.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

NEW YEAR'S DAY

FIXING as it does an arbitrary point in time when men throughout the greater part of Christendom devote themselves to taking stock of their position spiritual and temporal, New Year's Day might not unreasonably find us included among that large company of excellent, prudent men. And marking as it does the end of one chapter of history and the beginning of another of which the contents remain to be discovered, it gives opportunity for forecasting the lines of development of the story and the length of time the story has yet to run.

FOR our part, we will leave both the judicious survey and the venturesome prophecy to other people to make. For the latter, indeed, we have little use. If the work were worth doing we could give instances of many forecasts of the course and duration of the war, made by writing people to whom the great word "prophet," has been freely applied, which have already been falsified by the event. Well for them that the world has a short memory! Besides attaching small importance to these prophets, we hold a strong opinion on the subject of prophecy as practised by them—the opinion, namely, that a thing to thank God for is that we have not the faculty of prevision, and that another to be thankful for is memory. As for foreseeing the future, there are people alive to-day who would have taken their life last New Year's Eve if they could have surely foreseen what 1916 held in store for them—supposing, wrongly, that they would be unable to bear it. And there are people alive to-day whose proudest memory it now is that the irreparable loss which they have suffered was the world's immeasurable gain. I can—you can—recall the names of men who, dying, lighted a candle that will never be put out, that will be a beacon and encouragement to generations of men still unborn.

PROPHECY, then, we leave severely alone; and being called upon to say something pertinent to the occasion to a number of people, a matter that is positively frightening to a diffident temperament, we vary the immemorial phrase and simply say: "A happier New Year to you." And that is not an empty phrase. As a wish it is sincere, and suggestions can be offered as to how it may be realised.

CHARLES KINGSLEY gave the golden rule in his "Water Babies": "Do the duty that lies nearest to you and catch the first beetle you come across." The beetles vary according to the pond in which we live, but the first part of the ordinance is simple enough. The Navy's translation of the rule is "Carry on," and we know how they fulfil it. The New Army has not crystallised the rule into a like private and peculiar phrase, but it practises it with a constancy that is equal, and that is a greater marvel to the admiring world just because the army is new. We civilians at home are at looser ends, and that is why we worry, if we do. But our first duty in respect of the war, on the very good authority of Sir William Robertson, is cheerfulness; and one way to make sure of a happier New Year is to cultivate and practise cheerfulness.

NOT, of course, the fatuous "merry brightness" of the irresponsible idiot. And not, of course, the unreasoning confidence of the ostrich that shuts its eyes to the danger and says: "It can't see me." The former is exasperating, the latter stupid, and both are dangerous. The cheerfulness that can be cultivated springs from faith in a cause and is nurtured by knowledge of one's own work done conscientiously and by willingness of service for one's own part; that spirit is contagious and productive of irresistible energy that produces immediate and visible results. In the Army it is called "moral," and it wins battles.

CONCRETE instances are often worth more than abstract generalisations. You will remember that the first report of the Jutland Battle issued by the Admiralty was somewhat of the nature of a shock, and before further details were published the writer of this article met a friend who holds a responsible position on a weekly paper of repute. He was—well, let us say, testy. "What I can't stand," he said, "is the way people talk about a moral victory when the plain truth is that they have had a good hiding. We've lost fourteen ships. If we have a couple more 'victories' of the same sort we sha'n't have any Fleet left." He would not listen to the suggestion that the other side of the account still remained to be presented, and that as British ships invariably put up a pretty good fight there was a reasonable probability that the German Navy had also had a hammering. Pessimistic and positive, he was listened to with deference because of the standing of the paper of whose staff he was a member, and his depressing influence depreciated the "moral" of the less educated men who had been his audience.

A DAY or two ago a sweep came here to attend to a chimney that was rendering the flat well-nigh uninhabitable. Time, a quarter to seven, and a horrid cold morning. While he was forcing his brushes up an almost choked chimney and sneezing like the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland," the occupant of the flat, wrapped in his thickest ulster, made some tea in the kitchen, where the sweep presently joined him. "Bad news from Rumania," he remarked when he had washed down some of the soot. "Reckon she'd better have stood out altogether, or leastways, not have come in so soon." "What do you make of it all?" he was asked. "Don't know, I'm sure," he said. "Gets about a bit, the Kayser, don't he? But we're all right. We sha'n't be beaten. 'Tisn't our 'abit." He had a second cup of tea, and shouldered a bag chock-full of soot. "Much obliged," he said, "Don't suppose I shall come next time you want sweeping. I'm joining up to-morrow." "Oh? Married?" "Yes, and six children. The eldest joined the Navy last May. Forty-one, I am, and general service. Well, good-day to you." And off he went, whistling.

THE point lies in the application of it. It is good to know that Sir William Robertson got the sweep and not the journalist, for the former was much the better man, and he was certainly a stimulating chap to meet in private life, and here's wishing him luck. At seven o'clock on a horrid cold morning one isn't in the most suitable frame of mind to meet the impact of bad news from anywhere, and the sweep's placid statement that it "isn't our habit" to be beaten was tremendously heartening. Because it is true. And also because it was followed by his composed departure to spend his last day as a civilian sweeping chimneys, that being the duty which normally lay nearest to him. And it was not unimaginative unconcern that made him placid. It was the sort of cheerfulness that Sir William Robertson asks from us all. It ought not to be very difficult for us to maintain; for the quality is native in our race, and can be developed to a truly marvellous degree, as our Army has shown us. Cheerfulness is one gate to a happier New Year.

C. M.

The War Illustrated News Notes and Comments

"IF," wrote Cowley, in one of the essays composed at his rural homestead in Surrey, "heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms." The inherent truth of this remark is likely to be forced more and more upon us in the immediate future. The wheat bought by Great Britain from Rumania, at a cost of ten millions sterling, seems to be lost to us—if it has not been gained by the Germans; and we are faced, in addition, by the significant fact that the 1916 wheat crop in the Northern hemisphere is likely to be only some 80·2 per cent. (or if those countries whose sea-borne traffic is at a standstill be eliminated, 73·5 per cent.) of the yield of 1915.

Potatoes in the Parks?

IT is not surprising, therefore, that the State has stepped in with regulations for the cultivation of our waste land. Increase in the home production of foodstuffs is imperative. There is some justifiable doubt, however, whether the regulations of the Board of Agriculture are quite what they should be. Surely the first land to be reclaimed for the plough and the nation's food supply is that which forms part of the big estates in these islands. Land held up for building purposes, railway embankments, canal banks, etc., should also come under immediate consideration. To first of all deprive the children of their playgrounds, and crowded urban areas of their breathing-spaces, in order to plant potatoes, seems to me to be utter folly if looked at from a practical standpoint, and equally misguided from a political point of view. It could only militate against that better feeling between the different classes of the community which the war, so far, has helped to bring about.

The Hun In Excelsis

IN the modern Teuton there survives all the brutality of the ancient Goths and Vandals. The war has served simply to rub off the veneer of a very poor kind of civilisation. In Belgium, Poland, Northern France, Serbia, Macedonia, and Rumania the Hun has given free rein to all the primitive instincts of savagery. What the average Briton still fails to understand is the incapacity of Germans of great scientific and scholastic attainments to see anything vile in the methods of warfare directed in cold blood by the military dictators of their country. Sir Charles Waldstein, in the "Nineteenth Century," finds an explanation of this in the German social system, which, even in regard to such a matter as salutation, ordains a series of ridiculously minute distinctions. In other words, the German, taking him in the aggregate, has never yet realised that sense of social fair-play which differentiates the gentleman from the parvenu. Whether this sense is born of our British sports and games is wholly true or not, there is a great deal in the theory that it is encouraged by them.

German "Humour"

NEXT to the absence of gentlemanly instincts, the Hun character is singularly devoid of humour. The average German humorist never gets beyond caricature, and in this he is usually gross. If evidence of this is wanted it can be found in abundance in our Censor's museum. Seeing the cartoons there exhibited we may rejoice that we have a clean Press. "They are not only repulsive," says the "Times," "they are appallingly vulgar. They do not raise anger; they leave merely the feeling of nausea. Many of them are too indecent to be published in a British paper, yet they are the work of the artists who aspire to rank with Sambourne, Tenniel, Partridge, and Raven Hill." If further evidence of the true inwardness of German culture be called for, nothing more damning could be forthcoming than Mr. Ian Malcolm's collection of placards issued by German officials throughout the occupied provinces of Belgium and France.

Those Terrible "Tanks"

DISCUSSION still circles around the question: "Who invented the 'tanks'?" Mr. E. S. Montagu has conceded the credit for their conception and design entirely to Mr. W. A. Tritton, managing-director of Messrs. William Foster & Co., of Lincoln. Is Mr. Tritton a reader of Dante? I ask this question because a student of the Italian poet has pointed out some very striking passages in the "Divina Commedia" with a bearing on Britain's new engine of war. Six hundred years ago Dante wrote of a monster Geryon, "a savage beast . . . that passes mountains and breaks through walls and armaments." The following lines from the "Inferno" are specially appropriate to the occasion: "As at times wherries lie on shore that are part in water and part on land; and as among the guzzling Germans the beaver prepares himself to wage his war: So lay that worst of savage beasts." It was on the monster Geryon that Vergil and Dante journeyed to the Eighth Circle of Hell.

A Fine Record

"DEBRETT" for 1917 has been published, and furnishes fine evidence of the continued knightly service of our old families, whose titles, one should remember, originated for the most part in military service in the olden days. Since the last issue of the well-known annual, eight more Peers have made the great sacrifice, five Baronets, three Knights, 126 Companions of Knightly Orders, nineteen sons of Peers, twenty-eight sons of Baronets, sixty-six sons of Knights, and thirty-seven heirs to hereditary titles. Tabulated, the losses in the Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage are now as follows:

1	Member of the Royal Family	**290**	Companions
14	Peers	**114**	Sons of Peers
21	Baronets	**110**	Sons of Baronets
9	Knights	**150**	Sons of Knights

Nine Members of the House of Commons have also fallen in the field. It is a fine record, proof that honours and honour still go hand in hand.

Ever Welcome at the Front

IT has been very gratifying to me to be shown a letter of thanks from a young gunner for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED which is sent weekly to him by a friend. Apparently it is the only copy which reaches that particular spot in the long line, and its arrival is looked for eagerly by the whole battery, who pass it on when they have finished with it. The week before last this boy recognised himself, caught by the camera at the top of a tree where he was getting a telephone wire in position. After eight days' leave, well and truly earned by service throughout the Battle of the Somme, he has now rejoined his battery at a different place in the line, where THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will doubtless continue to reach him. I take the opportunity to remind subscribers of the great pleasure they can give to our men at the front by sending them copies of our paper, which gives more and better photographs than any other paper of the great deeds these men are performing for us in all parts of the world.

J. A. H.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.